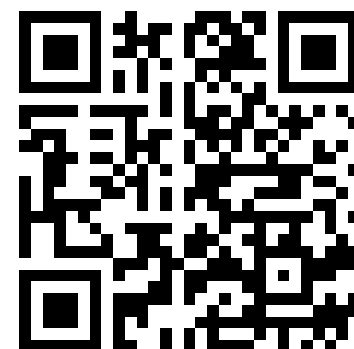


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THE

# *Boston Weekly Magazine ;*

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE

FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

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VOLUME II—1803—4.

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TO SOAR ALOFT ON FANCY'S WING,  
AND BATHE IN HELICONIA'S SPRING ;  
CULL EVERY FLOWER WITH CAREFUL HAND,  
AND STREW THEM O'ER OUR NATIVE LAND.

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*The following is paged agreeable to the first edition; those No's. which are of the second, have a few selections left out: and in some cases, if not in the page directed by the index, will be found in the succeeding one.*

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*Happy Party*

# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE :

## OR, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S MISCELLANY.

Vol. II.]

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 29, 1803.

[N<sup>o</sup> I.

### MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### THE GOSSIP—N<sup>o</sup> XLV.

*Maxime, quis non,  
Jupiter, exclamat, simul atque audit ?*

EUGENIO felt the full force of his friend's remark ; but he felt at the same time, that his friend was the last person who should have made it. For situated as he was, it was slowly hinted, that INGRATUS began to be weary of his long tarry in his family. And this became more evident, when the wife of INGRATUS, in the most polite and apologizing manner, informed him one morning, that she was under the necessity of requesting him to change his apartment, as she expected a lady from the country to visit her ; and she could not possibly put a lady into a back room, up two pair of stairs. EUGENIO was one of the politest men in the world, and most particularly anxious to promote and secure the ease and accommodation of the ladies. He acquiesced in the removal of his quarters, protesting it did not require the smallest apology. The lady came, staid two nights ; the best chamber was then cleaned, the curtains pinned up, and the windows closed ; but EUGENIO was permitted to remain in the back room, up two pair of stairs. It is strange, thought he, but no matter, the room does very well. Hitherto EUGENIO had been included in all invitations to the family of INGRATUS, nor was there any party at home or abroad but he was thought the life of ; his songs were admired, his *bon mots* were laughed at ; his opinion asked, and great deference paid to his decision upon all occasions. But now the scene changed rapidly. Parties were made abroad without him, and he was scarcely asked to join those formed at home. He had, within a few weeks, seriously set about the study of a profession, by the practice of which, he might hope to recruit his exhausted finances. But in the mean time, how was he to live ? " I will not be a burthen to my friend INGRATUS," said he, to himself, one day ; " I will remain in his family, and pay him a stipulated sum for my board ; it will assist him in repaying me what he owes me, and the little ready cash I have now remaining, will serve for the current expenses, until I can get in some of my debts." Alas ! EUGENIO knew but little of the world ; he mentioned his wish to INGRATUS and his wife, and received for answer, that they never took boarders ; he was welcome to stay in their family as long as suited his convenience ; but when he chose to remove, there were plenty of boarding houses in the city, that would afford him much better accommodations than they could. EUGENIO chose to remove that very day. And INGRATUS chose to forget very soon after, that the MAN, who had been his friend, patron, supporter to him, resided in the town with him ; he never invited him to his house, and if he saw him in the street, would cross the way to avoid meeting him ; while he spoke of him in all societies in which he mixed, as a " good natured extravagant fellow, who had run through a good property in a very short time, and was turning lawyer, by way of repairing it."

It were needless to follow EUGENIO through the various grades of humiliation which he suffered from this period, to the time when he was qualified to practice his profession. His friends, or those who had styled themselves such, in the day of prosperity, vanished one after another ; and with them all his hopes of regaining any portion of the large sums he had lent ; for he had been so imprudent as to trust his money with them on their bare word. INGRATUS, who was his most considerable debtor, broke, and did not pay two and six pence in the pound. Yet in less than a year after his failure, his horse, his sideboard, his table, were furnished more profuse than before.

When EUGENIO had finished his term of study, he was advised by the gentleman in whose office he had been, to go into a country town, where, to aid the means of living, until he should be known in his profession, he might teach the learned languages to those who might wish to prepare for a collegiate education. Our hero's appearance, at this time, was not very brilliant ; he had discovered, that however fine his person, or brilliant his wit, these, in company with a thread bare coat and rusty hat, would not gain him admission into fashionable circles. He took up

his abode in a poor, but respectable family ; and by a few, who were at the trouble of discovering and justly appreciating his merit, he was treated with the most pointed attention. Among those few, was Mr. MARKHAM, a gentleman of small, but easy fortune ; for he suffered not his wishes to exceed his means. This gentleman had a sister, who resided with him, and superintended his household. She was a woman of polished manners, and cultivated understanding ; always enough in the fashion to avoid singularity ; but never enough so, to be preposterous ; though superior to most of her sex in mental acquirements, she was entirely free from the odious affectation of female pedantry ; she was ever happiest in the society of the well-informed, but so cheerful in her disposition, and so conciliating in her manners, that the young and most ignorant, sought her company with avidity, and felt not their own deficiencies in her presence. Mr. MARKHAM was every way his sister's counterpart, and it may easily be supposed, that EUGENIO, admitted into such a family, on the footing of intimacy, found in their society, something to solace and cheer his wounded spirit, and to give him a better opinion of mankind individually, than his early experience of the insensibility and ingratitude of some, had led him to entertain. To know Mrs. LEWIS (for that was the name of Mr. MARKHAM's sister) was to respect her ; to discover all her valuable qualities, accomplishments and virtues, as they gradually developed themselves to those who were intimate with her, was to love her. EUGENIO was sensible of this ; but there were insurmountable obstacles, of which his want of means to support a wife, in an easy respectable manner, was not the greatest ; though that alone was sufficient to seal his lips. But, in minds so rectified as theirs, love becomes a rational principle ; capable indeed of rising into fervour, but so under the dominion of reason and religion, that while it gives rise in the soul to the most refined delights, it shrinks from every thing that might degrade the object that inspires it. In this retirement, and in this society, EUGENIO passed several years. His former associates seemed to have forgotten him, and regretted not the circumstance ; his business had by degrees increased, until he found his annual income exceeded his expenses ; and by industry and economy, he had been enabled to clear that part of his paternal inheritance, which had been only mortgaged. About this time, EUGENIO suffered the heaviest affliction in the death of Mrs. LEWIS ; her decline was gradual, she passed out of time into eternity without much pain ; she was long sensible of her approaching end. A few days before the final scene closed, her brother and EUGENIO being present, she thus addressed them : " I am assured that a very short period can intervene, before I close my eyes on all sublunary objects ; I am now in the presence of those, who, of all earthly beings, are most dear to my heart ; and, in whose society, I have passed the happiest hours of my life. You, my dear brother, are in such circumstances, that I have no scruple of disposing of my little earthly property in the manner I have done ; I have bequeathed it to this gentleman. When I am at rest, you will find a sealed paper in my escrutoire, which I beg you will present to him." " Oh live ! live ! my beloved friend, and share it with me ;" exclaimed EUGENIO, " live, and let me devote a life to your happiness, which long since, would have been offered to your acceptance, but—" " It would never have been accepted," said she faintly, " yet it is some gratification to know, I was thought worthy." Her pale cheek and tearful eye, warned them to quit her apartment ; and EUGENIO saw her but once again, while the pure ardent soul animated its frail tenement of clay.

The property which she left him, added to the little snatched from the wreck of his former fortune, placed EUGENIO again in affluence ; and the revolution of time and events, having placed him in the city where INGRATUS lived, that fair, smooth, profiting friend, with many others of the same stamp, sought to renew their acquaintance ; but his doors were shut to their visits ; and his ear to their flattery. His latter period of life was passed in tranquility ; his talents raised him to eminence in his profession. He sought a companion among the rational part of the fair sex, and having found one, whom he thought in some measure resembled his departed friend, gave her his hand, and made her happiness the study of his life. But whenever he heard a person boasting of his friends, and how much he was res-

pected, by such a one, and such a one, he would say with a sigh, " BE NOT TOO SANGUINE, PERHAPS YOU HAVE NEVER WANTED THEIR ASSISTANCE."

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### THE PASSENGER—N<sup>o</sup> V.

UPON entering the inn, we found decent accommodations and a still house ;—we soon discovered, however, that our quiet depended on the host, who was shortly after called out, on some business abroad. His absence was no sooner known, than such a clamour commenced by the children in an adjacent room, as evidenced the want of the father's presence. Each one, endeavouring to raise his voice above the others, contributed all he could to the concert, which was accompanied with a treble by the mother's reiterated declarations, of " Be quiet ! I'll tell your father." " You Simon, be still, I'll tell your father." " Why Nathan ! what did you strike your brother for ? Well, I'll tell your father the moment he comes home."

I sat amusing myself with observing the different effects which were produced upon my fellow passengers, by this farce.—Disgust knit the brows of some, and laughter shook the frame of others, while placid contemplation dignified the countenance of the gentleman before mentioned ; who, after a considerable silence, remarked to the lady, that in this music, harmony depended, he believed, on the father's voice.

In any other instance, said she, of a similar nature, I should find it difficult to preserve my patience, but, from the present example I receive pleasure.

How so Madam ?

Why Sir, here is a copious subject for animadversion, and I promise myself the pleasure and the benefit of your remarks tomorrow. He thanked her for the compliment, and observed that the remarks of an individual might amuse for the time, but could produce little advantage in society, until the tyrant *fashion* should be in a measure under the controul of reason. It is with us too much a fashion, said he, to reduce the respectability, and depreciate the influence of your sex ; that sex on whose management must depend, in a very great extent, the manners and the morals—consequently the happiness and the misery of the world at large.—Reason would dictate therefore, that the influence and authority of your sex, on whom *so much* depends, should be supported by ours. It is also a fashion, too general I fear, for you to join us, in destroying your own influence. Witness the present example, where the mother, by transferring the whole domestic government to the father, does all in her power to render herself contemptible, her children perverse, and her husband tyrannical. In both these cases, reason and fashion are at warfare. I once, and only once in my life, said he, knew an instance of a father's governing his children, by threatening to tell the mother ; barely mentioning the circumstance is sufficient to place him in that ridiculously contemptible light, in which every mother labors to place herself, who pursues a similar course. Here, a sudden silence in the next room, announced the return of our host. We supped in peace, and retired for the night.

While the driver was securing our baggage in the morning, a gentleman came up to the stage, who was acquainted with some of the passengers ; by him we found that our agreeable companion was a Physician, of whom good sense and observation had made a moral philosopher ; his cheerfulness and good humour a pleasing associate integrity and interested friend, and benevolence a philanthropist. I shall hence forth distinguish him, by the appellation of Doctor.

Upon resuming our seats, we found that the politician had left us, and that a woman had taken his place.—The Doctor introduced the opinionation of his remarks, by observing that the numerous instances which were presented in our journey, of defects in government and education, would furnish him with abundant means of argument ; which, by those facts might be rendered more forcible and conclusive, than he had been inclined to imagination for creating them.

For the want of rendering virtue and wisdom fashionable and honorable, said he, we are daily fostering a multitude of evils ; but instead of attempting to eradicate them



will confine my observations to those which have presented themselves to our notice in this short journey; commencing with the group of children whose advanced progress in pernicious habits, first introduced this conversation. You doubtless must have observed, that the different appearance of those children evinced their belonging to families of very different standing in society;—the genteel figure, and neat dress of some, proved the care which had been taken of their persons, while their unbecoming language shewed the want of similar care respecting their morals. The slovenly guise and tattered garments of others, particularly the tallest one, were sufficient evidences of total neglect, had they been silent—but, had testimony been wanting, it was offered in their imprecations. The tall boy, whom I just mentioned, appeared to me to be the head of a gang, who had been swindling the others of their money, and was then engaged in swearing them into a patient acquiescence. Here was a gambling table in miniature, where avarice and fraud were inculcating the basest practices, while anger and revenge were brought forward as auxiliaries in the contest. Scenes of this kind, in which the turbulent passions, are so early in life, called into effective operation, and cultivated by frequent exercise, leave us no room to doubt of the pernicious effects of evil associations, or of the original source of those public crimes, against which bolts, and locks, and laws, are but feeble barriers.

Most civilized states, enact laws, in prohibition of profane swearing, and of gambling; but few, if any, descend to the first introduction of those practices, or direct their remedies to the source of the evil. Now if you should sow noxious and useless herbs in your garden, or permit others to sow them, and then enact a law that no weeds should grow therein; what must be the extent or form of that law, to produce the effect, for which it was written?

My law, said the lady, should first prohibit the sowing of weeds, and then enjoin the extirpation of those which might rise, as soon as they made their appearance.

And this, said he, would be effectual, either in the natural or mental garden;—it would prevent vice and folly from taking with unblushing front, among the rising generation, whence moral evil gains such ascendancy in society.

Ah! said the woman who last entered the carriage, children will be children.

That is precisely what I wish them to be, replied the Doctor, and to assist in keeping them such, during minority, the ancients and moderns have furnished us with fables, to promote our endeavours in guarding them from acting like brutes. The fox and the goose, the lion and the ass, &c. were written for this express purpose; now no judicious parent would wish to see his child become the fox, the goose, the ass, or the lion. Frequent short sayings of a similar kind, which originated with the indolent, the ignorant, and the stupid, to screen parental negligence, were all that this woman could offer in the conversation. I shall therefore distinguish her by the name of Mrs. Short Measures.

FEMALE SEMINARY.

Mrs. ROWSON'S ACADEMY, NEWTON.

ON Thursday last, the Young Ladies of Mrs. Rowson's Academy, had their annual Exhibition, at Willington's Hall, in Waterdown. The needle work, drawings, writing, &c. excelled every thing that have been exhibited on former occasions. There were several maps of the world, executed with neatness and accuracy; and some elegant manuscript arithmetics. The young ladies went through their exercises in a manner highly honorable to themselves, and much to the credit of their Preceptress.

We have obtained leave to present our readers with the introductory and concluding Addresses; which were delivered with such propriety by the respective young ladies, as to give evidence of that great attention has been paid to them in that necessary accomplishment, READING.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

READ BY MISS A. M. BURTON.

AT length the day so long desired is come, I wish were over and I safe at home: Yes, and it is the wish of many more, Who never felt anxiety before. Our kind Preceptress says she does not fear for us; but asks your clemency for her. But I will tell you, she has tried her powers To improve us; if we fail, the fault is ours. Look round and see how much she has made us do; Her aim, and ours alike—to please you. Not to our fingers was her care confined, She bids us heap up treasures for the mind;

If you'll have patience with us, we will show What we have learnt—what read—how much we Even I can tell, (now, is not surprising?) [know. The hour the sun will set, and mark its rising: Nor only here—No, all round the whole Vast globe, from the equator to each pole. I've read, how great COLUMBUS first unfurl'd The doubtful sail, and sought this fair new world; How CORTESZ conquered wealthy Mexico, And how PIZARRO laid the INCA's low, And made himself the master of Peru; But this, though new to me, is old to you. And something else I learnt, (how my heart glows) I learnt how much each true Columbian owes To those who planted freedom's sacred tree, Unfurled her banners—bade her sons be free; To those who fought—who died—who victory won; To LEE, to GREEN, to WARREN—WASHINGTON; To all true patriots—ask you who are those? All who to infidelity are foes; All who would rise in sacred freedom's cause, And to evince their truth, support the laws.— Pray you excuse me, if I have gone too far In telling what we've learnt: and what we are We'll strive to show, if you will deign to hear us; If worthy, let your approbation cheer us.

CONCLUDING ADDRESS,

READ BY MISS F. W. JACKSON.

THE human mind, without education, has been compared to the diamond in the mine, the marble in the quarry, and the unshapen block which has never known the artist's forming hand; but it may more aptly be compared to a luxuriant, but wild territory, where the arts of agriculture have never been practised, and of which no one person is the rightful master.

The diamond continued in its native incrustation; the marble concealed in its bed of earth; the block unhewn and shapeless, are, it is true, totally disregarded; their beauty and utility are unknown; but the rich soil, though uncultivated, will spontaneously produce weeds! noxious weeds! offensive to the smell, and repugnant to the touch, and fatal to the life of any who should dare to taste. Venomous reptiles twine amongst its entangled foliage; and multitudes of poisonous insects infest every part of the domain. No friendly light beams to direct, no hospitable door opens to receive the fainting weary traveller; all is solitude, desolation, and horror! But let the skilful farmer take possession of it, root up each noxious plant, extirpate the pestiferous race of reptiles, the troublesome insects having no longer a place to harbour in, will perish of themselves. Then let him introduce Agriculture, scattering plenty as he moves, planting and binding up the young trees and herbs, salutary to the life of man, and behold, the wilderness becomes a garden! the ripe and delicious fruits offer an agreeable repast to the traveller; the light in the master's mansion directs his doubtful, benighted steps, and the master himself, at the hospitably opened door, bid him welcome to rest, and refresh his exhausted frame.

So the human mind, left to the wild fallies of uncultivated nature, produces nothing but error; the weeds that spring spontaneous, are Avarice, Pride, unbridled Passion, Sloth, Intemperance, Injustice, Fraud—and a long train of vices, shocking even to remember. The reptiles, are Envy and Malignity—the insects, Vanity and Folly—while Selfishness bars every avenue to Charity, or that benevolence which bids us offer assistance, advice, and consolation to our suffering fellow creatures. But Education comes and places Religion as ruler over the domain; she gives to Reason as her viceroy, the reigns of government; she roots the Vices out with vigorous hand; the Follies perish, and those pests of society, Envy and Malignity, are trod to annihilation beneath the foot of the sovereign; while Charity, who presides in the heart, the mansions of life, opens every avenue to the social affections, and expands the mind with love, peace, and good will, towards even our enemies.

How deplorable then, is the state of those who are left like the wild territory, to the luxuriant, but erroneous growth of nature; who, uncontrolled by the forming hand of Education, know not the beauty of Religion, or the force of Reason. And, how happy are we, my friends and school mates, in being the children of parents, who not only know, and follow the precepts of that comforter of the soul, Religion, but, while anxious that we should cultivate our understandings and store our minds with useful knowledge, are willing that we should blend gracefulness with utility, and not only to become servicable members of society, but accomplished women. Happy indeed! our ob-

ligation is so vast, there is scarcely any way to be found, in the smallest degree, to return their kindness; there is but one way; let us then embrace it with avidity, and make the most of the opportunity allowed. Perhaps some will tell you, women have little need of cultivated minds; their pretty persons, and a few shewy accomplishments, will gain them admiration. True, and so they will, but will they gain us friends; will they carry us through life; will they enable us to perform with respectability, the important duties, to which, in all human probability, we shall be called?

So far from the education of women being of no consequence, it is of the highest importance to a civilized state. A woman, who is skilled in every useful art, who practices every domestic virtue, who by reading and reflection, has stored her mind with knowledge, and learnt from the early practice of self-denial, the difficult task of keeping the impulses of the heart under proper regulation; whose hands are always employed, and whose tongue never utters a slanderous report; whose ear is shut to the voice of detraction. Such a woman may, by her precept and example, inspire her brothers, her husband, or her sons, with such a love of virtue, such just ideas of the true value of civil liberty, and how far a proper exertion of martial ardour may be necessary for its support and defence—that future heroes and statesmen, when arrived at the summit of military or political fame, shall exultingly declare, it is to my mother I owe this elevation. She taught me the necessity of application, in order to attain excellence; and how essential order, method, and proper subordination, were to the peace and welfare of society.— She taught me how far liberty might go, without overstepping the barrier, and becoming licentiousness. She made me what I am. If so much is in our power, how ungrateful, how wicked would it be to neglect the means of rendering ourselves capable of performing it. We have now an opportunity; it remains with ourselves to improve it. Time flies rapidly. Life, at its longest period, is but a span;—and they who render themselves most useful, make the most of that span. Every hour misemployed or spent in idleness, is lost—and he who has lived wisely only twenty years, has had a longer life, than the idiot who has reached nearly the verge of a century.

Mrs. Rowson has bade me say, she feels how much she is indebted to Miss TURTS, for the care and attention in the departments committed to her charge; which care she hopes is fully evinced in the writing and manuscript arithmetic exhibited this day. She begs Miss TURTS to accept her thanks.

To you, my companions, she bids me say, she has many acknowledgments to make for your uniform good behaviour through the season. If there has ever been cause of reproof, she begs you to believe affection prompted it; and that it was ever as painful for her to give, as you to receive it.

She hopes this most respectable audience are satisfied, not only with the performances of the day, but with the proficiency her pupils have made in the various branches of education during the season. She is sensible how much she owes to your encouragement and support, and will be studious to retain that good opinion, which is the pride of a heart, anxious to deserve applause, and grateful for having obtained it.

AMUSING.

"HE HAS COME OUT AT THE LITTLE END OF THE HORN."

[THE following just remarks, are extracted from "The Prompter; or a Commentary on common sayings and subjects." A valuable little work; well calculated to lash vice and folly out of the country; and, to prompt the numerous officers upon the great theatre of life to see, feel, and correct their faults.]

"WHEN a man thrives and swells large, he comes out at the big end of the horn, of course; but when he pines away in poverty, he may very well slip through the little end.

A young man often has eyes bigger than his belly. He lays out great plans, which he has feeble means and small talents to accomplish. He begins a hundred things which he does not finish—he plants his seed so thick, that the growth of the whole crop is checked, and it produces nothing in perfection. In a short time his means are totally exhausted, and he comes out at the little end of the horn.

A man begins trade upon credit; as soon as he gets money into his hands, he begins to spend it—he builds a large house—he buys horses and carriages, makes entertainments, drinks rich wines, wears expensive clothing; in a few months he creeps out of the horn at the little end. He runs away or looks through the grates.

When a farmer runs to the merchant for goods, telling

him, "Sir, I want some of your goods, but cannot pay you until fall." I expect to see him peep out at the little end of the horn. He takes up goods, perhaps rum, on credit, and intends to pay for them with his corn, his beef and his pork. But suppose a drought or blait cuts off his corn, and his grafts is short; then he has none to spare, he cannot tatten his hogs and his cattle. Poor man, he has consumed the merchant's goods and they are not paid for. Then a fuit is brought for the money; officer's fees increase the sum; the man borrows money on interest to pay the execution, or parts with a horse or cow at half price; in a short time his land must go at this rate; he slips out at the little end of the horn, and runs to the Ohio or Genesee.

But no men go out at the little end of the horn so easy as the tavern haunter and the grog drinker. A fat young heir, just come in possession of his estate, mounts his horse, with his pocket full of guineas, and rides full tilt to the tavern. He worships Bacchus twenty years, night and day. He takes his cheerful glass of wine at first, with very good company. He scorns to drink grog and toddy, with the rabble. He once in a while gets tumbled under the table in a high gale; but in general goes home sober and clean.

By and bye the smell of grog becomes agreeable—he begins to take a tip now and then—his relish improves by little and little, until he never steps into a tavern without calling for a glass of rum and water. When this is the case, his situation is desperate.

In a few years he becomes a sot, a nasty debauchee—His clothes are torn and stained with liquor, and spotted with grease; his body bent down with intemperance; his gouty feet swathed in flannel, his hands trembling, and his knees tottering beneath his feeble emaciated carcase.

The Prompter appeals to every reader, man, woman, and child, whether this sorry fellow has not come out at the little end of the horn.

It is laughable to see the admirers of quacks, mountebanks and jugglers, sneak out at the little end of the horn. Dr. Silverhead has just come to town—he cures all disorders—he never yet failed—he has a medicine at a quarter of a dollar, which is infallible—he can turn unguentum, diaculum, and every sort of drug into silver or gold—he changes quicksilver into dollars in half a minute—he will cure all diseases but death, and makes us rich by the great—he is generous and benevolent, beyond description—he will take no reward, but as many presents as fools will give—all the world go out after the quack—he thrives upon their ignorance and credulity for a short time—he draws the last nine pence from the purses of his poor deluded followers—he then takes a journey on business of magnitude, and leaves them in the lurch. They are all out at the little end of the horn.

Miss Smart is not a lady of fortune, but her father is a good liver—he has a good estate, and has given his children a good education. Miss Smart gets above her school mates—dresses well, and has the visits and notice of good company. She is addressed by a young man of no fortune, but of good education and character. "But she will not marry him; not she. She must have a man of higher standing than all that." One good offer after another is rejected. She does not know how to choose a man that will be rich and respectable—but she or any body else can know when a man is called rich. Every body wonders why Miss Smart cannot suit herself out of so many admirers. She is growing old—five and twenty already—and has not found the man to her mind. Still she is nice—she has not seen any body she can love—and it is better to live single than to marry the man one cannot fancy—by the way, fancy, she supposes, will be a standing dish to feed upon through life—but a word to the wife—fancy is froth—a little family breeze blows it away and it is gone—Miss Smart is almost thirty and has seen nobody to suit her. Her admirers are gone—her friends are sorry she is difficult—her enemies pity her and rejoice. At five and thirty, Miss Smart marries a widower with seven children, and this is the last we hear of her whims and her prospects. She creeps through the little end of the horn.

A mechanic begins business with pompous promises—he will work very reasonably indeed, and his work shall exceed every thing of the kind. He gives his work a fine polish, a good gloss, and sends it out to satisfy his engagements and gratify public expectation. In a few days, one article breaks—then another, and a third—this is the man with fine speeches and promises—his credit is soon gone—he is out at the little end of the horn.

The merchant is determined to get rich very fast—he imports rum—high proof—it will bear reducing—he reduces it—He sells it for good West-India rum—it is carried into the country—and lo! it is only strong grog. The purchaser curses the rum and the seller of it together—the merchant loses his credit and his custom—gets the name

of a jockey—a cheat—and people will go to others for their rum—even to other towns, for one dirty trick gives a whole town a bad name. A man small enough to barter away his character and that of his neighbors for a few gallons of rum, will easily slip through the little end of the horn.

Another set of men, who most readily slip through the small end of the horn, are fat, plump, speculating doctors, tailors, carpenters, hucksters and butchers. "Bless me," says the tailor, "six per cents above par, bank scripts at one hundred and eighty dollars! Every body is making a fortune—it must be so—for what else makes the paper so high and every body so bewitched after it?" This is the beginning and end of his calculation—he throws down his goose—hurries to the exchange or the broker's, and buys stock—and to make sure of a fortune, cuts deep—fifty shares in the bank at one hundred and eighty or two hundred and forty dollars for twenty five! A fortune—a fortune! His head is so full of good fortune that he cannot sleep for a night or two. Even his wife runs distracted at the thoughts of a fortune! In four days time stock falls two, three, five hundred per cent—it subsides to that natural level, from which an hundred men of his fortune cannot stir it.—Alas, the man is ruined in making a fortune! He creeps through the little end of the horn—but there is one comfort for him—he is as well off as his neighbours. Half the town is taken in as well as himself. *Ne futor ultra crepidam*—tailor, stick to your goose!

The Prompter, for fear he shall come out at the little end of the horn, stops short, with sincerely wishing his readers virtue, health and dollars.

### MORAL AND USEFUL.

**THE ABSURDITY OF MANKIND.**  
ALAS!—Blessings have been given us in common, and we communicate to each other only the ills of life. Man is every where complaining of the want of land, and the globe is covered with deserts. Man alone is exposed to famine, while the animal creation, down to insects, are wallowing in plenty. Almost every where he is the slave of his equal, while the feeblest of animals maintain their liberty against the strongest. Nature, who designed him for love, denied him arms, and he has forged them for himself, to combat his fellow. She presents to all her children asylums and festivals; and the avenues of our cities announce our approach only by the sad spectacle of wheels and gibbets.—The history of nature exhibits blessings only: that of man, nothing but robbery and madness. His heroes are the persons who have rendered themselves the most tremendous.—Every where he despises the hand which spins the garment that cloths him, and which cultivates for him the fertile bosom of the earth. Every where he esteems his deceiver, and reveres his oppressor. Always dissatisfied with the present, he alone, of all beings, regrets the past, and trembles at the thought of the future.

[Bernardin De St. Pierre.]

**A NEW METHOD TO PRESERVE CIDER.**  
"THE green and defective apples should be first made up and the cider sent to the distillery, to make brandy, which is a very good cordial, if softened with a little sugar, and kept until matured with age. The good and sound apples, should be kept until they begin to grow mellow, then ground fine and the cider pressed out. It should be strained through a hair sieve when put into the casks, which will take out the gross parts of the apples. The casks should then be removed home and set on skids at the north end of a building, or some other cool place, (but not in the cellar,) where being placed a little sloping, the bungs should be taken out and filled up daily with cider, so that all the foam may go off. When the liquor is fine or clear which will be in four or five days, it should be drawn off in clean casks, bunged up close, and stowed away in the cellar for future use.

"It will be much softer and pleasanter, than when preserved in the usual way; and the reason is plain; for all the fermentation in cider proceeds from small particles of apples remaining in the liquor. In the above method they are mostly separated very soon, and thereby the cider is prevented fermenting so far as to make it sour.

"The cider that is designed to be kept after June, should again be racked off in March; and if a watch of brimstone be burnt in each cask, and a quart of cider brandy added to each barrel, and is kept quite tight bunged, it will keep good two or three years.

"There is considerable saving of casks in the above method, as each may be filled quite full of good cider, without any sediment at the bottom, or space at the top after the cider is wrought.—The emptyings, or sediment that is left, will answer for the fill."

**BOSTON THEATRE.**  
On Monday evening, the *Voice of Nature*, for the third time, a celebrated drama, by Colman the younger, and run for one whole season in London; the Epilogue is to be spoken by Mrs. Barret. To which will be added, for 4th time, the *Tripolitan Prize*, or *American T. Triumphant*.  
Thursday, 11th Dec. will be Thanksgiving in this State.

**LITERARY.**  
Messrs. Munroe and Francis, have published the 10th Number of their edition of *Shakspeare*—containing the tragedies of Henry VI. and Richard III. Richard the Third stands in the rank of one of Shakspeare's best productions, and two centuries ago, is thus spoken of by Harrington, in his apology for Poetry: "For tragedies, that which was played at St. John's in Cambridge, of *Richard the Third*, would move, I think, the tyrant Phalaris, and terrify all bloody minded men." The publishers having inserted all the explanatory Notes, contrary to their first intention, with those of an amusing nature, the necessity of a Glossary is obviously superceded; in its place, they mean to put the list of subscribers.

**TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.**  
The 19th letter of the Novel of "Sincerity," and several valuable Communications, are in reserve.

Owing to a disappointment in the receipt of paper, we are reluctantly obliged to postpone the publication of the Index to the first volume, until next week.

### HYMENEAL REGISTER.



**MARRIED**—At Leominster, Mr. Abel Carter, mer. of this town, to Miss Lucy Wilder. "At Newton, Mr. James Hyde, to Miss Hepzibah Hastings." At Charlestown, Mr. Elijah Brown, to Miss Elizabeth Flint; Mr. Nathaniel Alley, of this town, to Miss Nancy Edmonds; Mr. Josiah Skinner, mer. to Miss Hannah Hurd. At Cohasset, Mr. Adna Bates, of this town, to Miss Rachel Briggs. At Dorchester, Mr. Samuel Howe, mer. of this town, to Miss Eunice Widdington, daughter of Mr. Edward W. At Roxbury, on Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. John Howe, merchant, to Miss Henrietta Sparhawk.

Two gentlest souls alone should meet,  
Their union makes the bondage sweet,  
And begets mutual love;  
Bright Venus on her radiant throne  
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,  
And Cupid yokes the doves.

In this town, Mr. Bryant P. Tilden, to Miss Zebiah C. Brown; Mr. Benjamin Hurd, to Miss Mary Larkin; Mr. Joseph Whitney, to Miss Catharine Smith; Mr. James Alexander, to Miss Betty Williston; Mr. Josiah Veazie, to Miss Susanna Benner; Mr. George Perry, to Miss Nabby Howe.

### OBITUARY.



**DIED**—At Salem, Edward Norris, Esq. a much respected and worthy man. At Barnstable, Mrs. Melchized Davis, relict of the late Hon. Daniel D. At Dorchester, Mrs. Sally Gardner, wife of Mr. James G.; Mr. Ephraim Mann, *Æt.* 76. At Malden, Dr. John Sprague, *Æt.* 51. In this town, Mrs. Sarah Ann Leman, *Æt.* 61, consort of Dea. James L.; Mrs. Jane Henry, *Æt.* 78; Mrs. Ann Coffin; Miss Mary Wagner, daughter of Mr. John M.; Eliza, daughter of Seth Dunforth, *Æt.* 4 years and 7 months—and 4 more children; a blackman. Total 10.

POETRY.



[Several of our Patrons, have requested us to copy from the *Chronicle*, the following TRIBUTE TO VIRTUE.]

**GRATITUDE** has generally been assigned a rank among the virtues which most ennobled the mind, and, conceiving that we are more indebted to those eminent persons, who have essayed to conduct us into paths of truth, than to any other characters—I have contemplated with superior regard, even the families of such respectable individuals. Perhaps there is no clergyman, whom the inhabitants of this metropolis, will recollect with a greater share of those melancholy regrets, which invariably attach to a retrospect of departed worth, than the late Rev. Dr. Cooper. The Christian will retrace with delight, the eloquence and pathos of his public labours, and he will never forget the urbanity, and suavity of his manners.

No descendant of this elevated personage, reflects more lustre upon his venerable name, than the late Mrs. Fellows; and, in deed, while her character derives interest from her affinity to her truly respectable ancestor, she has justly been placed with the fairest flowers of his family. From her first dawn of reason, she was, by her judicious mother, Mrs. Hixon, trained to excellence, and the matron's care, were abundantly remunerated.

An acquiescence in the election of her daughter, and a wish to witness her eligible establishment, induced Mrs. Hixon, at an early period, to resign to the ardent solicitations of a worthy young man, the sacred trust she had so irrevocably fulfilled—and Mr. Nathaniel Fellows, jun. received the hand of his beloved Julia, on the 8th of May last. Commercial pursuits demanded his presence in the Havana; his youthful bride became the voluntary companion of his voyage; propitious gales wafted them to Charleston, South-Carolina, but the dread of that scourge to this younger world, the yellow fever, accelerated their departure from that place. A rough sea, and boisterous winds, attended their second embarkation—Mrs. Fellows, literally fell a victim to the excruciating pang originating in sea sickness; she expired upon the morning of the 29th of August, the third day after her departure from Charleston! Her remains were interred upon the following 8th of September, at Key-Isle, about 120 miles from Havana, being the first land they could possibly reach.

This melancholy event occasioned the following lines, and they are feelingly inscribed to her desolated parent, and sorrowing husband, by

A SYMPATHIZING FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

STANZAS

Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. JULIA FELLOWS.

SPIRITS of dirgeful energy descend,  
In sable robes of sympathy appear,  
While low at melting sorrow's shrine I bend,  
And waft my wailings to a mother's ear.  
A widowed mother, whose oft pierced breast,  
With cherish'd hope beheld her blooming child,  
A widowed husband erst supremely blest,  
Now breathing to the blast his sorrows wild.  
How good she was; how lovely, and how fair,  
Full many an echoing tongue exults to tell;  
O'er buried worth, a monument to rear,  
Their JULIA's name with every breath to swell.  
Whether the mazy dance the graceful led,  
Or wip'd the tear-drop from the cheek of woe,  
Its chaste allurement's expectation spread,  
And virtuous bosom own'd the kindling glow.  
Endow'd by nature with a placid mind,  
Of talents rare, and disposition sweet,  
Wit, sense, and judgment, mutual aid combin'd,  
With splendid fancy's magic powers replete.

Rich in accomplishments the maiden grew,  
A guardian mother watching by her side,  
Who well the worth of information knew,  
And still with liberal hand, the means supply'd.

That kindling transport swell'd the matron's breast,  
When gradual opening to her raptur'd eye,

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Her beauteous offspring by mild worth impress'd,  
Chas'd from her bosom each corroding sigh.  
Duteous she was, beyond what daughters are,  
Claiming of ev'ry ill the largest part,  
Grateful to the kind hand of fostering care,  
To her, and heaven, she gave her filial heart.  
Yes, she was worthy of her honor'd race,  
Her faintest grandfire, thron'd in realms of light,  
Mark'd the rich germ of each inherent grace,  
And blest'd the cherub lovely in his sight.  
Scarce had the number'd sixteen blameless years,  
When rosy love, and holy friendship twin'd,  
That bridal wreath, so blooming which appears,  
When minds congenial the rare union bind.

Gay were her prospects—bright her morning rose,  
Though she departed from her native shore,  
Lull'd on the downy pillow of repose,  
Hope whisper'd time the wanderer would restore.  
Her mother sanction'd—wedded duty lur'd,  
And wealth in glittering visions rose to view,  
Imagination golden days ensur'd,  
The breeze each moment more propitious grew.

Smooth was her passage to the southern strand,  
Love and esteem, led on the white wing'd hours,  
Young confidence, by mellowing friendship fan'd,  
Strew'd o'er her bridal path the fairest flow'rs.

But still the destined voyage was incomplete,  
Havana's shores in gay perspective rose,  
Pleasure advanc'd the youthful pair to meet,  
Which o'er life's ill a veil deceptive throws.

With gleeful innocence the stept on board,  
Her bosom friend companion of her way,  
With love and honour fraught—a precious board,  
She blest the morn, and hail'd the opening day.

But ah! the swelling gale tremendous grew,  
The treach'rous waves in boisterous fury rose;  
Affassin blasts still more terrific blew,  
The storm commission'd unrelenting blows!

The gentle JULIA sick'ned at its rage,  
Her slender frame not to contend design'd,  
Too delicate unequal war to wage,  
To the rude grasp her trembling form resign'd:

So droops the lily clad in snow white vest,  
When o'er the flower the howling blast descends,  
Though of its native loveliness possess'd,  
Its leaves are scatter'd by the bellowing winds.

What were thy agonies, thou man of grief!  
When in the cold embrace of ruthless death,  
No voice to soothe, no hand to give relief,  
Thy lovely friend yielded her fragrant breath!

When born to lands unknown—her angel form,  
Thy hand committed to a distant tomb,  
No heavenly sympathy with pity warm,  
And mingling tears to mark the silent gloom.

Yet shall the green sod deck her hallow'd grave,  
And there the violet perpetual blow,  
The weeping willow bending branches wave,  
And many a tear spontaneously flow.

And from her shrouded form, enhears'd, and cold,  
Bereaved bridegroom lift thy swimming eyes,  
See where in realms of light her powers unfold,  
New heights exploring in her native skies.

More beautiful than when enrob'd in clay,  
Her azure veil by hands celestial wove,  
She moves in regions of unclouded day,  
And quaffs the chalice of immortal love.

Then o'er thy blasted joys no longer mourn,  
But follow where her airy footsteps lead,  
Hope ne'er is from the human bosom torn,  
In paradise the mounting soul is freed.

And let the stricken matron dry her tears,  
Her heart furcharg'd its length'ning sorrows cease,  
In worlds of light her sky-rob'd child appears,  
And she shall join her in the bowers of peace.

[The following is copied from the Newbern Gazette, wherein the incident is stated as a real fact; and from the remarks in a New-York paper, it must have occurred in that State.]

THE DAZZLING PROSPECT.

A TRUE STORY.

NOT long since, in a northern state,  
(I cannot justly tell the date)  
A farmer's daughter, young and fair—  
Her wealthy parent's only care,  
Tir'd of a country life went down  
To see the fashions of the town.

Not long she'd been in this dear place—  
Ere FORLING saw her pretty face,  
Gaz'd on her charms with raptur'd eyes,  
And mark'd her for his future prize.  
Himself in Sunday suit produc'd,  
And lo! our beau is introduc'd,  
A pretty spark, the fair believ'd him,  
And very civilly receiv'd him;  
Well vers'd in all the pleasing arts,  
He acts so well his various parts,  
She ventures once to make a flant  
And takes him for her sole gallant—

He now attends her to the plays,  
To concerts, balls, and operas;  
Confines his whole attention to her,  
And in due form proceeds to woo her.—  
—A: length th' dreaded time is come,  
Miss must resume her country home  
And leave the town—The spark appears,  
Her drooping spirits fondly cheers,  
And then in order makes his treat  
To attend her to her country seat—  
Granted—In stage they take their way,  
And stop upon the second day.

Miss SALLY utters in her beau—

“Papa—Mr.——you must know—”

“Your servant sir,—Sit down fir, come,

“Or will you walk in t'other room?”

Scarce seated are the blooming pair,  
Our hero's trunk demands his care—  
Sees it deposited secure.

(Twas very heavy to be sure;  
For modestly to calculate—  
Suppose it weigh'd two hundred weight.)

Miss saw what past with eager eyes,  
And long'd to view the golden prize;  
What sums (tho't she) that trunk does hold,  
For certainly it must be gold,  
Nor less it joy'd the father's heart  
To hear his powder'd guest impart  
About the goods he had in store,  
And ships gone to some foreign shore—  
Thus past some days in joy and ease,  
And every thing conspir'd to please.

Our lovers by their wishes led,  
The flow'ry paths of courtship tread,  
And hope e'er long to gain the bower,  
Where Hymen rules with gentle power—

But O! this was not fate's decree,  
Mr.——went out and left his key—

Curious—as other women are,  
(I do not mean to blame the fair)  
Sally from all observers hid,  
Unlocks—and open flies the lid—  
When—who can tell her great surprise,  
Nought but a Grindstone greets her eyes!  
With some few cloaths in dirty plight,  
Like wrappers lay, half hid from sight—

The beau came in—saw what was done,  
And raving like some crazy one,  
Swore by his rags it was not fair,  
Then tore out half his frizzled hair,  
This done—no more of ships he talk'd,  
But forthwith took his trunk and walk'd—  
In the next swamp his Grindstone threw,  
(With this alas! what could he do?)  
But reserv'd still they keep and shew it,  
And even I have been to view it.

AMICUS.

We have just received, a new and elegant font of

*Script Type,*

together with others for ornamental work, and shall be happy to execute any commands. Oct. 29, 1803.

LOTTERY AFFAIRS.

TICKETS, halves, and quarters, in the 4th class of SOUTH HADLEY LOTTERY, price five dollars, fifty cents, for sale by GILBERT & DEAN. The drawing commences on the 16th of November, on which day the price will be raised to six dollars. A handsome prize (10,000 dollars) may now be obtained by fortune's favorite.

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# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE :

OR, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S MISCELLANY.

Vol. II.]

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 5, 1803.

[N<sup>o</sup> II.

## MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE PASSENGER—No VI.

NOW fir, permit me to return your question, said the lady; what would be the extent and form of your laws, for preventing or correcting the evils of which we have seen so many specimens?

He replied that their extent would be circumscribed within very moderate bounds, and that their form would be so simple, as not to be capable of being misunderstood,—but, said he, I should anticipate a difficulty in the outset, which might be insuperable; for the first application I should make, would be to the legislature of *Fushion*, whose edicts are in some cases so capricious, as to leave Reason little to hope for; and without some salutary acts, passed by this whimsical court, existence could not be given to my system of regulations.

I would require that a body politic should be formed of some of the most enlightened and influential individuals of society, into which should be received as members, any persons of decent character, who might from time to time wish to be admitted. This society should be in fact, a counter association, to check the evils of baneful associations;—as I before remarked that from well devised and rational associations, are derived many of the enjoyments of life; while a great part of its evils originate in those which are improper, and irrational.

From this society should be selected some of its most venerable and respectable members, to a considerable number; they should be residents of all parts of the city, and should constitute, what I will term a council of observation. The duties of this council should be defined in the constitution and laws of the society. The first of these duties should enjoin a diligent watchfulness over the manners of children in the city, and of others whose immoral, indecent, or improper conduct should render them just objects of the council's observation. When trifling misdemeanors in the streets, should be observed by a member of this council, a word from him would be a sufficient check; but in cases of gross infringement on the rules of decency and propriety, which might fall within his notice, the name of the party should be by him obtained, and communicated to the council at their next meeting. If the transgressor should be found to be under the direction of any member of the society, that member would of course be informed of the communication; if he should be found to be of a family not in connexion with the society, the council could in a delicate manner inform the parent, guardian, or master, that the communication had been made. Of many beneficial effects resulting from this part of the system, I will mention *three*, which would naturally arise.

*First*, Children would be deterred from displaying rude manners and indecent language in the streets; for it is remarked by those who have been in the habit of watching the progress of youth, that obtaining the name of a child, who has transgressed abroad, and giving information to the parent, has a certain effect to check, and generally to put a final stop, to similar transgressions by the same youth.

*Second*, Parents who have the welfare of their children at heart would feel an obligation to the council, for seasonable information of errors, which to them would otherwise remain unknown; they would of course generally adopt such measures as would operate to prevent a similar complaint forever after.

*Third*, Parents, (if they may be called such) who suffer their children to run unrestrained to licentiousness, would be offended with the liberty taken by the council, in noticing the errors of their children; and this, I consider, as not the least of the benefits which would result from such an institution; for hereby correct information would be obtained of those who cultivate the vices of society; and measures might be adopted for restraining their influence, without abridging their natural rights.

The conversation was here interrupted by Mrs. Short Metre, with *Ab! you can't put grown people's heads on children's shoulders.*

It is not so easy a task I must acknowledge, replied the Doctor, as it is to put children's heads on grown people's shoulders.—To encourage, said he, a docile demeanor

and amiable habits, would form another branch of the duty of this council; from families and from schools, the names of deserving youth should be sedulously sought, to be honored with a public place in the room where the council should meet. This list of names, to be constantly exposed to all who should visit the room, would be a general stimulus to youth of any ambition, to conduct in such a manner, as to have their names ranked with the meritorious; thereby insuring the affection of their parents, and the esteem of their friends and acquaintances. This measure would have an influence to promote knowledge and virtue among youth, as the French promote intrepidity, by the honorary and effective impulse of "*He deserves well of his country.*"

By the two measures which I have now described, this council would be empowered with the means, first, of reducing vicious and bad practices; and, secondly, of promoting goodness, and honoring those youth who should be found to possess it; and all this would be effected by the seasonable application of only a few appropriate words. Where energy now exists in family government, it would become more influential; and where it does not exist, the defect would be less injurious to society. Subordination to parental authority and to reason, would be called into fashion, and occasions would be reduced for resorting to the rigor of penal laws, for the punishment of crimes; a great proportion of which are the offspring of neglect in early life.

But I can see no motive sufficiently powerful, said the lady, to induce the respectable and enlightened part of society, to unite in forming and continuing such an establishment; and without *their aid*, the attempt would be fruitless.

Here, said he, lies one of the difficulties, which I had anticipated meeting;—*not that a motive is wanting*; but, that language may not be sufficiently powerful to give that motive its due impulse with the opulent, who are commonly too much involved in lucrative pursuits, to lend their attention to any subject, which does not immediately tend to promote or retard those pursuits. Yet, as I before mentioned, I do not despair. The time must come, and it appears to me to be rapidly hastening, when the necessity of a moral reform will so strongly force conviction on the minds of the leading characters in our cities, that a correction of these evils will take place for the safety of the community.

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### Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE. ON INORDINATE DESIRES.

THE moth, allured by the brightness of the candle plays round the flame, until at last it is consumed with the heat: a fit emblem this of those unwary ones who play round the verge of evil, until at length they precipitate themselves into infamy and ruin.

The fly and many other winged insects have the same propensity of hovering round a luminous body, and frequently die by the heat which is inseparable from that brightness they so much desire; but none of them all, so frequently find their fate in blaze as the moth, which is almost as sure to perish by the candle as to perceive its light. The moth feeds chiefly upon cloth and woollen stuffs, and is an animal of so delicate a texture that a slight touch crushes it to pieces; it is therefore the last creature in the world to sustain the attacks of so terrible an enemy as fire; yet this enemy, in the resemblance of a friend, courts it to draw near, and afterwards works its inevitable destruction.

What an unhappy state is theirs who will not take warning by the end of others, nor avoid the mischiefs which have proved fatal to many?

What numbers have experienced the same fate with the insect we have been describing! And yet what numbers are daily running on in the same manner to their ruin, sporting with vice and folly, and, as it were, making danger their play-fellow!—All this cannot, or they will not see, "that the end of those things are death." They will go on from one step to another, until at last it is too late to recede; then they must sink at once in the gulph of misery, and only leave fresh examples behind them of what was already enough known, but always too little regarded.

Shun therefore all temptations, if you are wife; and be

not deceived by appearances. Vice, folly, and danger, often lurk under the most inviting forms; but try the tree; not by its appearance, but by its fruit you shall know it:

*"Sweetest leaves the rose adorn,  
Yet beneath them lurks the thorn;  
Fair and flow'ry is the brake,  
Yet it hides the speckled snake."*

Consider and beware; for he, who would avoid sorrow, must be wary in his steps, and he, who would shun misfortune, must be careful to take wisdom for his companion.

S. T. T. B.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### COWPER, THE POET.

THE following interesting sketch of the character of this ingenious and amiable writer, is by the author of his life lately published:

The person and mind of Cowper seem to have been formed with equal kindness by nature, and it may be questioned if she ever bestowed on any man with a sonder prodigality, all the requisites to conciliate affections, and to inspire respect.

From this figure, as it first appeared to me, in his 62d year, I should imagine that he must have been very comely in his youth; and little time had injured his countenance, since his features expressed at that period of life all the powers of his mind, and all the sensibility of his heart.

He was of a middle stature, rather strong than delicate in the form of his limbs; the colour of his hair was a light brown, that of his eyes a bluish grey, and his complexion ruddy. In his dress he was neat, but not finical: in his diet temperate, but not dainty.

He had an air of pensive reserve in his deportment, and his extreme shyness sometimes produced in his manners an indescribable mixture of awkwardness and dignity; but no being could be more truly graceful, when he was in perfect health, and perfectly pleased with his society. Towards women, in particular, his behaviour and conversation were delicate and fascinating in the highest degree.

Nature had given him a warm constitution, and had he been prosperous in early love, it is probable that he might have enjoyed a more uniform and happy tenor of health.—But a disappointment of the heart, arising from the cruelty of fortune, threw a cloud on his juvenile spirit. Thwarted in love, the native fire of his temperament turned impetuously into the kindred channel of devotion. The smothered flames of desire uniting with the vapours of constitutional melancholy, and the fervency of religious zeal, produced altogether that irregularity of corporeal sensation, and of mental health, which gave such extraordinary vicissitudes of splendour and of darkness to his moral career, and made Cowper at times an idol of the purest admiration, and at times an object of the sincerest pity.

As a sufferer, indeed, no man could be more intitled to compassion, for no man was ever more truly compassionate to the sufferings of others. It was that rare portion of benevolent sensibility in his nature which endeared him to persons of all ranks, who had opportunities of observing him in private life. The great Prince of Conde used to say, "No man is a hero to his familiar domestic;" but Cowper was really more.—He was beloved and revered with a sort of idolatry in his family; not from any romantic ideas of his magical powers as a poet, but from that evangelical gentleness of manners, and purity of conduct, which illuminate the shade of his sequestered life.

Cowper greatly resembled his eminent and exemplary brothers of Parnassus, Racine, and Metastasio, in the simplicity and tenderness of his domestic character.

His voice conformed with his features to announce to all who saw and heard him the extreme sensibility of his heart; and in reading aloud he furnished the chief delight of those social enchanting winter evenings, which he has described so happily in the fourth book of *The Task*. He had been taught by his parents at home to recite English verse, in the early years of his childhood; and acquired considerable applause, as a child, in the recital of Gay's popular fable, "The hare and many friends." A circumstance that, probably, had great influence in raising his passion for poetry.



Secluded from the world, as Cowper had long been, yet he retained in advanced life uncommon talents for conversation; and his conversation was distinguished by mild and benevolent pleasantness, by delicate humour peculiar to himself, or by a higher tone of serious good sense, and those united charms of a cultivated mind, which he has himself very happily described in drawing the colloquial character of a venerable Divine."

### MORAL AND USEFUL.

#### CHOICE OF FRIENDS.

IN the choice of friends or companions, the number of which ought to be small and the choice delicate, one general rule may be laid down, viz. That a man, who has neither knowledge nor virtue, is by no means a fit companion, let him have what other accomplishments he will. No advantage one can propose from keeping the company of an ignorant or a wicked man, can make up for the nuisance and disgust his folly will give; much less for the danger of having one's manners corrupted, and his mind debauched. Nothing can give a higher delight, than the conversation of a man of knowledge.

There is in a mind, improved by study, conversation and travel, an inexhaustible fund of entertainment, from which one may draw supplies for many years enjoyment, and at every conversation receive some new piece of information and improvement. On the contrary, the company of an ignorant person must soon grow tiresome and insipid; for one will soon have heard all the tolerable things he can say, and then there is an end of improvement and entertainment both at once.

#### A NEW AND VALUABLE STYPTIC, WHICH WILL STOP BLEEDING, EVEN OF THE GREATEST BLOOD VESSEL.

TAKE brandy or common spirits two ounces, castile soap two drachms, pot-ash one drachm; scrape the soap fine and dissolve it in the brandy, then add the pot-ash and mix it well together, and keep it close in a phial. When you apply it, warm it in a vessel, and dip pledges of lint in it, and the blood will immediately congeal upon the application. It operates by coagulating the blood, both a considerable way within the vessels, as well as the extravasated blood, restraining at the same time the mouths of the vessels. A few dressings of this medicine may be necessary if the wound is very deep, or when a limb is cut off.

#### RECIPE FOR THE BILLIOUS CHOLIC, AND THE DYSENTERY.

[By Doct<sup>r</sup> USHER of Connecticut.]

DISSOLVE in keen vinegar as much common table salt as will go into an open bottle that it may ferment and work as if clear. The bottle should be nearly full, that it may discharge the foam; this done, bottle it for use, let the person affected, take a large spoonful of the vinegar in about a gill of boiling water, or at least, as hot as he can drink it, until he finds relief. It will effectually remove the cause in either case, although the patient may be so far relaxed as to die with weakness. The same remedy is excellent in the Common Cholera.

#### DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVING APPLES THROUGH THE WINTER.

[From DEANE'S New England Farmer—a very valuable Work, which every FARMER in America ought to possess.] "THE secret of preserving apples through the winter, in a sound state, is of no small importance.—Some say, that shutting them up in a tight cask is an effectual method, and it seems probable; for they soon rot in open air. But an easier method, and what has recommended itself to me by the experience of several years, is as follows. I gather them about noon, at the full of the moon, in the latter part of September, or beginning of October. Then spread them in a chamber, or garret, where they lie until about the last of November. Then remove them into casks, or boxes in the cellar, out of the way of the frost; but I prefer a cool part of the cellar. With this management I find I can keep them until the last of May, so well that not one in fifty will rot."

#### STAINS IN LINEN.

SPOTS of ink, it is well known, will ruin the finest linen. Lemon juice will by no means answer the purpose of taking them out. The spots indeed disappear, but the malignity of the ink still adheres to the linen. It corrodes it, and a hole never fails to appear, sometime after, in the part where the spot was made. Would you wish for a remedy equally certain, without being subject to the same inconvenience? Take a mould candle, the tallow of which is commonly of the purest kind; melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen in the melted tallow; then put it into

the wash. It will come perfectly white from the hands of the laundress, and there will never be any hole in the spotted part. This experiment has been often tried, and with great success.

### AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE

#### TO LEONARA.

MADAM,

TO remove some bad impressions which, by your answer of the 22d inst. you appear to have imbibed, I have again ventured to address you, for the last time; unless by a future communication, you should encourage a continuance. I am much indebted to you, for the favorable conclusion you formed of me, as it respects the goodness of my heart, though at the same time, I find it very difficult to reconcile it, with the latter part of your remarks, in which you observe, you "fear you are addressing one who is void of sincerity, and disposed only to ridicule."

I had cherished the idea, that sincerity was the most prominent feature, in my first publication; nor do I now remember any part of it, which could lay the foundation for a different conclusion. Had I been disposed to have practised deception, I could have drawn a far more flattering picture than the one I presented to your view.

My person, disposition and situation in life, might have been more highly colored, and set off to better advantage than you found them; but instead of such exaggerations, you had a description of my several qualifications, which I feel no doubt, will stand the test of a personal acquaintance.

Before I finish, I would beg leave to make some observations upon that part of your answer, in which you are pleased to say that something more than a mere prospect, of a sufficiency is necessary, before forming a matrimonial connection.

That I am not in a situation to support the expences of high life, I am very sensible; nor do I presume to assert, that it is out of the power of fortune, to make me a poor man. I however believe, that if all those who form this endearing connection were to suspend the accomplishment of their wishes, until they had secured a permanent establishment, the number of marriages would be extremely lessened; at the same time I deprecate the idea of persons rushing headlong into matrimony, and being obliged afterwards to calculate how they are to be supported.

The business in which I am fixed is of a nature that is not subject to the caprice of fashion; but will, if well attended to, always secure enough of this worldly goods to satisfy the desires of a reasonable person.

Modesty will not allow me to say any thing in favour of my own character and manners; as it respects the first, however, I may be allowed to observe, it has never yet been impeached; and of the last, that they are so far polished as to lead me to treat my superiors with respect, and my equals with civility.

I now lay aside my pen for the present, nor shall I be induced again to resume it, unless, as I observed in the beginning, you should appear to wish it.

S. G.  
Boston, October 26, 1803.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

AT a distance from Boston, about 100 miles, on a late returning journey, I was solicited by a much respected friend, to attend a "dancing frolic," that happened on the evening of my arrival. Having been accustomed to the like agreeable and rational amusements, I readily consented; but previous to being admitted, some rules must be subscribed to; which, from their singularity, a copy was obtained, and is handed you for publication. It must be said, I enjoyed myself beyond my most sanguine expectations, having had the pleasure of dancing with a charming agreeable girl; who, was it not that I am married, should certainly make love to the little bewitching creature.

Yours, FIRST POSITION.

#### RULES.

1. Admittance 50 cents, refreshments included.
2. The music to consist of a fiddle, a pipe and tabor—a hurdy-gurdy. N. B. No chorus to be sung till dancing is over.
3. No lady to dance in black stockings—nor must she have her elbows bare.
4. To prevent spitting, no gentleman to chew tobacco, nor smoke.
5. Every lady to come with a clean linen handkerchief, with her name marked upon it.
6. No gentleman to dance in a great coat, unless his under one should be torn.

7. No lady to dress her hair with tallow candle, nor must she have a bunch of hair sticking up, top of her head.

8. Leather small clothes, except newly washed, are forbidden, as they might soil the lady's gowns—and to prevent tearing the planking, no lady or gentleman to dance in nail'd shoes or boots.

9. Cards to be allowed—no one to wet their fingers more than twice.

10. Whatever money is played for, shall be put under the candlestick.

11. Whoever in his or her eagerness at cards breaks the table, shall pay for it immediately.

12. No whispering to be allowed—if any one shall be found to make invidious remarks, about any one's dancing, he or she shall be put out of the room.

13. No fessors or gimblets are to be brought either by lady or gentleman, except their pockets be whole.

14. No gentleman to appear with a cravat, that has been worn more than a week or fortnight.

15. Long beards are forbidden, as it would be very disagreeable, if a gentleman should happen to put his cheek beside a lady's.

16. Those ladies who have not white cotton stockings and black morocco shoes, will not be admitted under any pretence whatever. Two old ladies will be provided to examine all who enter.

17. No lady must appear with a veil on, even if it be turned aside, as the gentlemen will not have an opportunity of looking at their fair faces—distinct.

18. No gentleman must appear with shoes—each must have boots, that will creak famously.

19. No gentleman must squeeze his partner's hand, nor look earnestly upon her; and further, he must not even pick up her handkerchief, provided it were to fall—the first denotes he loves her—the second he wishes to kiss her, and the last, that she makes the sign for both.

20. For distinction sake, the master of ceremonies is to wear a red coat—buff small clothes—black stockings—green shoes—and a furlout. The word of command is, tumble up ladies.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### THE BEE AND THE SPIDER.

An Original Fable.

A GADDING BEE, being delighted with a web which a Spider was finishing, requested him to weave her a cloak of the same texture, and proposed paying him in honey. The Spider consented; the cloak was made, and two of the hive were sent loaded with honey to bring it. The fancy took with most of the Bees, they must barter with the Spiders, they must have cloaks, particularly those who were fonder of gadding than of making honey. A few of the industrious, dissatisfied with the measure, urged the following argument. Many of our laboring hands, said they, will be taken off to traffic with the Spiders; others in visiting to show their flimsy finery; the industrious must do double labour; our stock will be reduced; and the hive will want that honey which you are sporting away for cobweb garments. This argument had no effect; the trade was pursued through the summer, the flock was exhausted in the fall; they slept as usual through the winter, and in the spring were without supplies.

#### -NAKED ELBOWS.

A WORTHY clergyman in Yorkshire, lately deceased, bequeathed in his will, a considerable property to his only daughter on the subsequent conditions;—first, that she did not enter into the state of matrimony without the consent of his two executors, or their representatives; secondly, that she dressed with greater decency than she had hitherto been accustomed to do. The Testator's words are—

"But as my daughter, Ann—, hath not attended to my admonitions respecting the filthy and lewd custom of dressing with naked elbows, my will is, that in case she persists in so gross a violation of female decency, the whole of the property devised by me as aforesaid, and intended as a provision for her future life, shall go to the eldest son of my sister Caroline—, and his heirs lawfully begotten. To those who may say this restriction is severe, I answer, that, an indecent display of personal habiliments in woman, is a certain indication of intellectual depravity."

#### THREE MATERIAL THINGS.

DR. Johnson said that in sickness, there were three things that were material: The physician, the disease, and the patient; that if any of these joined they then got the victory; for, said the Doctor, "*Ne Hercules quidem contra duos.*" If the physician and the patient join, then down goes the disease; for then the patient recovers. If the physician and the disease join, that is a strong disease; and the phy-

man mistaking the cure, then down goes the patient. If the patient and the disease join, then down goes the physician; for he is discredited.

#### USE OF LONG BEARDS.

**BENJAMIN LAY**, a violent sectarian, was ornamented with a long bushy beard; as he had conscientiously refused to suffer such a carnal weapon as a razor to touch his face. Benjamin, in his zeal, used sometimes to disturb the public worship of episcopalians and other people, whom he deemed to be anti-christian. It once happened, that while a congregation was going out of a church-house, Benjamin, who had stood at the door, on the outside, during service, loudly exclaimed, "How can you, by such preaching as you have now been hearing, distinguish the sheep from the goats?" A facetious gentleman, stepping up to him, and taking him by the beard, replied, "We distinguish the goats, Benjamin, by their beard."

#### RELIEF OF THE POOR.

**THERE** is an anecdote of an old English Prelate, in the very earliest ages of christianity in that country, which does him infinite honour, and is the more surprising, as at that time they were extremely bigotted and fanatical. It was long before the time when Henry 2d. to save himself from an insurrection of his people, lashed himself at the tomb of Thomas, a Becket.—Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, in a famine, sold all the rich vessels and ornaments of the church, to buy bread for the relief of the poor. Upon a question being put to him upon the propriety of his doing so, he made this noble reply: "There is no reason why the dead Temples of the Lord should be sumptuously furnished, and the living Temples starve from penury."

#### CURIOUS ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

**NOTWITHSTANDING** the dissolute character of Alessandro, it appears that he, on some occasions, administered justice, not only with impartiality, but with ability. On this head, Ammirato relates an anecdote which is worth repeating: A rich old citizen of Bergamo, had lent to one of his countrymen at Florence, 400 crowns, which he advanced without any person being present, and without requiring a written acknowledgment. When the stipulated time had elapsed, the creditor required his money; but the borrower, well apprised that no proof could be brought against him, positively denied that he had ever received it.—After many fruitless attempts to recover it, the lender was advised to resort to the Duke, who would find some method of doing him justice. Alessandro accordingly ordered both parties before him, and after hearing the assertion of the one, and the positive denial of the other, he turned to the creditor, saying:—"Is it possible then, friend, that you can have lent your money when no one was present?" "There was no one indeed," replied the creditor, "I counted out the money to him on a post." "Go, bring the post then this instant," said the Duke, "and I will make it confess the truth."—The creditor, though astonished on receiving such an order, hastened to obey, having first received a secret caution from the Duke not to be very speedy in his return. In the mean time, the Duke employed himself in transacting the business of his other suitors until, at length, turning again to the borrower—"This man," says he, "stays a long time with his post." "It is so heavy, sir," replied the other, "that he could not yet have brought it." Again Alessandro left him, and returning some time afterwards, carelessly exclaimed:—"What kind of men are they that lend their money without evidence; was there no one present but the post?" "No, indeed, sir," replied the knave, "The post is a good witness then," said the Duke, "and shall make thee pay the man his money."

#### SINGULAR METEOR.

**AN** English gentleman, who is a prisoner at Fontainebleau, writes under date of the 13th July, as follows: "I was bathing a few evenings since, with some Englishmen, my fellow prisoners, when we saw a most beautiful and singular meteor. About half an hour after sun-set, two balls appeared in the air above where the sun had set, resembling the sun in colour, size, and brightness. They were about the height at which the sun is, two hours before its setting. They lasted about ten minutes, moving almost imperceptibly towards the south, and giving an amazing light, when they gradually appeared to dissolve into fiery smoke, which reddened the atmosphere to a considerable distance round where they had been, for an hour afterwards. Some said, this was a reflection of the sun, but it could not be, as it had been set half an hour, and besides, they would never have dissolved into smoke. Mr. Pigot, talking about it, says that these are the same clafs as those which we call falling stars, which are large stones continually float ing about in the im-

mease space of nature, when they come within 60 or 70 miles of the earth, by which they are attracted, they fall to it.

"Several of these stones have been picked up in different parts of the world, and they have not been found to resemble any earthly substance."

#### AN ORIGINAL LETTER FROM A QUAKER TO A WATCH MAKER.

FRIEND JOHN,

**I** HAVE once more sent my erroneous watch, which wants thy friendly care and correction: the last time it was at thy school, he was no ways benefited by thy instructions. I find by the index of his tongue he is a liar, and that his motions are wavering and unsettled; which makes me believe he is not right in the inward man, I mean the main spring. I would have thee prove and try him with thy adjusting tool of truth, and if possible thou may'st drive him from the error of his ways; imagining his body to be foul, and the whole mass corrupted, purge him with thy cleansing stick from all pollution, so that he may vibrate and circulate according to truth: I will board him with thee a few days, and pay thee for his board when thou requirest it. In thy last bill thou chargest me with one eighth of a pound, which I will assuredly pay thee when thy work deserves it. Frier I, when thou correctest him, do it without passion, lest by severity thou drivest him to destruction.—I would have thee let him visit the sun's motion, table and equation; and when thou findest him conformed to that; send him home with a just bill of moderation, and it shall be faithfully remitted to thee by thy true friend.

#### ANECDOTES.

**AN** Attorney observed a boy about nine years of age, diverting himself at play, whose eccentric attracted his attention—"Come here, my lad" said he. The boy accordingly came, and after chatting a little, asked the attorney what case was to be tried next—"A case between the Pope and the Devil," answered the attorney, "and which do you suppose will gain the action?" "I do not know," said the boy, "I guess 'twill be—a pretty tight squeeze; the Pope has the most money, but the Devil has the most lawyers."

**A CERTAIN** Deacon belonging to a church in this State, having had the misfortune to lose his wife, attempted immediately after his spouse's exit, to "strike up a match" with his maid, whose name was *Patience*. The Priest of the village, coming in a short time after, to console the bereaved husband, told him he must *ave patience* to support him in his troubles—Ah! (said the Deacon) I have been trying *bar*, but she seems to be rather off.

**A GENTLEMAN** one day insisted on weighing a lady, and to gratify his curiosity, she stepped into the scale; he laid on all the weights he could find handily. Finding there was not an equal balance, he put his foot on the scale, which quickly turned it. The gentleman took this opportunity to tell her, "that she weighed very heavy." "It is very true, Sir," replied the lady, "for one foot weighed me down."

**A SHOPKEEPER** wrote his sister an account of the death of their parent, thus: "Our aged father died yesterday of an *assortment* of disorders."

**A LATE** London paper, says, "In the public gardens yesterday, which were numerously attended, some *dashing* ladies, in addition to their *transparencies*, sported the *Diana* leg, by festooning the petticoat on the right side a few inches *above* the knee!"

**AN Irishman**, who had lately arrived in London was observing on the rapid increase of vanity in some lines of life, for instance, the *Poulterer* called himself "a Turkey-merchant;" the *dresser*, "a Chymist;" the *Match-seller* "a Timber merchant;" the *Potatoe-seller*, "a Fruiterer;" the *Sheriff's Officer*, "an Electrician;" the *Shoe black*, "a Japanner;" and the *Saddler*, "an Horse-Milliner."

#### BOSTON THEATRE.

**ON** Monday, a play in 3 acts, interspersed with singing, called the *Battle of Hexham*; or *Days of Old*. Gondibert, by Mr. Barrett; Prince of Wales, (first time) Master Barrett; Gregory Gubbins, (his first appearance in Boston) Mr. B. Arnold. Adeline, Mrs. Powell.—To which will be added, an entertainment, called *The Critics*; or a *Tragedy Rehearsed*. In act 1st, a Mock Italian Trio, by Mr. Darley, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Graupner.

#### THE MAGAZINE.

Those of our Patrons who intend having the first vol. of the Magazine bound, will please to send their numbers early in the ensuing week.

#### HYMENEAL REGISTER.



**MARRIED**—At Northampton, Mr. George Hanners, to Miss Frances Le Baron, formerly of this town. At Cohasset, Mr. Christopher James, to Miss Hannah Otis. At Fitchburgh, Mr. Samuel Dorr, merchant, of this town, to Miss Lucy Fox, of the former place.

In this town, Mr. Stephen Howe, mer. to Miss Caroline Goldsby, daughter of Samuel G. Esq.; Mr. Ebenezer Phillips, to Miss Betsey Pope, youngest daughter of the late Dr. John Pope; Mr. Lot Clark, to Miss Betsey Hammond; Mr. David Wyman, to Miss Sally Cook; Mr. Elias Tuckerman, to Mrs. Sarah Giralgh.

#### OBITUARY.



**DIED**—At Sea, Mr. Samuel Barrett, of this town, 72. 23. At Dorchester, Miss F. Colman, 19, daughter of the late Mr. Wm. C. of this town. At Gloucester, Capt. Ed. Gibart, 65. At Jamaica, Mr. John Appleton, 22, youngest son of the widow Sarah Appleton, of this town. At Charleston, Mr. Morton Brailsford. At Chelmsford, George Lewis, 7 months, son of Charles F. Kupfer. At Charlestown, Mr. Richard Carlton, 29.

"On Tuesday, the 18th ult. as Capt. Thomas Campbell, and Capt. Bryant Bradley, of Orrington, (M.) were beating a sail boat into Castine harbour, it overtook, and both were drowned. Capt. B. has left a wife and eight small children, to lament their loss. Capt. C. also had a large family."

In this town, Mr. William Raymond, 55, who, for many years, has been assistant inspector in the office of pot and pearl ashes—Mrs. Elizabeth Jackson, 79; Mrs. Priscilla White, 78; Wm. Henry Allen, youngest child of Capt. Samuel Allen; Mr. Daniel Woodward, 52; Mrs. Elizabeth Kifick, 55; Mrs. Hickman, 51; Mr. John Tiller; Mrs. Lumber; and two children. Total for the week ending last evening—11.

#### TO FAMILIES.

**A** FEW copies of *Parkinson's Medical Admonitions*, containing upwards of 500 pages, price 2 dls. for sale by GILBERT & DEAN. "This valuable book will be in the possession of every family, as well as private persons; it is spoken of in very high terms by the London reviewers; but it will carry its own praise." Nov. 5.

#### TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

"On high, where no hoarse winds nor clouds resort,  
The good-wind'd Goddess keeps her partial court.  
Upon a wheel of amethyst she sits  
Gives, and resumes, and smiles, and frowns by fits."

**B**E quick, before the Goddess of Fortune "strews her golden sand on another's floor." On the 16th inst. South-Hadley Lottery will commence drawing in Boston, when the price of tickets will be raised to 6 dols. Tickets and parts for sale by GILBERT & DEAN, No. 56, State-street, over the store of Mr. Peirce, where a correct list of all the prizes and blanks will be exhibited during the drawing—and those who purchase of G. & D. shall examine their numbers GRATIS. Nov. 5.

## POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## LINES

UPON THE DEATH OF MISS FANNY MARIA FALES,  
OF TAUNTON.

ALAS! all hope's extinct! the lovely maid  
Reposes in the mansions of the dead.  
Consign'd to the deep recesses of the tomb,  
Where mournful silence spreads a fable gloom,  
She finds that rest which long she fought in vain,  
A kind asylum from disease and pain.  
But she was gentle as the zephyr's breath,  
And sweetly placid in the hour of death:  
To Heav'n's will obedient and compos'd,  
Her short career of life she calmly clos'd.  
Yet kindred breasts regret her early end,  
And mourn a lovely daughter, sister, friend;  
Submissive, fond, affectionately dear,  
Her mem'ry's nurtur'd by a tender tear,  
Like the fresh beauties of a budding rose,  
Whose opening leaves a thousand charms disclose;  
But, ah! to the corrosive worm a prey,  
It droops, it dies—its fragrant sweets decay.  
Thus prematurely did MARIA fade!  
Thus, have her beautiful charms, her health decay'd!  
But long the virtues of her mind shall bloom,  
And friendship's tears bedew her hallow'd tomb.  
Her memory, enshrined within each breast,  
Shall live till Time and Nature sink to rest;  
And the soft zephyr's of returning eve  
Shall waft a sigh to lost MARIA's grave.

M\*\*\*

October 20th.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## ELEGY.

OCCASIONED BY BURSTING A FAVOURITE SLIPPER AT A  
BALL.

[A PARODY.]

*Sic transit, &c.*

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy?  
Cease, faithful slipper, cease to wound my rest;  
Since thy torn beauties met my glancing eye,  
Chagrin and grief corrode my troubled breast.  
Let happier beauties fly where pleasures call,  
Mid brilliant circles charm the fleeting hour,  
Float graceful through the mazes of the ball,  
Or wake sweet echo in love's roseate bower;  
For me—the splendid hall shall charm no more;  
No more soft music teach my feet to move;  
Vain are the joys which gave delight before,  
The whirl of pleasure, or the voice of love.  
I seek some lone retreat, some dreary room,  
Where, seated by the glimmering taper blue,  
Romantic woes shall magnify the gloom,  
And cause my wounded heart to bleed anew.  
There I'll unceasing mourn the luckless hour,  
When lightly bounding on th' elastic toe,  
My foot expanding as it felt the floor,  
Burst the weak confines of my fav'rite shoe.  
With golden flow'rs resplendent deck'd around,  
The palm of art and nicest taste it bore;  
Who look'd, admir'd; its mistress triumph crown'd—  
But now 'tis torn, and triumph is no more!

MARCIA.

Boston, Nov. 1st, 1803.

## EPITAPH.

HERE lies the quintessence of noise and strife,  
Or in one word—here lies a scolding wife:  
Had not death took her when her mouth was shut,  
He dar'd not for his ears have touch'd the flut.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO \*.\*.

THOUGH mute be my tongue and tho' silent my lyre,  
Yet think not my heart has forgotten your name;  
You may read in my eyes, if you will but enquire,  
The esteem it has cherished is ever the same.  
I sleep, and your form flits around in my dream;  
I wake, and my thoughts still the phantom pursue;  
I write, but whatever I choose for my theme,  
Begin as I may, I must finish with you.  
I cheerful in life's busy scenes take my part,  
But you still are near me wherever I move;  
And the labour of duty or effort of art,  
Grow light in reflecting that you will approve.  
And when in a mourn my oraisons ascend,  
To ask Heaven's blessing on all that I do;  
Your name in the prayer will constantly blend,  
And self is forgot, in entreating for you.  
May peace, heav'nly guest, in your bosom reside;  
May the sun of success on your future life shine;  
And oh! may your heart ever feel the full tide  
Of pleasure, like that you have pour'd upon mine.  
You drew me from Insensibilities shade,  
You smiled, and the torpor of apathy flew;  
And life's every sorrow, and care is repaid,  
By a look that conveys approbation from you.

\*.\*.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## EXTEMPORE LINES.

Written by a gentleman on the margin of the last Weekly  
Magazine, after reading the great number of Marriages  
that had lately taken place, under the motto of "*Omnia  
vincit amor, et nos creda mos amori.*"

SWEET fantastic airy Love,  
Here your good effects we see;  
Marriage lifts do only prove,  
What mortals ever owe to thee.

R.

## THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## SINCERITY: A NOVEL

IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XIX—ANNE TO ELENOR.

London, Sept. 20, 1778.

I HAVE transmitted to you, my dear Madam, copies of  
our afflicted friend's letters, and I can easily imagine what  
your feelings were during the perusal of them; her last  
gave me more pain than I can find words to express. I was  
divided by my anxiety for my brother, whose weakness  
daily increased, and for my friend, who I perceived was  
bowed to the earth, by the unfeeling conduct of  
those, who ought to have protected her. I wrote to her,  
bade her, if she thought it best, to leave her husband for a  
while, until more smiling prospects should make him in-  
vite her home again, to come to me, I received no answer;  
my anxiety increased, I almost resolved to go to London,  
and enquire after her, but I knew poor Henry's situation  
was so precarious, for we had been for more than a  
month, daily expecting his dissolution; this deterred me  
from taking the journey, though I need not have been ab-  
sent more than two days. I wrote again, no answer; and  
uneasy as I was, I had no remedy but patience; indeed, for  
the last three weeks, my feelings have been so tortured by  
the sufferings and death of my beloved brother, that I al-  
most forgot even my valued Sarah. This day week, his  
remains were deposited at Southampton, as it was his wish,  
that his body should not be removed. The next morning  
I set off for London, and immediately on my arrival, went  
according to her directions, to Greek St. Soho. I found  
her, but how? in a very confined lodging, actually em-  
ployed in ironing her husband's shirts; she looked very  
pale, but starting at my entrance, the crimson tide rushed  
over her face, and throwing herself into my arms, she seem-  
ed to experience a kind of suffocating hysterical affection;  
it was neither laughing nor crying, but a mixture of both,  
which evidenced the depression of her spirits and weakness  
of her frame. "Why," said she, as soon as she could speak,  
"why do you come here?"—"To see you, my dear Sa-  
rah," said I, "why have you not answered my letters?"—"I  
had nothing either new, or pleasant to write," she re-  
plied, "and I thought you must be weary of a correspon-  
dent, whose whole topic was complaint."—"You have  
been ill, Sarah," said I, taking her hand—"And you have  
been afflicted," said she, tenderly pressing my hand in both  
of hers.—The tone of her voice, and the recollection of my

loss, operated powerfully on my sensibility; we wept in uni-  
son. A pause of a few moments ensued, when she rose  
from her seat, put her work into the next room, stirred the  
fire, swept up the hearth, and going down stairs, returned  
with the tea-kettle; which, having placed over the fire, she  
prepared the tea things, toasted her muffins, and performed  
every little necessary office, with the uncomplaining meek-  
ness of a saint, and with the care of one who had been ac-  
customed to such employments. As I looked at her with a  
mixture of admiration and pity; I could not but think, I  
had never seen her rise so superior; appear so interesting,  
as in these domestic avocations. I have seen her move in  
a drawing room, with infinite grace; I have seen her trip  
in the light mazes of a dance, with fascinating vivacity and  
ease; I have witnessed the elegance and propriety of her  
manners, when seated at the head of her table she has per-  
formed the honours of it to a numerous and splendid com-  
pany; but never did she seem so engaging to me, as when,  
having finished her preparations, she said, "Come Ann, the  
tea and muffins are just as good now, as they used to be, on-  
ly the servant is not quite so handy." Whilst we partook  
of the pleasant repast, she informed me, that she had been in  
search of employment, and had at last heard of something  
which she believed she should close with. It was to go  
with an elderly lady to Ireland, to act in the double capaci-  
ty of her companion, and governess to her grand daughter,  
a spoilt girl of about ten years old. "And will Darnley  
consent to your going so far without a proper protector?"  
said I. "He made but faint opposition to the plan," she  
replied, "and indeed, I am resolved to go, let the opposition  
be what it may, my mind is too proud to bear a state of de-  
pendance on any one; and with all my faults, and I am  
very sensible I have many, I cannot bear reproach; it irri-  
tates, it drives me beyond myself; gentle remonstrance,  
mild reproof, will bend me to any purpose, turn me from  
any plan, however I might have expected gratification in  
the execution; but to be treated either like a child, an  
idiot, or a slave, is what I cannot, will not submit to." I  
asked, if she had informed herself of the character of the  
person she was going with. "Why yes," she replied, "I  
have made some enquiries, and have learnt that she is a  
woman of respectable character; that she has a daughter  
very well married in Dublin, and that she has in general  
resided with her; but about two years since, she came over  
on some law business, and brought her grand child with  
her; that being now settled to her satisfaction, she is return-  
ing to Ireland, and wants some person who will assist her  
in the difficult task of governing (to her) ungovernable  
grand daughter. As to the old lady herself, she seems a  
shrewd sensible woman, her manners are not highly polish-  
ed, but she possesses some conversable powers, and seems to  
have a thorough knowledge of the world."

I found any attempt of mine to alter her plan, would be  
ineffectual, for she was resolved no longer to remain with a  
man, who had given her such evident proofs of indifference  
and selfishness. But I tremble for her, she knows not the  
world, into which she is about to plunge; open, sincere, and  
without disguise herself, she suspects not deceit in others.  
This is a disposition most liable to imposition of any in the  
world, and where joined to great sensibility, is the source of  
undefinable anguish to the possessor.

I have made some particular enquiries concerning this  
Mrs. Bellamy, with whom Sarah is about to embark for a  
another kingdom; I cannot reconcile the idea to myself, that  
a tract of ocean will divide us; that in sickness or distress I  
cannot fly to her; that contrary winds may detain her let-  
ters, even should she write on all occasions; but even this  
she will not promise. "I will inform you of my health," said  
she, "but I shall not plague you with all the little cross inci-  
dents which may occur, while I am acting in my double ca-  
pacity of humble toad-eater to grandmama, and madam  
gouvernante, to little darling."

You flattered me in your last, with the hope of seeing  
you in London; it will, I assure you, be a very high grati-  
fication; but as you mention January, for the time of your  
proposed visit, I fear Sarah, will long e'er that, have  
been the inhabitant of our sister island for some weeks, as  
she thinks of departing the latter end of October.

Adieu,

ANNE.

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in bottles of 25 cents each) genuine black Sand, &c. for  
sale at this Office.

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# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

## OR, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S MISCELLANY.

Vol. II.]

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 12, 1803.

[N° III.]

### MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE

#### THE GOSSIP—N° XLVI.

*Non hac solennia nobis,  
Has ex more dapes, hanc tanti nuntius aram,  
Vana superstitio veterumque, ignara Deorum  
Imparuit; scavis, ——— periculis  
Servati facimus.*

#### TO THE GOSSIP.

Sir,

I BEG you would be pleased to take notice of a certain enormity, which is extremely common, though I think, never yet under your censure; it is, Sir, the ill example set by many of the politer and better-bred part of mankind, in coming into Meeting after the service is began; by which, the whole congregation is disturbed; and what with creaking of boots, flammings of pew-doors, &c. is generally some minutes after the entrance of one of these sort of gentry, before the Minister can again be heard. This, Sir, to the well disposed, is a serious inconvenience. And then, Mr. Gossip, there are the ceremonies, bows, curtsies, whisperings, smiles, winks, nods, and other familiar arts of salutation, which take up in our churches so much time, that might be better employed; and which seem so utterly inconsistent with the duty and true intent of our entering into those religious assemblies. Such behaviour as this, Sir, though it may be proper at the Theatre, ought never to be countenanced in the above mentioned places. In Roman-catholic churches and chapels abroad, it has been observed, that persons of the first rank, of the nearest relation, and intimate acquaintance, pass by one another, unknowing as it were, and unknown; and with so little notice of each other, that it looks like having their minds more suitably and solemnly engaged; at least, it is an acknowledgement that they ought to be so. The same has been observed, even of the Mahometans, with relation to the propriety of their demeanour in the conventions of their erroneous worship; and I cannot but think either of them sufficient and laudable patterns for our imitation in this particular.

When you are in a disposition proper for writing on such a subject, I earnestly recommend this to you, and am,

Sir, your very humble Servant,

PHLONEUS.

THE complaint made in the above letter is not new, but it is nevertheless a serious subject of regret to every thinking and pious mind. The temple devoted to the worship of the *Living God*, should never be profaned by attentions paid to the creatures of his power.—If we go to church, we should not go merely to comply with custom, to set good examples, to shew new finery, or meet our acquaintances. These I have heard advanced as motives for frequenting places of public worship, by the indifferent, by the *would-be-thought* serious, and by the unthinking and profane.—“I go to church,” cries the man of *morals*, “because the seventh day being appropriated to rest and so forth, it is expected in a well ordered society, that some respect should be paid to it; and it is necessary for the political organization of every state or nation, that such an institution should be observed and maintained by the superior members.”—“I would, on no account whatever, omit public worship,” cries the sanctimonious hypocrite, “it is proper that such examples should be set by persons whose rank in life make them objects of imitation to those beneath them; I go to meeting twice a day on the Sabbath; I am regular in family prayer, no one can say but my example is such as will promote the cause of religion.” “I go to meeting now and then,” says the man of pleasure, “to get a squint at the girls, go in, in the middle of prayer time, set ‘em all a staring; one giggles, another smpers; and half curtsies hiding her face with her fan, devilish good fun, like to go sometime.”—“I shall wear my new pelisse to meeting to-morrow,” says Miss Tasty, to her companion, “did you see Sukey Modish’s last Sunday? I think mine is full as handsome.”

Now good Phloneus, can you be surprised that persons who go to church from motives such as these, should come

in at any hour, and behave with indifference and inattention whilst there; to him who goes to *see*, and she who goes to be *seen*, it is most convenient to disturb the congregation by a late entrance;—A creaking boot—a slam of the door, or a commodious fit of coughing, are most charming auxiliaries on such occasions.—But to the honour of human nature, be it asserted, there are those, (nor is the number small) who go to the house of worship with hearts attuned and elevated to the solemn, yet delightful service of prayer and praise;—who, though it is most soothing to their souls to see those they love and venerate most on earth, joining in the sacrifice they offer to Him who is the object of their love and adoration in Heaven, yet will scarcely suffer a glance of recognition to pass between them, and think almost the slightest inclination of the head, to a fellow creature at such a time, an infringement of the duties they came there to perform; and it is painful to persons thus soberly and properly disposed, to be disturbed by the noise of such thoughtless triflers.—Painful, Oh yes! it is hardly possible to say how painful, for while they lament the distraction of their own thoughts, which such interruptions will necessarily occasion; they perhaps also lament in the bitterness of soul, the deplorable state of a son, a daughter, a sister, a brother, who can thus sport with the most valuable of all things, *present time*; unheeding of what must be irrevocable, their state in FUTURETY.

Why have I not the eloquence of DEMOSTHENES, added to the persuasive piety of a primitive APOSTLE, in the christian cause, to convince those children of levity of their fatal error.—“Why pray, Mr. Gossip,” says some cavalier, “do you think all holiness, all piety, consists in going to church?” No, certainly not; but if we *profess* to love and serve our Maker; if we pretend to consecrate certain periods to his praise and honour; let us do it in spirit, and in truth. If we have any gratitude within us for the many mercies daily received at his hands, let our respect to his laws evince it. “But the Sabbath,” you will say, “is of human institution.” My friends, deceive not yourselves with this sophistical argument. The Sabbath was instituted by HIM, who formed the vast universe.—How finely does the inspired writer describe the respect proper upon occasions of solemn worship, by these words.—“The Lord is in his holy temple, let the whole earth keep silence.”—And did not the Saviour of the world say, “Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst.”—If so, (and who would wish to disbelieve so comfortable a promise) how can we dare to treat with levity, and disrespect, the august Majesty of Heaven and earth.—These thoughts are not the effect of enthusiasm; these remonstrances proceed not from superstition.—I am no gloomy religionist, preaching up terrific fire, and lakes of flaming sulphur; no, there is no one better pleased with, or would more encourage cheerfulness; but let every thing be in its proper time and place.—When you are surrounded with the comforts, the joys, the conveniences of life, shew your gratitude to the Giver, by a cheerful and temperate enjoyment of them.—When its cares, its pains, its disappointments assail you, evince your love, by unrepining submission to his decrees.—and when you enter his holy tabernacle, leave the world and its delusions behind you.—lift up your souls in fervent, pure devotion; let your silent veneration and respect declare you know in whose presence you stand; and trust to his mercy to accept, what even at the best, is but an imperfect sacrifice, unworthy the *All Wise, All Powerful*, to whom it is offered.

#### TO THE GOSSIP.

Sir,

I HAVE observed in the writings of various authors, a frequent mention made of the natural understanding of man. This quality you have given to EUGENIO, in your forty-fifth number. He possessed from nature, say you, a *brilliant understanding*. Now, Sir, if you understand your own writing, you will give the public a disquisition of the word *understanding*, and shew how it is derived from nature; otherwise, you can never be considered a profound philosopher, though your eloquence should excel Rousseau’s

CONSISTENCY.

I WILL try, good friend, in my next number, to explain myself; but I am very much afraid, if you have no idea as

present what a *natural good understanding* is, I shall find it very difficult to make you comprehend me.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### THE PASSENGER—N° VII.

YOU recollect, Madam, said the Doctor, that when pestilential disease attacked the constitutions of our citizens, and interrupted the progress of business, a motive was not wanting to call public attention to their sufferings and their danger; by the impulse of this motive, that excellent institution, a *Board of Health*, came into existence. Why then should not the same regard for public and individual security, call up all our energies in searching for the cause and the cure of those infectious epidemics which arrest the mental constitution, and destroy the moral principle; interrupting the progress of useful knowledge, virtuous habits, and amiable manners?

Judicious laws, are from time to time enacted to restrain vice, and preserve the rights, and the peace of society; these in the early stages of population, are sufficient to keep within moderate bounds the passions of the few; but in proportion to the increase of numbers, and the associations of the base, those laws lose their power, until, as in some Asiatic and European cities, security is doubtful, even in the grave. If this be the case in despotic governments, where the will of the sovereign is the law of the land, or in those where the rights of the people are absorbed in the power of their nobles, can it be expected, where the bounds of legal energy are set by a free people, nobly jealous of their liberty, wisely guarded at every point against the encroachments of tyranny, and rapidly increasing in population, that any codes of written statutes, shall, without other means, secure to the nation her moral respectability, to her peaceful citizens the quiet of their wishes, or to the hand of industry, the fruit of its labor?

If my theory be correct, it becomes evident, that in a Republic, more than in any other government, a watchful guard of her good citizens is required, to check the sowing of those mental weeds which, when ripened in the soil, can be but partially, very partially, extracted by the ordinances of the legislator.

I shall next attempt to demonstrate that America, more than any other republic, has claims on the wisdom and goodness of her leading characters, in all her towns and cities, to assist the municipal laws, in arraying virtue in her native charms, and rendering her the favorite of the people.

One of the most prominent characteristics of this country is a laudable spirit of enterprize;—now it is the natural consequence of increasing population, that a spirit of base enterprize with the vicious part of society, will equal, if not excel, the spirit of useful enterprize with the upright; thousands of instances which exhibit the truth of this position, come not within the cognizance of law, and nothing can so effectually check the growth of this evil, as placing the oppressor and the swindler in that contemptuous light, which their merciless attacks and perfidious artifices deserve. Fashion only can do this, and only influential characters can establish the fashion.

I have now explained motives, Madam, which rest on facts, and which I should suppose would have some weight with the patriot for the good of his country, with the law-giver for promoting the effect of his ordinances;—with the opulent for the security of property;—with the indigent as a shield from rapacity;—and, last, but not least, with the parent for the happiness of his child.

I thank you, Sir, for explaining those motives, said the lady;—they appear to be sufficiently influential for arming conviction on the minds of all the rational, the thinking part of society;—But I hope that in asking for them I did not interrupt the arrangement of your proposed establishment, of which you had begun to give the outlines;—your description of motives has increased my desire for hearing the whole system.

No interruptions, said the Doctor, will derange my ideas on this theme;—it is a subject which has engrossed my reflections, until I have become almost an enthusiast; and I receive exquisite pleasure in meeting with one of those whom you very pertinently style the *rational, the thinking* part of society, who will so patiently listen to my remarks. By the manner in which he expressed this, it was evidently





## USEFUL.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### AFFECTING ANECDOTE

OF A YOUNG LADY, A NATIVE OF BOSTON.

*Ye Fair and Wealthy, go ye and do likewise.*

THE following scene I was an eye witness to this afternoon. The Penobscot tribe of Indians had been down the river to Bangor, to receive their semi-annual payment from the government, of coin, blankets, shot, powder, &c. and were returning to Old Town, their place of residence. I had been to an estate some miles from my dwelling, and returning by the road on the margin of the river, saw a great many canoes returning with their winter stores; as I travelled on the grassy brink of the river, I discovered a little sloop, and a number of Indians collected round it. I cast my eyes attentively to the spot, and saw a female in an elegant loose dress, kneeling and apparently very busy among them; I turned aside to learn the cause. When I came near the fire, I saw an Indian, to appearance about fifty, stretched on his blanket, in extreme pain, convulsed and in spasms; his wife and children bending on their knees, were all around him, and a young lady, whom I shall call Matilda, a native of Boston, who is now on a visit to her sister in this country, whose house was not far distant, was in the midst of the tawny group, tenderly administering medicine, teas and cordials, to the sick son of the wilderness. I had seen her before—she was handsome! I see her now—the distressed wife, the anxious offspring, with eyes beaming gratitude to the fair stranger, and hearts bleeding for the distress of husband and father, undisguised by art or education; every feature in every countenance is now impressed on my heart! would to God I could paint it. What is piety? What is the milk of human kindness? If the answer is not in Matilda, Divines and Philosophers, tell me what it is.

L.

Orrington, Oct. 21.

### MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

A VERY important discovery has been made in the medical kingdom, by M. Auband, at Constantinople, and M. Lafond, at Salonica, (Greece) which is no other than that VACCINATION is a defence against the PLAGUE!—The experiments of those two physicians, which have been ample and satisfactory, and who have never had a correspondence with each other, confirm this fact beyond a doubt.

### METHOD OF SALTING MEAT.

[As the season for packing meat is at hand, we presume the following method of preserving it, will be acceptable to our readers.]

From DEANE'S NEW-ENGLAND FARMER.

AS farmers are most commonly too far distant from market places, to be supplied from them with fresh meat, and as it is most convenient for them to kill only at certain seasons, they ought to be well acquainted with the best methods of keeping meat in good order, by salting.

The common method of preserving pork, reserving the lean parts for use in the cold season, and applying a large quantity of salt to the fat, is perhaps as good as any can be. But beef is greatly injured, and rendered unwholesome by a severe salting.

A good method of preserving beef, which I have known to be practised for several years past, is as follows: For a barrel of beef of the common size, reduce to powder in a mortar, four quarts of common salt; then eight ounces of salt petre, and five pounds of brown sugar. Let the salt be well rubbed into the pieces, pack them close in the barrel, and sprinkle the salt petre and sugar evenly over each layer. No water at all is to be applied. The juices of the meat, if well packed, will form a sufficient quantity of brine; and the beef will keep sweet and good through the following summer, supposing it killed and packed in the beginning of winter, or late in autumn; and will not be too salt to be palatable.—Draining off the brine and purifying it by boiling and scumming, with the addition of a little salt in the beginning of summer, and returning of the brine upon the meat, will be a real improvement.

## REMARKABLE.

### SINGULAR DISCOVERY.

SEVERAL workmen engaged in digging a well for Mr. Samuel Wigton, Hudson, New York State, a few rods from a high upright rock, which forms the bank of the river in front of that city, a few days since, threw up a number of fragments of well burnt bricks, which were found about 40 feet under the surface of the earth. The account which the workmen gave of a discovery so singular, was at first regarded as a mere trick to deceive the credulous; but

until two gentlemen, to convince themselves, descended to the bottom of the well, and with a pick axe, dug out of the hard compacted gravel, several pieces, which still retain perfectly the impression of the mould. No whole bricks were seen, though a workman broke with his spade one which he thinks was entire, and says the pieces when put together, would have made a brick about 8 or 9 inches in length. The horizontal or alioval strata of earth, perforated in digging the well, were as follows, or nearly so; 5 feet yellow sand, 16 feet of yellow clay, 17 feet marl, very ponderous, and of a blue color, resembling that of the lime rock, in its vicinity; 1½ feet reddish ochreous and gravel, 6 inches hard pan, or gravel cemented with marl, 1½ feet fine yellow sand, and three feet coarse flaty gravel. All these are underlaid by the primitive flinty rock, which forms the margin of the river. In the stratum of reddish gravel and sand, the bricks were found, and also several large round granitic stones.

"The things we know are neither rich nor rare,  
But wonder how the devil they came there."

Logs and stumps found under ground, are doubtless wonderful things; but a well manufactured brick taken up from forty feet beneath the present surface, in a quarter of the world believed never to have been formerly inhabited but by tribes of wandering savages, is indeed a thing passing strange.

### TO READERS.

It gives us pleasure to observe the numbers of "The Passenger," copied into several respectable interior papers. The "Columbian Gazette," printed at Utica, thus introduces the first number to its readers:—"The pleasure with which we have read the first number of "The Passenger," published in the "Boston Weekly Magazine," induces us to believe it will not be unacceptable to our readers. It is written in a very pleasing style, and on a subject, which every one will allow to be of the first importance. To the reader, whom the noise of political disputation has not rendered deaf to the mild voice of morality, we cannot present any thing more deserving of his attention."

The lines by "Pacifist," must command an interested attention from the ladies. We sincerely wish that the sex, whose wrongs are so pathetically and so justly described, would have the whole piece set to music, and by piano chords, charm their legislating parents and husbands to the passing of such salutary laws of redress, as cannot be obtained by the force—Few of our readers will require being informed, that *plano* and *forte* are contraries, the first meaning soft, and the other loud.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our attention to the completion of our first volume, and other avocations, has prevented that respect to our correspondents which is their due—and which in future shall be regularly paid.

We have to return our thanks to a learned gentleman, who sometime since, favored us with the loan of a manuscript, concerning the country, customs, and manners of the Creek Indians. We have as yet, made no use of it; but shall soon favour the public, with some interesting and amusing extracts.

Letters on Epistolary Writing, Metaphy, &c. are received, and shall appear as early as consistent with our other engagements.

We are not neglectful or forgetful of the friend who favored us with "Montmorency," a fragment, and "The Castle of Langensaat," both which shall grace our miscellany, immediately on the completion of "Sincerity."

We are not unmindful of "Contemplator," and shall pay proper attention to his valued favours.

Inscription on Pedestals, on which rested a gentleman's and lady's skulls, shall appear.

"The Fair of Berkshire," shall not be neglected.

Essay on "Education," shall have an early insertion.

"Edwin's" lines have merit.

Lines, signed "Z. Y." dated Aug. 2d, have been overlooked, but shall shortly have a place.

"Germanicus," shall be obliged; but we are unable to decide on the merits of the epigram, being total strangers to the language.

Lines signed "A. B." and "A. Z. B." both good—shall grace our miscellany.

"The Kitchen Dialogue," contains neither novelty, information, or amusement.

"A real Anecdote," we fear will be thought personal—as such, must reject it.

A poetical "Geographical description of the United States of America," very indifferent verse.

We do not know whether "Bliss" is a beauty—but we

Though we are obliged by those correspondents who sent us "John & Joan,"—"The Mouse's Petition,"—and several other things, excellent in their kind; yet, as they are well known, and have appeared in various other publications, we hope we shall be pardoned if we do not insert them.

"Epitaph on a Sadler,"—and Sonnet to "Lucy,"—very dull and uninteresting.

### BOSTON THEATRE.

ON Monday Evening next, a much admired comedy, called *He would be a Soldier*.—To which will be added, a comic opera, called, *No Song no Supper*.

### HYMNAL REGISTER.



MARRIED]—At Salmesbury, (E.) Mr. David Hayes, Æt. 84, to Miss Mary Whitaker, Æt. 85; the bridegroom's man was 78, and the bride's-maid 93. It is imagined that a far greater concourse of people attended the ceremony than ever visited Salmesbury Church at one time on any occasion. The bride-maid, who is a very healthful, sprightly woman for her years, and who walked to town before breakfast, with a large bag of nuts, informed, that on account of the bride-groom wanting a leg, they were taken to church in a one-horse cart, which proceeded rather slowly; but on their return, a number of people took the shavers, and brought them back full gallop.—The greatest hilarity prevailed at this happy wedding, and the bride, to shew her agility, entertained the company by dancing a minuet in the evening.

At Northampton, Mr. Perez Clap, to Mrs. Ann Wheeler, formerly of Boston. At Salem, Mr. Joseph Kimball, to Miss Fanny Stimpson.

In this town, on Thursday evening, Mr. George Noble, mer. to Miss Mercy Howard, daughter of Mr. Joseph H.

### OBITUARY.



DIED]—In Virginia, the Hon. Edmund Pendleton, Esq. At Cambridge, Miss Priscilla Weston, Æt. 20. At Roxbury, Miss Sally Wightington, Æt. 17, daughter of Mr. Phineas W.—At Newton, Mr. John Marget, Æt. 80,—At Ipswich, Mr. Wm. Dodge, Æt. 75.—At Rockfield, Capt. Tilley Rice, Æt. 72.—At Schenectady, Mr. Timothy T. Smith, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic, in Union College.

In this town, Mr. Thomas Dudley, of Roxbury, Æt. 27; Mrs. Mary White, Æt. 33, widow of Capt. Benjamin W. Mrs. Esther May, Æt. 21, widow of Mr. John May;—Mrs. C. Charles Adams, Æt. 20, wife of Mr. Samuel A.; Mr. John Sawyer, Æt. 23; Mr. Philip R. Edwards, Æt. 15 months—Miss Rebecca Blake, Æt. 17—a son of Mr. Samuel Dean.—Mr. Samuel Johns, drowned; Miss Simpson, drowned; and 4 others. Total 15.

On Thursday morning last, Master Nathaniel Pope Russell Gilbert, Æt. 5, son of the late Mr. Frederick Gilbert—a very promising child.

"Ah! what is life with its compass'd round?  
And lo! our hopes, death strikes the sudden wound."

My joy, my comfort;  
All that is left of life flees after thee!"

## POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## EVENING REFLECTIONS.

TO rove at evening's calm and placid hour,  
Where the tall trees their arching foliage blend,  
To muse upon the past, and sweetly hold  
Ideal converse with an absent friend.  
To hear the cricket chirp his pensive lay,  
To see the glow-worm light his little beam,  
The shades of twilight o'er the landscape play,  
And soothing silence steal along the green.  
Yes, 'tis delightful, 'tis in hours like these,  
When calm and tranquil every passion sleeps,  
I love to read again these long-past scenes,  
Which in her annals faithful memory keeps.  
How soothing to the mind oppress'd by care,  
Down the pale cheek when tears of sorrow flow,  
In mem'ry's glass again to view that friend,  
Whose cheering presence lightened every woe.  
Again to see the fond approving smile  
Express the affection of the kindred heart,  
Or the sweet drop of sympathy distil,  
Fall o'er our sufferings, and assuage their smart.  
Yes, recollection has the magic power,  
To lull in soft repose the heart-felt grief;  
To chase the anguish of the feeling breast,  
And bring the troubled mind a sweet relief.  
When her clear mirror, bright with virtue's rays,  
Reflects the past, from guilt and error free;  
When retrospection gives the former days,  
Sweet conscious innocence!—approved by thee.  
She too can wound—when pale misfortune draws  
Her sable veil around the afflicted head;  
If "comfortless and dark" the past appears,  
The tortur'd bosom owns her power with dread.  
If conscious guilt the trembling soul appal;  
If injur'd innocence has sued in vain;  
No tear of pity mourn'd another's fall;  
Then memory brings her sad attendant pain.  
Say, who is happy 'mong "the sons of men?"  
'Tis he who reads not recollection's power,  
Who firmly treads the path where virtue leads,  
And stands prepar'd to meet the closing hour.

ELIZA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT &amp; DEAN,

If you think the enclosed lines worthy of a place,  
please to publish them, as a contrast to the Epitaph on "A  
Scolding Wife," which appeared in your last Saturday's  
Magazine. Yours, PACIFICUS.

OH, envy'd happiness! said Isabel,  
As chance an accidental look had giv'n,  
While Florimet care'd his Florimet,  
And fondly call'd her, the "best gift of Heav'n."  
Oh, envy'd happiness! not mine to know,  
Said Isabel; hymeneal bonds to me,  
Are lasting chains, to tyranny and woe,  
And death's kind hand alone can set me free.  
Could I one word of tenderness receive,  
From him who was the idol of my love,  
I'd cease to murmur,—I would yet believe,  
That my submission would his pity move.  
But ah, submission! I have try'd thy pow'r;  
Too long I've rested on thy feeble aid,  
To greet my wishes with one social hour,  
When nuptial grief should not that hour invade.  
But 'tis in vain! I'm only doom'd to see,  
That calm submission aggravates my grief,  
Prolongs my woes, extends my misery,  
And hides in shades, a shadow of relief.

Ah, cruel destiny! why was I born,  
In unrelenting warfare to engage;  
To be the object of contemptuous scorn,  
The suff'ring subject of a tiger's rage?  
Cold, and unfeeling, in his fever hours,  
Few as they are, my tyrant's hated voice  
Thunders his will, while on his forehead lours,  
The frowning omen of tumultuous noise.  
But this, e'en this, is music to the ear  
Of curses, bellow'd up from the abyss,  
Of that foul ocean, where the senses reel,  
And pitch from reason's seat, in drunkenness.  
Here, for complaint, would be abundant cause,  
But griefs, still heavier, wreck my sinking frame;  
If this were all, here would I gladly pause,  
But deeper baseness, stamps my husband's shame.  
The man, the guard of woman was ordain'd,  
And feeble woman needs his kindly aid;  
Then shall his sanguin'd hands, be basely stain'd,  
By female wounds, his cruelty has made!  
This too I've borne, and this I still must bear;  
With blows d'shearten'd, and with wrongs oppress'd,  
I sigh my anguish, to the midnight air,  
And breathe the lab'rings of my tortur'd breast.  
In piteous accents, thus complain'd the wife,  
Whose furrow'd cheek had lost its rosy bloom;  
Her youth and spirit, by domestic strife,  
Transform'd to age, and melancholy gloom.  
Ah, Isabella! could I give relief,  
Could I by searching, find the just decree,  
To guard thy rights, I'd fly to stop thy grief:—  
But—Isabella! THERE'S NO LAW FOR THEE.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## A REBUS.

I AM both man and woman too,  
And go to school as good boys do.

R. S. G.

## ABERCROMBIE'S DIRGE.

SOLDIER, Soldier. Stop the bier!  
Halt, and leave the body here.  
Here in holy earth we lay  
ABERCROMBIE'S mortal clay.  
Sound the dirge, and o'er his grave  
Let his conqu'ring banner wave;  
And when call'd to poster roll,  
CHRIST have mercy on his soul!

## THE NOVELIST.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL  
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.  
LETTER XIX.—SARAH TO ANNE.

Dublin, January 9th, 1779.

A MOST delectable voyage and journey I have had; bad weather, bad accommodations in the packet, bad roads, and bad tempered folks to deal with. Now is not this a bad beginning? Well, there is an old adage, which says, "a good beginning, often makes a bad ending;" and why not *vice versa*? We were six days crossing the channel, the wind blew tempestuously, and two or three times, I thought we should have been obliged to revisit the coast of Wales, whether we chose it or not; and that not in the pleasantest manner imaginable. However, here we are, all difficulties of wind and weather over; quietly sat down in a very respectable lodging, in one of the most public streets in Dublin. This Mrs. Bellamy is a very different woman on this side Saint George's channel, to what she was on the other; and to deal plainly, had I known as much before I left England, as I do now, I should never have thrown myself on her protection; but as I am here, I will remain a few months. I have no great predilection for another voyage, though ever so short, during the season, when "the winds let loose, lash the mad billows, until they foam and rise; threatening even heaven itself." Indeed, my dear, there is no scene that ever I witnessed before, to be compared to the sublimely terrific grandeur of a storm at sea. The horizon, contracted by the black impending clouds; the angry scud flitting with rapidity through the sky; the liquid mountains rising to the topmast heads, and from their summit, pouring, with tremendous roar, the white torrent; that, as it falls, threatens to whelm in its abyss, the fragile bark. As the gloom of night approaches, to see on the leeward quarter, the black coast o'erhung with precipices, and fenced around with rocks, over which, the rude surge incessant breaks; to hear the wind howl through the rigging of the labouring vessel, which scarce can bear

the smallest spread of sail—then to reflect, that perhaps, before the morn returns, the vessel, crew, all! all! may be enshrouded in a wat'ry tomb! No one can have an idea, of the sensation that must, at such a period, pervade the mind, even of the most thoughtless, unless they have themselves been present at such a scene. And to me, it seems an impossibility, that any one, who had once been in such a situation, could ever disbelieve the existence of a God, great, wise, powerful, and merciful. Who, that has once contemplated his wisdom and his power on the world of waters, would wish to disbelieve, or for one single moment, encourage a doubt? But I beg your pardon, Anne, that after having got you safe to Dublin, I have hurried you back, to make you pass a stormy night at sea, with a dangerous coast on your lee; but as you have escaped shipwreck, you may even come quietly again to Dublin; and setting down at my elbow, in a little room, up two pair of stairs, which is but superior to a closet, in a very small degree; the furniture of which, consists of a half tester-bed, a deal table, a small iron grate, that will hold a handful of fire, and two rush-bottom chairs—now, is not the apartment most elegant? Come, sit down, and be quiet, and I will tell you all about Madam Bellamy, and her fair daughter, Madam O'Donnell, and her sweet pretty, peevish, petulant, perverse grand-daughter, Miss Caroline O'Donnell.

The old dame does not want ideas in her head, nor language to express those ideas; but she is one of the most changeable, capricious beings, that nature ever formed. Her manners have been formed upon the scale of high life; and she certainly has, in early days, sacrificed to the graces; for even now, she can converse, with condescending affability, every word accompanied by a fascinating smile; she can be cheerful even to volubility; persuasion will hang upon her tongue, and the genius of taste, wit, and elegance, preside in her apartment. But see her two hours after, you will not know her for the same woman; her brow will lour, her large black eyes will flash malignity; the demon of spite and slander, take possession of her tongue; and her language will be such, as almost the lowest female would blush to utter. But this is a part of her character, which is only known to those, who are unfortunate inmates in her family; those who visit her transiently, and only see her in company, think her all perfection; indeed, I had myself a very high opinion of both her head and heart, until I became a daily witness to her most private conduct; so true is it, that intimacy seldom improves our opinion of those of whom, from a slight acquaintance, we might be inclined to think extremely well: and I believe it is pretty much the case with us all. We wear our best looks, best manners, best clothes, before strangers; but carelessly assume our every day appearance before our intimates. No, there is one, who the more she is known, the more she must be esteemed and beloved; it is my dear, friendly Ann, whose face and manners are ever the same; only that those who are so happy as to see her in her most retired moments, will see her most amiable. Forgive me, you know I never flatter, I speak as I feel. I will own, that I may be partial; self-love incites in us affection for those who are continually shewing us marks of friendship; and we are apt to think highly of the discernment and understanding of those, who discover merit in us. Now this is not by way of apology for loving you, and discovering all your excellencies; no, it is to make peace with you for daring to tell you of them.

Madam O'Donnell, is a handsome, tatty, shewy belle; dresses to the extreme of the mode, rouge's high, and says any thing she thinks of, at all times and seasons. Now do not call me scandalous; but I have not as yet seen Squire O'Donnell, but I shrewdly suspect—But madam calls, so my pen and my suspicions, must rest until another opportunity.

SARAH.

## SHIP NEWS—EXTRA.

ON Wednesday next, the *South-Hadley* will begin to unlade her cargo, consisting of 6667 bales or packages, viz. One of *Ten Thousand Dollars*—1 of 3000—1 of 1500—6 of 1000—2 of 750—12 of 500—one hundred of 100—140 of 50—100 of 30—130 of 20—and 6175 of 8—subject only to a duty of 12½ per centum. Those who wish to obtain their permit for the above Goods, will call on *Gilbert and Dean*, previous to the hatches being opened; as afterwards, each adventure will be enhanced unless some of the big bales should be hoisted out. ¶ This is the 4th voyage of the beautiful ship *Hadley*, and many, very many, have felt the good effects of her cargo, which has always been delivered in prime order. G. & D. have a few shares for sale, at D. 5 50.—I say, brother *Hadley*, give us a tow in your long boat—will ye? Nov. 12.

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# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

## OR, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S MISCELLANY.

Vol. II.]

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 19, 1803.

[N° IV.]

### MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

ON account of some Letters transmitted by a respected correspondent, we shall omit the GOSSET for a few weeks in order to give them an early insertion—but in the mean time, all favors from that hand, will be treasured up carefully, and shall appear in their accustomed place, as soon as the Letters are completed.]

MASSACHUSETTS, NOV. 9, 1803.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

A CORRESPONDENT sends you the five following letters on Epistolary Writing, Modesty, Patience, Habit, and Mental Improvement. They were addressed to misses, of from twelve to fifteen years old, by a gentleman who was assisting in their education. The object of the letters was to provoke an effort at expression in the youthful mind, as well as to inspire it with a love of order. They were written several years since; were written in haste; by a person then little used to composition; and very accidentally have been preserved. They are now carefully transcribed, with a few alterations. If you think, that they will instruct or amuse the younger part of your female readers, you are at liberty to publish them in your useful Magazine.

#### LETTER I.

\*\*\*\*\* AUGUST 24, 1790.

To Miss \*\*\*\*\*

#### ON EPISTOLARY WRITING.

My young friend,

MY design in writing to you is not to communicate any thing, which might not as well be told you from the mouth; but to give you an idea of committing to paper your most familiar thoughts. Many advantages arise to us from this mode of conversing. It habituates us to express ourselves more clearly and concisely, than we generally do in speaking; and preserves to us also many conceptions, that would otherwise be lost.

If you are convinced, as you certainly must be, of the utility of writing, you of consequence know, that the person makes it the most useful, who best understands it. To make it beneficial to ourselves, we must regard three things. First, the sentiments which we purpose to convey. Second, the manner of expressing them. Third, the chirography.

The sentiments you are about to communicate must first be noticed, because of the first importance. When you are going to write to a friend, you should consider the character of the person, and the manner, in which you should address her, were she present with you. If she is a superior, you certainly should suffer no trifling ideas to escape your pen, whilst writing to her; but should be careful to introduce such subjects, as would lead you rather to ask her opinion, than hazard your own. If your correspondent is an equal, it is optional with you to select and discuss your favourite topics. Good sense, however, as well as politeness, seems to require, that you consult the disposition and taste of your friend; for if you do not please, you will not probably improve her. When you have entered on the subject, whatever it is, always endeavour to let your thoughts rise naturally from the contemplation of it. The greatest reason perhaps why letters in general are so badly written, is because the writers imagine, that they must contain something learned and pompous, when in fact affectation of learning destroys all beauty in epistolary writing.

I remark here that, descriptions of balls, places of public resort, and rural scenery, form suitable themes of epistolary writing among young ladies: at least, they are a thousand times preferable to subjects, which lead to censoriousness and scandal.

Although much depends on the matter of discourse, yet it is not all. The manner, in which our ideas are clothed, is of importance, and deserves more attention, than gay young girls are commonly willing to bestow. Have you ever seen a beautiful little child so smirched with dust, and so raggedly covered, that you have been more disgusted with the carelessness of its parent, than charmed with its lovely form? Remember then that, however just may be your thoughts, unless you take some pains to present

them to your friend in an intelligible and graceful manner, they will hardly communicate either pleasure or instruction. Do not gaudily deck the child of your imagination; but let its neat apparel display to advantage the charms of innocence and beauty.

I have written largely to you concerning the matter and manner of epistles; it remains, that I briefly caution you to attend to your handwriting. Write ever so finely in regard to sentiment and language, yet if nobody can read it, what is it good for? Whom will it benefit except yourself? No. Attention to these is indispensable; attention to this is not beneath your notice. Almost all persons may write what hand they please. And when to write beautifully is an affair, which perseverance can easily effect, I presume it will be effected by you.

Of these things perhaps you are sensible; but "how," say you, "am I to perfect myself?" To be sure, it cannot be done immediately. You gain your knowledge and facility here, as in all things else, by observation and practice. All the rules in the world will avail you little without study, and study itself is ineffectual without the habit of expression. Keep your faculties awake to remark, and active by exertion, and your improvement, though gradual, will be certain and constant.

Well, \*\*\*\*\* I believe you are heartily tired, are you not? If you are, inform me in your reply. Tell me what you like, and what you dislike, and what you do not understand. I have endeavoured to express myself clearly; but probably some of the foregoing observations will more pertinently apply to you some years hence.

Proceed, my fair pupil, in the path of improvement and knowledge. And whilst assiduous in accomplishing your mind and person, neglect not the culture of your heart and morals, without serious attention to which, though you may appear well in the eye of the world, you will tremble in the presence of Him, who is even now acquainted with all our hearts, and who will hereafter approve or condemn each action of your life. I am, &c. &c.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### THE PASSENGER—N° VIII.

I ENGAGED, said the Doctor, to give you a general outline of the second article of my system. We agreed in opinion, Madam, that the seeds of licentiousness are often sown in the minds of children, by domestics in families; and you observed, that it was an evil for which you could not think of any mode of redress. I will now describe my ideas of a remedy, of which your judgment will decide, as respects its probable effect.

That class of people on whom we depend for domestic assistance, traverse our cities from house to house, without recommendation, without character; no public measures are taken to honor the good, or reform the bad; it becomes of course of little consequence to a great part of them, whether their conduct be deserving or not of a recommendation, without which, they can easily obtain employment, and demand their wages, as the employer is under obligation to pay for services engaged, but the domestic is under no bond for the faithful performance of those services. Virtue and vice, are distinctions which require to be marked in strong characters by society, particularly as they respect those who are occasionally inmates in our families. The laws of a state, can only distinguish the grossly vicious, by making examples of such as are so abandoned, as to become obnoxious to those laws; it lies therefore with employers to make it the interest of domestics to behave well, and to render decency of character an indispensable requisite, for obtaining domestic employment. This might be done by a variety of means; I will describe one, which I think could scarcely fail of being extremely influential, if not completely effectual.

By the society which I before mentioned, let an intelligence-office be established, and supported by a permanent salary, adequate to the services of the keeper, who should always be a widowed mother, recommended to the station by her capacity for filling it, and by her good character, particularly for the discreet management of her children: and let no one be eligible to the office of Keeper, who should be otherwise so well provided for as not to want it.

But why, said the citizen, would you prefer a woman, as the keeper of this office?

For the following reasons Sir;—first, women want aid more than men, in finding employments suited to their constitution, and productive of the means of support; particularly the widowed mother of a family;—second, a moderate salary would be accepted as a pretty income by a woman, which would not be considered as adequate to the services of a man;—third, the conditions of election, so honorary to the character of the good mother, with the salary annexed to the office, would induce many to become candidates, by particular attention to the management of their children; and this would tend, in some measure, toward making obedience and docility more fashionable, with the children of those classes of society who are not in affluent circumstances.

In the office beforementioned, all the members of the society might apply for domestics wanted, and receive information of the names entered; and all persons seeking employment should have the privilege of entering their names as applicants for places, without paying a fee, and if accommodated with a recommendation, that should also be entered in the records of the office, if desired. By the rules of the society, every member thereof should be under obligation to enter the names of all domestics, upon their leaving the family, stating the time they had served, and giving a good character of those who had deserved it, and none of others. These records should all be preserved in the office, and from them applicants for places should be furnished with tickets, more or less commendatory according to their merit, thus:

A. B. seeks a place as house-maid, she has in the intelligence-office a good character.

Then at the bottom of the ticket insert the names of those who want domestics in that line, thus:

Domestics of this description are wanted by C. D. No.—Arrest. E. F. No.—direct, and G. H. No.—direct.

O. P. Keeper of the Intelligence-Office.

In filling these tickets, regard would be paid to the different grades of character, by various modes of expression, to any necessary number of degrees; as for instance, a character, a good character, a very good character, an excellent character. Under such an establishment, these tickets would in a short time become necessary to those who should be in search of employment, as the first question they would meet on application for service, would be, "Have you a Ticket?"

The records of this office, would be a standing memorial of the merits of those who conducted well in their station as domestics. I shall next proceed to measures for rendering this meritorious character productive of honor and reward, which I will introduce with some preliminary observations. Society may be considered as consisting of three classes, the opulent, the easy, and the indigent; by the easy, I mean those who have a profession, or some means of obtaining a comfortable subsistence by industry, without seeking service abroad, or donations at home; the two other classes need no description, from the last of which, most of our domestics are furnished. It is an old maxim that virtue is its own reward; this is intelligible to the opulent and easy, who share among them all the honours, and all the emoluments of office, which society has to bestow; but it is logic, not readily comprehended by the indigent, who see obscure virtue unsought, unknown, and undistinguished, among the mass of the wretched. To this neglect is owing, much more than to their necessities, the cause of the vices which generally attend indigence. The opulent and easy are stimulated to virtue, by public employment, by private advantages in business, by the honor of a good name, by the example of their contemporaries, and by the checks of the law; while no general influence operates, leading them into vicious practices. The indigent are stimulated to virtue by the checks of the law only; while the necessities of their situation, the examples of those with whom they must associate, the discouraging contempt which destitute goodness is heir to, and probably the force of a bad education, all operate as discouragements of virtue or incentives to vice;—thus, in one case, five influences impel to virtuous conduct, and none to vicious; in the other case one influence impels to virtuous and four to vicious conduct. Can it then be a matter of wonder, that indigence and vice are so frequently compa-



ions? From these facts it is evident, that the class of society from which most of our domestics are taken, has more incentives to immoral courses than any other. My next object will be to propose measures for removing those incentives, by distinguishing the worthy, reducing their necessities, withdrawing bad examples, rewarding their goodness, and correcting their education.

You undertake an arduous task, Sir, said the Lady.

Arduous as it is, Madam, not a shadow of doubt rests on my mind with respect to its success, provided the leading members of any community would undertake to carry the measures into execution.

## MORAL AND USEFUL.

### ON HISTORY.

HISTORY is the foundation of all useful and elegant knowledge; it acquaints us with the transactions of mankind from the remotest of antiquity, to the present time; and gives us a knowledge of the most distant nations, as well as our own. It gives us a view of the powers of man, by shewing in what manner he has improved, from the most barbarous and savage state of society, to that state in which we now behold the most polished nations of Europe. What different pictures do the same creatures exhibit, employed in hunting, fishing, and making war on each other with the most unrelenting cruelty, and as we now view them, improving life with useful arts, and embellishing it with ornaments and elegancies suited to a state of refinement? Without history man would have continued nearly in the same state in which he happened to be placed, for want of those improvements which he can only receive by the contemplation of his own species. But history does not only improve the arts and add to the elegancies of life; it is of the utmost consequence to the morals of mankind. It displays in its account of every nation, how essential morality and virtue are to the happiness of a state, and how constantly vice and irreligion terminate in national ruin. This is not only a useful lesson to communities, but to individuals; for every man, as poets have expressed it, is a little kingdom, where, if the inferior powers and faculties of his body are in due subjection to the superior powers and faculties of his soul, he is like a well governed state:—every part of the creature is in peace and tranquility, consequently happy; if on the contrary, his inferior powers rebel against the superior, there is the same internal commotion in the individual as there is in a nation, when in a state of civil confusion.

The same history therefore, which shews that the happiness of a nation depends on its virtue, informs us that the happiness of individuals depend on the same principle; and that ruin will certainly be the consequence of vice in an individual, as it is in the community at large.

### A MELANCHOLY WARNING.

[DOUBTING not your readiness in giving place to every thing within your power that would tend in the least degree to correct Vice, or promote Virtue, I have sent you the following for insertion; it happened in New-York, was there published some years since, and was afterwards republished in Europe, from whence it is now copied by one of your friends and customers.] N. Y. Chronicle.

A Gentleman in the medical line was some time since requested to visit a patient, and was conducted up three pair of stairs into a gloomy, shabby, sky-lighted apartment; when he entered he saw two young females sitting on the side of a very poorly furnished bed, and without curtains, on approaching he found one of them nearly in the agonies of death; supported by the other, who was persuading her to take a bit of bread, dipped in spirits; but the pale emaciated figure refused, saying in a feeble languid voice, it would but contribute to prolong her misery, which she hoped was drawing to an end; and looking at the doctor, said, you have come too late, sir; I want not your assistance—and thus addressed him:—

Oh! could'st thou minister to a mind diseas'd,  
Or stop the access and passage to remorse—

Here she fetched a deep sigh and dropped upon the bed—every means of relief was afforded, but in vain; for in less than two hours she expired.

In a small box by the side of the bed were found some papers by which appeared that the young woman was of a good family, and had more than an ordinary education—that she had changed her name, and concealed that of her parents; whom she pitied; and whose greatest fault had been too much indulgence, and a misplaced confidence in the prudence of their favorite daughter.

On the back of some directions respecting her funeral, the following pathetic lines were written; and some little

money in the box was assigned to have them engraved on a tombstone; thus—

VERSES FOR MY TOMBSTONE, IF EVER I SHOULD HAVE ONE, BY A PROSTITUTE, AND A PENITENT.

THE wretched victim of quick decay  
Reliev'd from life on humble bed of clay,  
The lost and only refuge for my woes  
A last, love ruin'd Female I repose.  
From the sad hour I listened to her charms,  
And fell half forc'd, in the deceiver's arms;  
To that whose awful veil hides every fault,  
Sheltering my sufferings in this welcome vault.  
When pamper'd, starv'd, abandon'd or in drink,  
My thoughts were rack'd in striving not to think,  
Nor could rejected confidence claim the power  
To improve the respite of one serious hour.  
I durst not look to what I was before,  
My soul shrunk back, and wish'd to be no more.  
Of eye undaunted, and of touch impure,  
Old, ere of age; worn out when scarce mature.  
Daily debas'd to stifle my disgust  
Of forc'd enjoyment; in effected lust!  
Cover'd with guilt, infection, debt, and want,  
My home a brothel, and the streets my haunt;  
Full seven long years, of infamy I've pined,  
And fondled, loath'd and preyed upon mankind,  
'Till the full course of sin and vice gone through  
My shatter'd fabric failed, at twenty two;  
Then death, with every horror in his train  
Here clos'd the scene of nought but guilt and pain!  
Ye fair associates of my opening bloom,  
O, come and weep, and profit at my tomb;  
Let my short youth, my blighted beauty prove,  
The fatal poison of unlawful love.  
O, think how quick, my foul career I ran,  
The dupe of passion, vanity, and man.  
Then shun the path where gay delusions shine,  
Be yours the lesson,—sad experience mine.

### PATIENCE POURTRAYED.

[An Extract from HORNE'S *Discourses*.]

PATIENCE is the guardian of faith, the preserver of peace, the cherisher of love, the teacher of humility: Patience governs the flesh, strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride; she bridges the tongue, restrains the hands, tramples upon temptations, endures persecutions, consummates martyrdom: Patience produces unity in societies: she comforts the poor, and moderates the rich: she makes us humble in prosperity, cheerful in adversity, unmoved by calumny and reproach: she teaches us to forgive those who have injured us, and to be the first in asking forgiveness of those whom we have injured: she delights the faithful, and invites the unbelieving; she adorns the woman, and approves the man; is loved in a child, praised in a young man, admired in an old man; she is beautiful in either sex, and every age. Behold her appearance and her attire. Her countenance is calm and serene, as the face of heaven, unspotted by the shadow of a cloud, and no wrinkle of grief or anger is seen in her forehead. Her eyes are as eyes of doves for meekness, and on her eye-brows sit cheerfulness and joy. Her mouth is lovely in silence; her complexion and color that of innocence and security; while like the virgin the daughter of Sion, she shakes her head at the adversary, despising and laughing him to scorn. She is clothed in the robes of the martyrs, and in her hand she holds a sceptre in the form of a cross. She rides not in the whirlwind and stormy tempest of passion, but her throne is the humble and contrite heart, and her kingdom is the kingdom of peace.

### EXCELLENT REMARKS OR AGRICULTURE.

IN this country no man needs to be idle; for its surface would afford agricultural employment for more than ten-fold the number of its present inhabitants. Too many hands cannot be employed in this business. The learned callings may be crowded. Trade may be overdone. When too great a number engage in it, they starve each other. But in a new, extensive and fertile country, every one who industriously and skillfully tills the ground, while he secures his own independence, is adding to the public stock; and while he enjoys the fruits of his labours, he may have the satisfaction to reflect, that fellow creatures even in distant climes are fed from the produce of the fields. If the farmer's income be less abundant than that of the merchant, it is much more certain:—if greater bodily fatigue attaches to his employment, he has much less anxiety of mind;—if he has not an equal access to the elegancies of life, he is better assured of its real necessities and comforts. Every farmer that is not in debt and has in himself the *fec* of his land, is a prince within his own domain; and, provided his

farm produces a competent support, there is in his power as much independence as can fall to the lot of man. When a farmer plants or sows, he, as it were, loans his property, and for every seed that he puts into a well cultivated soil, he receives *twenty fold*. This is an interest of two thousand per cent: and at the same time, such enormous interest is paid without impoverishing any body.

In old countries, by the monopoly and entailments of lands, all but a few are excluded from the privilege of being owners of the soil. Here it is happily different. Vast tracts of saleable land lie uncultivated, which can hardly be settled within a whole century to come. The abundance and cheapness as well as the fertility of the American lands, together with the easy access to markets from extensive sea-coasts and from a number of fine navigable rivers, which intersect the whole country, offer a decent competence and independence to millions of families in the industrious pursuits of husbandry: and a pity it is, that so many in this country are *feeding on husks*, when by a well directed industry in tilling the ground, they might have *bread enough and to spare*. : : : *Hudson Balance.*

### CURE FOR THE STAGGERS.

THE following singular experiment was tried, and has frequently answered beyond expectation on moor sheep, afflicted with that dreadful disorder, called the staggers, or water in the head. Mr. John Pybus, an opulent farmer of Holy Well-house, near G——, lost a number of sheep by this disease; various methods were adopted to save them, but without effect.—However, a few weeks ago, he took one who appeared to be dying, and having raised the skin upon the forehead, he with a sharp pen-knife, such as are generally used by gardeners, laid open a part of the skull, literally extricated a small bag, apparently filled with seed, and a thick dirty water immediately followed the incision; then gently closing the wounded part, and covering it with a strong pitch plaster, was agreeably surprized the following morning, to find the poor animal tripping about the moor with the agility of a lamb. : : : *London Paper.*

## AMUSING.

### EMILIUS AND CLARA;

OR, THE HAPPY PAIR.

*Each true to each, a dearest self.* THOMPSON.

EVERY day after work, *Emilius* congratulated himself upon the hours of relaxation, which permitted him to rejoice in *Clara*, in whom he felt, at every return new attractions. Seated at her side, over the frugal blaze, under the thatch of their little cottage, and balancing upon his knees one of his infants, while the other hung harmlessly at the breast of its mother, he forgot his fatigues; he forgot that he had been labouring ever since the sun had got up, even to its going down; or, even if he did remember his weariness, the recollection of exertions by which he fed his babes, saw them innocently eating the bread he had earned, and merited a tender smile from his *Clara*, rendered the whole more touching. Transported by these most agreeable prospects, nothing disturbed their repose: "All was truly full." The husband, the wife, and their children were together. Their imaginations could picture nothing softer, nothing happier than themselves.

The sight of their children, always augmented their felicity. They were not less touched with an embarrassment they perceived in these little creatures, while they were stammering to express their tenderness, and while their pains were rewarded by a thousand cares and caresses. What a source of pleasure was it to *Emilius* and *Clara*, to interpret their wills! to satisfy their desires, and to condescend even to join in their innocent pastimes!

Ah! how happy was *Emilius*, when he felt the tender hands of his children struggling to embrace his own, hardened as they were by work, and embrowned by the wind and weather! The son one day was curious to know the reason of this: "And why papa," said he, "is not your hand as soft as mine? Why is it so hard papa?"—"In making bread for you and your mother," replied *Emilius*, with paternal and gentle dignity. "It is, you see, almost worn out in the service."—"Oh, oh!" cried the child, "is that the case? Well then, by the time it has made us a little more bread, mine will grow stout enough to make bread too; and then we shall see, papa, whose will be hardest." The child copied the virtuous pride of the father: *Emilius* blushed with joy, and *Clara* shed a tear.

### THE ROSE.

THE rose is a pretty emblem of Virtue; it flourishes in every soil, rich and poor: giving additional graces to the fertility of one, and largely detracting from the sterility of the other. So Virtue not only increases the brilliancy of

the informed, but likewise gives a dignity to the most un-  
cultivated, that learning, with all her boast, could never  
yet bestow. The rose is striking without gaudiness, and  
delicate without tameness; as virtue is humble without  
meanness, and noble without ostentation.—Though the  
scent of this flower is not esteemed so exquisitely poignant  
as that of many others; yet while they soon pass, we re-  
turn to the fragrance of the rose, every time with increasing  
delight; and that fragrance charms us long after the frail-  
tiness of beauty are gone. So the reputation of Virtue ex-  
ceeds that of the most accomplishments, and exists long af-  
ter death, for the benefit of surviving generations.

#### ANECDOTE OF THE GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY.

COSMO de Medicis, Grand Duke of Tuscany, concern-  
ing whom, on account of his prodigious wealth, it was rumoured, that he had the art of transmutation. A noble  
Venetian, who, though he had but a small fortune, was ex-  
tremely well recommended to his Highness, (and by his  
polite behaviour, added daily to his credit in that court) one  
day fairly put the question, and asked the Duke, if he had  
the Philosopher's Stone, or not? "My friend," said the  
Duke, "I have; and because I have a regard for you, I  
will give you the receipt in a few words.—I never put off  
until to-morrow, what may be done to-day; nor do I think  
any matter so trivial, as not to deserve notice." The Ve-  
netian thanked his Serene Highness for the secret; and by  
observing his rules, acquired a great estate.

#### ANECDOTE OF SHUTTER.

AT the close of the season in which Shutter first became  
so universally and so deservedly celebrated, for performing  
the character of *Master Stephen*, in the revived comedy of  
*Every man in his Humour*, he was engaged to perform a few  
nights in a principal city in the north of England.—It hap-  
pened, that the stage in which he went down, and in which  
there was only an old gentleman and himself) was stopped  
on the other side Finchley Common, by a single highway-  
man, who having put the usual compliment to the old gen-  
tleman, and receiving his contribution, turned towards Shutter  
(who sat on the other side of the coach asleep or at least, pre-  
tended to be so) saluting him with a smart slap on the face, and  
presenting his pistol, he commanded him to deliver his money  
instantly, or he was a dead man. "Money," returns Shutter,  
with a shrug, a very deliberate yawn, and a countenance  
inexpressibly vacant, "O lud, Sir, they never trusts me with  
any, for nuncle here, always pays for me twopennies an'all,  
your honour." The highwayman gave him a few curses for  
his stupidity, and rode off, while the old gentleman grumbled,  
and Shutter, with infinite satisfaction and laugh, pursued  
the rest of his journey.

#### ANECDOTES.

A LAWYER, at Poughkeepsie, was applied to during  
his life time, by an indigent neighbour, for his opinion on a  
question of law, in which the interests of the latter, were  
materially involved. The lawyer gave him his advice,  
and charged the poor man three dollars for it. "There is  
the money," said his client, "it is all I have in the world,  
and my family have been a long time without pork."  
"Thank God," replied the lawyer, "my wife has never  
known the want of pork, since we were married." "Nor  
never will," the countryman rejoined, "so long as she has  
so great a hog as you." The lawyer was so pleased with  
the repartee, that he forgave the poor fellow, and returned  
his money.

THE death of a *Miser*, was lately announced in an A-  
merican paper thus.—"On Friday last died, Josiah Brain-  
tree, of Bennington, at the age of 98. He retained his money  
to the last."

SOME robbers having broken into a gentleman's house,  
went to the footman's bed and told him, if he moved he  
was a dead man. "That's a lie," cried the fellow, "if I  
move I am sure I'm alive."

A GENTLEMAN having lately observed in company,  
that a deceased friend, a *Lawyer*, had left behind him very  
few effects. "I can easily believe it," said a female wit pre-  
sent, "he had very few causes."

A GOOD natured artist, who has long observed the  
perpetual struggle which *female fashion* has to maintain a-  
gainst her two greatest enemies, *nature* and *convenience*, has  
contrived an entire new "Dress for Ladies," which, while  
it satisfies the minutest inspection of a lover's eye, with the  
light of the charms hitherto "invisible," or but "dimly  
seen," is calculated to protect the tender female frame, a-  
gainst the rudest attacks of wind and weather; it is made  
of *complete glass*, the advantages of which, may be many  
and obvious. Ladies by this means, will carry about with

them, at once a *mirror* and an *emblem*, in which, while they  
*drift*, they may *study* themselves. Cased in this suit, a lov-  
er would as soon think of flying as offering to be rude, as  
he would infallibly cut his fingers in the attempt. Even an  
invading conqueror would abate something of his impetuosi-  
ty, and respect the *innocent contents*, for the sake of the dan-  
gerous envelope which held them. The projector has laid  
in a stock of glass, suited to customers of all ranks and de-  
grees, as *plate glass* for the nobility, *green glass* for young  
maiden, and *stained glass* for others, &c. : : *Lon. pap.*

THE following intelligence cannot fail of giving great  
alarm to the *fashionable Nudes*:—At the Quarter Sessions of  
Worcester, on Monday, a man was sentenced to two years  
solitary confinement, for making an indecent appearance in  
the streets. : : *ibid.*

A NOVELIST, alluding to the erect attitudes of the late  
premier, says that "a tall poplar is the *Pitt* of trees."

#### OCCURRENCES.

##### CEMETERY PLUNDERED.

AT the Clerkenwell Sessions, on Monday, Joseph Naples,  
grave digger to the Spa Fields burying ground, was convict-  
ed of stealing dead bodies, shrouds, &c. and sentenced to  
two years imprisonment in the House of Correction. It  
appeared that this miscreant had carried his depredations to  
an extraordinary length. The particular offence was proved  
by the evidence of the husband of the woman, and the  
father of a child, whose dead bodies had been found. One  
of the witnesses, who had lived with him as a servant, and  
sister to his wife, stated that all the time she lived with  
him, the prisoner continued to take two or three bodies each  
day during all the winter season, and until the time of his  
apprehension. He generally took them up in the day time,  
and concealed them at the bottom of the grave, covered  
with mould until dark, when he took them out, and carried  
them away in a basket provided for that purpose by the  
hospital, which basket she sometimes held for him during  
the process, and at other times kept watch in the ground  
to prevent detection; that she once saw him cut off the  
head of a young woman, which he took to the hospital im-  
mediately, and many times after saw him with the heads  
of persons who he said had died of particular disorders, and  
which he also took to the hospital; that he sometimes open-  
ed the coffins, and drew the teeth only, which he did with  
pincers and which he likewise took to the hospital, and got  
a guinea, and sometimes more, for each set; that he some-  
times took the bodies to Bartholomew Hospital, to which  
place he frequently accompanied him, and at other times  
to two hospitals in the borough; that he generally got a-  
bout two guineas for each body, &c. : : *L. Pap.*

##### VALUABLE DIAMOND.

A recent London paper, says, "Yesterday, the sale of  
the *Pigot Diamond*, drew a very numerous and fashionable  
company to Christie's rooms in Pall Mall. The sale of so  
rare an article, gave Mr. C. an opportunity of exerting  
those powers of eloquence and poetic fancy in which he is  
so liberally gifted—and after a good deal of bidding, the  
*Pigot Diamond* was knocked down to Parker and Birketts,  
for *Nine Thousand and Five Hundred Guineas!*"

##### ST. PAUL'S CHURCH—PORTLAND.

DIVINE service was performed, for the first time, in this  
Church, on the 30th ult. Owing to the death of the late  
venerable Bishop Balf, public service was commenced with-  
out the solemnities of a consecration. The structure of the  
Church is such as does great honour to the architect, Dr.  
*Erving*. We discover in the building proportion and neat-  
ness. In its ornaments there is a display of taste and beau-  
ty without extravagance. The galleries are elliptical, form-  
ing a handsome curve in the front. They are supported  
by eight fluted columns of the Doric order. But the finest  
piece of finishing is an arch, of the same extent with the gal-  
leries, erected over them, and supported by eight fluted col-  
umns, of the Ionic order. The effect of this is not less  
charming to the eye, than beneficial to the voice and ear.  
A gown and surplice, with cushions and curtains, have  
been furnished by the liberality of the Ladies of the society."

##### BOSTON THEATRE.

ON Monday Evening, for the 6th time, the popular  
play of the *Voice of Nature*. To which will be added, the  
entertainment of the *Highland Reel*.

##### NOTICE.

The Editors would thank those patrons to the Mag-  
azine, who do not file them, for a few copies of No's. 16,  
21, 28, and 32, to complete some sets:—or they will give  
25 cents for each number.

#### HYMENÆAL REGISTER.



MARRIED]—At Aikby, Mr. Nathaniel Adams, mer.  
of this town, to Miss Alice Wyman. At Portland, Mr.  
Geo. W. Duncan, mer. late of this town, to Miss Margaret  
Weeks. At Roxbury, Mr. John Clap, to Miss Priscilla  
Holden; Mr. Elijah Lewis, to Miss Fanny Sumner.—At  
Salem, Mr. Wm. Hunt, to Miss Mary Dean; Mr. Samuel  
Abbot, of Boston, merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Procter,  
daughter of the late Mr. Wm. Procter, of that town.

In this town, Mr. Artemas Newell, to Miss Nabby Dunn  
—Mr. Robert Morris, mer. to Miss Abigail W. Bush, of  
Cambridge—Thomas Thwing, Esq. of Little Cambridge,  
to Miss Lydia Hammond, of Nantucket—Mr. Peter Dick-  
ernian, mer. to Miss Abigail Lord, daughter of Mr. Samuel  
Lord.—Dr. John C. Warren, to Miss Susan Powell  
Mason, eldest daughter of the Hon. Jonathan Mason; Mr.  
James Vila, to Miss Rebecca Robbins; Mr. Isaac Pollard,  
to Miss Mary Bennett.

#### OBITUARY.



DIED]—On board the ship *Spartan*, on his passage from  
the Isle of France, Mr. Andrew Sprague, *Æt.* 23, of this  
town—a very amiable young man, and highly esteemed by  
a numerous circle of friends.—At Trinidad, Mr. Isaac  
Perkins, of the firm of Messrs. Joseph and I. Perkins, of  
this town.—At Plymouth, the Rev. Ivory Hovey, *Æt.* 89.  
At Newburyport, Mrs. Mary Thorlo, *Æt.* 99 and 4 mo.  
At Cambridge, Mr. Robert Vose, mer. *Æt.* 40.—At Rox-  
bury, Mrs. Martha M'Cartey, *Æt.* 27, wife of Mr. Wm.

In this town, Mr. Benjamin Larkin, *Æt.* 49; Mr. Gil-  
bert Debois; Widow Mary Chandler, *Æt.* 57; Mrs. Eunice  
Noyes of Ipswich; Mrs. Mary Taylor, *Æt.* 30, wife of  
Mr. Thomas T.; Mr. Theodore H. Prentice, *Æt.* 55;  
Mrs. Mary Bodin, *Æt.* 65—and two children.

Fuller, *Æt.* 67, consort of Mr. Richard Fuller; Mr. John  
On Sunday evening last, Charles Elliot Perkins, second  
son of Thomas H. Perkins, Esq.

Yesterday, Miss Elizabeth Wait, in the 23d year of her age,  
daughter of Dea. John Wait, after a long and painful illness,  
which she bore with uncommon patience and resignation to the  
will of God. Her funeral will be from her father's house, No.  
83, Prince-street, on Monday next, at 4 o'clock, which the rela-  
tions and friends are requested to attend.

Last Evening, James Perkins, Esq. in the 85th year of his  
age. His funeral will proceed from his late dwelling-house, in  
Common street, on Monday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, which his  
friends and acquaintance are requested to attend, without further  
invitation.

#### THANKSGIVING DAY APPROACHING!

THOSE who would obtain the favours of Fortune, may  
have occasion for great joy and gladness, at the com-  
ing anniversary, provided they adventure in *South's Holy  
Lottery*, now drawing at the New State House, in this  
town. All the high prizes are in the wheels (among them  
is one of *Ten Thousand Dollars*)—either of which, would  
not only purchase all the requisite *necessaries* and *luxuries*  
for a "FEAST," but would enable the drawer to eat *plum-  
puddings* and *turkeys* forever!—Tickets and parts,  
warranted undrawn, for sale by GILBERT & DEAN, No.  
56, State-street, over the store of Mr. Peirce—where a list  
of all the prizes and blanks, may be seen; and those who  
purchase of them, shall examine gratis. Prizes received in  
payment. Nov. 29.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## To MIRA.

DEAR MIRA's bosom, fix'd as frost,  
No sighs of mine can move;  
Chill damps defend that wintry coast,  
And quench the lamp of love.

Thus, where the snowy Alps arise,  
The sun shines idly gay;  
And thus on Laplands polished ice,  
Unfelt the lightnings play.

Her veins, unthrill'd by soft alarms  
A lazy progress keep;  
Nor will love bend her stubborn arms,  
Nor from her eyes forth peep.

Ah what are beauties, MIRA tell,  
If they are hid like thine?  
But pearls conceal'd within the shell,  
But diamonds in the mine.

When death has set thy spirit free,  
Hes'p't thou to be forgiven?  
Canst thou who shut'st thy own to me,  
Expect a future heav'n?

No, MIRA, no; when past the grave,  
'Tis ours to smile or mourn;  
Each pleasure or each pain we gave,  
Shall to ourselves return.

CONRADE.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
INDOLENCE.

MORTALS there are, who waste in downy sloth  
Their youthful days, nor know the pleasing scenes,  
Sublimely grand, that feeds, delicious feast,  
The philosophic mind, and wakes to joy  
And heavenly meditating, all the soul.

Their minds, light as the playful breeze, that whirls,  
And gambols o'er the flowery painted lawn,  
Sustaining scarce the load, that heaves, unfought,  
Its aromatic fumes, tastes, slightly tastes  
The nectarious, scientific fount, whence flow  
In varied streams, through golden sands, those pure  
Refreshing floods of intellectual life.

October, 1803.

EDWIN.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

[In a garden, belonging to Mr. TYER's, at Denbeigh's, in Surrey, England, is a walk terminated by a beautiful alcove, called Q. Penferolo: in which are two elegantly carved pedestals, on which are placed a Gentleman and Lady's Scull; each of which, here addresses the male and female visitors.]

## THE LADY'S SCULL.

BLUSH not, ye fair, to own me! but be wife,  
Nor turn from sad mortality your eyes:  
Fame says (and Fame alone can tell how true)  
I—once—was lovely, and belov'd—like you.

Where are my votaries, where my flatterers now?  
Fled with the subject of each lover's vow.  
Adieu the roses red, and lillies white!  
Adieu those eyes, that made the darkness light!

No more, alas, those coral lips are seen,  
Nor longer breathes the fragrant gale between.  
Turn from your mirror, and behold in me,  
At once what thousands can't or dare not see:

Unvarnish'd I the real truth impart,  
Nor here am plac'd, but to direct the heart.  
Survey me well, ye fair ones! and believe,  
The grave may terrify, but can't deceive.

On beauty's fragile state no more depend;  
Here youth and pleasure, age and sorrow end:  
Here drops the mask, here shuts the final scene,  
Nor differs grave three-score from gay fifteen.

All press alike to the same goal—the tomb,  
Where wrinkled Laura, smiles at Chloe's bloom.  
When coxcombs flatter, and when fools adore,  
Here learn the lesson, to be vain no more.

Yet virtue still against decay can arm,  
And even lend mortality a charm.

## THE GENTLEMAN'S SCULL.

WHY start?—the case is yours—or will be soon;  
Some years perhaps—perhaps another moon:  
Life at its utmost length, is still a breath,  
And those who longest dream, must wake in death.

Like you, I once, thought every bliss secure,  
And gold, of every ill, the certain cure:  
'Till sleep'd in sorrow, and besieg'd with pain,  
Too late, I found all earthly riches vain;  
Disease, with scorn, threw back the sordid fee,  
And death still answer'd "What is gold to me?"

Fame, titles, honours, next I vainly sought;  
And fools obsequious nurs'd the childish thought.  
Circed with brib'd applause, and purchas'd praise,  
I built on endless grandeur, endless days;  
'Till death awoke me from my dream of pride;  
And laid a prouder beggar by my side.

Pleasure I courted, and obey'd my taste;  
The banquet smil'd, and smil'd the gay repast;  
A loathsome carcase, was my constant care,  
And worlds were ransack'd, but for me to share.

Go on, vain man! to luxury be firm,  
Yet know—I feasted but to feast a worm!  
Already, sure, less terrible I seem,  
And you, like me shall own—that life's a dream.

Farewell! remember! nor my words despise—  
The only happy, are the only wise.

S. T. T. B.

## THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL.

IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XX—SARAH TO ANNE.

Dublin, January 19th, 1779.

THIS elegant apartment, to which I had just invited you, when I was obliged to relinquish my pen, you must not think, is a sample of the rest of our lodging. Madam's apartments are, in reality, very genteely furnished, and consist of a handsome parlour, drawing room and bed-chamber; within which last, there was a very pretty room, intended for a dressing room, but in which a bed was fixed for Miss Caroline. Here Mrs. Bellamy wished me to sleep; but as I do not intend to have the hours I devote to rest, broken in upon by any one, I preferred taking up my quarters in the room I have described. Here, when all are wrapt in the arms of sleep, and a dull silence reigns around, save when the drowsy watchman draws the hour, or the foot-step of the nightly reveller, returning to his neglected home, breaks upon the ear, I sit and muse, and write, and sometimes weep. Yet why should I weep; is it the remembrance of past happiness? No—no—for I do not remember any time so happy, as to have a wish that it should return. I have sometimes thought, circumstances might have concurred to have made my lot in life easier, but we are such inadequate judges of what would constitute our real felicity, that, perhaps, had I fixed my own fortune, I should not have found myself happier, than I am now; and yet, Ann, when in early life I have thought upon a union for life, with one of the opposite sex, I have painted to myself scenes of domestic felicity; have been fascinated with the pictures fancy has portrayed, and simply thought time would, in all human probability, realize them. Alas! how miserably did I deceive myself. But of what use is this retrospect; the past is gone beyond recall, the present must be endured, be its infelicities what they may; besides, I am not the only unfortunate being in the world—thousands and thousands are more wretched, more depressed, than I am. I have health; I have a tolerable portion of understanding, which has received the benefit of being cultured by education; and I have what not world's could purchase, a tried, a valuable friend. Oh shame! shame on me, that with such blessings in possession, I should dare breathe a murmur for those, which an all-wise Being, perhaps in mercy, has thought proper to withhold from me.

In looking over what I had written the other evening, I doubted whether I was asking right, in communicating even to you, the suspicions which had taken possession of my mind, concerning Mrs. O'Donnell; but circumstances have since occurred, to set aside those scruples, and I am at full liberty to tell you, that I do not think that lady is married to the man she lives with; or that his name is O'Donnell. In truth, Ann, I have got into a family every way uncoungeial to my feelings, and yet I am so situated, that I cannot well leave it. But to proceed, and tell you how my suspicions first arose, and how they were confirmed. I had been with Mrs. Bellamy several times, to her daughter's house, which is a very elegant one, furnished in a most expensive style, with attendants, carriage, &c. suitable to the appearance of the mansion; but in all these visits, I never saw the husband. I enquired where he was, and was told he was a great deal from home, as he was a member of Parliament. I looked over the list, but did not see the name of O'Donnell. It is strange, thought I, but I will not be impertinently inquisitive; time, which develops all mysteries, will ex-

pound this. One morning, Mrs. O'Donnell being with her mother, her son, a fine boy, about three years old, standing up in the window to look out, suddenly clapped his little hands, and cried out, "Papa! there is Papa." I cast my eyes toward the street, and saw a chariot passing with a coronet on it; a gentleman and a lady were in it; the gentleman looked up at the window, and I saw, by the expression of his countenance, that he knew the child, though he took no notice of him. "Whose carriage is that?" said I to Caroline, who stood beside me. "Lord Linden's," said she, and her face flushed crimson deep. "Who was that gentleman in it," said I, "Papa," said the little boy, without waiting for his sister to reply. "What, is that your father, Caroline?" said I. "No, not my—His lordship—that is Mr.—" "What is the girl stammering about," said Mrs. Bellamy, who just then caught a word or two of what we were saying, "Can you tell Mrs. Darnley, that your father is not in Ireland?"—Caroline blushed still deeper; and even Mrs. O'Donnell's face wore a higher tint, than it had received from some of the best French rouge. I said nothing more; Caroline was desirous to play her last lesson, and the child was chid for calling after his father. "Why, papa did not hear me," said the boy. "It is well he did not," said his mother, "he would have been angry with you, and me too."

These circumstances dwelt upon my mind—but I thought it most prudent not to mention them; though fully resolved to have my suspicions removed, or confirmed, I was determined to be watchful of circumstances as they took place. Two or three nights after this, we were at the play; and about the middle of the first act, a large party came into the boxes immediately opposite where we sat, among whom, I saw the lady and gentleman who had passed in the carriage. There was a young person with us, who is niece to the woman of the house where we lodge; to her I put the same question, I had before put to Caroline, of, who are those?—"In the box to the right," said she, "are General Parkinson's daughters; that young officer who stands behind the General, is going to be married to the eldest; that handsome man, with a star on his breast, in the next box, is Lord Linden; the pale delicate lady on his right hand, is his wife, and the lovely girl on his left, is his sister; I do not know the other ladies." "One of them is Miss Meredith," said Mrs. Bellamy, as unconcerned as possible; she is a lovely woman; but as to that Lady Linden, she is such an unmeaning cream faced thing, I do not wonder her lord is sick of his bargain; he had a swinging fortune; and my lord was loaded with younger children's portions; so for the sake of villas, parks, and gardens, he took the inanimate statue into the bargain." This was said with a sneer, and was followed by a laugh at her own wit. But my dear Ann, can I paint to you the horror that thrilled through my heart, as I reflected, that Mrs. Bellamy's daughter was the mistress of a married man; for there was no longer room for doubt. This was the man her child had called Papa; one hope only remained, that she might have been a deceived woman, and that Lord Linden was lately married. "How long have they been married?" said I. "Seven years," was the reply. "Have they any children?" "Three, two girls and a boy." Great God! thought I, are men all alike? is there no such thing as stability or honor in the sex? I endeavoured to suppress the uncharitable thought; yet ideas would crowd and jostle each other in their rapid flight through my brain.—Man—is it only the fault of man, that so much depravity exists in the world? No! were there no Romans, no O'Donnells, there would be no Darnleys or Lindens. Yet here, perhaps, I err, and throw too great an odium on my own sex. Who then is to blame? or on what must we throw the censure?—on poor human nature?—How bewildered is the mind, how incapable is the judgment, of deciding on these intricate points! Say, is it the fault of education? Yet we know, nature left to herself, is liable to the grossest errors; nay, will commit without repugnance, actions, which, in civilized society, are denominated crimes; even of the blackest dye. But it may be argued, it were better the mind remained in a savage state, than imbibe false reasoning and false principles, under the semblance of proper information.

I was sitting after supper, leaning my head on my hand, and musing on this inexplicable riddle, when Mrs. Bellamy thus accosted me:—But it was a long conversation, and shall be the subject of my next—Adieu, Heaven bless and preserve my Ann.

SARAH.

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# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE: OR, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S MISCELLANY.

Vol. II.]

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 26, 1803.

[N° V.]

## MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE PASSENGER—N° IX.

THE Doctor continued his remarks, by observing, that of the five particulars he had enumerated, the first was to distinguish the worthy among the indigent; and this, said he, would be an easy task, for I would have the records of the intelligence-office at all times open to receive the names of persons who might be recommended, by two or more respectable citizens, as worthy the attention of the society.

The second article was to reduce their necessities; this could be done only by a fund, the means of raising which, I will hereafter describe. With this fund, tenements should be built, at as little expense as would render them convenient and comfortable for small families. These tenements, should be rented to those of the deserving characters who should want them, for a sum not exceeding a certain rate per cent on the cost, which rate should be the interest of the money, with a moderate addition for repairs. They would hereby save a great part of the expense of house-rent, and be more comfortably accommodated; for no class of people pay so heavy rents as the poor.

My third article, which was to withdraw bad examples, would be embraced by the foregoing measure, for in these tenements, only the most deserving would be collected, and if bad examples should be exhibited by any of them, a complaint to the society would immediately cure or remove the evil.

The fourth article was to reward their goodness; this would be partially done by the foregoing measure, and to carry it to further extent, a part of the funds should annually be laid out for the purchase of fuel in the season when it could be bought most advantageously; this should be sold to the tenants as they might want it, and to others whom the books should recommend, at the original cost and charges, with a small addition for the interest of the money; hereby an important article of the necessities of life would be provided for them on as good terms, as it could be procured by the rich. In one of the tenements I would have accommodations for making soup on an economical plan; this should be daily furnished to those of the tenants who might apply for it, at little more than the cost, which would be very inconsiderable; for this purpose a small sum must be deposited with the occupant of that tenement, who should purchase the materials, make the soup, dispose of it, and turn the proceeds into materials for the next supply. Beer and cider should be supplied in the same manner; hereby a check would be given to the use of ardent spirits, until those fire-brands would by degrees be extinguished or reduced to a spark among the tenants. To cherish cleanliness and good order, I would have a standing committee of the society, one of whom should visit the tenements once a week, and make his report; this committee might consist of thirteen, to visit in rotation, this arrangement would require but four visits in the year, from any one of the committee. By the reports made, those who kept their apartments in neat order, would be distinguished; to these I would propose making some honorary compliment, at a stated season of the year; say that on a new-year's-day, or on May-day, each tenant whose neatness had preferred a recommendation should receive a set of brushes, with a complimentary card from the society; these brushes would in many instances be handed down to the next generation, with the principles by which they were obtained. Little things, when managed with address, have a powerful effect, and this effect might be produced, as an incentive to estimable qualities, in a great variety of modes.

"Ah," said Mrs. Short Metre, "flats will be flats—what's bred in the bone will never come through the skin."

My object, said the Doctor, is to prevent eruptions on the skin, from reaching the bone.

The fifth article of my proposition was to correct the education of their youth; for this purpose I would have two rooms in the tenements, calculated for the purpose of instruction; in the first should be taught plain sewing, and the first elements of reading and spelling; when a knowledge of these exercises should be advanced to a certain de-

gree, the second school should be open to them, where they would receive instruction in simple arithmetic, in writing and further advances in reading and spelling, which would constitute all the school exercises. The teachers in these schools should be some of the tenants, or those who were recommended in the books, provided such could be found as were sufficiently skilled for teaching; and the schools should constantly be open, in the evenings, eight months in the year. The first school should receive children of both sexes, the second should be open half the time for one, and half for the other, giving three evenings in the week to each. In this second school all domestics in the city should have the privilege of receiving instruction gratis, provided their conduct had been such, as to give them the opportunity of shewing a ticket from the intelligence-office, and a permit from their employers. To the members of this school a lecture should be read at stated periods, say once a month, on the various duties of life, and the moral character necessary to be preserved for sustaining those duties with honor. These lectures should be composed and delivered by the young gentlemen of the society, by special appointment, or in rotation, excusing all who should decline.

But why, Sir, said the Lady, would you pitch upon the young gentlemen, for delivering lectures, on subjects which must be much better understood by their elders?

That very circumstance, Madam, constitutes one of my reasons, for the preference I should give to young men. We are too much indebted to the errors of life, for acquiring a knowledge of its duties; this proceeds from neglecting the early study of those duties. I will now suppose a young gentleman to be deputed by the society, to read one of those lectures; he receives the information from them, a month previous to the time at which that lecture is to be read; his ambition is excited to the study, by a wish to appear respectable in his performance, for ingenuity of argument, energy of style, purity of composition, and propriety of elocution. By the first he would be impelled to the study of duties incumbent in the various stations of life, a study much more needed than practised. By the other particulars he would improve in a knowledge of those principles, to which most eminent speakers are indebted for their reputation as orators. It is a natural supposition that the connections and acquaintances of the lecturer, would generally attend on these occasions, and sit as judges of his performance; this would call up his exertions, and while the youth he should address, would be receiving instruction, he would be making improvement, in a science which is too much neglected.

Another reason for my preferring young men for delivering these lectures, is this;—instruction in composition and elocution, is bestowed only on those who enjoy the advantage of an academic education; this is a very limited portion of society. The knowledge of rhetoric is of too great importance to be circumscribed within bounds so contracted; youth should be more generally instructed in this requisite for legislators, particularly in a republic, where the road is open to all, for advancing to eminence: Now such an establishment as I have proposed, would be the means by which young gentlemen, who have not made this subject any part of their study, would discover their own deficiency; this discovery would lead them to the study, and to seek assistance; this search would ultimately lead to the introduction of lectures on rhetoric; and these lectures would undoubtedly tend to withdraw some, from dissipated habits to a pursuit, useful, honorable, and elegant.

It is wise in the body politic to incorporate with their public establishments, institutions which are calculated to exercise the activity, and gratify the ambition of young men, whereby to charm them from the paths of indifference, into the road of virtue and honor;—the measure I have proposed, would have some influence in producing this charm, and many others might be recommended, not less likely to have a similar effect; but instead of enumerating them, I will return to that class, who were the principle objects of the proposed lectures.

APHORISMS.—THERE is not a villain in existence, whose mind does not silently acknowledge, that virtue is the corner stone of all felicity.—There is a dignity and elevation in virtue, which over-awes the most daring profligate.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### LETTER II.

....., AUGUST 24, 1799.

To Miss .....

### ON MODESTY.

My young friend,

IF I know my heart, I enjoy no greater pleasure, than what arises from instructing young minds in the first principles of knowledge. When my instruction falls on minds teachable and attentive, the pleasure glows to something like happiness.

That you for the greatest part have exhibited such an apt and attentive disposition, I will do you the justice to acknowledge. I am sure therefore, that the few observations, which I now address to you, on Modesty and propriety of conduct, will not be thrown away.

From the remarks I have made on the behaviour of Misses, I am inclined to think that, they have not sufficiently cultivated in their breasts the growth of Modesty. Of all their native and acquired charms, this I hold to be the greatest. In man it is becoming; woman without it is odious. Whoever considers the failings of human nature, will be convinced of the diffidence, which ought to attend us in every situation. But it appears peculiarly amiable in your sex, who seem to be formed of finer materials, and fashioned in a nicer mould; and who move in a sphere, where nothing of that bold, forward, and enterprising disposition, necessary in man, is requisite to carry you through life. A soft, even, and modest temper, then I heartily recommend to the study and acquisition of every young lady. By this means female manners become smooth and placid. The external air and mien are influenced much by the temper and state of the mind. And permit me to observe, that the more there is of the gentle, tranquil, and humble in your character, the more lovely and interesting are you in the view of mankind.

I have often wondered why many young ladies should suppose that, pertness and a certain smartness in conversation and deportment appear agreeable. Certainly it does not comport with delicacy; and no female, I presume, would willingly resign her claim to so distinguished a characteristic of her sex. We are delighted with the rose, not more for its fragrance, than for that modest and unassuming grace, with which it displays itself. But the tulip glares away in a gaudiness not half so captivating. I am sure indeed the most forward Miss is not well pleased with the appearance of forwardness in others. How then can she expect others to be pleased with her? Wherefore cherish, my dear little friend, this beautiful plant of modesty. It is not an exotic: It springs naturally in the breast of every daughter of Adam. Foster it in your bosom, and it shall bud and blossom with more than rosy sweetness, and yield the most delicious and salutary fruit.

But I seem to hear you say, "What is the meaning of all this? Does our instructor think me pert and forward?" Most certainly not. Believe me when I say, you exhibit a pleasing reverse in your manners and conduct. To encourage you in this mode of behaviour, was the design of this letter. I assure you, it is the most successful way to be respected in life; for unobtrusive merit, when discovered, receives a certain and ample reward.

Aside however from the esteem of friends, and the applause of the world, do not forget, that modesty, if not a part of religion, is nearly allied to it; and that whatever is allied to religion is allied to happiness. If I mistake not, there is a pretty close connexion between the modesty which I recommend, and that purity of heart, and humility of spirit, which is hereafter to be adorned with robes of immortal honour.

I am my dear young friend,  
Miss .....

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE CONTEMPLATOR—N° III.

WHEN we tell a traveller he is travelling a road that will not convey him to his wished-for place, it is our duty likewise, to point out to him the direct and proper way, in which he should proceed; for though we may by giv-



ing him this negative information, retard, in some measure, his progress in *this* wrong road; yet if we do not inform him of the *right* one, it is more than probable he will turn into one, that will lead him still further astray, than the one he first took.

As in my last number, I endeavoured to discover the wrong road, in which many were pursuing after happiness; so in this, I shall try to point out that true path, in which all may find it.

The road to happiness, is planted through the land of Reason, and planted, laid out, and finished by Wisdom herself; though it has some affinity to our modern turn-pike roads, yet it excels the most pleasant of them, in the beauty of its workmanship, the utility of its formation, and the agreeable company that are constantly travelling in it, far more than they do the most dirty part of Fore-Street.

Setting out in the midst of the world, you will at first find many impediments to your proceeding; but as you go on they will decrease, or otherwise, you will be more enabled to pass by them without being detained by their deceitful attractions. You must, before you attempt to start forward, procure Determination to be your companion, otherwise you will make but little progress. You will probably first meet Fashion, arrayed in all her fascinating apparel, who will use all her power to make you follow her, and will, no doubt say, she can shew you a nearer and more pleasant way to the object you are seeking; but *be*, you must not believe; you must be aware how you connect yourself with such delusory beings. It is well enough to keep in sight of her, but be assured, as soon as you make her an intimate companion (though her worst quality is folly) she will draw you from the proper road, and probably, at last, push you into sin and misery, from whence it will be difficult for you to make your way to happiness.

As you proceed on, you will observe the road to be fenced up at each side, with the solid stones of Honesty, and cemented together by a kind of cement, called Virtue; if you keep within the bounds of this wall, and follow my other directions, you will be sure to arrive safe at the place you wish; but if you once rashly break over it, it is almost impossible for you ever to get there; you will find the attractions so numerous on the other side, which tend to draw you from the direct path, that it is nearly certain they will in a short time, draw you entirely from the light of it.

On the right hand, as you pass along, you will observe the large field of Riches, whose fruits have a very enchanting appearance; some of the trees which bear those fruits, you will perceive bending their branches over the wall all along throughout the road; and under each tree, you will see a ladder placed there by the Great Builder of the road, on purpose for the sole use of the travellers. This ladder is made of peculiar kind of materials, called Industry and Frugality; the former composing the main part, or side pieces, and the latter the ribs, or cross-pieces; the whole being put together by nails made of Temperance, forms a ladder sufficiently strong to bear up the most bulky traveller. On these ladders you can ascend to the branches whenever occasion calls, and gather sufficiently of their fruits to last you on your journey. As you are thus gathering from the outward limbs, you will perceive through the farther branches, and the trees beyond them, a magical goddess, called False Pleasure, who, with all the power she possesses, will endeavour to entice you towards her; she has a peculiar ability to assume an appearance of enjoyment, but be assured it is merely superficial. If you look around her, you will perceive many unhappy mortals, who have been the dupes of her intrigue. They offer sacrifices to her from the heaps of those fruits, which their fathers have collected by climbing on the ladder of Industry to the branches of Wealth. The heaps of some you will perceive almost diminished, while they still continue to offer up to their beloved goddess, sacrifices equally great with those, who have the largest piles. Others, you will see, who having given up their last, appear to be sinking into despair, and some into destruction; another fort will appear, who, after having foolishly sacrificed every thing, and having had the good fortune to pick up the fruit that some partial wind had shaken from the trees, again join their companions in their dissipated worship of their corrupting goddess. But whatever effect these objects may have upon your mind, you must be sure to leave them and turn from them as you would turn from destruction.

Passing on, at your left, you will observe the barren plain of Poverty; its dreadful aspect would seem sufficient to deter any traveller from wandering into it, nor do I know that ever one *voluntarily* enters it, but many are led into it by not paying a strict attention, to the proper road. The left side of the road adjoining this plain, has a pretty steep descent into it, and along on these banks are seated many

miserable beings, whose business it is to draw every one that passes, down into this precipice. The most considerable of them are Intemperance and Prodigality; the former you may know by his gouty legs and red nose, and the latter, by a peculiar carelessness, which characterizes his behaviour. Whatever they may say to you, you must be sure not to pay the least attention to, and if you avoid *them*, they will not trouble *you*; but if you pay any regard to them, it is almost certain they will get such fast hold, as to draw you at last into the most desert corner in the plain of Poverty.

As you pass on further, you will meet with many turn-pikes or gates; these are called the gates of Charity; you cannot pass them without first paying the toll that Charity, who is the toll-gatherer, will exact from you. In this respect, however, you have no occasion to apprehend any imposition, the toll exacted, is never above the ability the passenger has to pay, and is distributed by the Great Proprietor of the road, among those poorer travellers, who he thinks most deserving of it, and whose misfortunes have retarded their progress on the way. These gates are not stationed at particular places like the modern turn-pikes, but established as chance may please to direct.

You will now behold the mountain of Happiness, on which your journey ends, at no great distance and as you begin to ascend its base, new pleasures will accompany every step, and every real enjoyment will increase in an increasing ratio, until you arrive at the summit. There you will look back with wonder and astonishment on the way you have come, and the many dangerous temptations you have escaped. You will behold the busy world before you, seeking the place that you inhabit, in every way that leads directly from it; and few, very few, approaching in the way you have come. You will look abroad with admiration, on the works of Divine Providence, while your grateful soul will send ten thousand thanksgivings up to Heaven.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### SAMUEL F. BANCROFT.

THE late Samuel Forrester Bancroft, Esq. accompanied Mr. Isaac Weld, jun. in his travels through North America, and the two Canadas, a very interesting narrative of which is published. As they were traversing one of the extensive lakes of the northern states, in a vessel, on board of which was Volney, celebrated, or rather notorious for his atheistical principles which he has so often avowed, a very heavy storm came on, inasmuch that the vessel, which had struck repeatedly with great force, was expected to go down every instant, the mast having gone by the board, the helm quite ungovernable, and consequently the whole scene exhibiting confusion and horror. There were many females, as well as male passengers on board, but no one exhibited such strong marks of fearful despair as Volney, throwing himself on the deck, now imploring, now imprecating the captain, and reminding him, that he had engaged to carry him safe to his destination, vainly threatening, in case any thing should happen. At last, however, as the probability of their being lost increased, this great mirror of nature, human, or unhuman, began loading all the pockets of his coat, waistcoat, breeches, and every place he could think of, with dollars, to the amount of some hundreds; and thus, as he thought, was preparing to swim for his life, should the expected wreck take place. Mr. Bancroft remonstrated with him on the folly of such acts, saying, that he would sink like a piece of lead, with so great a weight on him; and at length, as he became so very noisy and unsteady as to impede the management of the ship, Mr. Bancroft pushed him down the hatchways. Volney soon came up again, having lightened himself of the dollars, and in the agony of his mind, threw himself upon the deck, exclaiming with uplifted hands and streaming eyes—"Oh! mon Dieu, mon Dieu—qu'est ce que je ferai, qu'est ce que je ferai?" "Oh! my God, my God—what shall I do? what shall I do?"—This surprised Bancroft, that, notwithstanding the moment did not very well accord with flashes of humour, yet he could not refrain from addressing him—"Eh bien! Monsieur Volney, vous avez donc un Dieu a present." "Well, Mr. Volney, what—you have a God now."—To which Volney replied, with the most trembling anxiety—"Oh! oui! oui!" "O yes! O yes!"—The ship, however, got safe, and Mr. Bancroft made every company which he went into, echo with this anecdote of Volney's acknowledgement of God. Volney for a considerable time was so hurt at his weakness, as he calls it, that he was ashamed of shewing himself in company at Philadelphia, &c. but afterwards, like a modern French philosopher, said, that those words escaped him in the instant of alarm, but had no meaning, and he again utterly renounced them.

## USEFUL AND INSTRUCTING.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### ON REPROOF.

NOTHING requires more care, experience, and knowledge, than the office of a reprover: He who would correct his friend, must do it with caution, and make a nice choice of a convenient time and place; he should be free also from prejudice, passion, and invectives, and consult the temper of him to whom he speaks, that he may talk to him in that manner which is most suitable to it. To do all this is not so easy a task.

Though there are many absurdities in giving reproof, there are some in receiving it. To reprove a friend, though with ever so much caution and friendship, as it calls his own conduct in question, will be only affronting him; he cannot bear to think he has acted foolishly, or at least that any one has perceived it. Many receive the reproof of their friends according to the dignity of the reprover: They have a pride in being instructed by some one above them, but cannot bear advice from an equal.

No one is either too wise or too good to be reprov'd; therefore when reproof is just and gentle, it should be esteemed as the kindest office of a friend. To give reproof is the most difficult; he who sets up for a reformer of others, ought always to watch over himself; for should he happen to fall into the frailty he condemns, he affords a public scene of laughter and ridicule. S. T. T. B.

### FILIAL SENSIBILITY.

A YOUNG gentleman, in the military academy, at Paris, eat nothing but soup or dry bread, and drank only water. The governor, attributing this singularity to some access of devotion, reprov'd his pupil for it, who, however continued the same regimen. The governor sent for him again, and informed him, that such singularity was unbecoming him, that he ought to conform to the rules of the Academy. He next endeavoured to learn the reason of this conduct; but as the youth could not be persuaded to impart the secret; he at last threatened to send him back to his family. This menace terrified him into an immediate explanation. "Sir," answered he, "in my father's house, I ate nothing but black bread, and of that very little: here I have good soup and excellent white bread, and may fare luxuriously. But I cannot persuade myself to eat any thing else, when I consider the situation in which I left my father and mother."—The governor could not refrain from tears, at this filial sensibility: "Your father," said he, "has been in the army; has he no pension?"—"No," replied the youth, "for twelve months past he has been soliciting one; the want of money has obliged him to give up the pursuit; and rather than contract any debts at Versailles, he has chosen a life of wretchedness in the country."—"Well," returned the governor, "if the fact is as you represent it, I promise to obtain for him 500 livres a year. And since your friends are in such poor circumstances, take these three louis d'ors for your pocket expences: and I will remit your father the first half year of his pension in advance."

"Ah, Sir," returned the youth, "as you have the goodness to remit a sum of money to my father, I entreat you to add these three louis d'ors to it. Here I have every luxury I can wish for: they would be useless to me—but they would be of great service to my father for his other children."

### THOUGHTS ON THE WORLD.

THIS world by some is considered as a place destitute of every kind of real pleasure, and where nothing but sorrow awaits the unfortunate children of men. Life by them is reckoned a season in which we experience little else than vexation, where happiness can never be found, and where every hope or expectation will be inevitably blasted by disappointment.—Yet, if when the mind is calm and peaceful we impartially examine our situation, we shall find that our present state is far from being so unhappy as is imagined: and that whether we enjoy life or not, depends for the most part on our conduct and disposition. To the heart which is calm and cheerful, nature constantly appears agreeable; on every side new beauties will spring up to delight it, and every pleasure, however trifling, will at least afford it some gratification. But if the disposition is splenetic and impatient, it will ever find some cause for discontent and ill humour; to it every joy will be incapable of affording any satisfaction; and each object, though ever so inviting, will appear enveloped in darkness and gloom.

### A METHOD OF PRESERVING EGGS.

EGGS keep very well when you can exclude air: which is best done by placing a grate in any running water, and

putting Eggs, as the hens lay them, in the upper side of the grate, and there let them lie covered with water until you are going to use them; when you will find them as good as if they had been lain that day. This way answers much better than greasing; as sometimes one place is misfed, which spoils the whole Egg: even those that are fresh never eat so well.

In places where people are afraid their Eggs may be stolen, they should make a chest with a number of slits in it, that the water may get in freely, the top of which being above the water, may be locked down. Milldams are the most proper for these chests or grates.

N. B. The water must continually cover the Eggs, or they will spoil.

## FEMALE FASHIONS.

LONDON—FOR OCTOBER, 1803.

*Evening dress.*—Trained petticoat of white muslin with a short dress of pale blue silk of sham muslin, trimmed all round with broad black lace; plain white sleeves of lace or embroidered muslin. Habit shirt of lace. The hair represented in the most fashionable form.

*Walking dress.*—Short round dress of white muslin; pellice of tea colored silk, drawn close round the neck, and trimmed all round with very broad black lace. A large straw bonnet lined with pink and turned up all round.

*Nine Head dresses.*—A white lace placed on the head to form a cap. The right side hanging carelessly over the face, and ornamented with a row of beads, and a medallion. The left side drawn close over the hair, with a wreath of roses.—2. A fashionable head dress, banded with hair and beads. A white ostrich feather in front.—3. The left side of the head dress No. 1.—4. A large straw bonnet turned up in front and lined with blue.—5. A cap of lace or muslin ornamented with a green wreath.—6. White beaver hat turned up in front and ornamented with roses. 7. The hair dressed with a black velvet band and gem clasp.—8. A Chinese hat, trimmed round the edge with white lace and ornamented with a wreath of flowers.—9. A white veil thrown carelessly over the hair, and confined with a wreath of myrtle.

*Observations.*—At this season little alterations take place in the general ornaments of dress; a few pellices have appeared, but white cloaks or fur tippets are yet more prevalent. In full dress, feathers and flowers are invariably used. The make of the dresses have not differed since last month. Lace is still much worn. The favourite colours are lilac, blue and pea green.

## AMUSING.

[A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.]

BOSTON, NOV. 3d, 1803.

MESSES. EDITORS,  
GENTLEMEN,

THE point of the following German Epigram is very much admired. It is selected from a late publication of the popular and elegant Kotzebue. This writer, who has deservedly obtained the appellation of the modern Shakespeare, has contributed more than any man of the present age, to the advancement of science and belles-lettres in the North of Europe. The German tongue, hitherto considered as rough, uncouth and barbarous, now bids fair to rival the French and English languages in strength of expression, copiousness and brilliancy of diction.

By inserting the following, you will much oblige a subscriber and correspondent. Yours, respectfully,  
GERMANICUS.

☞ A translation is desired.

*Eri febtot nisep yidna eniza Gamruo  
Tworb illiw uoyd neis safu eciwiae btekat illi ruuo  
Yfidnan oitacil bup Trarett il af oivot cudnacro  
Enabt sretro prosvog gojbuolp rof Dei filu uqero  
Mbucms lo ofe tarettillid naraglu utnaron gig nuoy  
Den Madfoel puoca eraw oy*

☞ What shall we say to our very kind friend Germanicus, for the infinite pains he has taken to convince his good wishes to us and our Magazine. It is not, (we have reason to think) the first time, that he has taxed his most extensive abilities, and displayed his profound erudition, in order to add to the respectability of us and our work. But unacquainted as we are with foreign languages, what could we do with his sublimely beautiful Epigram, but in order to obtain a good translation, shew it to some person, not quite so ignorant as ourselves.

How was our friend astonished at the wit, the ingenuity, the depth of knowledge, and elevated flights of fancy, so wonder-

fully displayed in the composition. He assured us, however, that it was not written in German, but in a language, which, though in use amongst a certain class of people, with whom the learned Germanicus must be very conversant, as he writes it with such facility—namely, the VULGAR TONGUE. This being a language which no gentlemen speaks, nor gentlemen understand, we shall not trouble our readers with a literal translation; but return Germanicus's favour, with an Epigram, or Fable, or any thing his penetrative Wisdom, may think proper to term it—which he may translate into any language, or apply in any manner his wit, learning, or CONSCIENCE may enable him to do.

N. B. If the reader wishes to comprehend the original beauties of the above Epigram, he is requested to read it backward, beginning at the last letter.

SAY's the Wasp to the Spider, "you poor drudging thing, Who from your own vitals your dwelling prepare, How superior am I; hark, how sweetly I sing, And see with what ease I can sail through the air."

"Thou vain silly insect," the Spider replied, "Of all noisome reptiles thou'rt surely the lowest; Without e'en the skill thy own food to provide, Thou robbst the industrious Bees; wretch thou knowest,

Whenever you go near a well furnish'd hive, The quiet inhabitants peace you annoy, And if from their city your arts cannot drive Them, pretend to despise what you cannot enjoy."

Transported with anger, the Wasp on full wing, Flew toward the poor Spider, and aimed at his head, With the full force of rancour and envy his sting; But the Spider aware, threw a gossamer thread,

Round the vain buzzing creature; then calmly thus said: "Your sting friend is useless, and pray have a care; When next you would quiet industry invade, You are not made a prisoner, or dangle in air—

Go now, foolish "reptile"—then breaking the cine, "Go wretch, and I'll tell both our fortunes to boot: I, peaceful, unharm'd, shall my labours pursue, While ev'ry such troublesome insect as You, Is struck down, with abhorrence, and crush'd under foot."

\* The word reptile is not used as an appropriate, but a figurative expression.

## LIGHT ARTICLES.

DR. RADCLIFFE, founder of the magnificent library at Oxford, was a person of very singular character. He told Dr. Mead, "I love you—and now I will tell you a sure secret to make your fortune:—Use all mankind ill." It was certainly his own practice. He owned he was avaricious, even to spurning. He would, whenever he could, on paying a tavern reckoning, borrow a sixpence or a shilling among the rest of the company, under pretence of being loth to change a guinea for such a trifle. He could never be brought to pay a debt until a prosecution was otherwise inevitable.—A pavier, after many fruitless attempts, caught him just getting out of his chariot, at his own door, and set upon him. "Why you rascal," said the doctor, "do you pretend to ask pay for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it with earth, to hide your bad work."—"Doctor," said the pavier, "mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides."—"You dog!" said the doctor, "are you a wit? If so, you must be poor:—come in." So saying, he paid him his bill.

DURING the Popedom of Boniface, a pilgrim was introduced to him, as being a remarkable resemblance both in face and figure. The Pope, looking at him, asked him "If his mother had not been at Rome; no holy father, answered he, but my father has.

SOME time ago, while a very large proprietor of collieries in the east of Scotland, was instructing his daughter, a child of seven years old in the doctrine of rewards and punishments; she was very inquisitive as to the nature of hell. Upon its being explained to be a gulph of fire, of prodigious extent, where all the wicked were to suffer for their transgressions; after musing a little, she exclaimed, "Dear papa, could you not get the Devil to take his coals from you?"

A FLIMSY novelist having scribbled a volume of "Tales," for the instruction of the fair sex, asked a late theatrical performer with whom he was acquainted, to look over his manuscript, and give him a motto from Shakespeare that would be pat to the purpose. It was returned with the following written in the title page—

"Tales, told by an idiot full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." : : N. T. Spect.

HENRY the Fourth of France, was dignified without pride, mild without pusillanimity, and generous without prodigality. He used frequently to observe, that the satirical faction to be derived from revenge, was momentary; but that which was gained from clemency, lasted forever.

SOME old soldiers sentenced to be shot for a breach of discipline, at their passing by Marshal Turenne, pointed to the scars on their faces and breasts. What language could equal this? The powers of eloquence might have exerted their influence in vain—but this failed not of its effect.

DIogenes being asked, the biting of which beast was the most dangerous: answered, "If you mean wild beasts, 'tis the slanderer's, if tame ones, the flatterer's."

ANTIMACHUS the poet, reading his verses, was deserted by all his hearers save Plato, to whom he said, "I shall proceed nevertheless; Plato is himself an audience."

## BOSTON THEATRE.

ON Monday Evening, will be presented, for the second time in Boston, a celebrated comedy in five acts called, *John Bull*.—At the end of the comedy, *A Lyrical Epilogue*, by Mr. Bernard.—To which will be added, a Farce called the *Wrangling Lovers*, or, *Like Master Like Man*.

## HYMENEAL REGISTER.



MARRIED]—At Charlestown, Mr. Jonathan Blagden, of Topham, (M.) to Miss Isabella Mallet, of the former place.

In this town, Rev. Ezekiel May, of Marblehead, to Miss Margaret White, daughter of Mr. Benjamin W.—Charles Davis, Esq. to Miss Eliza Buckley, daughter of Benjamin B. Esq.—Mr. Wm. Newland, to Miss Charlotte Gray—Mr. John Gobble, to Miss Joanna Penniman—Mr. Jonathan Hobson, to Miss Joanna Connor.

## OBITUARY.



DIED]—At Salem, Capt. Jonathan Harnden, Aet. 60; a distinguished naval commander during the revolution;—Master James Very, Aet. 12: his death is imputed to an excessive smoking of segars.—At Lexington, Dr. David Fisk, Aet. 55. At Chelsea, Mr. Wm. Pratt, Aet. 85. At Burlington, Mr. Wm. Johnson, Aet. 63. At Dorchester, Mr. Enos Blake, Aet. 61.

In this town, Mrs. Rebecca Ingalls, Aet. 26, wife of Mr. John L.—Mrs. Sarah W. Dow, Aet. 26, wife of Mr. Weare D.—Miss Ann Fleet, Aet. 77—Mrs. Nancy Bittle, Aet. 25, wife of Mr. Wm. B.—Mrs. Azubah Leavitt, Aet. 44, wife of Dr. Josiah L.—Mrs. Fanny Fielder, Aet. 27, wife of Mr. Fielder; Mrs. Sarah Bridgen, Aet. 70; a Son of Mr. P. Snow, jun. Aet. 26 mo.; and 6 others. Total 14, for the week ending last evening.

## IMMENSELY RICH.

THE drawing yesterday, enriched the wheels of South Hadley Lottery, to 5984 dollars—and all the most valuable prizes yet in the wheels, the highest out, are two prizes of D. 500—one of which, against No. 15095, was sold by GILBERT & DEAN, since the drawing commenced. A very valuable chance now offers to get ten thousand dollars, for only D. 650.—Apply as above, for a few warranted undrawn tickets and parts. Nov. 26.

## POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## INTERESTING INQUIRY.

I'LL inward turn my roving thoughts, and reach  
The secret springs that move the active mind ;  
Where holds the soul its mild uncertain throne,  
Attended by a motley flattering train  
Of passions blind, which veil fair virtues charms,  
Dim reason's eye, and swell the pallid cheek  
Of meagre vice, to dimpled, rosy love ;  
Why simple action thought inspires, and how  
Through all the avenues of sense the soul  
Holds correspondence with the outer world ;  
Whence springs the vast variety of thought ;  
Thy immaterial or material acts,  
And motion gives : why differs man from man,  
The idiot from the sage ? A. Z. B.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

To \*.

THE bleak wind howls across the heath,  
And whistles through the leafless woods,  
Whilst Winter's petrifying breath,  
In icy fetters binds the floods.  
The flocks and herds to shelter creep,  
The wand'ring houselets child of woe,  
With shiv'ring limbs, and eyes that weep,  
Bids charity some boon bestow.  
Though drear and cold to these, may Winter be ;  
More cold, more drear, thy absence is to me.

When breaking from his cold embrace,  
The laughing earth as Winter flies ;  
With nameless charms adorns her face,  
And decks her robe with varied dyes.  
In the warm sun, in circles gay,  
The light wing'd insect flits in air ;  
And feathered songsters on each spray,  
Select their mates and nestle there.  
Welcome to these the cheerful Spring may be,  
But far more welcome 's art thou to me.

Then let the howling wind beat high,  
Winter exert his frigid powers ;  
I'd heed it not, wert thou but nigh,  
To cheer and chase the languid hours.  
Tho' clouds their blackest hue assume,  
The music of thy well known voice,  
Amidst cold Norway's woodland gloom,  
Would make my throbbing heart rejoice.  
Oh hasten then, whate'er the season be,  
Thy presence always makes it Spring to me.

\*.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## A RIDDLE.

TELL me, ye great, ye learned, ye wise,  
Tell me ye blooming fair,  
What 'tis resides amidst the skies,  
And dwells in liquid air.  
Not in the country or the town,  
My little form is ever seen,  
Nor wood nor streams my presence own,  
Nor meadows cloath'd in green.  
Nor in the play-house am I found,  
The church the park or ball,  
Nor ramble on the festive ground,  
Or in gardens of Vaux hall.  
But to dancing I am no foe,  
On musick I attend,  
To them my little aid bestow,  
And shew the faithful friend.

With fiddle, pipe, and soft guitar,  
I constantly am found,  
But shun rough instruments of war,  
The drum or trumpet sound.

If for my shape you should enquire,  
'Tis little, neat and trim,  
At your own pleasure, short or higher,  
As best suits my masters whim.

A little head I often bear,  
Sometimes a tail I have,  
Black as usual dress I wear,  
As best becomes a slave.

Oft am I seen amidst a crowd,  
But love to be alone,  
For that don't think me very proud,  
My consequence is quickly known.

But what will sure surprise you much,  
Is a prodigy in nature,  
My head and shoulders never touch,  
Was ever so odd a creature.

I help to form the sprightly maid,  
The kind domestic wife,  
Though bluish to own, I lend my aid,  
Towards matrimonial strife.

Will ye then, O fair approve,  
For though in friendship always am,  
I never am in love,  
I'm neither woman nor a man.

A Solution is requested.

Natick, Sept. 1803.

DOLLY.

## THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY ; A NOVEL

IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XXI.—SARAH TO ANNE.

Dublin, January 30th, 1779.

"YOU seem lost in the profundity, of cogitundity," said Mrs. Bellamy, laughing, and laying her hand on my arm, "And pray what may be the subject of your meditation ?" "I was thinking," said I, looking full in her face, "of Lady Linden." "Humph!" said she, "and I presume Lord Linden and Mrs. O'Donnell, were associated with the idea of her Ladyship?"

"They certainly were" I replied gravely—But to have done with, "*she said*," and "*I said*," (which are ever to me the most tedious interruptions in telling a story,) I will proceed in my dialogue without them.

Perhaps there was a small mixture of curiosity mingled in the association?

A very considerable degree.

I would gratify it, but that I suppose your primitive purity, would take alarm; you would draw up your head, and contract your little consequential brow?

If you fear that, you had better leave my curiosity ungratified.

I do not fear it, Mrs. Darnley, because I know too much of the world to be incommoded by any obsolete notions; and I really should like to laugh you out of some of your antiquated prudery.

If by my antiquated prudery, you mean my ideas of right and wrong, you will find it a difficult matter to laugh me out of them.

Perhaps an old woman might find it rather difficult, but be not too confident of your own strength until you have resisted the persuasions of a young handsome rich lover, with unbounded affection on one hand, and all the allurements of affluence on the other.

I should be in no danger from such a one, unless I felt a predilection for him myself; and it is not in the power of beauty or wealth, to awaken any thing more in my bosom, than a kind of distant admiration.

Oh, the heart is always thought invulnerable, until it is absolutely lost; but pray, my frigid friend, if youth, beauty, and riches, have no power on that impenetrable bosom, what may the requisites be necessary to awaken it from the torpor of stupidity? for really, I think a woman without passion, is a kind of automaton, can speak and move indeed, but is absolutely dead to all the pleasures of life.

I am not without passions.

Oh! I beg your pardon, you are in love with your husband?—no, now I remember, that cannot be; no woman can be so tame as to love a man who had used her so ill.

Did I ever complain to you, Madam, of his ill usage?

No; nor to any body else that ever I heard of; but she most talked loudly; besides, has he not shewn his perfect disregard for you, by suffering you to come here

without money, friends, or a proper protector? None but a madman would suffer a woman like you, in the bloom of life, with uncommon powers of mind, and highly accomplished, to throw herself in the way of temptation; unless indeed he courted opportunities to be fairly rid of her; which, I think, must be his motive; and I should advise you, if a fair opportunity occurred, to gratify him, and choose for yourself another protector.

I shall certainly so far gratify him, as to ease him of all care on my account; I am able and willing to support myself; and as to my honour, I am myself the guardian of it. As to choosing a protector, where shall I find one? or what right have I to connect myself with any man while Mr. Darnley lives?

Has he not broken through every moral obligation to you?

That does not release me from the vows I made to him. Do you love him?

No.

Do you esteem or respect him?

It is impossible that I can in so high a degree, as the relationship that exists between us challenges.

What then is to prevent your accepting the protection of another?

My duty to God, and the respect I owe myself.

She seemed struck at so firm an answer; looked silently and gravely at the fire for several minutes, and then asked abruptly, Were you ever in love?

No.

Have you any idea of the force of that passion?

Yes, I believe I have.

Again I ask, what requisites are necessary to awaken it in your bosom?

What?—why good sense, good nature, domestic virtue, liberal education, strong sense of moral and religious obligation; knowledge without pedantry; wit without rancour; a heart capable of experiencing all the fine sensibilities which dignify human nature; and strength of mind, self denial and moderation, sufficient to keep them strictly under the jurisdiction of reason.

Oh! hold, for heaven's sake! a pretty formal, old fashioned piece of clock-work you have put together; do you ever expect to meet with such a nonpareil?

I neither expect, or desire it.

Why not desire it?

Because, situated as I am, to know such a character would be to feel my own bondage more intolerable.

You are a strange being, Mrs. Darnley; but suppose this black swan should appear, what would become of your fine resolutions then?

Such a man, Madam, would never endanger the breach of any of them—to merit his esteem, I must preserve his respect; to this end it would be my constant endeavour to persevere and strive to excel in every thing laudable and praise-worthy—sensible that by so doing, I could only hope to retain his regard.

Oh, you romantic creature; do you really think that platonic love can exist?

No. I am not talking of what is generally called love. I believe that the most perfect esteem can exist between the sexes, if the minds are properly rectified, without the smallest approximation towards criminality.

Well, but we have lost sight of Lord Linden—shall I give you the history of my daughter?

As you please.

Well, I believe I must, for I perceive poor Caroline stands very low in your esteem.

Will your history, do you imagine, tend to raise her?

Why—yes, I believe it may.

Then I should like to hear it.

She began; so take it in her own words—no, pardon me, not until next post. SARAH.

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*CH Party*

[ 21 ]

# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

## OR, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S MISCELLANY.

Vol. II.]

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 3, 1803.

[N° VI.]

### MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### THE PASSENGER—N° X.

THE Doctor said it might be remarked, that in the dying confessions of felons, the enumeration of their crimes, almost invariably commences with DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTS. Hence, said he, we have testimony, that this crime is introductory to every other. It becomes therefore an object of momentous concern to a state, to devise some measure for destroying, or checking the growth, of this seed of universal evil. It is not uncommon in every grade of society, but more particularly in the lower classes, to see some youth so perverse as to render it totally impossible to preserve parental government. The parent has no appeal, but to the feelings of an unfeeling child, and no resort, but in reversing the constitution of nature, and condescending to obey the wretch, who spurns at subordination to reason, and to duty. If these instances occurred with the children of those parents only, who had neglected the parents' duty, no one would wish to deprive them of the fruits of that neglect; but, as they sometimes occur when the reins of parental authority have been held with a steady hand; and as the welfare of society is endangered by every instance of this description, it is necessary that parents should be furnished with the means of appealing to superior power, when their own is inadequate for preserving due subordination. To this end, I would propose that the Council of Observation should be ever ready to hear complaints of this nature, and to use their best endeavours for removing the cause.

I was once consulted on this subject, said the Doctor, by a parent, who had found every measure ineffectual, which reason could suggest or discretion admit. A spirit of perverseness seemed to possess the child; and the anguish of the parent presented one of the most interesting scenes which I have witnessed. This anguish, and the cause of it, could undoubtedly have been prevented by the interference of such a body-politic as I have described. Suppose a youth of this description to be called before a numerous council of venerable citizens, there to be admonished in the presence of a full meeting, for resistance to parental authority; it would be scarcely possible, that baseness should so predominate in his habits, as to render a second complaint of the parents necessary, while he should continue a subject of their government.

He was proceeding in his remarks, but a tear, which the lady had been trying to suppress, now overcame her endeavours, and gave evidence of that sensibility which honours and adorns its possessor.

Can I have been so unlucky in my observations, said the Doctor, as to inflict a wound in my attempts to amuse?

As soon as the Lady could recover a degree of serenity, she replied, that interesting descriptions of scenes, similar to such as ourselves had been called to act a painful part in, might produce a sympathetic testimony of the truth of the description, without inflicting a wound; and this is the case, said she, in the present instance. I informed you that I am a parent—For nearly two years I have been a widowed parent; and although this is a state, which demands increased docility and obedience, on the part of children, yet the reverse has so multiplied my cares and my distresses, that tears are my only relief, when ruminating on the subject. You must not wonder therefore that they flow so readily at a representation, which so powerfully interests the feelings of a mother. My eldest son having just arrived at an age when passion makes rapid strides before the slow advances of reason, and finding the salutary checks of a father's energy withdrawn from domestic government, set up his will as a rule of his conduct. The depressed state of my mind, produced a relaxation of my resolution, and an increase of maternal tenderness. Affection and argument were the only instruments of government I had the power to command. To my inexpressible regret I found they were inadequate for controuling the impetuosity of headstrong youth, under the influence of ardent passions; and for about eighteen months, I had no resource, but to submit, where I could not govern. My son at length went abroad, and my anxiety for his fate is now a source of un-

happiness as extreme, as was produced by his disobedience at home. This anxiety arises from an observation which I have made through life, that disobedience to parents is invariably followed by disaster, distress, or misfortune, as a punishment inflicted by Him who brought us into being, to fulfil the duties of our station. How many wearisome days and sleepless nights should I have escaped, could I have received the assistance of such a council as your philanthropy has devised, for the relief of distressed parents. Oh, Sir! unless you have suffered similar anguish, it is out of your power to realize the extent of the advantages which would result from such an establishment as you have proposed.

The Doctor observed that those who were most assiduous to fulfil the duty of parents, felt most pain in cases of disobedience; and your distress, said he, is to me, a convincing testimony of your unremitting endeavours to discharge the obligations of a parent, and those endeavours will yet meet their reward. But what shall we say of parents who seem scarcely to consider their offspring as subjects of government or instruction? The moralist may preach, and the satirist may lash them, while they remain as insensible to those as to their duty.

The consequence of this parental neglect are ingeniously portrayed in a Comedy by Goldsmith, called "The Mistakes of a Night." Have you ever seen it Madam?

No, Sir, I have not.

Then I will endeavour to give you a sketch of that part of the piece, and as you have now to charge me with being the cause of a tear, I expect to balance the account by credit for producing a smile.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardecastle are introduced in a dialogue concerning Tony Lumpkin, her son by a former husband. She observes that Tony is not to live by his learning, and she does not think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a year.—Learning quotha, says Mr. Hardecastle, he's a mere composition of tricks and mischief. She replies, it is humour, nothing but humour my dear. Humour! says he, yes, if burning the footmen's shoes, frightening the maids, and worrying the kittens, be humour he has it. Well, the poor boy was always too sickly to do any good, and a school would be his death; any body that looks in his face may see he's consumptive; and I am actually afraid of his lungs. And truly so am I, for his voice is like a speaking trumpet—Tony now makes his appearance, and the following scene takes place between him and the mother. Tony, where are you going my charmer? Wont you give papa and I a little of your company lovee? I'm in haste, mother, I can't stay. You shan't venture out this raw evening, my dear. I can't stay, I tell you. But you shan't go. I will, I tell you. I say you shan't, says the mother, and lays hold to stop him. Well mother, says Tony, we'll see which is strongest, and he drags her out of the room.

In a succeeding scene, Tony is directed by his mother to mount his horse and guard her to his aunt Pedigree's, about forty miles distant; instead of which he leads the carriage through the worst roads in the neighbourhood, oversets it in a pond, returns by a circuitous route, and brings his mother within a few rods of her own door, when she asks whereabouts they are; he tells her on crackskull common, about forty miles from home. After exciting his mother's fears of being robbed and murdered, he observes his father-in-law approaching, and tells her there is a highwayman, with pistols as long as his arm. He directs her to hide herself and keep close, particularly if he coughs and cries, hem! He meets the old gentleman, and tells him that he has left his mother at his aunt's, then to keep her snug in her hiding place, he cries, hem! on which she flies to her husband, whom she supposes to be a highwayman, and falls on her knees petitioning for mercy.—While she is begging for her life and Tony's, her husband is endeavouring to make her see her error, which after sometime he accomplishes, and the whole is discovered to be a combination of Tony's pretty tricks.

I do not recollect any dramatic piece, said the Doctor, which, with so much humour, conveys so good a moral, thereby fulfilling the original design of dramatic representations.

The stopping of the stage postponed further remarks, which will be continued in the next number.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### LETTER III.

\*\*\*\*\* AUGUST 27, 1790.

To Miss \*\*\*\*\*

#### ON PATIENCE.

My dear young friend,

HAPPY are those young ladies, who are privileged with a virtuous education; but those are still happier, who are careful to realize the privilege they enjoy. Although too little attention has ever been paid to female education, yet many young girls seem determined to mispend the time, which is allotted to them for study, and are extremely impatient under the most necessary restraints. This observation may often be justly applied to the male as well as female sex. But there appears a greater degree of listlessness, or inconsideration, in the latter, than in the former. Ladies are fond enough to impute this listlessness, as it is called, to a livelier fancy, and a greater share of sensibility, then men are supposed to possess. I am sensible, there is a difference in their dispositions, and consequently a milder mode of treatment ought to be adopted; but that difference, I think, cannot be so great, as is manifested in their respective endeavours to learn, and in their patience of instruction and reproof. I will express myself more clearly. A boy will begin learning the lesson given him, and though he advances more slowly than his sister, he commonly perseveres until he has committed it to memory. If corrected in the recital of it, and so much so, as to be sent to his seat, he seldom suffers his mortification to appear in moroseness. His sister takes the same task, hurries away, thinking to be mistress of it immediately. Some little difficulty occurs, and she begins to despond: at length she recites, and if she fails in the attempt, and meets a gentle reproof, the matter is up; the matter is thought severe; and sullen, not to say resentful, discontent lowers on the fair one's brow.

Do not suppose, that I include in this description the whole of your sex. There are certainly many exceptions. But so often have instances of giddiness occurred to my observation, that I consider it an evil, which needs to be remedied.

From what source the disposition, of which I have been writing, is derived to young ladies, I will not minutely inquire. Probably greater indulgence from parents, than boys usually meet, contributes somewhat to its growth. Let it arise whence it may, it should be early checked. If our parents through fondness have cherished some noxious plants with the salutary ones, it is our part, when reason can distinguish, to root them from the garden within.

In the world, my young friend, there is a mixture of good and evil. Your sex, in common with mankind, must expect to encounter a portion of disappointments and vexation. But their poignancy may be greatly allayed by early habits of patience and self-denial. These are virtues so peculiarly necessary to be inculcated on misses, who have hitherto in life known nothing, except tenderness and affection, that you must pardon me for pressing them upon your attention. If you would therefore extract from each bitter, as well as homed, flower, something that shall add to your improvement; if you would make the most of the pleasures of life, and cause even its sorrows to teach you wisdom, nourish the virtues of fortitude and patience. They will give a zest to all the elegances of polished society, and exceedingly alleviate a thousand nameless woes of female sensibility. We must suffer; or we cannot highly enjoy. The heart, which has known no bitterness, has felt no raptures.

What I have as yet recommended is no more, than what is dictated by human prudence. It is only the policy of man to enjoy, in the best possible manner, the bounties of nature. But we ought to remember with gratitude, that we are not left without a superior remedy for the ills of life. In the volume of divine revelations, we may obtain a solace, which the world cannot give. To this living fountain of comfort, my dear young friend, let me invite your regards. You may here drink a copious supply of waters, which will not only refresh your spirit, sunk by the sorrows of humanity, but prove a spring of perennial



delight. Let the excellent precepts of the gospel inspire you with love for its author; and may his amiable example of meekness under reproaches, patience in suffering, and fortitude in temptation, make you emulous of ranking among the first disciples in his school!

Mis. ....

I am, &c. &c.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
ON HAPPINESS.

WHAT art thou, O Happiness? Thou who art the wish of every child of mortality. How shall I describe thee? So numerous are thy paths, and pass through so many varied and intricate windings, that I fear the poor efforts of my pen cannot delineate thee. Art thou to be found with the ambitious, and aspiring, with him who wallows in luxurious riches, or with the low and humble peasant? Some, perhaps will exclaim, "with ambition and power, or with riches it is to be found." Oh! no, no, hapless is he who puts his confidence for happiness in them, for if by a series of fortuitous circumstances he should possess them, there will yet be higher honours for which he will sigh, and perhaps will exert every power or faculty he possesses for their attainment, until the furrows of age and infirmity, arrests his ambitious career, and the arrows of death sweep him from existence. The enervated and disappointed debauchee, whose passions have become cool by age, will behold the veil of error fall from the face of happiness, whose angelic countenance, passion, dissipation and vice, prevented his beholding.

If we wish for real happiness, let us cast our eyes on the contented and benevolent, whose thoughts and actions emulate the virtuous; let us visit the humble though hospitable cot of the industrious husbandman, who rises with the morning's blush, fresh as the balmy air, which he inhales; whose every wish is confined to the welfare of his family, and prosperity of his lands. With the cares that agitate the bosoms of the rich, is he unacquainted; when the labours of the day have closed, he can retire to his family with the most heart-felt happiness; his children run with emulous ardour to meet him, and clasping his knees, claim with innocent, infantine or juvenile simplicity, the caresses of their father, while the dear partaker of his pleasures, looks with tenderness and satisfaction, on the delightful scene. O! say, ye ambitious, powerful, have I exaggerated the happiness which a being of this description enjoys? Trust me, no, visit but for once the happy dwelling, and ye will exclaim, "true happiness does not consist in the possession of power and riches, which with ambitious ardour we have fought for, but with the contented beings we now behold."

K\*\*\*\*.

BIOGRAPHY.

BERTHA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

CHRISTIANITY is supposed to have been introduced into Britain, either by St. Paul or by some of his companions and disciples, a few years after the middle of the first century. In the 5th century, the Britons, invaded by the Picts and Scots, called in the assistance of the Saxons, who were led by two brothers, Hengist and Horsa. Those foreign auxiliaries, as might have been expected, after vanquishing and expelling the Picts and Scots, turned their arrows and spears against the natives; dispossessed them of their lands, destroyed the lives of multitudes, and reduced the rest, except those who fled into Cornwall and Wales, to the most abject slavery. The Saxon conquerors, who began in that island a new line of Kings, were pagans; and they established paganism; which continued predominant almost four centuries. It was by the influence of a *Woman*, in the first instance, that those idolatrous princes, together with their nobility and the nation in general, were converted to the christian faith.

Clovis, King of France, in the year 496, embraced christianity, which then begun in that kingdom. In the 9th century, Ethelbert, King of England, of the Saxon line, married Bertha, the only daughter of Caribert, King of France, who was a descendant of Clovis. Before Ethelbert was admitted to this alliance, he was obliged to stipulate, that the princess should enjoy the free exercise of her religion. While Bertha was zealous for the propagation of christianity, she supported the credit of her faith by an irreproachable and amiable conduct; and employed every art of insinuation and address to reconcile her husband to her religious principles. The superiority of her education, the purity of her morals, and the engaging suavity of her manners, gave her an ascendancy over Ethelbert; and, at the same time, rendered her extremely popular with the courtiers, and thus paved the way for their reception of the christian doctrines.

Ethelbert, not suddenly, but after taking a considerable time for examination, renounced paganism and embraced the christian system; and his courtiers and nobility followed his example.—A most noble conquest!—A conquest of hearts, for the purpose of forming in them the principles of virtue and piety.

A Semiramis, a Zenobia, the Elizabeth of England, and the last Catharine of Russia, excite astonishment, more than love. Their vast capacities, their splendid talents, equalled by a very few among monarchs of the male sex, are evincive of the powers of the female mind. But, in the display of strong masculine features,

—"*They roughen to the sense, and all  
The winning softness of their sex is lost.*"

Bertha, on the other hand, standing aloof from bloody feats of war and from the mazy walks of politics, displayed, in her exalted station, the genuine charms and evinced the irresistible power of female virtue. On her character, which was purely feminine, the graces shed their mildest lustre.

Possessing the kindest of hearts; blest with a peculiar sweetness of disposition; the won over, by her amiable manners, and engaging address, an idolatrous King and Court, the besotted worshippers of the idol Woden; and allured them to embrace the system of divine truth. In that exalted woman, the sex beholds equally an object to admire and a pattern to imitate.

ELIZABETH CAREW,

A LADY that flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, of whom I am able to give no other account, than what I collect from the title-page of a play called *Mariam*, the Fair Queen of Jewry, her tragedy; "written, (says the publisher) by that learned, virtuous, and noble Lady, Elizabeth Carew," and printed in quarto, London, 1613. The play is written in the same measure of verse, with the tragedies of the Earl of Sterling, viz. in alternate verses, and the chorus is wrote in setlines, or a stanza of six lines, four interwoven and a couplet in base. For the play itself, it is very well penned, considering those times and the lady's sex. I leave it to the readers to compare it with that modern tragedy of Herod and Mariamne. Her story is written at large, in Josephus's History of the Jews.

HENRY BURNEL, Esq.

THIS gentleman lived in Ireland, in the reign of King Charles I. He wrote a play called *Landgartha*, a tragedy, printed in quarto, Dublin, 1641, and dedicated, "To all fair, indifferent fair, virtuous that are not fair, and magnanimous ladies." This play was ushered into the world with four copies of verses, three Latin and one English; but being guilty of the same partiality with the former, I shall omit to insert any. The play itself was first acted on St. Patrick's day, 1639, with allowance of the master of the revels. The author it seems mis-carried in a former play, and therefore, in imitation of Ben Jonson, (whom he styles the best of English poets) he has introduced his play by a prologue, spoken by an Amazon, with a battle axe in her hand, which succeeded to the author's satisfaction. The plot is founded on the conquest of Fro, (which the author calls Frollo,) king of Suevia, or, Suethland, by Regner (or, as the author calls him, Reyner) king of Denmark, with the repudiation of Landgartha, queen to Regner.

MORAL AND USEFUL.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINNAEUS PREFACE TO HIS SYSTEM OF NATURE.

MAN when he enters the world, is naturally led to enquire who he is? whence he comes? whither he is going? for what purpose he is created? and by whose benevolence he is preserved? He finds himself descended from the remotest creation; journeying to a life of perfection and happiness; and led by his endowments to a contemplation of the *Works of Nature*.

Like other animals, who enjoy life, sensation and perception; who seek for food, amusements and rest, and prepare habitations convenient for their kind, he is curious and inquisitive; but above all other animals he is noble in his nature, in as much, as by the powers of his mind, he is able to reason justly, upon whatever discovers itself to his senses; and to look, with reverence and wonder, upon the works of Him who created all things. That existence is surely contemptible, which regards only the gratification of instinctive wants, and the preservation of a body made to perish. It is therefore the business of a thinking being, to look forward to the purposes of all things; and to remember that the end of creation, is that God may be glorified in all his works. Hence it is of importance that

we should study the works of nature, than which, what can be more useful? what more interesting? For however large a portion of them lies open to our present view, a still greater part is yet unknown, and undiscovered. All things are not within reach of human capacity. Many have been made known to us, of which, those who went before us were ignorant, many we have heard of, but know not what they are; and many must remain for the diligence of future ages.

It is the exclusive property of man to contemplate and to reason on the great book of nature. She gradually unfolds herself to him, who, with diligence and perseverance will search into her mysteries; and when the memory of present and past generations shall be entirely obliterated, he shall enjoy the high privilege, of living in the minds of his successors; as he has been advanced in the dignity of his nature, by the labours of those who went before him.

: : : : *Turton's Linnaeus, V. 1. P. 1.*

MEDICINAL VIRTUES OF AN EAST INDIAN OIL, CALLED CAJEPUT.

[From Dr. Willch's, "*Domefic Encyclopedia*."]

CAJEPUT is an oil brought from the East-Indies, and resembles that of cardamoms. Its uses are so little known in this country, that it is rarely kept, even in the shops of the metropolis. According to Professor Thunberg, the celebrated Swedish traveller, it possesses pre-eminent virtues as an anodyne, antispasmodic and stimulant. In chronic inflammations of the eyes, great benefit has been derived by pouring a few drops of it upon a soft white linen cloth, and letting them evaporate while held close to these organs, over which the cloth is to be afterwards tied for the night.

In acute rheumatism, and the gout, this ethereal oil has been known to afford immediate relief, when the affected part has been anointed with it, as it has a remarkable tendency to open the pores: it is also highly beneficial in violent head-aches, when applied to the temples, or inhaled through the nostrils. But its most remarkable effect is in that painful complaint, the tooth-ache. From whatever cause this affection may proceed, whether from a carious or hollow tooth, rheumatic acrimony, catarrh, &c. the cajeput oil has generally been found efficacious in removing it, if dropped on lint, and placed in the cavity of the tooth, or even around the gum. Hence it deserves to have a place in the medicine chest of every private family. In acute rheumatisms, however, we would observe, that it ought to be administered with circumspection; but when applied in painful chronic disorders, or paralytic complaints, its use may be attended with salutary consequences.

AMUSNG.

EULOGY ON GEESE.

AFFLICTED as I sometimes am, with that scorbutic disease, the itch for appearing in print, I have been puzzling my brain two whole hours, to find a subject for your *Balance*; when, at last, one was fortunately suggested to me, by happening to fix my eyes attentively on my pen, which I was all this time holding in my hand. Among all the subjects which have engaged the attention of the learned, I do not remember to have seen an eulogy on *geese*: be this, then my theme; and I doubt not, but it will appear, in the sequel of this discussion, that, excepting the cow and the sheep, there is no living creature upon earth, below the rank of man, which is of so much use and importance as the goose. Were I disposed to pursue this momentous subject in its various details, I might quote the story of the Roman historian, which relates that imperial Rome itself, was once saved from the fangs of an invading foe, by the cackling of a goose; I might expatiate on the delicious flesh of this feathered animal, and especially on the unequalled delicacy of its *down*, that fills the pillow upon which the lovely Chloë lays her head. I might also bring into view the laudable obsequiousness of geese manifested in their implicitly following the *file-leader*; likewise their scientific skill, which has been evinced by their aerial voyages, sometimes of a thousand miles without the help of a magnetic needle, or a quadrant. But waving these topics, I shall confine myself to the *quill*, that this creature sheds for the use of man, and which, more than any other instrument, promotes human intelligence.

Hail, Goose-quill! while I am holding thee in my hand, I will describe and proclaim thy worth. But for thee, in vain had Faustus invented the art of printing. But for thee, fair science would famish, or would be monopolized, as of old, by a few.

The world had been inhabited almost five thousand years, before the inestimable worth of the goose-quill was discovered. The old Romans used a bodkin, made of met-

al or some other hard substance, for a pen; and they wrote on tables covered with wax. Hence, a famous code of their laws, which were engraven in this manner, was called "the twelve tables." This kind of pen was also used by the ancient Arabians, and Hebrews. Job, who was probably an Arabian, and lived as early or earlier than the time of Moses, speaks of graving with "a pen of iron." Jeremiah said, "The sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron, and with the point of a diamond it is graven upon the table of their hearts." This had an undoubted reference to their manner of writing, like the Romans on waxen tables, and with a pen made of iron, or a sharpened piece of a diamond. It was also with reference to this that Solomon commanded his pupil "to write his precepts upon the table of his heart." That ancient mode of writing, which must have been very inconvenient and slow, was superseded by the use of coloured liquids, or ink; when the pen of iron gave place to the *calam us*, a kind of reed that grew in Egypt, but the best sort, in the southern provinces of Persia. These reeds were split and sharpened to a point. Nor was it until sometime in the seventh century of the christian era, that some happy genius hit upon the discovery of making pens from the quills of geese. This I scruple not to declare, as it respects the republic of letters, was among the most important discoveries which have been made by man. Writing has since been rendered unpeakably more easy; and the world has been furnished with a plenty and cheaper supply of pens.

Goose-quills are among the real necessities of life. They are used in almost every kind of business. They are the props and promoters of science. Without their aid the wheels of business would be obstructed; printing-presses would be struck with a deadly palsy; and the arts and sciences would sink speedily toward the state of savage barbarism. The horse is a fine creature, and much has been said and sung in praise of this noble animal; but were horses to be struck out of existence, it might perhaps be less calamitous to man than the extinction of the race of geese.

Hail inestimable bird! What are the gay plumage of the peacock, and the delicious notes of the nightingale, in comparison with the value of thy quills!

The eagle that pierces the clouds and wings his daring flight toward heaven, was, by the ancient Greeks and Romans, consecrated to Jupiter. The grave and moody-looking bird the Owl, was supposed to be the favorite of Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom. In those days of superstition and idolatry, if the full worth of the goose had been known, it might perhaps have been generally worshipped, as was the Apis or ox, in Egypt.

#### A KNIGHT OF THE GOOSE-QUILL.

[Hud. Bal.]

#### "A STRANGE WORLD THIS!"

YES, and strange sort of beings inhabit it! Indeed, I am of opinion that the world is not so much to blame as the inhabitants; and was every person strictly to examine his own conduct, I am persuaded, instead of laying the blame on the world, he would say of himself—"A strange creature this!"—But to attend to the consequences of our own conduct, is a task too burdensome; it is much easier to lay all the blame upon the world.—The preacher, who, by his dulness has driven all his people from the church, looks round (after he has delivered a soporific) at the empty pews, and sighs out "what a dull congregation!"—"A strange world this!"

Authors who

"Painful vigils keep,

"Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep,"

when they find their works are neglected and themselves sinking into oblivion, quarrel with their readers for their want of taste: "This," say they, "is a strange world!"

Farmers, who mix rye with their wheat, pour water into their cider, tie up swinling tow with their flax, and practise twenty other frauds with their produce, when they find it will not sell, lay the blame on the merchant, for endeavouring to keep down the market: "A strange world this!" say they with deep groans, as they return home, after having been forced to sell their adulterated produce at half price.

The merchant who has jockeyed, shaved, and bit his customers, until none, but those who are forced by their poverty, will deal with him, when he perceives his honest neighbour taking his best custom from him, he exclaims, "A strange world this!"

The haughty spark, paying his addresses to a lady of prudence and sensibility, depending upon the wealth of his father, and his own fashionable *chapeau* and powdered locks to carry every thing before him; when he finds himself neglected, and the affection of the lady placed upon some industrious worthy mechanic, begins to think all women are fools, that "This is a strange world!"

The parents of the lady, who always looked upon riches as the "one thing needful," and who consider men without wealth as the Mahometans do women, as having no souls, will be ready to tear the hair off their daughters' heads.—Here I am ready to cry out myself—"A strange world this!"

#### THE NAKED HORSE.

THE horse without hair, which has been so long exhibited in Germany as of a peculiar breed in the island of Cyprus, and of which a very particular account may be found in the *Journal de Physique*, and other periodical journals of the continent, turns out at last to be a real German horse, of which the following is the history, according to a notice in the Berlin Magazine.

This animal, of the common breed of the country, was formerly furnished with hair, and belonged to a coach owner of Hohenloe Oehtingen, in Franconia, by whom it was sold to a neighboring peasant, in whose possession it continued, while the change by which it has become so celebrated was going on. Being ill of the bots, his master mixed with his food for a whole year, the leaves and young shoots of faine; soon after the commencement of this regimen, the horse changed his rough coat and became covered with fine shining hairs; encouraged by this, the peasant pushed this new medicine with vigor, and in a short time the new hair fell off. A coat not less sleek than the former, however, soon succeeded; but this in a few months fell off like the other, and the animal remained naked. A third effort was made by nature, but in vain, and the horse became irreparably deprived of hair, except on the mane, the fetlock joints, and the tail. The peasant, ashamed of the subject of his experiment, sold him; his new master plucked out the few hairs that were left, and disposing of him to an ingenious Italian, he was led about as a show from town to town, by the name of the Wonderful Horse, from the Island of Cyprus; the Zoologists eagerly adopted this clumsy fraud, and, but for the ill timed discovery, the luckless subject of the Franconian's experiment, it might have occupied a distinguished place in the *Systema Nature*.

#### SINGULAR.

AN ex-priest, named Thuring, died lately at St. Servant, whose life had been marked by an adventure that might appear extraordinary, even to such as read only romances and see only Melo-dramas. Thuring had been, on his return to France, with his wife and two children, and a considerable property, which he had acquired in New-England, but suffered shipwreck within sight of the coast of Brittany, and swam ashore alone. Not doubting that the sea, which he saw covered with the ruins of his fortune, had also swallowed up his wife and children, he hastened to bury his despair in a monastery which attracted his notice. His superiors discovered in him some talents for the pulpit, and sent him on a mission to preach in the neighboring cities and villages. He was preaching one day, precisely the same, on which, five years before, he had suffered shipwreck, in the city of Croisic, on the instability of human affairs, a text which gave him an opportunity of quoting the tale of his own misfortunes as an example. He had scarcely finished his interesting picture, when a woman, who had listened with particular attention, screamed and fainted. Being removed into the sacristy, she recovered just as the sermon had ended, and the first object she perceived was father Thuring, who was paying her a visit. The female was his wife whom some fisherman had brought off the rocks when the vessel sunk!

#### ANECDOTES.

THE circumstance of Dr. Lettome having liberally subscribed 30l. for flannel waistcoats, blankets, and other comforts for the soldiers, although as a Quaker, he could not contribute to military measures, reminds us of one of that society, who, being asked to subscribe towards the erection of a new church, replied, "Friend, I cannot consistently subscribe towards building thy church, but I will give thee 100l. to pull the old one down."

This again reminds us of another anecdote of a Quaker who had the command of a trading vessel which had to encounter an enemy's lugger on the voyage. His principles forbade him to fight direct; he therefore resigned the command to the mate. In the course of the action, however, things did not go on to his liking, and he addressed the mate in the following terms:—"If thou meanest to hit the enemy, friend, thou shouldst point thy guns a little more abaft."

A YOUNG pert prating Lawyer, one day boasted to the facetious counsellor Costello, that he had received five and twenty guineas for speaking in a certain cause. "And I," said Mr. Costello, "received double that sum for bolding my tongue in the same cause."

A GENTLEMAN of Leeds, in his description of his eloped wife, says, "she has a tongue that cuts like a razor."

#### BOSTON THEATRE.

ON Monday Evening, will be presented, for the fifth time in Boston, the celebrated comedy in five acts, called, *John Bull*.—At the end of the comedy, *A Lyrical Epilogue*, by Mr. Bernard.—To which will be added, a Farce, called the *Jew and Doctor*.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Historical remarks, being on a subject which has lately occasioned much political discussion, we must decline inserting.

Lines "To Nancy," very pathetic indeed—but we advise the author to send them to Nancy herself, without exposing them to the public eye.

#### HYMENEAL REGISTER.



MARRIED]—At Andover, Mr. Nathaniel Frothingham, jun. of this town, to Miss Hannah Peters.

In a recent English paper, the following whimsical account of a marriage is given: "On the 14th inst. Thos. Freeman, formerly of Leeds, but now of Wakefield, *Æt.* 70, to Sarah Preston, *Æt.* 84. An amour had subsisted betwixt this tender pair for 17 years, and though about two years ago the rogue Cupid, in one of his frolics, had dashed the cup of bliss from their lips, yet all subduing love prevailed; and a few days previous to the marriage, Venus eloped from the work-house, flew with rapture to the arms of her conquering Adonis, and implored Hymen to unite their future destinies. Even the Gods cannot resist the fair. The petition was granted."

"At Newton, on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Grafton, Mr. Josiah Bacon, mer. of this town, to Mrs. Agnes Hope, of the former place."

In this town, Capt. Eliza T. Homes, to Miss Elizabeth Ball—Mr. James Murphy, to Miss Betty Mosely—Mr. Paul Pritchard, to Miss Jane P. Roulstone.

#### OBITUARY.



DIED]—At Charlestown, Mrs. Elizabeth Holden, *Æt.* 70, wife of Mr. Nehemiah H.—At Roxbury, Mr. Stephen Payson, jun. *Æt.* 27. At Weston, Miss Nabby Lamson, *Æt.* 14—At Alexandria, Mr. George Kilton, formerly of this town, *Æt.* 31.—At Leominster, Mr. Nath. Vose, *Æt.* 66, formerly of Milton—At Lancaster, Miss Lydia Thurston, *Æt.* 29.

In this town, Capt. Richard Whellen, *Æt.* 67; Mr. Nathaniel Copeland, *Æt.* 38; Mrs. Mary Harris, *Æt.* 84;—Mr. Thomas Appleton, housewright, *Æt.* 60; Mrs. Mary Wheeler, *Æt.* 71, wife of Mr. Thomas Wheeler, turner; Mr. Levi Taylor, wheelwright, *Æt.* 30—Mrs. Mary Coffin, *Æt.* 76, wife of the late William Coffin, Esq.—Mrs. Hannah Luckis, *Æt.* 67.

#### THE HIGHEST PRIZE!

THE highest prize yet drawn in South-Hadley Lottery, is 500 dollars, although it has completed one third of its drawing. The following very valuable prizes are yet in the wheels, viz. 1 prize of Ten Thousand Dollars—1 of 3000—1 of 1500—6 of 1000—2 of 750—8 of 500—and 76 of 100—besides a great proportion of 50 and 20. *30* A few warranted undrawn tickets, for sale by GEORGE T. DEAN.

Dec. 3.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THE STORM.

THE murky clouds, frown horrible,  
And low'ring o'er the hills, denounce sad havoc.  
Quick thro' the gloom, the forked lightning breaks;  
Then straight is heard, a growling sound, aloof:  
But nearer now with direful hideous glare,  
Flash upon flash, bursts out sulphureous,  
While horrid peals of thunder rend the air.  
Convulsing heaven and earth; the belching clouds  
With copious inundation drench the fields.  
"In every breast war fear despotism reigns."  
O! for the innocence of that sweet babe,  
That smiling sits upon its mother's knee,  
Regardless of the death denouncing war!  
Ah! see—the oak, beneath whose friendly shade  
To "rural minstrelsy" at eve we dance,  
Is cleft throughout.

EDWIN.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT &amp; DEAN,

MEETING with the following song the other day,  
in a volume of *old and odd* poetry, I was so pleased with the  
advice it contained for jealous wives and mistresses, that I  
copied it for your entertaining miscellany—it is said to be  
written by MAT. PRIOR, and addressed to his favourite  
Cloe. If you think it worthy, give it a place, and oblige  
A FRIEND.

DEAR Cloe, how blubbered is that pretty face,  
Your robe all unbound, and your hair quite uncurl'd;  
Prithee quit this caprice, and as old Falstaff say's,  
Let's e'en talk a little like folks of this world.  
How can you presume you have leave to destroy,  
Those beauties which Venus but lent to your keeping;  
Those eyes were design'd to inspire love and joy,  
More ord'nary eyes will serve people for weeping.  
To be vexed at a trifle or two which I writ,  
Your judgment at once, and my passion you wrong,  
To take that for sense which could scarce be call'd wit,  
Adzooks! must one swear to the truth of a song.  
The God of us verse-men, you know child, the sun,  
How after his journey he takes up his rest;  
If at night o'er the world 'tis his pleasure to run,  
At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.  
So when I am weary of wand'ring all day,  
To you, my delight, in the evening I come;  
No matter what beauties I see in a day;  
For they are my visits; but you are my home.  
Then finish dear Cloe, this heart chilling war,  
And let us like Horace and Lydia agree;  
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,  
As he was a poet sublimer than me.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THE KISS—A SONG.

BEHOLD my fair, that loaded Bee,  
Rich with the spoils of many a flow'r,  
There mark if any trace you see,  
Where the fly thief impress'd his pow'r.  
No, no! each flow'r is still the same,  
The same in colour, form, and smell,  
You know not whence the booty came;  
Yet it is honey—bees can tell.  
Belinda, cease then to repine,  
At my too fondly ravish'd kiss;  
To me it was a bliss divine—  
And you lost nothing you can miss.

JUVENILE.

## THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

THE green-house is my summer seat;  
My shrubs displac'd from that retreat,  
Enjoy'd the open air:  
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song  
Had been their mutual solace long,  
Liv'd happy prisoners there.  
They sang as blythe as finches sing  
That flutter loose on golden wing,  
And frolic where they list;  
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,  
But that delight they never knew,  
And, therefore, never miss'd.  
But nature works in ev'ry breast;  
Instinct is never quite suppress'd;  
And Lick felt some desires,

Which, after many an effort vain,  
Instructed him at length to gain  
A pass between the wires.

The open windows seem'd to invite  
The freeman to a farwell flight;  
But Tom was still confin'd;  
And Dick, although his way was clear,  
Was much too generous and sincere  
To leave his friend behind.

For, sitting on his grated roof,  
He chirp'd and kiss'd him, giving proof  
That he desir'd no more;  
Nor would forsake his cage at last,  
"Till, gently seiz'd, I shut him fast,  
A prisoner as before.  
O ye, who never knew the joys  
Of Friendship, satisfied with noise,  
Pandango, ball or rout!  
Blush, when I tell you how a bird  
A prison, with a friend, prefer'd  
To liberty without. : : : : *Cowper.*

## EPIGRAM.

In days of ancient wickedness,  
"Curst Ham discover'd nakedness":  
Now nakedness, in nymph or dame,  
Retaliates just, and shews us, HAM.

## THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## SINCERITY; A NOVEL

## IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

## LETTER XXII—SARAH TO ANNE.

Dublin, February 13th, 1779.

MY daughter, (said Mrs. Bellamy) was at the age of  
seventeen, married to Mr. O'Donnell, who was past thirty  
—that, however, was of no consequence; a disparity of  
age, unless very great indeed, not being of the importance  
it is generally supposed to be, to matrimonial felicity; es-  
pecially when the superiority is on the man's side. O'Don-  
nell was handsome, lively, and had the manners and edu-  
cation of a gentleman; his fortune was not large, but this  
I did not discover until some months after their marriage.  
Caroline was my only child. I had a genteel annuity on  
which I lived, and her appearance had been always such,  
that he supposed she had a very considerable fortune.  
Did you know he had those ideas?

I knew but very little about the business until it was  
completed. My daughter was on a visit to a friend in the  
country; O'Donnell saw her, admired her, and persuaded the  
filly child to go off with him to Scotland.

Had your daughter any reason to think, had you known  
of her intended connection, that you would have disap-  
proved, or endeavoured to prevent it?

I don't know that she had; but she was the very child  
of romance, and loved every thing that wore an air of mys-  
tery, and required a little manœuvring to execute.

Then I should rather call her the child of intrigue.

The old lady coloured, and repeating in rather an el-  
evated key, the word *intrigue*, was silent for a moment, and  
then proceeded.

When they returned from this imprudent excursion, they  
came directly to London, and to my house. I was in some  
measure prepared for it; for the lady whom Caroline had  
been visiting, wrote me word of their departure, and she  
herself addressed a letter to me from York, where she stop-  
ped a few hours in her way to Scotland. I received them  
with cordiality, and indeed, imagined I had no reason to  
be displeased with my daughter's choice; as from every  
appearance about O'Donnell, his dress, his expenses, his  
equipage, &c. I concluded him to be a man of independent  
fortune. The house I lived in was neat, but not spacious.  
O'Donnell loved company; our style of living did not suit  
his extravagant turn; he one morning, about three months  
after his marriage, hinted that it would be more conven-  
ient and agreeable to have a larger house and more ex-  
tensive establishment.—"Well, Sir," said I, "why then do  
you not take a larger, have it fitted up to your own and  
Caroline's taste, and remove to it?" I am glad to have you  
continue your visit to me as long as is agreeable, but it is  
certainly time you thought about an establishment of your  
own. I wish Mrs. Darnley, you could have seen the  
woe-begone countenance of the man, when I made this re-  
mark; his cheeks lost their animated hue, his lips trembled,  
and deliberately setting his cup of tea on the table, he re-  
plied, "I shall be happy, Madam, to provide your daugh-  
ter such an establishment, when you have paid her for-

tune; you say it is time we thought of a removal, only that  
I have been waiting in daily expectation of your leading  
to this subject, and making this necessary settlement, I  
should have spared you so protracted a trouble; besides  
which, I thought my dear Caroline would not wish to be  
separated from her mother; and intended, whenever this  
arrangement should take place, to have given you an invi-  
tation to reside with us; and even now, if she prefers this  
house, we will remain in it, and shall be highly honoured  
in having you make a part of our family; but—but—my  
wife must be mistress in her own house, and preside at her  
own table."

"When she has a house of her own, Mr. O'Donnell,"  
I replied, "she may do so, but I beg leave to retain my  
place and my authority over my own family; and to ex-  
press my thanks to you for the honour you have done me  
in requesting me to become a visitor, where I have a right  
to command, but I beg leave to decline it. As to what  
you hint about Caroline's fortune, I am at a loss to under-  
stand you; who ever told you that she had any?"

"It was a general received opinion in the circle where I  
first became acquainted with her; and when I, through the  
medium of a friend, enquired particulars of the lady at  
whose house she then resided, I received for answer, that  
her property was supposed about fifteen thousand pounds.  
—Otherwise—" "You would not have married her,"  
I said with quickness.—"By my soul, Madam, had I not  
thought her secure in independence, I would not."

"Upon my word, she is infinitely obliged to you."

"She ought to be, from the first moment I saw her, I  
found my tenderness powerfully awakened; every succeed-  
ing interview, tended to heighten my admiration, and in-  
crease my passion. But elevated as she appeared to be, a-  
bove my hopes; educated as she had been, and accus-  
tomed from infancy to all the elegances, all the indulgences af-  
fluence could procure, I should never have dared to breath  
the smallest word that might have betrayed my secret, had  
she not, by a thousand innocent, indescribable actions, given  
me reason to think I was not indifferent to her. Nor even  
then, would I have been the selfish villain, to desire to u-  
nite her destiny with mine, and plunge her into compar-  
ative poverty; but being told, her own fortune would se-  
cure to her those conveniences she had been accustomed  
to enjoy—I spoke, was accepted; and most happy in re-  
ceiving her hand at the altar."

"And no doubt, Sir," said I, "the hand of an automa-  
ton, would have been received with equal rapture, had you  
supposed it conveyed to you the right of receiving fifteen  
thousand pounds?"

"No, by heavens," he replied with vehemence, "I  
loved her for herself; and if in that particular, I have been  
deceived, I only lament it for her sake."

"You have been deceived most egregiously; Caroline has  
no fortune."

"So be," said he, throwing down a pamphlet, (with  
some emotion of chagrin) which he had been perusing  
previous to the commencement of our conversation: "So  
be it, I have a small estate in Ireland, the yearly revenue  
of which is about two hundred pounds; if she will go with  
me thither, and be content with so limited an income, I  
will devote my life to her service and happiness; and by  
following the profession for which I was educated, name-  
ly, the law, I will endeavour to add to the comforts, and  
may, by industry, in time, even procure for my beloved  
Caroline, the elegancies of life. And to convince you,  
Madam, that I had no intention to commit depredations on  
your daughter's property; here is a writing, (continued  
he, rising and unlocking a small writing desk, which stood  
in the parlour) properly executed for a settlement: it only  
requires sums to be specified, and signatures annexed, to  
make it binding, even to the utmost extent of her supposed  
fortune."

"He must have been a man of a liberal spirit," said I,  
interrupting Mrs. Bellamy.

"He was a man of most consummate art," said she.

"Was your daughter present," I enquired, "during this  
conversation?" "No," she replied, "she left the room the  
moment it began."

"How did O'Donnell explain the mystery of his splen-  
did appearance, with his contracted finances?" I asked.

"You shall hear," said she.

And so shall you, Ann, another time, but now I am too  
weary to add any thing more; but the most fervent prayer  
that health, peace, and prosperity may be the constant at-  
tendants of the chosen friend of my soul.

Adieu,  
SARAH.

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[ 25 ]

# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE :

## OR, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S MISCELLANY.

Vol. II.]

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 10, 1803.

[N° VII.]

### MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### THE PASSENGER—N° XI.

AT the inn where we dined, we noticed a woman, whose disconsolate manner and dejected countenance, so interested the sympathy of the passengers, that some questions respecting her were put to the hostess, who informed us that she was a relation of the family, some time since married to a creature of so malignant a disposition, that it was affronting to the brute creation to call him a beast. She then proceeded to give us some particulars of the base treatment her kindred woman had suffered, and concluded with observing, that her constitution and her heart were broken, and that the cheerfulness of one of the sweetest tempers she ever knew, was turned to a settled melancholy. But it is not likely, said she, that her feeble frame can long sustain the shocks it has to endure, for she appears to me to be pretty near the end of her sufferings. Some of the passengers appeared to be shocked at the narration which the land-lady had given us, and I took the liberty of asking her, why the friends of the lady did not appeal to the laws for redress.—Because, said she, *you men* make the laws, and you have made none whereby the abused, insulted, and tormented wife can find redress. The force of her reproof summoned a blush of confusion, which I felt, as if I had actually been a member of a legislating body. The Doctor observing my embarrassment, said it was too true, that the laws were extremely lax on this subject, as they only afford to an injured wife the solitary relief of a separation from her husband and children; and nature had bound the mother in maternal ties of affection to her offspring, which no sufferings could destroy or relax.

When prompted to the narrative, our conversation was continued respecting the unhappy woman we had seen; when the Doctor remarked, that it had ever appeared to him that some correction was wanting in our laws, to curb the tyranny of a base husband, over an unoffending wife, whom he had voluntarily bound himself to protect and to cherish. In other cases, said he, men are bound to fulfil their obligations according to their tenor; if this same cruel husband had promised a sum of money, the laws would oblige him to pay it;—he was proceeding, when Mrs. Short Metre interrupted him with:

*Ab, they are both in the fault.*

Do you know them then?

No.

How is it then possible to decide that both are in the fault? Do no instances exist of the strong oppressing the weak? Is human nature so perfect, that no aggression is ever offered by baseness, to the injury of feeble innocence, without a fault having been previously committed to deserve that injury?

This is another instance, said he, of a general public evil, which wants a remedy. It is a disgrace to nations which call themselves civilized, that in any case power is permitted with impunity to put its cloven foot on the neck of weakness. How odious would that being appear, who nerved in health and strength, should exercise that strength over the sick and debilitated? And where is the difference between weakness produced by infirmity, and that which exists in the feebleness of constitution or the delicacy of sex? The injury is as sensibly felt in one case as in the other, and the sufferer is as unable to maintain an equality, by opposing weakness to strength. It is only custom which has made the difference, while reason and justice pass the decree of condemnation equally on both.

As the laws present no redress for the sufferings of the tortured wife, such a council as I have proposed, might interpose their kind offices, and if they should fail of reducing a wretch to reason, they might at least confine him within the bounds of decency.

If only individuals were sufferers in this general calamity, the case would not so loudly demand the interference of public attention; but where families of children are brought up for destruction, in consequence of this spirit of tyranny, which annihilates maternal government, the public tranquillity is impaired and its morals vitiated. It is therefore of public as well as private concern, that decent

conduct be enforced, on such beings as are unfit to dwell in society, without coercive measures, binding them to their duty.

These instances which are so common, said the Doctor, of cruel and tyrannical husbands sporting with the rights of the unhappy beings, who are subjects of their arbitrary wills, often, too often, call to my mind, a recollection of the following story, which I some years since met with, in an old publication. A young man who had been brought up by indulgent parents, under no controul but that of his own will, at their death came into possession of their immense estate, to which he was sole heir. He purchased a retired seat in the southerly part of Europe, and employed numerous emissaries, to bring him intelligence of the most beautiful and amiable unmarried women, which were to be found in the country—as his heart was incapable of a tender or generous passion, it was a matter of no consequence who his wife should be, provided she was the best piece of goods of that kind which could be procured; he held the transaction in no other light. With these views, and the assistance of his spies, he found one of the most lovely of the sex, and surmounted no great difficulties in obtaining her for his wife, as he was young, handsome and rich; which last circumstance would have commanded the approbation of the lady's parents, if the man had been as deformed in body as in mind. They were at the time of his application endeavouring to force their daughter to a marriage with an old man, because he was rich; but finding the other much more so, they readily acquiesced in the proposal, which was accepted by her, rather than to be forced into the arms of age and infirmity. She was immediately after marriage, carried to her husband's seat, which was many leagues distant; here she was considered by him as a piece of brittle furniture, which required watching. A dissolute character set his eye on her, and found means to make a proposal, which she refused, as the highest law, and consequently spurned him with indignation. His disappointment and disgust, produced a determined endeavour to obtain revenge, which, by knowing the husband's baseness, he accomplished. Whenever he could by any means obtain information of the husband's going to the city, he would place himself after dark near the house, so as to be seen going from it, by the husband when he returned in the evening. A few instances were sufficient to produce the spirit of jealousy, which the villain sought to excite. The husband, without communicating his suspicions or design, caused a small room to be erected, with double walls, in the centre of a large one; openings were left for the admission of air, through each wall, but not opposite to each other, so that not a ray of light could enter;—the entrance to this room was a kind of porch equally dark—a door to each was so fixed as to be unfastened or secured at pleasure by a person outside, but not inside;—a rug and a blanket were placed in the room, which with one exception, was all the furniture it contained; with these accommodations his wife was forced into the room, and there secured;—a small quantity of water was carried her in the morning, a few ounces of bread at noon, and as much meat in the evening;—these were at their seasons placed on a shelf in the porch, after which the outer door was secured and the inner one unfastened, that she might obtain the food which was allowed her, without speaking to a fellow mortal, or seeing a ray of light. After some months it was observed that she only ate the bread and the meat, leaving the water nearly undiminished.

But an offensive stench in a few weeks after, obliged them to open the room, when they found her corpse in a rapid state of decay. On examining the porch, it was discovered that the rats had made a passage into it, and consumed the bread and the meat, which had been regularly placed there.

Within about two years, a felon who was condemned to be executed, sent for the husband and informed him that the tortures of his mind were such, that he could not die satisfied, without making the communication, that he was the person who had been seen going from the house, and his reason for inventing the stratagem, was the indignation, with which that best of women had treated a dishonorable proposal from him. But, said he to the husband, I wish to add to my confession; this one remark.—If there is a pit-

gatory for me, there is a hell for you.—The influence of this man's confession, and the severity of his remark, produced from the husband, one of the best acts of his life—for he returned immediately home and shot himself.

Now, said the Doctor, turning to Mrs. Short Metre, if you had been witness of these circumstances, I suppose you would have said—*Ab! they are both in the fault.*

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### LETTER IV.

\*\*\*\*\* AUGUST 30, 1790.

#### ON HABIT.

*My young friend,*

IN writing to some of your companions, I have generally taken up some one virtue, or fault, in the conduct of young ladies, and discussed it at considerable length. But my time at present will not permit me to be very particular. I will submit to you a few remarks on the force of habit, and beg you to excuse my neglect of method.

It has been said a thousand times that, "use is second nature;" and the saying will always be true. Experience daily teaches us, that however unpleasant certain persons, manners, and fashions may be to us at first, yet by frequently seeing and using them, they become tolerable, if not engaging and necessary. The effect of habit and example is however much greater on young persons, than on persons advanced in life; because the former act, almost entirely, as they see others act. This should teach you extreme caution concerning the examples which you imitate, and the habits which you adopt. At this period of life, you cannot imagine of how much importance it is, that you habituate yourself to a mode of conduct, which shall endear you to your friends and the world. For, should you now be swayed by opposite passions, you will during life perhaps lament the unhappy consequences.

Cherish then, my dear young friend, all the mild and amiable virtues, that adorn humanity. Make the modes of your behaviour those, who to hearts warmed with christian benevolence, unite the graces of christian deportment. Accustom yourself betimes to govern that unruly member the tongue, which often becomes a sword in the hand of a murderer. Subdue those little envious risings against a beautiful neighbour, which sometimes impair, and always disturb the loveliest features. On the contrary, let your eyes more brightly sparkle at the happiness of your friends. Teach your soft voice the softer accents of just commendation; and do not blush to own, that the lustre of your charms is borrowed from virtue.

Thus enchanting and beloved, you will enter on the opening scenes of life with every possible preparation in your favour. With an habit of kindness, you will not offend; and with an habit of candour you will not easily be offended. Accustomed to industry, time will never need killing: used to do good, you will never want employment in a world of ill: habituated to self government, you will avoid vexation and discontent. With such habits, you will be superior to inconveniences, which are distressing to others. In situations, where they would be wretched, you will be happy. You will be able to make a palace of a cottage, and in every garden to behold the beauties of paradise. I am, &c. &c.

*High \*\*\*\*\**

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & LEAN,

PERMIT me, through the medium of your entertaining Miscellany, to address those of your fair readers who are desirous of negotiating for a matrimonial partner. I prefer this mode of addressing them, for the freedom which it allows me of speaking of myself, and for the speedy consummation of any wishes to which it may lead. I shall not, however, because I learned from view, be the least scrupulous in tracing my person, circumstances and disposition with the pencil of truth.

Of my person, I may say in very few words, that if it be not such an one, as a lady of the sort would signify with the epithet, *decent*, it is not meretricious and flashy, though ever so squeamish, would call for any more such an epu-



would fail to be titled "*handsome*" by old maids, desirous of bidding adieu to what, with a forced smile, they term a state of "single blessedness." If my person does not dazzle the eye, it will give it no disgust, and if the female novel reader does not desert in it the hero of her favorite novel, neither will she compare it with the innumerable monsters so shocking to the imagination of a female, but of which, notwithstanding, they so frequently read.

My situation in life with regard to affluence, may not be very inviting, inasmuch as it does not enable me to "ride in my carriage;" but it is one with which I am well content, and from which I extract all my happiness, (except that which results from diffusing it to others,) that I could possibly derive from the possession of the Indies. I have a decent competence, sufficient to supply all my reasonable wants, to enable me to join such few parties of pleasure, as I have an inclination to, and generally to relieve, in a good degree, such objects of distress, as come within my knowledge. With this I am, and ever should be satisfied; but if active industry, and good business, with a permanently established reputation, will enable me to add to my little fortune, it may one day be such as to enable those who possess it, to enjoy a little paradise upon earth, from the misfortunes they will have it in their power to alleviate, and the casual acts of charity they cannot but have occasions to perform. My mansion house is situated in the country, about five miles from the metropolis, and wants, in my mind, no other embellishment than the presence of an amiable woman. It has every convenience; but the little elegance it may possess, consists in plain simplicity. It is situated on an eminence, and commands an extensive and beautifully variegated prospect. Fronting it, is a small garden, which yields in summer, exclusive of the shade of its numerous trees, a profusion of the most delicious fruit, and which has, at a remote corner of it, an arbour calculated for retirement and solitude, or for friends to converse in. The house has also before it, two large elms, venerable for their antiquity, and at each angle gracefully waves the poplar. At a little distance from the back part of it, is a grove of pines, with a small but perfectly transparent river, pursuing its course in irregular windings through it. This river is at the foot of the eminence on which my dwelling is situated, and is gained by a gradual but lengthy descent. On the bank of the river, is erected a very small, but neat little building, lined with lolling chairs and sofas, for the accommodation of such of my friends as are fond of meditation, in which they are aided by the gentle fall of the waters about them, and the enchanting notes that during a moonlight summer evening, issue from the surrounding grove. It has at that time a very picturesque and romantic appearance, and is, indeed, my own favourite place of resort; for however I may condemn the effect of romance in *writing*, I certainly shall have no objection to it in *prospect*.

The disposition of my mind is variable. I am at times melancholy, and at others entertaining. My melancholy is not however of a morose and peevish nature; but of that species, from which, if it be uninterrupted, sensations of the highest order of bliss, flow in the most happy succession. Though variable in this respect, I think I should be uniform in kindness and affection to the object of my love; and that though, I may have my peculiarities, my aspect would seldom, if ever, be clouded in her presence from trifling causes.

Mutual love, arising purely from an admiration of each others virtue, exclusive of all external attractions, I think an indispensable requisite, and that without it, marriage is of all others, the path to be avoided in pursuit of happiness. I should not however, enter the matrimonial state, with the fashionable but false expectation of *living upon love*, of being equally happy in one situation as another, provided, as the term goes, the *dear mistress of my heart* be with me, nor with the puerile supposition, even if my most sanguine wishes should be realised, that *I alone* have been blessed in matrimony. It is sufficient to say on this head, that I respect talents and acquisitions, and admire goodness and virtue, as much as any man; and that the woman who unites these with a disposition and fancy similar to my own, I should love—not adore—should be enraptured with her—but not entranced, provided withal, that she be *handsome*. I make use of the word "*handsome*," to denote, that I should not require elegance of person, but that I should not be satisfied with any thing below a *mediocre* beauty, for however this article may shrink in the comparison with sense and virtue, it heightens, notwithstanding, almost to divinity, the exercise of mental and moral virtues.

My most delightful employment, is reading, and to give an idea of my taste, I mention that Virgil's Eclogues, the works of Thomson, Cowper, Beattie, and others of this

description, are my favorite authors; placing however, at the head of them, the immortal Shakespeare, whose works I read again, and again with renewed pleasure. My library contains not only these, but the works of all the poets whom Johnson is the Biographer, together with the most esteemed books of Religion, Morality, Literature and Amusement. The variety is such, as that every taste may be suited.

I beg leave very formally to mention, that I am an enemy to every species of ill-natured contention, as it would certainly be the means of throwing me into a decline sooner than fifty most inveterate colds, "for I am," by nature, "a very peaceable man." Of good-natured discussion I am very fond, and sometimes of disputation, when the person with whom I dispute, does not mistake argument and general satire, for head-strong peevishness and personality.

I am persuaded, that if happiness cannot be found at home, it will be in vain to seek it elsewhere; and that when domestic felicity shall be destroyed, life with me, will have lost almost all its value. From this I infer the importance of having a wife whose countenance shall be illumined with affectionate smiles, and the benignity and gentleness of whose aspect shall prove the mirror of a sweet and even temper; who shall feel pleased on my return from the harassing labours of the day, and who should endeavour to promote the ease, tranquillity and happiness, which one reasonably expects to find in the bosom of domestic love. A woman of this description, I trust no exertions of mine would be wanting to render as happy as I should feel myself, from the reflection, that she belonged all to me.

Though attached to home, I am also at stated times attached to company, and to short excursions of pleasure.—To know the world, except to a dull being, must always afford the means of instruction and amusement; an intercourse with it, extended by travelling with an agreeable companion, would be to me, of every description of happiness, the most desirable.

Exclusive of domesticity, my mansion house is occupied only by myself and an aged mother, the gentleness of whose disposition, wholly free from the petulance of age,—the uniformity of whose endeavours to please—her wisdom and goodness, united with her mild and venerable aspect, render her to me, my best monitor and most agreeable companion, and are qualifications which cannot fail of engaging her in the esteem of others, nor of making it a misfortune for those who have once known her to be parted from her. She must reside with me, until it shall please Heaven to take her to himself.

Should this hurried, imperfect, perhaps unconnected sketch of my person, circumstances and ideas of matrimony, meet the approbation of any of your fair readers, I shall be happy to cultivate an acquaintance with them, with your permission, through the present medium.

T. O.

## AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### AMUSING INFORMATION,

Concerning the CREEK INDIANS, communicated by a gentleman who resided some months among them.

[GOING into this country, says the writer, at the southern corner of it; travelling up the Chatahoocsee River to the Coweta district—from thence, crossing the country westward, to little Tallassee, and by coming out of it, by the route through all the districts and tribes, of the upper Creeks and Natchez, together with a variety of jaunts and visits to the different towns and villages of the Coosades and Alabamas, and to one general meeting at the Tuckabatches, while residing at little Tallassee, has afforded me a comprehensive view of the whole country, of the lower and upper Creeks, and an opportunity of seeing all their largest villages, and of becoming generally known among them.

The following sheets contain the result of my observations during the excursion.]

TRADITION, handed down from one generation to another, has established a general belief among them (which may be true,) that a long time ago, some strange wandering clans of Indians, from the North West, found their way down to the present country of the Seminolies, there meeting with a plenty of game, they settled themselves in the vicinity of the then powerful tribes of the Florida, and Apalachian Indians, that for some time they remained on a friendly footing with each other; the new comers were titled *Seminolies*, (signifying wanderers or lost men.)

These wanderers from the north, increased, and at length became so powerful a body, as to excite the jealousy of their Apalachian neighbours. Wars ensued, and final-

ly the Seminolies became masters of the country. The remnants of the Apalachians, were totally destroyed by the Creeks in 1719.

In process of time, the game of the country was found insufficient to support their increasing numbers; some clans and families emigrated northward, and took possession of the present district of the Cowetas—having established themselves there, other emigrants followed, and in time, spread themselves eastward as far as the Ockmulgee River, and other waters of Georgia, and South-Carolina, and westward as far as the Tallapoossee and Coosa Rivers, which are the main branches of the Alabama: here they were encountered by the Alabama nation, whom they afterwards conquered; and by restoring to them, their lands and river, gained their attachment, and they were incorporated with the Creek nation.—The Creeks became famous for their abilities and war-like powers, and being possessed of a well watered country, were distinguished from their ancestors (the Seminolies of the low barren country) by the name of Creeks or Muskogees.

The kind soil, pure water and air, of their country, being favorable to their constitutions as warriors, has perhaps contributed to give them a character, superior to most of the nations that surround them.

Their numbers has increased faster by the acquisition of foreign subjects, than by the increase of the original stock. It appears long to have been a maxim of their policy, to give equal liberty and protection to tribes conquered by themselves, as well as to those vanquished by others; although many individuals, taken in war are slaves among them; and they are called the *slave race*, and cannot arrive to much honorary distinction in the country, on that account.

The Alabamas, and Coosades, are said to be the first who adopted the ceremonies and customs of the Creeks, and became part of the nation. The Natchez or Sunset Indians from the Mississippi, joined the Creeks about fifty years since, after being out of Louisiana, and added considerably to their confederative body. And now the Shawanese, called by them Sawanese, are joining them in large numbers every year; having already four towns on the Tallapoossee River, that contain near three hundred warriors, and more are soon expected [To be continued.]

## MEMORY.

FAR from my native vale, and oppressed with the existing evils of life, my mind wandered into the garden of *Memory* to seek for consolation. She led me to the bank where, in my infancy, I had plucked the earliest flowers to deck my garland of delight. We then entered a grove, where all the companions of my youth were assembled, and the song and the dance went round on the daily emerald green. We then retired to a sequestered spot, where the *Muse* seated herself by my side, and taught my faltering tongue to breathe the effusion of my soul. Here I beheld *Fame*, high-seated in the clouds, who I thought, beckoned to me, and held a wreath of laurel in her hand. I then visited many a path where the softer *Passions* attended on all my steps: And where *Hope* and *Expectation* joined us in the walk and pointed out the distant regions of *Happiness*. Absorbed in this vision of *past times*, my mind for a while, forgot its sorrows. The vision was too delicious not to be repeated; until charmed by each sweet remembrance, I resolved to revisit in person the scenes which, in the eyes of *Memory*, appeared so replete with *Enjoyment*!

I arrive!—I retrace them all!—but alas!—what a change!—The hills and the valleys remained, but all beside were so much altered, that they no longer bore resemblance to what *Memory* had represented them! The pastoral stream had been converted into mill ponds, and the groves once dedicated to *Pleasures*, which adorned its margin, were leveled with the ground! "These alterations," said I, may be profitable to few sordid individuals, but they are death to the sentimental traveller who revisits his paternal fields after years of absence." Almost every habitation had undergone a transformation; and I knew not the people that possessed them! Of those that passed me in my walks, few indeed were the faces which I could recognize! But enumerable were those which I had never seen before; and I was a stranger in my native vale! I enquired after the lovely maids, and the youths who had once formed our circles of happiness, and I was conducted to many an urn raised over the relics of juvenile beauty, and to many a stone that covered the remains of many an untimely departed friend! And all these things had happened within the short period of a few years!

My mind sickened at the view, and I found that *Memory* by preserving the scenes of past enjoyments, does but augment the force of existing evils. I returned penitently home, and invoked sleep to repose my agitated spirit—Sleep, which, in the absence of positive pleasure, is the first blessing in life.

## RURAL HAPPINESS.

**PROCEBUS** was sinking, with his wearied couriers into the bosom of the west, when I began my Sunday evening walk. I had not proceeded far down a rural lane adjoining my own estate, when I reached a small cottage. There is a weakness incident to human nature, that of boasting the little good we do—I have it—we all have it. This was a cottage which I had myself built, and placed in a worthy family, whom I had rescued from undeserved oppression. I will endeavour to describe the place and its inhabitants. The ivy and honey-suckle, as if endeared to each other, grew up together! and, in some degree darkened the little window it contained. The door stood open. I entered as usual, without ceremony, and sat down unmolested. In one corner hung a clock, which cried "Cuckoo!" to the departed hour: prints expressive of wonders from holy writ embellished the walls; a turn-up bedstead, a few white chairs, a clean-scoured dresser, with a range of pewter plates above, and brass pots and kettles beneath, constituted their stock of furniture.

The father, whose eyes, age and accumulated sorrow had dimmed, was with the assistance of a pair of spectacles, reading the lessons of the day. His hoary locks hung loosely over his forehead, and gave a venerable aspect to his demeanor: which may be felt, but far out steps the power of language to express. The veneration in which he uttered every sentence, the adoration which he paid to the important truths they contained, and to their divine origin, I can never forget.

On the right-hand side of this venerable and pious instructor, sat his wife. Virtue had been her path through life, and piety her guide. Dressed in all the simple neatness of nature, and dividing her looks betwixt heaven and her family, she formed a sweet picture of attention. Near her sat two children, a boy and a girl: emblems of content, and of rosy blooming health. Their eyes were fixed on their father; and if a tear overflowed his eye, in sweetest unison they wept.

When the old man had finished, he embraced them: and asked of Heaven a blessing for his family, and for him by whose bounty they enjoyed their present happiness. This was more than I could bear! A sigh burst from my bosom; he heard it, and again blessed me. I thanked him. I kissed his innocents; and wishing him and his wife a good evening, put ten dollars into his hand, and returned home, with a heart happy in the bliss which it had promoted, and had felt.

J. W.

## FRIENDSHIP.

IT is said, that the scarcity of any thing increases its value, and that gold and silver for that reason hold the first place among perishable matters; yet it must be confessed, that there is one thing in this world more scarce than those metals, and that is a true Friend if such a thing be at all possible to be found.—There is perhaps too much reason to believe, that though almost every one talks of a Friend and Phoenix, no person has ever yet seen either.

As for fashionable friends, those are every day to be met with; but they are like flies that crowd round a honey-pot, only to rob it of its sweets. Such friends are generally found to resemble swallows, who visit us in the spring to enjoy the approaching warmth of the summer, and quit us as soon as the winter commences. There are few friends who love us equally with themselves, and who will prefer our interest to their own. Men form those connections which are often distinguished by the name of friendship, either out of interest for the sake of conversation and often merely as companions of favorite vices.—Daily experience convinces us, that as soon as fortune forsakes us, our friends turn their backs on us, and no more pleasure in our conversation, and we become unworthy of even being a partner in their vices.

Dionysius the Tyrant, wanting one day to speak with the Prince, his son, sent to him to desire him to come and sup with him. The young Prince, being seated at the table when he received the message, begged to be excused, and assured the messenger, that he would pay his respects to his father as soon as he had finished his supper, and accordingly fulfilled his promise on rising from the table.

When the Prince approached his father, the Tyrant asked him, why he did not come and sup with him? "Because said the Prince, I had five or six friends at my table." Dionysius appeared to be surprised at his son's having so many friends, and asked him, if he were fully persuaded of their friendship? to which the Prince replied, that he had not the least doubt of their sincerity.

Their friendship then (said the father) must be put to the trial, and, for that purpose, order them all to attend you this night in your own apartment. Make them your confidants, and tell them that you have assassinated the Tyrant,

and beg of them to assist you in removing the body, and burying it privately, in order that his death may be kept a secret, until the minds of the people shall be prevailed on to place you on the throne in the room of your father. After having thus experienced their fidelity, come and give me an account of it that you and I may rejoice together on the inestimable treasure you have found in so many friends."

The young Prince executed the orders of the Tyrant, and put the sincerity of his friends to that delicate proof; but how great was his surprise when he found, that of all those who while at supper with full glasses in hand, protested they would cheerfully die to serve him, not one now offered to engage in so perilous an undertaking, and each stole away one after the other!

The Prince acquainted the Tyrant with the ill success of his experiment, when his father wisely said to him. "My son, for the future, take care in whom you place your confidence. Be assured that there are few men so happy in this world, as in the course of their whole lives, to find one sincere friend: and that the friends of the table, as soon as the repast is finished, often secretly despise their benefactor."

## ANECDOTES.

A SPANIARD and a Gascon met together at the same inn in France, and both ordered suppers; the hostess told them she had a nice piece of mutton and a partridge. Each wished to have the latter dish, which was just ready for table. As they were on the point of quarrelling, the hostess, to reconcile them, told them, as she really had but one partridge, unless they agreed to eat together, there was no way to content them; but if you will take my advice, added she, do without it to night, and to-morrow morning, he who has had the finest dream shall be entitled to it; in the mean time, you may make an excellent repast on mutton and fallad. The plan was agreed to: the parties supped, and went to bed. The Gascon, however had watched where the partridge was put, got up in the night and eat it. The Spaniard passed the night in fabricating a fine dream, for the next day. When they met in the morning, the Spaniard hastened to inform the hostess that he had a magnificent dream, having seen the heavens opened, and been received by the angelic choir into the realms of glory. You could not, said he to the other, have had a finer dream. "I saw you enter Paradise," answered the Gascon, "and as I concluded you would never return—I eat the Partridge."

AN unprincipled debtor being informed by his friend, that one of his creditors wished to receive the *interest* as he could not obtain the *principal*; he replied with more wit than honesty, "that it was not his *interest* to pay the *principal*, nor his *principle* to pay the *interest*."

SIR John Barber had a son, who demanded permission to travel. "Go," said the old knight, and *see the world*, provided it *does not see you*."

A MELTING sermon being preached in a country church, all the congregation fell a weeping, except one man, who begged to be excused, as he belonged to another church.

AN extravagant blade, was told that he resembled the prodigal. "No," replied he, "I never fed swine." "A good reason," retorts the other, "the devil would not trust you with his pigs!"

## USEFUL.

## CURE FOR THE BITE OF A SNAKE.

A NEGRO in the act of cutting rice, (says a late Virginia paper,) was bitten on the under part of his foot, by a mockinson snake of great size. The foot soon swelled, and was in great pain; and notwithstanding a free use of sweet oil, plantane, hoarhound, *preparatib alba*, called here rattlesnake's master, &c. the swelling and pain progressed up the legs, thighs and body to the stomach, with terrible symptoms, and intense heat in all the swelling parts.

In this deplorable situation, medical aid was called in: five or six grains of salt of tartar, mixed in a cup of water, were given him to drink, frequently; and the bite was scarified, some water dashed on it out of a mug, and it was washed and kept constantly moist with a strong solution of the salt of tartar in water.

The pain and swelling soon mitigated in the stomach, on taking the medicine, and were totally gone in about half an hour; a purge was then ordered. All the swelled parts were gently rubbed with the solution of the salt of tartar; the treatment was continued through the night. Next morning the swelling and pain in his limbs were much diminished, and the glands of the groin, which had been swelled in pain, were reduced to their natural size. I forgot to mention above, that I threw into the wash, ap-

plied to the bite, a bit of fresh burnt oyster-shell, to give it more activity.

The person has now only some pain in the bite, which I suppose to be owing to one of the animal's teeth remaining in; for the skin of the bitten place is very rough; and on examining the snake's mouth, I only found one large tooth instead of a pair.

I have seen litmus paper turned red by water in which the teeth of a rattle snake had been steeped.

Ley of wood ashes will answer as well as the salt of tartar—and can be made if not at hand, by stirring some ashes in a little water, and running it through a bit of cloth.

## BEST METHOD TO PRESERVE SHEEP SKINS.

TANNED sheep skins are in great demand, for a variety of uses; but for want of proper attention in taking off the wool, the skin is many times so far injured, as scarcely to be worth dressing. The following method will be found beneficial: As soon as the skin is taken off the sheep's back, spread it on a horse or cow! and in six or eight hours, the wool will come off better than in any other way. After the wool is off, spread the skin on a pole, and let it hang in the shade (as the sun is very detrimental to it) until convenient to send it to a tanner. This practice will render sheep skins of four times the value they now are, and save thousands of pounds to the country in a short time.

## RECIPE FOR MAKING RED HAIR BLACK.

BLACK lead and ebony shavings, of each one ounce, of clear water, one pint, boil all together one hour; and when fine, bottle for use. The comb must be often wetted, and the hair frequently combed, and if required to be of a fine black, add two ounces of camphire.

## BOSTON THEATRE.

ON Monday Evening, will be presented, for the first time these three years, the much admired comedy in five acts, called the "*Yew*."—To which will be added (by desire) the musical entertainment of the *Padlock*.

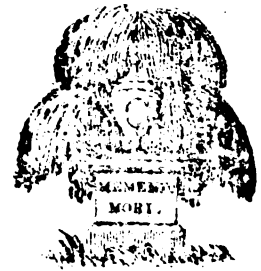
## HYMENEAL REGISTER.



MARRIED)—At Woburn, Mr. Samuel H. Aft, of this town, to Miss Betty Evans. At Milton, Mr. John Minor, of this town, to Miss Eliza Bond. At Waltham, Mr. Moses Holden, of Sherburne, to Miss Priscilla Stearns.

In this town, Dr. Wm. Spooner, to Miss Elizabeth W. Rogers, eldest daughter of the late Jeremiah D. Rogers, Esq.

## OBITUARY.



DIED)—At Watertown, Miss Jane Bethune Hunt, *Æt.* 7 & 6 mo. daughter of Wm. Hunt, Esq. At Bristol, (E.) Mr. Edward Brick, of this town.

In this town, Mrs. Sarah Brinley, *Æt.* 66, wife of Mr. Edward Brinley—Mrs. Rebecca Robbins, relict of the late Mr. Francis Robbins—Mr. Francis Wilmore, *Æt.* 60—Malcolm Fullerton, Esq. *Æt.* 45, of the Island of Tobago; Mrs. Susanah Mock, *Æt.* 41—Mr. Wm. Verhille, miniature-painter, *Æt.* 45—Capt. Allen Nichols, *Æt.* 39, a native of Fairfield, (C.)—Joseph Cuthing Loring, *Æt.* 32 months, son of Mr. James Loring—Yeiter-lav, much lamented, Mrs. Mehitable Cutter, *Æt.* 24, wife of Mr. Ammi Cutter, jun.—Mr. Nathaniel Wheeler, blacksmith, *Æt.* 66—Mrs. Burgham, *Æt.* 45—and 3 others. Total 14.

## POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
SONNET TO SORROW.

NYMPH of dejected mien! with pallid cheek,  
Upon whose brow sits discontent and care;  
Whose tear-swoln eyes the heart of anguish speak,  
Whose sighs betray the influence of despair.  
Why at my side such close attendance pay?  
Why chase all comfort from my sadden'd heart?  
Why darken with thy clouds Hope's cheering ray,  
And from my breast bid every joy depart?  
Thy dire command lo! every joy obeys,  
Departs, and leaves Dejection's empress here,  
Her sceptre with despotic hand she sways,  
And marks each moment with her bitter tear.  
While vain Regret its useless pangs will bring,  
And Disappointment adds her cruel sting.

ELIZA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
HUMAN INCONSISTENCY, OR, THE UNIVERSAL  
PORTRAIT.

SURE of animals existent,  
Man affords the highest mirth;  
Vain, capricious, inconsistent,  
To his burial, from his birth.  
Bless'd, indeed, he is with reason,  
But by various passions tost;  
So that oft 'tis, at a season  
When he needs fit guidance, lost.  
Now by furious wishes hurri'd,  
Light he feels—he treads on air;  
Now, by trifling crosses flurri'd,  
Down he drops into despair.  
Warm in the pursuit of pleasure,  
Deaf to warning and advice;  
Thoughtless, spends he all his treasure,  
Dup'd by every luring vice.  
From his dream of bliss awaking,  
Shame, perhaps, may forrow force;  
Soon he virtue's paths forsaking,  
Runs again his former course.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

IF the following extract is worthy a place in your Magazine, you are at liberty to insert it. A. B.

"DISCREETLY faithful to the hallow'd bonds  
Of pure religion—let us, like her,  
Be mild, compassionate, indulgent, wife;  
Nor sink another in the dangerous flood  
That we may gain the land. Forgiveness shines  
The child of reason. Rancour is the base  
Mishapen progeny of ignorance.  
In this our transient day of pain and grief,  
Sprung from the same great fire; so let us live  
As owning the fraternal tie divine,  
And lighten mutually each others' load.  
We tread the path of life, all bent beneath  
Affliction's galling weight. A thousand foes  
Threaten, with aspect stern, our frail existence,  
Which, always murmuring, we would fain shake off,  
Yet always cherish with assiduous care.  
Our devious passions wander; no support,  
No guide is near; now scorched with fierce desire,  
And now in frozen latitude congeal'd.  
The charms of bland society, at least  
For some short moments, may our pains beguile:  
A remedy too impotent to heal  
The unceasing sting of misery. Wherefore then  
Pollute with venom the few cordial drops  
Allotted us by fate? Methinks I spy

A band of desperate malefactors, clos'd  
Within some dreary prison, who might all  
Each other's woes alleviate, with fell rage  
And menacing destruction (though denied  
The use of other weapons) wield their chains,  
And give alternately the wound of death."

From the "PORT FOLIO."

LET a passage in Johnson's Life of Cowley, never be forgotten by every ambitious scholar.—The true genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction. The great painter of the present age had the first fondness for his art excited by the refusal of Richardson's treatise.

To —

SWEET is Evening's tranquil time,  
When the day of storm is done;  
Sweet the clear cold hour of prime,  
Night just scatter'd by the sun:  
Sweet—but sweeter far to me,  
The dawn of hope diffus'd by thee.

CAMQENS, in the melodious words of his last Translator, thus exhorts to Liberty.

SINCE, in this dreary vale of tears  
No certainty but death appears,  
Why should we waste our vernal years  
In hoarding useless treasure?  
No—let the young and ardent mind  
Become the friend of human kind,  
And in the generous service find  
A source of purer pleasure.

THE ensuing Epigram is one of the archest we have ever perused, at the expense of the cheating relatives of painted Jezabel.

ASPASIA's cheeks, in vermeil drest,  
With tender love my heart inspired,  
My lips her beauteous roses prest'd,  
And took off all that I admired.

THE STAGES OF LIFE.

AT ten a child; at twenty wild;  
At thirty strong if ever;  
At forty wife; at fifty rich;  
At sixty good—or never.

EPIGRAM.

"I'll hold thee a crown," quoth Dick to Ned,  
"You often wrong your neighbour's bed."  
"And I," quoth Ned, "will hold my life,  
"You always had a tell-tale wife!"

## THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL  
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XXIII.—SARAH TO ANNE.

Dublin, Feb. 19th, 1779.

"WHEN O'Donnell made this pompous display of his intended generosity," continued Mrs. Bellamy, "I enquired, with an incredulous smile, why if these were his intentions, he had not made application to me, and had the settlements properly executed, and been married in the face of the world, not artfully to steal my girl away; and having made himself master of her person, of consequence become the sole controul of her fortune. He turned very pale at this interrogation, but protested that it was at the earnest entreaty of Caroline, that he had forborne writing to me; besides, he added, "I was too conscious of the narrow state of my own finances, to wish a strict scrutiny to be made. I perceive, (said he after a moment's pause) that you are surprized at the appearance I have made since my acquaintance with your daughter; I will account for it. I had an intimate friend who, from childhood, had passed the chief part of his time with me; we were play-mates, school-fellows, and pursued our academic studies together; his inclination boding to the law, as well as mine, we finished our studies under the same practitioner; during the last year of our study, we purchased a ticket in the lottery between us, it came up a prize of two thousand pounds; it was suggested by my companion, that with this sum, we might stand a chance by good management, to get wealthy wives; and a bett was actually laid which should get married the soonest, and to the richest lady. We left Ireland together, and having arrived in London, equipped ourselves with every thing becoming men of certain rank.—He bent his course towards Northumberland and Scot-

land, and I took a more westerly circuit. We separated, in order that our pursuits might not clash with each other. The first interview I had with your daughter, convinced me, that there my pursuit must end—I must either obtain her for a wife, or return to Ireland without one; for it was my fixed resolve never to marry any woman whom I could not love, how splendid soever her establishment might be. You have now, Madam, my history; in it I have but one thing to blame myself for, which is, not informing Caroline of my poverty, before the irrevocable vow passed our lips. But I have only to plead in excuse the excess of my passion, which would not allow me resolution to be sincere, least by that sincerity I should lose all that made life desirable; for it was death to reflect only on the bare possibility of being deprived of Caroline, or falling in her esteem."

"Well, Sir," said I, "you have now to make the trial when you have put it out of her power to recede; for I do assure you, she has not more than three hundred pounds in the world; which will be little enough handsomely to clothe her."—I then left the room; on the stairs I met Caroline: "So you have made a fine piece of work with your precipitancy," said I, "your husband is a beggar almost."—But it would be endless to recount all the altercations, bickerings, and ill-nature, that succeeded to this explanation. At length it was agreed that we should all go to Ireland. I sold my furniture, and thinking my annuity, added to their income, would enable them to assume a more respectable appearance. We settled in Dublin, and O'Donnell began to get into practice in his profession; but their annual expenses always greatly exceeded their income, and in less than three years, they were involved in debts and difficulties. Caroline had been noticed by some persons of the first distinction; and this kind of society obliging her to be expensive in her dress, he was continually upbraiding her with her extravagance. At length, he was actually sent to prison; his estate, which he had previously mortgaged to its full value, together with his household furniture, &c. was seized, and Caroline thrown again upon my protection, with her daughter, who was born in the second year of her marriage. We retired to a small inconvenient lodging. O'Donnell saw no probable means of extricating himself from his difficulties. I did not think myself bound to maintain a man, who had acted so dishonourable a part by my child; he was left to endure the punishment due to his folly. In the mean time, Lord Lunden offered his protection to Mrs. O'Donnell; his person was handsome; his offers liberal in the extreme; his manners most prepossessing in the world. Caroline loved him.

"You mistake, Mrs. Bellamy," said I, with a blush of indignation, "she loved her own ease; her own gratification—and if in these distressing circumstances she left her husband, and threw herself into the arms of an infamous seducer, for the sake of affluence and splendour, she is the most contemptible of human beings."

She accepted his Lordship's liberal offers," said the despicable mother, "and I advised her to it."

"Great God!" said I, elevating my hands and eyes, with a look of astonishment and horror:

"What!" said she, with the malignant grin of a demon, "you think yourself so pure and immaculate, that it is impossible you could do such a thing."

"No, no," I replied hastily, "but may Heaven in its mercy never tempt me beyond my strength, or leave me to fall into such guilt and misery."

"Guilt!" she retorted, "Mrs. Darnley, I would have you understand that I think Caroline's leaving her husband, was the most laudable action of her life."

"Do not say," I cried—"do not let me suppose you so lost to honor, to virtue; I can hear no more—permit me to wish you a good night."

She gave her head a half scornful, half complaisant inclination, and I retired to my chamber, too much astonished to sleep; too much depressed to weep.—Adieu. SARAH.

## THE BIG BALE HOISTED OUT!

WELL, and who obtained the permit at the Custom-House therefor? Stop, and you shall know.—Yesterday, No. 16848, came up 10,000 Dollars in South-Hadley Lottery, now drawing, which fortunate ticket was sold a few days since by GILBERT & DEAN, No. 56, State-street, over the Store of Mr. Joseph Pierce, jun.—Notwithstanding this gentle leap of fortune, the wheels are yet in excellent trim, containing the following valuable prizes, viz. 1 prize of 3000 Dollars; 1 of 1500; 6 of 1000—2 of 750; 5 of 500; 64 of 100; besides many of 50, 30, 20, &c. A few warranted undrawn tickets, for sale by GILBERT & DEAN, at 6 Dollars. Dec. 10.

PUBLISHED BY GILBERT & DEAN,  
At their Printing Office, No 56, STATE-STREET, at Two Dollars per annum, one half paid in advance.

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# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE :

## OR, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S MISCELLANY.

Vol. II.]

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 17, 1803.

[N° VIII.]

### MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### THE PASSENGER—N° XII.

AFTER considerable discourse upon the story which had been related, and remarks on numerous instances which had been known by most of the passengers, of the treatment of tyrannical husbands to their suffering wives, the Doctor proceeded with his general system. In every state of society, said he, the poorer classes of the people are at times in want of employment, or tools, or stock, or all of them. If these wants were supplied, others would not exist, except in cases of sickness or of negligence. It is the policy of a state to put it out of the power of the healthy and industrious, to say at any time, that they would be glad to work, but they have not the means. This can be accomplished only by public attention, to furnish employment, stock, and tools, for all who want them, and are unable to obtain them, without assistance. To this end I would propose, that the basement stories of all the tenements should be calculated to be used occasionally as work shops, or as dwellings. Here a number of the simple manufactures might be carried on, with stock and tools belonging to the society, by men who should want employment. With proper inspection, the product of the labor would always amount to as much, and generally a little more than the wages of the workmen, and the stock they consumed; whereby if a gain ever so small should be produced, it would help the general establishment, while the wages given for the labor would help the poor, who might live at small expense with the assistance of the soup-house, which I before mentioned.—Besides this, I would have wheels, and stock for spinning, always on hand, to supply women and children abroad, with the means of earning a subsistence, when their own resources failed. Their labor should be paid for at established prices, on their returning the stock, manufactured into yarn, which should be made into cloth and fold.

But, said the Lady, there would be danger, I should suppose, of their embezzling the stock.

That danger, Madam, I should consider inconsiderable, by delivering small portions at a time, the amount of which would be so trifling, as not to be an object of any consequence, either to the proprietors if lost, or to the spinners if gained, who would have a strong check upon their honesty, by knowing that a single instance of robbing the stock, would be a future bar to their obtaining more; besides the stigma which would be attached to the act. These would be pretty effectual barriers against pilfering from an article of so small value as a single pound of wool, cotton, or flax, which might be a sufficient quantity to deliver at a time, except to those whose probity was known.

I knew such an establishment, said he, which was for some years in operation, and for ought I know, exists still. During the period I knew it, but one solitary instance occurred of the loss of stock, which was one pound of cotton; although many hundreds if not thousands were delivered. The poor were very greatly benefitted by the experiment, and instead of incurring a loss, the proprietors received from the proceeds of sales about six per cent generally, for the interest of their money. As people are maintained cheaper while industrious, than when idle, and as industry prevents many evils which originate in idleness, the benefits which would result to society from such an establishment, under proper regulations, would be incalculable. Hereby men, women and children would be relieved from that interesting complaint, "*I am willing to work, but cannot find employment.*"

But, said the Citizen, your plan is so very extensive, that it must require considerable funds, and the society would not probably be willing to tax themselves to the amount of sufficient sums, for carrying into effect such an extensive, though laudable establishment.

To obviate this difficulty, said the Doctor, I would propose that the society tax themselves only in small sums, say one dollar a year, each member; then to raise a competent fund, my scheme is, that they open a perpetual lottery, to be drawn in semi-annual classes, at stated periods, say if you please, at the equinoxes; that the tickets be always at

an invariable price, and that this price should not exceed two, or two and a half dollars.—I would also have the highest prize invariable, other prizes and the number of tickets to vary as experience might dictate to be expedient. This might be called the CHARITABLE LOTTERY, and to promote its progress, persons might be admitted to subscribe for tickets within a limited amount; for instance, not less than five, nor more than fifty, without giving their money, until after the class should be drawn;—the tickets thus subscribed for to remain in the office, and not to be transferable. By such a convenient establishment, many liberal minded persons would direct the clerk of the office to enter their names as constant subscribers for a given number of tickets in every class, until they should withdraw their subscription.

As the society would not possess this power, and very little of any other kind, without a legal sanction, it would be necessary that they should be incorporated, or very little could be done by them; but *with such sanction* and a moderate share of attention from a few of the members in rotation, A GREAT PART OF THE PUBLIC EVILS WHICH WE NOW SUFFER, MIGHT BE BANISHED FROM THE CITY.

As the stage now entered a town where I was to tarry some days, I left it, but not without sincere regret. The judicious observations of the Doctor, embellished with entertaining and interesting anecdote, had furnished an enjoyment, which is not always to be expected in a public carriage. Upon expressing my unwillingness to relinquish this pleasure, he said that politeness might too highly estimate a desire to please; that it was a duty, the performance of which travellers have a right to claim from each other.—That whether making our way through the crowd and bustle of business; or in the retired engagements of domestic life; or in the more circumscribed limits of a mail-stage, we were compelled to associate with others; and that the least, which was to be expected from each individual, in either case, was a contribution of the general stock of happiness; that the silent, and the growling part of society refuse this contribution; that those who voluntarily pay it, are generally so liberal as to contribute more than their proportion, to make up the deficiency; and this, said he, has been my endeavour, which must be my apology for monopolizing so great a part of the conversation. This endeavour has promoted my own happiness, and if it has succeeded in adding to that of any of the passengers, my object is attained. We parted with mutual good wishes, and the carriage drove off.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LETTER V.—[AND LAST.]

ON MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

\*\*\*\*\* , SEPT. 1, 1790.

My young friend,

SINCE I have had the instruction of misses, it has been my endeavour, not barely to attend to their reading and writing, but to give them, at proper seasons, some moral instructions, which will benefit them hereafter. How far I have succeeded, they will judge. If I may be allowed to form an opinion from the attention and pleasure, with which you, \*\*\*\*\* , appear to receive such advice, I think my trouble by no means lost.

The great and general object of female education has too often been confined to external accomplishments. That to read and to write well; to sing, dance, and move gracefully; to dress with taste, and to acquire an engaging deportment—are matters of some consequence, I do not deny. But where these are esteemed the only things necessary in a young lady, and so much attended to, as to leave the heart and morals wholly neglected, I cannot think the education complete. A moment's thought, I am sure, will lead you to justify my opinion. For do consider that the mind is the noblest part of our nature. How then can you be said to be well educated, unless your mind has been enriched and improved by knowledge? A young lady may indeed appear well in company, and, among the thoughtless of her sex and the fops of our's, pass as a brilliant belle by attention to dress and ornament only; but how will she feel in a circle of the well informed and judicious, who regard not her mode of address, so much as the senti-

ments she utters. Even here, however, her education may be erroneous. Regard should ever be paid to the sphere of life in which we are to move. It would be ridiculous enough, to see a boy who was designed for a chimney-sweeper studying the learned languages; or a young lady of fortune selling pies in the street. Hence also it would be improper for any young lady, who is not totally independent, to be so far conversant with books, as to neglect all concern for domestic economy. Indeed no lady is pardonable for utter ignorance of family affairs: they should ever form an object of capital importance in the studies of every woman.

Notwithstanding there is a difference to be made in the education of females of different rank, there is still a certain knowledge of books and manners, which may be attained by all. I do not wish you and your sisters to study algebra, nor to calculate eclipses, nor to decide on the merit of different forms of government; but I do wish you to retain your senses in company, when a sentiment occasionally drops from the lips of the wise, and when a comparison is made between the writings of such men as Addison and Johnson. Industry and a good management of time will do much towards furnishing our minds with necessary information. This is a matter which few consider sufficiently. Although exclamations on the rapidity of time and the brevity of life are numerous, as the voices of the human race; yet those, who properly realize the truth, are rare as nightingales in our native country.

One thing however amidst all pursuits, whether of business or amusement, ought never to be neglected, and that is religion. Here, my young friend, we all are equally concerned. In this important affair, the young and old, the humble and the opulent, the gay and beautiful, the dull and deformed are alike infinitely interested. Permit me to suggest a single motive to engage your attention to this momentous object. It is love of life. How fine is this day! What charming scenes daily present themselves to your view! Your friends, how numerous and affectionate! Would you live always thus loving and beloved? And at some distant period, exchange the society of your friends for that of angels? "Gather instruction from your youth up; come unto her as one that followeth and followeth, and wait for her good fruits,"—and your happy life shall never have an end.

That you may be thus wise and happy, is the wish of your sincere friend,

Mifs \*\*\*\*\*

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### LE PREDICATEUR—N° I.

"The talk of the lips tendeth only to penury."

IN the reign of Solomon, as well as in our times, the talk of the lips, was generally the preface of poverty. At that day, even among the Jews there were some, who neglected the "main chance," for the unprofitable employment of talking, as may be inferred from Solomon's inserting this remark among his proverbs. Whether his subjects were as great politicians as our citizens, or whether they were allowed to meddle with the affairs of government, or not, we cannot so clearly determine. But if this inexhaustible source of declamation was prohibited, others were not wanting, by which the talking lips of the Israelites might be employed.

Though the few, who remain of that ancient nation, are now more addicted to the talk of the lips that tends to wealth, than that which tendeth to penury; yet there are many of their Gentile brethren, who still closely adhere to the old practice. The son of Crispin leaves his unfinished shoe, and meets his oratorical companions at the grog-shop. Here over a cup of liquor, (and by the way, strong water is a wonderful help to your talking lips) here, the measures of our own government, and those of the great powers of Europe, are minutely scrutinized, and applauded or condemned, as their superior wisdom finds cause. The carpenter lays down his plane, and the shoemaker his yardstick, in order to decide on great political questions, concerning which, men of the best information and abilities have remained doubtful. Among all ranks and conditions, from



the porter upward, there are those, who particularly sacrifice their private emolument to the good of a nation, and neglect their business for the talk of the lips which tendeth only to penury.

To women of talkative lips, also, poverty sticketh closer than a brother. She that loves much talking, loves much company; and much company is attended with much expense. The person and the table must be furnished with things "dear bought and far-fetched." She has no time to attend to the domestic affairs of her family, and they are committed to the care of servants, who pilfer, waste, and destroy. The talk of the lips tendeth only to penury.

I might notice some exceptions, in which the talk of the lips tends to riches. The lawyer would here be instanced. But I shall leave this part of the subject, as the parson says, to a more convenient opportunity.

Dec. 11.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

*"As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."*

MAN was made for happiness, but will not enjoy it; he rather chooses his own way to what he calls happiness, which seldom ends short of misery, but this is owing to the education they receive from their parents.

A young man who is just entering on the stage of life, will generally be guided by that rule which his parents dictated to him in his youthful days. If they be good, he will always deal justly with his fellow-men, he will sympathize with them in their afflictions, and soothe their distresses,—always ready to assist the needy and poor; his superiors, he respects; to the aged he is kind and friendly, and to the youth he is affectionate, and in doing any thing is just, honest, and true.

But on the contrary, if he is educated in a vicious way, in the days of his youth, he will always be given up to dissipation and vice; he will always visit places, where dissipation reigns triumphant.—Gaming—Drunkenness—Debauchery, and every kind of vice he will plunge into; not thinking any thing too bad, but the worse he is, the more he is praised by his associates, which are of the same cast as himself. And when, through dissipation and folly, he is brought so low that he has neither friends, money nor credit, he will be tempted to take up with stealing or robbing his neighbour, which in a short time will bring him to the whipping post, or he will make his exit on the gallows.

Parents who have a family of children will too often use the most profane words, uttering the sacred name of their Maker, in almost every sentence, in the presence of their children, and they cannot but think their children will follow the example, thinking it right so to do, because their parents do the same. A parent cannot correct a child for doing the same he does himself; he ought to consider before he speaks in the presence of his children, for if he speaks a bad word, his children are sure to repeat the same; therefore, parents who have a family of children to educate, if they wish them to be respected and beloved, they must educate them in the love and fear of Him who is the Father of us all; teach them to honor and respect the hoary head, and love their neighbour as themselves; set them good examples and they will obey them; correct them when necessary—but in a moment of passion, consider before you do it, teach them to love and fear you. Then when you are about to quit this world, you can leave it with the consolation, that you have acted well your part towards your children, and they will remember you after you have gone hence, to be here no more, as the parent and friend of their youth. P. E.

### BIOGRAPHY.

#### THE LIFE OF MIGUEL CERVANTES DE SAAVEDRA.

Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra the most celebrated literary character of modern Spain, was born about the year 1549. Neither he himself, nor any authentic biographer, has mentioned the place of his nativity; so that different parts of Spain have laid claim to that honour, with as much zeal of contention as the different places which of old were claimants for the cradle of Homer. The province of Andalusia seems on the whole to possess the best title. His descent is by himself said to have been honourable; and his writings prove that his education must have been liberal; but his own total silence as to the manner in which he passed his youth, and the circumstance of his serving as a common volunteer in the army of Mark Antony Colonna, seems to prove that he had no other patrimony than his sword and learning. When his military service commenced is doubtful; it is certain however, that embarking with the troops under Colonna, on board the fleet commanded by Don John of Austria, he was present at the famous battle of

Lepanto in 1571, where he had the misfortune to lose his left hand by a shot. Either in this expedition, or in his service as chamberlain to cardinal Aquaviva at Rome, he obtained a certain share of wealth; for in his captivity at Algiers during five years and a half, which commenced in 1574, when he was taken by a Barbary corsair, he appears to have been well furnished with money, which he liberally bestowed among his fellow-captives. Several romantic circumstances, but of dubious authority, are recorded of him whilst a slave at Algiers. A large price was paid for his ransom, which together with his subsequent expense of living, probably in the free style of a soldier, entirely exhausted his store. He had already established a reputation for poetical talents in his country, which was much augmented by the publication in 1584 of his "Galatea," a poem in six books, dedicated to Alcanio Colonna. He likewise, either before or after his captivity, or in both periods, composed various pieces for the Spanish theatre, which was then nearly in a state of barbarism, and of which, in its more regular form, he is reckoned one of the fathers. A course of eight years a little accounted for, now elapsed in the life of Cervantes, of the incidents of which scarcely any thing is known, but that he married, was reduced to great distress, and finally was lodged in a jail for debt. In this forlorn situation he composed the work which has conferred immortal honour on his name—his "Don Quixote." As to the serious purpose of it, various opinions have been given, probably with more fancy and subtlety than truth. Perhaps he had nothing farther in view than to write a diverting and instructive satire of the extravagant tales, which under the title of romances, over-ran the age, and prejudiced the taste, at least, if not the manners, of his country. That any thing like practical knight-errantry was the foible of his countrymen at that time, in a supposition not warranted by the state of society; and a soldier and a patriot could not wish to quell the gallant spirit of martial enterprise. But books of chivalry, with their monstrous fictions and affected sentiments, were fair game for a man of wit and sense; nor could they be more agreeably ridiculed, than by displaying their effects on the imagination of a madman, resolved to put their lessons into practice. The first part of this work was printed at Madrid in 1605, and its success was prodigious. It was read by all ages and ranks; its fame spread into foreign countries, and editions and translations of it were multiplied. It seems to have had its full effect in correcting the public taste, and putting a stop to the fabrication of romances. That it also lowered the adventurous spirit of the Spanish nation, and laid the foundation of the timid indolence under which it has since languished, is probably an overtrained conclusion. With respect to the author, it appears to have been the means of liberating him from prison, and obtaining a degree of patronage among the great; but the court and kingdom of Spain have by no act of solid bounty freed themselves from the disgrace of suffering their greatest genius to sink under the depression of habitual indigence. In 1613, Cervantes published his "Novels," which are agreeable specimens of that kind of writing, and became popular. They are of a similar character with some introduced into the adventures of Don Quixote, and display his inventive and descriptive talents in serious story, as the other had done in burlesque. Indeed, Cervantes, though he chose to make fictions of chivalry the object of his ridicule, had much of the romantic in his own composition; and in the points of love and heroism was a true Spaniard, though he discarded the follies of enchantment and supernatural agency. While preparing for the press a second part of his Don Quixote, he underwent the mortification of being anticipated by an Arragonian writer of mean genius, under the name of Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda: who not only debased the original by a very insipid and absurd application of its plan and characters, but loaded the author with much personal abuse. Cervantes, however, reclaimed his right, by publishing, in 1615, a true second part, which thoroughly proved the author of the first who alone capable of an adequate continuation, and which was received with avidity by all who had been interested in the genuine Don Quixote. About this time he also published, a poem, entitled "A Voyage to Parnassus," which was an ironical satire upon the Spanish poetry of his time, and upon the bad taste of patrons. This was more likely to increase the number of his enemies, than to acquire him any substantial favours from the great. Accordingly, such was his poverty at this period, that he was obliged to sell eight plays and as many interludes to a bookseller, for want of means to print them on his own account. The different terms he was upon with the actors prevented his bringing them on the stage; and indeed the rising reputation of Lope de la Vega, had eclipsed that of Cervantes, as a dramatic writer. His last work was a novel, entitled, "The Troubles of Persiles and Sigismunda," which he did not

live to print. In his preface, that humour, which had illuminated the pages of his Don Quixote, still flashes out, and dispels the gloom of poverty and sickness. He relates an adventure which befel him on a journey on horseback to Toledo, with a scholar, who had joined the company, being informed who he was, leaps from his ass in a rapture, pays him high compliments, and in the course of conversation recommends him to a regimen for the dropsy under which he laboured. Cervantes however, excuses himself from complying with his advice. "My life," says he, "is drawing to a period, and by the daily journal of my pulse, which I find will have finished its course by next Sunday at farthest, I shall also have finished my career: so that you are come in the very nick of time to be acquainted with me." An affectionate dedication of this work to his best patron, the count de Lemos, is dated April 17, 1617; and as he mentions in it that he had already received extreme unction, it is probable that a day or two more finished the scene. A licence was granted in the September following to the widow of Cervantes, to print this novel for her own benefit; it was probable the only property this literary glory of his country had to leave.

To enter into a discussion of the character and merits of such an original and unrivalled performance as "Don Quixote," would carry us beyond the limits assigned to the present biographical sketch. Perhaps a critic of the present day would not discover in it all those marks of a transcendent genius which it has been supposed to possess; but a work which has not become a classic throughout all Europe, but which has in a manner obscured the fame of all the other literature of its country, and has enriched every modern language with words and phrases to express new ideas, cannot but rank with the capital productions of the human invention. It would be an endless task to enumerate all the editions of the original, or versions of it, in different countries. They still occasionally appear, decorated with all the heart of an engraver and typographer. The other works of the author meet with few readers out of Spain. His "Novels" have indeed been considerable favourites, but are superseded by more modern productions. His poems and plays are exclusively accommodated to the taste of his country; nor do they seem there to have ranked among master pieces. Port Folio.

### AMUSING.

#### AMUSING INFORMATION,

[Concerning the CREEK INDIANS, communicated by a gentleman, who resided some months among them.]

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

THE Seminolies are in small wandering herds, through the whole country, from the point of east Florida, to the Appalachian River; near which they have Micafuka and some other permanent villages. Their country being sandy and barren, occasions those who cannot live by fishing along the sea-shore, to scatter in small clans and families through the inland country, wherever they can find hammocks of rising ground, upon which they can raise corn, or in other places accommodated with water, which is very scarce throughout the country. They are considerably numerous, but poor and miserable beyond description; being so thinly scattered over a barren desert, they seldom assemble to take black drink, or deliberate on public matters, like the upper and lower Creeks.

The Seminolies are the original stock of the Creek nation, but their language has undergone so great a change, that it is hardly understood, by the upper Creeks, or even by themselves in general.

It is preserved by many old people, and taught by women to their children, as a kind of religious duty, but as they grew to manhood, they forget and lose it by the more frequent use of the modern tongue.

They are more unsettled in their manner of living than any other district of people in the nation.

Their country is a place of refuge for vagrants, and murderers, from every part of the nation; who, by flying from the upper and lower districts to this desert, are able to elude the pursuit and revenge of even Indians themselves.

The term Seminolies (signifying wanderers) is well applied to them, for they are more of them continually shifting from one place to another every year.

The foregoing account of the Seminolies, was given by General Mc Gillivray, who seldom, if ever, has visited the country. He is known to them as their great chief, but few of them have ever seen him.

The Seminolies, are said to be principally under the influence of Jack Kinnard, a rich, Scotch half breed, living on the neck of land, between Flint and the Chattahoochee Rivers, 90 miles below the Cusitah and Coueta Towns.

And of a Spanish half breed chief, living on the Appalachiacoia River, near the Micasuka village, called the *Bully*, but the truth is they have no government among them.

Kinnard is a noted trader, farmer, and herdsman, he has two wives, about forty valuable negroes, and some Indian slaves.—He has from twelve to fifteen hundred head of cattle and horses, and commonly from five to six thousand Spanish dollars in his house, which are the produce of cattle he sells.

He accumulated his property, entirely by plunder and free-booting, during the American war, and the late Georgia quarrel: This raised him to the dignity of a Chief, and enabled him to go largely into trade, by which he supplies all the Indians around him, who are dupes to his avarice. He cannot read or write, and commonly has some mean person about his house to do it for him. He is addicted to excessive drunkenness, and like all half breeds, is very proud of being white blooded. He is a despot; shoots his negroes when he pleases, and has cut off the ears of one of his favourite wives, with his own hands, in a drunken fit of suspicion.

He is of so much consequence in his own country, as to threaten the Spaniards into compliance with almost every thing he demands.

#### ORIENTAL ANECDOTE.

A CERTAIN man went to a dervish, and proposed three questions: first, "Why do they say that God is omnipresent? I do not see him in any place, show me where he is?" Second, "Why is man punished for crimes, since whatever he does proceeds from God; man has no free-will, for he cannot do any thing contrary to the will of God; and if he had power, he would do every thing for his own good." Third, "How can God punish Satan in hell fire, since he is formed of that element; and what impression can fire make on itself?"—The dervish took up a large clod of earth, and struck him on the head with it. The man went to the cazy, and said, "I proposed three questions to such a dervish, who flung a clod of earth at my head, which made my head ache." The cazy having sent for the dervish, asked, "Why did you throw a clod of earth at his head, instead of answering his questions?" The dervish replied, "The clod of earth was an answer to his speech: he says, he has a pain in his head, let him show where it is, and I will make God visible to him: and why does he exhibit a complaint against me? Whatever I did was the act of God; I did not strike him with the will of God; what power do I possess? and as he is compounded of earth, how can he suffer pain from that element?" The man was confounded, and the cazy highly pleased with the dervish's answer.

#### A TATLER.

A TATLER is one of a bad character; tatling dishonours God, hurts mankind, and does not profit the person. How careful then should we be of the character of others; knowing that God also still judges us, and remembering also that our imperfections, and that a good name is what we hold most dear. If we have true charity to mankind, it will lead us to do to them, as we should wish them to do to us. And by thinking of our character, we shall learn how to judge of others.

#### LIGHT ARTICLES

[From the "SALEM GAZETTE," of yesterday.]

THE present fashionable criterion for judging of the moral and intellectual qualities of a man, is not his countenance, but his *drifts*. There goes a *fly close dog*, (says one) *his hands are always in his pockets*—That's an *open hearted, generous fellow*, (says another) *he never buttons his waistcoat*.

THE vulgar saying—"He is a gentleman *all above his head*," applied to one of our modern fashionables, strutting under a beehive-crowned hat, may be construed as reporting that he is at least, *half a gentleman*.

WE should naturally say of those who, as fashion directs, exchange the enormous *padding*, for the simple *close cravat*, that they are *daring fellows*—it is certainly *neck or nothing* with them.

JUDGING from the number of spectacles that are now used, we may emphatically be called a race of *short sighted mortals*.

ONE need scarce be a punster to make the observation, that our young men are much more *collar-ic* than they were wont to be—it may be seen in their faces.

LADIES, with "ten thousand charms," may now certainly smoke a fortune-hunter—a single glance of the eye may determine a man to be a man of *wisdom* or not; as also if he is one of *loose habits*.

IF at present our *understandings* are *left confined* and not so *pointedly abused* as formerly, we may thank our cord-wainers, who risk their *awls* in making them conform to this best, last fashion.

WHETHER or not we are more *cap-able* now than formerly, let our *great coats* witness.

A PERSON who walks in *Spurs* may with justice be thought a coward, if *taking to one's heels* is a proof.

### THEATRICAL REGISTER—No 1.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

"Bid Scenic Virtue form the rising age,  
"And Truth diffuse her radiance from the Stage."

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1803.

THE favourite play of *John Bull*, by Coleman, after being performed seven nights successively to crowded houses, was, on Wednesday eve, Dec. 7, laid aside for the present. It was succeeded on Friday, by the *Merchant of Venice*, Shakespeare, and the *Spoil'd Child*.

The *Merchant of Venice* went off with little applause. The performance, with a few exceptions, was deficient in spirit and interest. But in the *Spoil'd Child*, the audience was amply compensated by the life and excellence with which Mrs. JONES played *Little Pickle*. Repeated bursts of applause, and the reiterated cry of *encore*, manifested the uncommon satisfaction of the house.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1803.

The *Jew*, Cumberland, and *The Padlock*, Bickerstaff.

THE *Jew* gave universal satisfaction, which was liberally expressed during the representation. But the attention and sympathy, the mingled smiles and tears, exhibited by the audience, were a higher encomium on the performance than the loudest plaudits. The parts in general, were extremely well filled; but Mr. BARNARD'S *Sheva* was superior to any thing of the kind which we have ever witnessed. He has taught us, that he can command our mirth or our tears; that he can convulse our sides with laughter, or melt our hearts with pity. The scene between *Sheva* and *Sir Stephen* ought to be particularly noticed.—We were sorry to hear another play announced for the next night: had the *Jew* been repeated, we are persuaded it would have attracted a numerous and respectable audience.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14.

The *Poor Gentleman*, Coleman, and *Rosina*, Mrs. Brooke.

THE *Poor Gentleman* was performed in a manner far superior to our expectation. Mr. PRIGMORE appeared to advantage in *Lieut. Worthington*; and the part of the *Corporal* was respectably supported by Mr. POWELL. Mr. JONES'S *Frederic* possessed, in our opinion, much excellence. It was played with a spirit and discrimination, which we had not before, in that character, seen exhibited on our boards. *Ollapod* could not be represented otherwise than well by Mr. BARNARD; but we think it far inferior to the *Ollapod* of Mr. BATES.

The favourite opera of *Rosina*, while we are favoured with such sweet fingers, will always be a feast to the lovers of song.

HORATIO.

#### USEFUL.

##### BOSTON DISPENSARY.

AT the last annual meeting of the contributors to this valuable and laudable institution, the officers of the previous year were re-elected—and from the report of the managers of the State of the Dispensary, it appears, "that from the 10th of Oct. 1802, to the 1st Dec. 1803, one hundred and sixty-six Patients have been recommended to the care of the Dispensary—of which 140 have been attended to by Physicians of the Dispensary and 26 by other gentlemen of the faculty; of the number recommended, 83 had been cured and discharged; 26 had died, and 53 remain patients, under the care of this useful institution."

##### NEW PERIODICAL WORK.

THE first number of a new monthly publication has been issued from the press of Mr. E. LINCOLN, under the title of the *Monthly Advertiser*. Undiminished by the surrounding wrecks, Mr. L. has pulled his little bark from shore, and committed its fate to the fluctuating gales of public patronage. To insure, if possible, its success, he has taken care to attract the attention of the many, by the beauty of the ship, as well as the richness of the cargo. The work is impressed, with a fair type, on a handsome woven paper, and executed in such a manner, that a volume, handsomely bound and lettered, will be an ornament to any fashionable library. We mention this, for the benefit of

those, who estimate the value of a book according to the beauty of the paper and the printing. The Editor, we are informed, is a gentleman of abilities and a scholar, and is assisted by persons of genius and erudition. With such claims to notice, we hope it will succeed.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Thoughts on the death of a beloved child," are serious and well expressed—shall appear.

We beg leave to decline a very hyperbolic Poem, addressed to the Principal of a respectable Academy; as we are certain any person of sense and delicacy would be disgusted and offended by such a rhapsody of fulsome panegyric.

"Sympathy," is received. The author is requested to inform the Editors, whether he wishes the signature to be printed in the manner he has written it at the end of the Poem.

#### BOSTON THEATRE.

ON Monday evening, the celebrated Drama in three acts, of THE VOICE OF NATURE, with new scenery and decorations.—To which will be added, a favorite comedy called THE LIAR.

#### HYMENEAL REGISTER.



**MARRIED**—At Salem, Capt Samuel Derby, to Miss Lucy Osgood; Mr. Benjamin Peirce, to Miss Lydia R. Nichols; Mr. Josiah Choate, to Miss Sarah Hutchinson. At Milton, Mr. Isaac Saunderson, to Miss Betty Gilly.

#### OBITUARY.



**DIED**—At Salem, Mr. Samuel Silsbee, sen. *Æt.* 73; Mr. John Hanover, a native of Great-Britain. At Attleborough, Miss Ruth Tingley, *Æt.* 35. Her sickness was of a peculiar nature; and the deceased expressed a wish that her body should be opened after her decease, in order to ascertain more clearly, the nature and cause of her complaints. Her parents and friends acquiescing in that wish, it was accordingly done. On laying open the abdomen, a very large excrescence immediately presented itself, which completely occupied all the interior part of it. It was dissected out, and weighed thirty pounds. Several quarts of watery fluid were likewise found in the cavity.—At Medford, Mrs. Elizabeth Warner, *Æt.* 70.—At Concord, Miss Lucy Lee, *Æt.* 22, eldest daughter of Mr. Jonas Lee.

In this town, on Monday last, Mr. George Edwards, *Æt.* 21—Mr. Benjamin Miles, printer, *Æt.* 71—Mrs. Sally Kings, *Æt.* 42, wife of Mr. Godney Kings—Mr. John Melles, *Æt.* 84—Mr. Edward Jones, *Æt.* 57—Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, *Æt.* 35—Mr. George Barber, a native of England, *Æt.* 35—Mr. Martin Ferrell, father—Mrs. Nancy Cox, *Æt.* 24—Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, *Æt.* 35—Mr. Elijah Whiton, *Æt.* 20—Alfred, son of Mr. Wm. H. McNeil, *Æt.* 15 mo. Total 12, for the week ending last evening.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

A COLLECTION of POEMS, by Mrs. S. ROYSON, are prepared for the press, and will speedily be published by GILBERT & DEAN, who offer themselves they shall present them to the public in a style of peculiar neatness and elegance. Subscriptions for the above Poems received at their printing office, No. 56, State-Street—by Mrs. SERAPHEA, Milk-Street—Wm. P. & L. BLAKE, W. PELHAM, and E. LARSEN, Cornhill.

## POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### EPITAPH OVER THE GRAVE OF JULIA.

HER whose remains beneath this stone are laid,  
Was once a virtuous lovely village maid;  
Who knew to still pale sorrow's lingering groan,  
To whisper peace when Heav'n's fond dreams were flown;  
To hush the widow's sigh, to dry the tear,  
That filial love shed o'er a parent's bier.  
Too soon a parent wept her hapless doom,  
By anguish hurried to an early tomb;  
A worthless wretch with fortunes favours gay,  
Smil'd to deceive, and flatter'd to betray.  
Ere long she fell to swell the guilty train  
Whose smiles are anguish, and whose pleasures pain,  
Then fell remorse rear'd high her thorny crest,  
Her barbed arrows deeply pierc'd her breast.  
She fled, the flaunting throng and fought once more,  
With trembling feet an aged parent's door;  
That parent's tender care each want supplied  
In vain; she linger'd, droop'd and died.  
Thus when they bore her o'er the village plain,  
A gloomy silence sadden'd all the scene;  
E'en age, and infancy that lip'd her name,  
Wept o'er the victim of remorse and shame.  
Ye rigid few, ye prudes and stoics say,  
Could not her sufferings wash her guilt away.  
Maugre, the bigots rage, the frown severe  
O'er falling virtue will shed a tear;  
And still the rustic kind and village maid  
Shall deck with flowers the spot where JULIA's laid.

A. R.

### EPITAPH,

On a grave-stone in a country church-yard in England, on Mrs.  
Arabella Greenwood, who died in childhood; written by the  
Rev. Mr. Greenwood, D. D.

O Death! O Death! thou hast cutte downe,  
The fairest GREENWOOD in all this towne;  
Her virtues and good qualities were such,  
That shee might have married a lorde or a judge,  
But such was her condescension and such her hu-  
She chose to take me a Doctor of Divinitie, [militie  
For which heroicke acte shee standes confeste  
Above all others the Phoenix of her sexe,  
And like that bird one younge shee did begette,  
That she might not leave her sexe disconsolate,  
Mie griefe for her is so verie sore  
I can onlie write two lines more,  
For this and everie good woman her sake, [back.  
Never let a blistere be putte on a lyinge-in woman's

### THE LAWYER AND CLIENT.

TWO Lawyers, when a knotty cause was o'er,  
Shook hands, and were as good friends as before;  
"Zounds," says the losing client, "how came you  
To be such friends, who were such foes just now?"  
"Thou fool," says one, "we lawyers tho' so keen,  
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's between."

### THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

THUS sure I steer my bark, and sail.  
On even keel, with gentle gale,  
At helm I make my reason sit,  
My crew of passions all submit;  
If dark and blustering prove some nights,  
Philosophy puts forth her lights,  
Experience holds the cautious glass  
To shun the breakers as I pass,  
And frequent throws the wary lead,  
To see what dangers may be hid.

## THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
SINCERITY; A NOVEL  
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XXIV.—SARAH TO ANNE.

Dublin, March 20th, 1779.

THE veil once drawn aside from a depraved character, when it is no longer conceived necessary to assume the semblance of virtue, how soon it is wholly thrown off, and vice suffered to appear in her own disgusting form. So it is with Mrs. Bellamy; she permitted the mask to be withdrawn for a moment on the morning when the child pointed out his father; it was still further dropped at the play, and after the relation of her daughter's history; after she had the effrontery to confess herself the adviser and abettor of her child's infamy, she had no longer any measures to keep.—I was shocked to find into whose hands I had fallen; for I had been so improvident as to come from England with her, without any written agreement, or any specified sum being agreed on for my services, and I discovered upon mentioning the morning after the conversation repeated in my last, that I must return to my friends. She said, she imagined I should not think of leaving her until she had provided some one to supply my place in regard to Caroline. I perfectly remember, Madam, said I, that I promised not to leave you, without giving you a month's time to provide another Governor for your grand-daughter, or to give up a month's salary; the latter I am willing to do; but I must quit your family this evening.

Upon my word, Mrs. Darnley you give yourself fine airs, (cried the haughty dame, with a contemptuous sneer, her large black eyes flashing malignity,) and pray what is the occasion of this mighty hurry?

My reason is, Madam, I feel a repugnance to remaining in a family, the mistress of which professes principles which I have ever been taught to hold in abhorrence.

You are more plain than polite, methinks.

Where would be the use of what you call politeness in this case? let me alledge what reason I please for quitting your family, after the relation you gave me last night, your own heart would immediately suggest to you the real one. I am sorry to offend you; I do not mean it; you certainly have a right to act as you please; and surely you will allow me the same liberty. I will not to influence you by my opinions and conduct, nor while I retain my reason, shall yours influence me.

And in what manner do you propose returning to England; it is a long, and I think, go the cheapest way you can, you will find it rather an expensive journey—and you have not an immense sum to receive from me. You have been with me four months, which, at the rate of twenty guineas a year, which is the utmost I can afford to give, is but seven pounds; though to be sure, (she continued with affected indifference) you may have resources of your own which I know nothing of; and indeed, I hope you have, for I cannot make it convenient to pay you just now; I have overrun my income, and have but a few guineas to last me until next quarter day.

I was thunderstruck by this unexpected declaration;—my heart swelled, my eyes were ready to overflow—but pride struggled hard to suppress them; and though I thought I should have choked, I did not allow them to appear. As soon as I could command my voice, so as to speak firm, I said,

I thought, Madam, you knew my situation when I agreed to come with you; it was the depression of my circumstances forced me from my native land; I brought but three guineas with me, half of which I have spent, and I have now only a guinea and a few shillings in the world.

Why, Heavens! Mrs. Darnley, said she, with a look of astonishment, is it possible that you have come here without any money in your pocket; suppose you had been taken sick, did you intend to throw yourself entirely on me?

No, Madam! nor shall I now trouble you; I will even with the trifle I possess quit your house this night; I will send word where I may be found, and when you can make it convenient, you can send the money to me.

Quite independent and spirited, I declare—but reputable house-keepers are pretty tenacious who they admit into their families; you will not find it very easy to procure a lodging in a respectable house, and I should suppose the immaculate Mrs. Darnley would not go into any other.

Not when I know the family to be disreputable, would I enter such a house; or if I had been deceived in becoming an inmate with such a family, would I voluntarily remain after I had discovered my error.

I said this with pointed acrimony, and receiving no further answer than, "Do as you please," in a tone of petu-

lent disappointment; I retired to my own apartment, and began arranging my few moveables, ready to make a retreat as soon as I had secured a place to retreat to. About eleven o'clock, Mrs. O'Donnell came, and in a few moments Madam went away with her in the carriage. I descended to the drawing-room for some work I had left on the table; the maid was setting the room to rights, rubbing the furniture, &c.; seeing that she had turned up the carpet as if going to scour the floor, I enquired if Mrs. Bellamy was going to dine out. "Yes," said the girl, "there be a piece of cold beef mistress said we might fetch up for your dinner."

The morning was tolerably fine, I put on my hat and cloak, and sallied out to look for a lodging. Though I have been here so long, I am almost a stranger to the streets of Dublin. Mrs. Bellamy seldom walks, and I have an objection to parading the streets alone. I felt awkward—my poverty ill according with my appearance, I feared to ask the price of any apartments in genteel looking houses, and felt an instinctive repugnance to entering the abodes of poverty and wretchedness. It also appeared to my harassed and depressed imagination, that having resided four months with such a woman as Mrs. Bellamy, would throw such an odium on my good name, that none who set a just value on their reputation, would admit me into their houses. Irresolute, oppressed in spirit, and fatigued, from the long disuse of the exercise of walking; I wandered up one street and down another, without having courage to knock at a single door, though I saw on several "Lodgings to Let;" at length in a small chandler's shop, in a narrow lane, I ventured to make the desired inquiry. The shop was small, the lane was dirty; but the woman who stood behind the counter was perfectly neat in her person, her clothes were very coarse but withal very clean, and free from rags. A little girl about seven years old sat knitting in an inner room. When I asked the question, "have you a-chamber to let?" the woman eyed me from head to foot, not with any appearance of ill-nature, but as if judging from my dress, what my character might be.

"I have a chamber to let," said she, in a mild civil voice, "but I do not think it will suit you."

"I should like to look at it," said I, pleased with her manner.—"It would be giving yourself trouble to no purpose," said she, "for I do not think we should agree."—"And why not?"—"I am not used to let my chamber to fine ladies, my little back room will not suit fine white mullin gowns and lace handkerchiefs." I was just going to assure her that I was a woman of character, when I recollected I had no person to refer to, who would confirm my assertions; for it appeared that the very mention of Bellamy and O'Donnell, would ruin me with every one. As I paused upon the step of the door, a woman came in to purchase some trifle; I turned around to the mistress of the shop, and said, "since you think we cannot agree, can you tell me of any place, where I shall be likely to get a room?"—"What, does the gentlewoman want a lodging?" said the woman customer.—"Yes," was the answer, "my room would not suit her."—"Dear me, Ma'am, how lucky," said she, coming up to me, "if you will just step to my house, only a little bit further up the lane; I've got a nice room, I would not wish to disparage neighbour Truly's, but mine is for sure, a great deal more neater, and I do not keep a shop—but has a pretty little bit of a parlour where you can sit and work, or read, or see an acquaintance, you know Ma'am every body has acquaintances, tho' they be poor, as I often tells neighbour Truly here, if one is poor, they may be merry sometimes." "It is likely," said Mrs. Truly, "that your house will suit the young person better than mine."—"I will go and look at it," said I.—Upon examination, I found the room was tolerably comfortable, and presently agreeing about the price, I took down the name of my landlady, and the lane where she lived; paid her a week's advance, and told her I would come in the evening—passing Mrs. Truly's shop, I was turning to enquire the character of the woman in whose house I was going to reside, when conscience said, "what right have you to enquire the character of another who have no vouchers for your own?"—Humbled, weary, and faint, I pursued my way back to Mrs. Bellamy's; where a fresh scene of mortification and humiliation awaited me.—Ann, Ann, my heart is swollen nearly to bursting, with mingled grief and resentment. Alas! what am I? whom can I look to for comfort? to whom shall I fly for protection, from indignity and insult?

Adieu.

SARAH.

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# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE :

OR, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S MISCELLANY.

Vol. II.]

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 24, 1803.

[N° IX.]

## MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE GOSSIP—N° XLVII.

*Olim truncus erum fuscus, inutile lignum :*

MY correspondent CONSISTENCY, seems to think, that the minds of all men, by nature, are like shapcks, useless blocks, and it is the hand of education, which, like the chisel of the artificer, can give them what form the director pleases, and this is in some measure a truth ; but it is nevertheless an indisputable fact, that some are born with more brilliant talents than others. Some there are, who are endowed by nature, with such strength of mind, such active genius, such comprehensive understanding, that in despite of the shackles of poverty, and the want of instruction, will burst forth, and by the force of native power, illumine the literary, political, or scientific world with their lustre ; shining in the sphere wherein they move, as stars of the first magnitude ; while others, though enjoying every benefit which an easy fortune and liberal education can bestow, are by nature so dull and impenetrable, so totally void of any innate principle that might be called into action, that though brought in contact with wit, genius, sense and erudition, still remain in their primitive torpor, and like petrified wood, when struck by a highly wrought steel, refuse to emit a single spark of fire. What can we say of the first class, but that they have good natural understandings ; and of the latter, but that they are unformed masses of clay, which even the promethean torch would not animate. But this seems so evident, is seen so often exemplified in real life, that I am only astonished how any person could be at a loss to comprehend my meaning, when I asserted that *EUGENIO possessed acquired natural understanding*. A person may acquire knowledge by study—the parent and preceptor may form the moral character, may give him habits of prudence, patience, temperance, and self-denial.—But sense, wit, and genius, are the immediate gift of Heaven.

ALBERT was a youth of very small expectations, the youngest son of a numerous family, the father of which had laboured hard in the early part of life, to procure for his wife and offspring, the necessaries, and some few of the comforts of existence. It was not in his power to give his children much education ; all that ALBERT had received, he had obtained at a free school in the town where he resided, the master of which, had at some periods, above seventy boys to attend to ; at fourteen he was apprenticed out to a mechanical trade ; however, his mind was elevated above the servile state in which fate had placed him ; he was sensible, that to perform his duty, to the utmost of his power, was the first step towards respectability ; nor had he, until the expiration of the fifth year of his apprenticeship, any expectation of earning a subsistence in any other way than by following the trade his father had chosen for him. At that period, his father died ; and on the division of his property, six hundred dollars was found to be the whole patrimony of ALBERT. From this moment, he conceived the design of obtaining for himself, a more extensive education ; he had ever given up much of his leisure time to reading ; applying to those whose experience rendered them capable of directing his choice ; he now became doubly studious, curtailing his hours of rest, and debarring himself of all amusement or recreation, in order to acquire a knowledge of the learned languages. At the expiration of his time, he entered on a collegiate course of study, which having finished with credit to himself, he applied himself to divinity. His talents were now in their proper sphere of action ; he took up his pen in the cause of morality and religion. The simplicity and integrity of his manners made him numerous friends ; his wisdom and literary abilities, made him as much admired as he was beloved. Though learned, he was not austere ; though possessed of genius in an eminent degree, he thought it no degradation to exert his faculties to procure that independence which the caprice of fortune had denied him. An offer of going into an opulent family, to superintend the education of two young men, was too lucrative to be rejected. In this situation, he gained the perfect confidence and esteem of his pupils, and the friendship of their

father. Though attached to the study of divinity, he had not entered on the ministry, because he doubted his own worthiness, and thought his character had not acquired sufficient stability to enable him to discharge the duties of the sacred function, with the reverence and decorum they required. At thirty he married, and was soon after permanently settled as pastor of an extensive, respectable parish. His worldly wealth was increased by his matrimonial connection ; he lived in ease and plenty, until a professorship being vacant in the College, where he received his education, he was elected to it ; and having filled it with honor and dignity many years, he died universally beloved, revered, and lamented ; leaving behind him many testimonies of his abilities and learning, and a very handsome provision for his children.

In the same village with Albert's father, lived WILMOT, the only son of a wealthy man, who was dignified with the title of Squire, because he was in the commission of the peace. This youth was sent from one Academy to another, until he had tried almost every one within two hundred miles of his father's habitation, but all to no purpose ; the masters all agreed that he was an impenetrable block-head ; and the father and family swore upon every removal, that the matters were careless, inattentive, and ignorant. However, at the age of seventeen, by dint of his energies and labouring, he had got as much latin, &c. as most of the persons sent to him to pass an examination, and entered college. There he led a stylish life ; broke the rules, paid his fines, was suspended ;—received again, turned over the necessary number of pages, without gleaming a single idea from any of them ; received his degree and came out as stupid and ignorant as he went in. Placed by fortune above the necessity of employment, totally without resources within himself, to banish the tormenting fiend *ennui*, he plunged into dissipation and profligacy ; his fortune and health were soon impaired, he was contemptible even in the eyes of his parasites ; and at the age of forty five, dropped into a premature grave, unpitied, unlamented, and almost instantly forgotten, by all but a wife, whom he left with two children, to struggle with poverty, and the frowns of the world.

I would ask my correspondent, if he cannot easily comprehend that ALBERT was endowed by nature with a good understanding, and that WILMOT was naturally a block-head ?

"Dear me, Mr. Gossip," cries one of my fair readers, "I declare if I am not out of all manner of patience ; here I had been looking every Saturday for this month past for something from you, that might have been amusing, and have been repeatedly disappointed ; and now that you have condescended to take up your pen, here you give us a long parcel of dry stuff about sense, and wit, greek and latin, and nobody knows what.—And what is all this nonsense to prove ? why only that some folks are born wiser than others, and that any fool could have told without your help."—Fair lady, pardon me this time, and next week I will try to be more entertaining.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE PASSENGER—N° XIII.

I TOOK lodgings at a decent boarding-house, kept by a widow lady, whose family appeared to consist of a son and daughter, besides the boarders and domestics.—One of the boarders was a man pretty well advanced in years, in whose manners I discovered something of singularity, immediately upon my arrival. After taking a turn abroad, to deliver some letters, and commence the introductory chapter of my business, I returned to my lodgings, and found this man engaged in conversation with another, who had called on him to solicit a small subscription for the present relief of a distressed neighbour. The humour of the lodger, discovered itself during this conversation, in so rough a style, that I shall distinguish him by the name of Mr. Blunt. Why, said he, what the devil business has this man to want charity ? I knew him five and thirty years ago, and he was then as active and industrious as a beaver ;—faith, if it had not been for his labors, these United States would never have been such ; they would at this moment be subjugated colonies. At that time, and long after, he published a paper, which infused the spirit of liberty

throughout the continent, and prepared the nation to assert their natural right to independence.—And now, forsooth, a little paltry charity is requested for this same man, among the same people.—By heavens ! he deserves a bed of down from their eye-brows.—The eccentric idea of collecting a bed of down from the eye-brows of the people, set me into a broad laugh.—You may laugh said he, but it is true—which he confirmed with an expletive. I doubt not its truth, said I, but the singularity of your ideas struck me more forcibly at the moment, than the poor man's necessities.—And further, said he, this same neglected being, whose shivering limbs are now beating time to his wants, over two brands ends, afflicted the public treasury, at the time of its lowest ebb, with every dollar he could raise, and now behold, Mr. Gripe and Mrs. Clinch, are solicited for a few icicles from the evedrops of their freezing charity, to help the man to warm himself.

Well, said the visitor, you intend to add your name to this list, do you not ? Yes, said Blunt ; and taking the paper, he wrote his name, and added to it these words, "*as much time, as it would require to attend his funeral.*" What ! said the other, on reading it.—Do you only subscribe to attend his funeral ? Look again, said he, and you will see that I have subscribed for as much time as that would take ; but I do not intend to wait until he is dead, to do him a service, I'll serve him if I can, while he lives, for I would rather do the man a benefit, than honor his corpse. Now, continued he, this man was so active a character, during our revolutionary war, and was so well respected, that it is probable there will be as many as three hundred people at his funeral, whenever it shall be.—If these three hundred persons would spend as much time for him now, while he lives, they might do him a kindness, of which he would be fully sensible.—But if they let it alone until he is dead, he will know nothing about it and never will thank them for the favour.—This man has a son, who is an active young man ; and if he had the means of supporting his father, the old man would want nothing. Before I sleep, I will write a petition, for this son to be appointed to some public station, which shall smooth the rugged path of declining age. I will spend as much time in obtaining signatures to this petition, as I have subscribed for. I will engage a number of those who would spend half a day to see him buried, to spend as much time in collecting names to my petition, and then they may leave his bones to the care of the sexton, if they choose. In this way I will add a string of names at the bottom of my petition, to a string of arguments in the body of it, which will, if I foresee rightly, insure to young *type*, a fair impression, and decent *funis*, for the last sheet of his father's life.

The humour of the man, and his philanthropy, excited a glow of satisfaction in the countenance of the petitioner, who went off without a cent, in better spirits than would have been produced by a liberal subscription.

The reader must indulge me with a digression, to inform him, that on my coming to the same place, in my returning route, I found that Mr. Blunt had performed his promise ; that he had taxed a number of persons with half a day of their time, to carry the petition round, engaging them to take this task instead of "speeding as much time for the man after he should be dead." He had succeeded in obtaining an appointment for young *type*, as he called him ; and the old man is now living as comfortably, as he could in the possession of a fortune.

The singularity of the conversation and the circumstances, naturally led me into a train of reflections on the powerful influence of those qualities which render human beings dear to each other. Of these qualities there is no one which holds so strong a claim on the affections of mankind, as Benevolence. Whenever this appears, we feel an immediate attachment to him who possesses it, without waiting to enquire into the source of that attachment, or searching for further characteristics. In the commencement of the conversation, the latter, not to say more in manner of the speaker, had given me a preposition of disgust. On his further advancement, it appeared to me that folly was added to his rudeness ; and I found myself engaged in adding contempt to aversion. At the close of the discourse, these hasty impressions had entirely disappeared, and were supplanted by a real esteem and sincere affection. On searching into the



cause of this revolution of my sentiments, which a few minutes had produced, I readily discovered that all which was disagreeable in the manner of the man, was but as the light dust of the balance when brought in competition with the spirit of benevolence which marked his design. With a wish that the regard he had excited, might not be allayed with an idea than any part of his observations were trifling, I next canvassed his remarks; and the more I examined, the more I was disposed to approve of them, until I began to feel ashamed of condemning as ridiculous, what had its principles in the immutable laws of Truth.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## LE PREDICATEUR—N° II.

"Who bath wounds without cause? Who bath redness of eyes?"

FEW would be at a loss to answer this question. These appearances are not *phenomena*, and their cause is easily traced. As some modern liquors were then unknown, Solomon replies, *He that tarryeth long at the wine*;—but we might add, *He that goeth to seek mixed RUM, BRANDY, or GIN.*

FIRST. *Wounds without cause* are twofold. Firstly, Those occasioned by quarrelling. They, who *tarry long at the wine*, become ungoverned and licentious in their conversation, and are also easily irritated; hence disputes arise, a battle ensues, and the catastrophe is a black eye and a bloody nose. Secondly,—*The wounds without cause*, which Solomon had in view, were probably those given by the pavements. The street is often known to rise up, and salute those who have been to *seek mixed wine*, and to bestow very severe wounds and bruises without provocation. This is a grievance of which many complain; it cannot easily be remedied by the laws, and must therefore be endured.

SECOND. *Redness of eyes* is generally the consequence of *tarrying long at the wine*; and to this might be added, *redness of nose*. When we see these appearances, even if no *wounds without cause* are visible, we may commonly conclude that the person who exhibits them loves good liquor. There are some, who *tarry at home*, and mix their wine. By this means, they are not subjected to *wounds without cause*; but *redness of eyes* is a malady which they cannot avoid, and by which all, who *tarry long at the wine*, are equally distinguished.—*Redness of eyes*, however, is not always occasioned by intemperance; it is sometimes the consequence of natural infirmity.

I shall conclude with one or two reflections.

I. The serious inconveniences incident to intemperance in drinking, ought to induce us to be moderate. *The redness of eyes*, and the *wounds without cause*, alone, more than balance the pleasure which is derived from inebriation. To these evils must be added, the inevitable loss of money, of time, and of character, for which nothing can be considered as an equivalent. *Tarry not long at the wine.*

II. The moderate use of wine or spirits is not reprehensible. It aids digestion; enables men to undergo fatigue; to support the inclemencies of the weather; and is of great importance in medicine. It is not they, who take a reasonable sip now and then, but they who *tarry long at the wine*, that have *redness of eyes*, and *wounds without cause*.

## MISCELLANY.

### FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

[It has been observed by some ill-natured wit, or old bachelor, that female friendships are often formed in a minute, and broken in an hour. It has been long suspected that notwithstanding the plausibility of smiling professions, a woman rarely continues her regard for one, who, in the opinion of the *Gentlemen*, has a brighter eye or more winning smile, than herself.]

We recommend to the consideration of all boarding school mistresses the following Essay, written by one of the most successful imitators of Addison's easy style and smiling satire. : P. Folio.

Ipse pauca velim, facilem si patbeat aures;  
Nemo petit, modicus quæ nittebantur amicis  
A Seneca; quæ Piso bonus, quæ Cotta solebat  
Largiri.

JUVENAL.

WHAT suggested to me the subject of this paper was a truly interesting conversation which took place a few days ago at the Society of Ladies, on the present state of female friendship. As I can patiently allow the fair sex to be deficient in none of the qualities which sweeten the commerce of life, I was beyond measure disappointed and chagrined at seeing a report laid before the Board, which held out a very unfavourable representation of the friendship of the female world. As my natural cheerfulness of character makes me no inconsiderable favourite among the young ladies, I am not unfrequently taken into their confidence, and I am so eminently indulged, as to be permitted some-

times to peruse the letters which pass between them in that celestial intercourse which succeeds to the confinement of a boarding school. I was so struck with one of these, which was put into my hands about half a year ago, that I could not forbear transcribing it, to preserve so sacred a memorial of disinterested affection; and having been permitted to insert it in my Paper, whenever the honour of the sex might appear to require it, I think I cannot choose a fitter moment for its introduction than when it may serve to counterbalance what I shall afterwards with pain produce on the other side.

ISABELLA CLARA MATILDA TO SOPHIA SACCHARISSA MYRTILLA.

"Alas! and could then Myrtilla for a moment imagine that her Matilda could forget her Myrtilla's last injunction? or am I only dreaming? No, never, "while memory holds a seat in this distracted brain." No, never, while I move in this interested scene of selfish content. But no more—why fatigue you with a repetition of what you have so long been convinced of? Matilda forget her Myrtilla! perish the thought. No, that sacred lock I will carry with me inviolate to my cold grave, to revive the never-perishing remembrance of the—. But why mention her? Yes, my Myrtilla knows whom I should have said, without the formality of names. True friendship disdains to particularise. Even after the cold hand of Death shall put his icy seal upon my lips, my heart shall still vibrate to the chord of friendship. Blessed idea, and only known to hearts where sensibility takes up her melting abode! Dear sensibility! balm to my spirits, and solace to my cares! but no more of that. I will touch a livelier key. All hearts are not alike framed for the exquisite pleasures of melancholy. You are a wicked jade Myrtilla, for deserting me at the moment you did. As soon as you were gone, my old persecutor, Sir Harry, pushed himself into your place, still full of your tender idea. You may imagine, my dear, my situation. All my train of reflections were put to flight, by that tiresome tale of his unconquerable passion. Never, never shall my heart acknowledge any other sentiments than those which friendship inspires. Thy precious lock, dearest girl, is part consigned to the sacred custody of my bracelet, and part interwoven in my own hair, an emblem of our inseparable loves. The top drawer of my conscious bureau is the sacred repository of those relics which you left your expiring Matilda at the dreadful moment of your departure. These are, indeed, my dear, the only consolation that remains; and what words can paint the ecstasy with which I run from that Sir Harry to imprint a hallowed kiss on the *trifle from Tunbridge*, as the urn in which the sacred ashes of my dear friend's memory repose.

"Two o'clock.—That insufferable man, Sir Harry, has made me eternally his enemy. He insisted upon it, that I must have some little Deity that I adored in my chamber, and swore that he would kneel to the same shrine. Do you know, the audacious wretch followed me up stairs, and ravished from me that kiss which I had consecrated to the tortoise shell tooth-pick case, one of thy sacred remembrances. Since this greatest of my misfortunes, I have considered my lips as too profane to touch any relics of thine.

"Four o'clock. Tuesday.—Would you believe it, my dear girl? Sir Harry is the most truly wretched penitent that ever the world saw. He swears and vows he looks upon himself as the vilest of creatures, since he committed such a sacrilege at the shrine of friendship. He is growing quite Platonic, and offers to make a pilgrimage to the tomb of Morocco, to atone for the injury done to friendship, to me, and my Myrtilla.

"Seven o'clock.—Oh, Myrtilla! join with me my dear, in the warm transports of a feeling heart. Friendship has triumphed over love: Sir Harry is quite a convert. How I wish you could see a most beautiful pair of ear-rings he has sent me as a trophy of friendship! and then his manner, Myrtilla, so noble and so refined! Alas! why fear I to confess? I am no longer afraid of his kisses, now I am convinced he is under the dominion of this noble sentiment. Nothing can equal the pure and elegant feelings with his bosom is inspired: every day brings me some fresh testimony, and I am perfectly decked in the emblematical dress of friendship. Oh friendship! friendship! balm of life, as the poet says. We have agreed to be brother and sister; and then he gives me such a fraternal kiss, as puts my whole frame into a glow of Platonic affection. Sweet, unblushing raptures! holy delights! which nothing but friendship can bestow. But I begin to rave.

"Wednesday. Six o'clock.—How shall thy poor Matilda express the sorrow she feels at being obliged to put off the visit of her dear Myrtilla! This saucy brother of mine vows he will not leave the house these three months. I assure you he is so proud of the victory which he has gained

over himself, that he is quite imperious. I am afraid to send him away, lest his cure should not quite be complete. Brothers, you know are always unmanageable. I declare I am quite miserable about it; for I had formed the most enchanting plans for the month you were to spend with me. "O Sensibility! thou bane of life," as Shakespeare somewhere has it. I am delighted, however, to think that you will still see my helmet bonnet unimpaired, as well as the trophy to friendship, and the girdle, which brother Hal calls the *gage d'amitie*, since I am obliged to go directly into mourning; alas! how shall I write it? for my cousin Maria Wilhelmina, who was dearer to me by far than life. How I wish you could mingle your tears with mine, and comfort *mon cœur desespere*! My Brother will in the mean time act for you. I am sure, however, I shall never recover it while I move in this sublimary scene of turmoil and distraction. My brother longs to be introduced to you, and dies to call you sister. Adieu, *ma chere*, adieu, and believe me in agony, to embrace you.

Your fond, affectionate, afflicted, friend,  
ISABELLA CLARA MATILDA.

"P. S. Will the dear Myrtilla send her dearest Matilda those pearl bracelets which she gave her at the unspeakable moment of their cruel separation; as Matilda, in the then deplorable state of her mind, forgot they were a grandmother's keep-sake. Matilda will send her Myrtilla in its place another lock of hair, as a dearer pledge of their sacred friendship. Alas! poor Yorick! Adieu, *tender amie*."

[To be concluded in our next.]

## AMUSING.

### ORIGIN OF SHIPPING.

PASSAGE.

And God said unto Noah, make thee an ark of Gopher wood; rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within, and without, with pitch.

THE most ingenious and useful arts are of celestial origin; and from this chapter it is evident, that the first ship that ever floated on the world of waters, was built according to the plan, and under the regulating eye of a divine artificer. With what amazing contrivance and economy were the directions given by the Deity to Noah! How exact the architecture, and what judicious hints were hence furnished to human creatures in regard to maritime affairs!

Man has always been characterised by his powers of imitation. From this very ark arose the first idea of a possibility to pass beyond the limits of land: the scheme once projected, and the secret of its construction once imparted, it was not likely to be forgotten; so far otherwise, that we stand indebted to it, for many valuable blessings—for the advantages of commerce, the pleasure of travel, and the glory of victory. The merchant and the sailor owe to this undertaking all their benefits; and whatever desirable circumstances arise from connections with remote climates, certainly originate from an imitation of that sacred repository, which preserved from the deluge, the family of Noah.

### GOOD BREEDING.

THERE are a thousand little offices of civility, kindness and respect, to be performed every day in our intercourse with each other, which (if we were to attend them) would shew our true state of mind, temper and disposition, much more satisfactorily than those more glaring and showy performances, of which we are apt to form too favorable a judgment. A thousand nameless sensibilities are hereby opened in our breasts, which serve to advance us in our virtuous progress, either by exciting an humble sense of our weakness, or an affectionate exertion of our sympathy and love.

Among the many advantages arising from cultivated sentiments, one of the first and most truly valuable, is that delicate complacency of the mind which leads us to consult the feelings of those with whom we live, by shewing a disposition to gratify them as far as in our power, and by avoiding whatever has a contrary tendency; they must, indeed, have attended little to what passes in the world, who do not know the importance of this disposition; who have not observed, that the want of it often poisons the domestic happiness of families, whose felicity every other circumstance concurs to promote.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### AMUSING INFORMATION,

[Concerning the CREEK INDIANS, communicated by a gentleman, who resided some months among them.]

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30.)

THE public Squares, placed near the centre of each town, are formed by four buildings of equal size, facing inward, and inclosing an area of about 30 feet on each side. These houses are made of the same materials as their dwelling-

houses, but differ by having the front, which faces the square, left entirely open, and the walls have an open space of 2 feet or more, next to the eyes, to admit a circulation of air; each of these houses, is partitioned into three apartments, making twelve in all, which are called the cabbins; the partitions which separate these cabbins, are made of clay, and only as high as a man's shoulders when sitting; each cabin has three seats, or rather platforms, being broad enough to sleep upon. The first is raised about two feet from the ground, the second is eight inches higher, and the third or back seat, is much above the second.—The whole of the seats are joined together by a covering of cane mats, as large as carpets; it is a rule to have a new covering to the seats, every year, previous to the ceremony of the Bull; therefore, as the old coverings are never removed, they have, in most of their squares, 8, 10 and 12 coverings, laid one upon the other.

The Squares are generally made to face the East, West, North and South.—The centre cabin on the east side, is always allotted to the beloved, or first man of the town, and is called the beloved seat.—Three cabbins on the south side, belong to the most distinguished warriors. And those on the north side, to the second men, &c. The west side is appropriated to hold the lumber and apparatus used in cooking black drink, war physic, &c.—On the post, or on a plank over each of the cabbins, are painted the emblems of the family, to whom it is allotted—*to wit*—the Buffalo family, have the Buffalo painted on their cabin. The Bear has the Bear, and so on.

Up under the roofs of the houses are suspended, a heterogeneous collection of emblems and trophies, of peace and war—viz. Eagles feathers, Swans wings, wooden scalping knives, war clubs, red painted wands—bunches of hoops on which to dry their scalps, remnants of scalps, bunches of hair, bundles of snake root, war physic, baskets, &c.

Such posts, and other timbers about the square as are smooth enough to admit of it, have a variety of rude paintings, of warriors heads with horns, horned rattlesnakes, horned alligators, &c. &c.

Some of the Squares in the red or war towns, which have always been governed by warriors, are called painted Squares, having all the posts and smooth timber about them painted red, with white or black edges. This is considered a peculiar, and very honorary mark of distinction. Some towns, also have the privilege of a covered Square, which is nothing more than a loose scaffolding of canes, laid on poles, over the whole of the area between the houses. Whence these privileges arose, I could never learn, and it is a doubt with me if they know themselves.

Travelling Indians, having no relations in the town, often sleep in the public square, as they are passing on their journey. This is one of their ancient rites of hospitality. And poor old men and women, suffering for want of clothes are entitled to sleep in the hot-house of the town they live in, if they please.

The Square is the place for all public meetings, and the performance of all their principal warlike and religious ceremonies.

If a man dies in the town, the Square is hung full of green boughs as a token of mourning, and no black drink is taken inside of it for four days.

If a warrior or other indian is killed, from any town having a Square, black drink must be taken on the outside of the Square, and every ceremony in its usual form, is laid aside, until satisfaction is had for the outrage.

Each Square has a black drink cook, and two or three young warriors, that attend every morning when black drink is to be taken, and warn the people to assemble, by beating a drum.

Each Square, as necessary appendages, has a hot house in the north west corner of it, and a May pole, with a large circular beaten yard around it, at the south west corner, which is called the chunky yard. These two places are chiefly appropriated to dancing. The yard is used in warm, and the hot house in cold weather.

The hot house is a perfect pyramid of about 25 feet high, on a circular base of the same diameter; the walls of it are of clay, about six feet high, and from thence down regularly to a point, at the top, and covered around with tufts of bark. Inside of the hot house is one broad circular seat made of canes, and attached to the walls all around. The fire is kindled in the centre, and the house having no ventilator, soon becomes intolerably hot. Yet the savages, amidst all the smoke and dust raised from the earthen floor, by their violent manner of dancing, bear it for hours together, without the least apparent inconvenience.

#### ANECDOTE OF DR. RADCLIFFE.

THE Doctor attending one of his intimates in a dangerous sickness, with an unusual strain of generosity for him, declared he would not touch a fee. One insisted: the other

was positive. But when the cure was performed, and the Doctor taking his leave, quoth the patient, "Sir, in this purse I have put every day's fee: nor must your goodness get the better of my gratitude." The Doctor eyed the purse, counted the number of days in a minute, and then replied—"Well, I can hold out no longer—Single, I could have refused them for a twelvemonth—but all together they are irrefragable."

#### STRICT ADHERENCE TO HIS WORD OF HONOR.

THE Hon. T. Connolly, one of the first commoners in Ireland, and brother-in-law to the Duke of Richmond, some years ago, sitting alone in one of the apartments in his house in Dublin, a very genteel sharper having gained admittance, presented his pistols, and demanded Mr. Connolly's purse. The latter, seeing no alternative, immediately delivered it; when the thief told him that he had one more demand to make, which was, that he should give him his honour, neither to speak to any person, nor move from where he sat, for half an hour. This Mr. C. agreeing to, the robber had not been long gone, before one of the family entered the apartment, who, upon asking a question, was justly surprised to see Mr. C. shake his head, and point to his watch; and which he continued to do to every interrogation, until the half hour was expired, when he exclaimed, "I have been robbed!" The fellow, however, had so far availed himself of the time given, that all inquiry after him was fruitless.

#### ANECDOTES.

THE great DR. DESAGULIER being invited to make one of an illustrious company, one of whom, an officer present, being unhappily addicted to swearing in his discourse, at the period of every oath, would continually ask the Doctor's pardon; the Doctor bore this levity some time with patience; at length he was necessitated to silence the swearer with this fine rebuke: "Sir, you have taken some pains to render me ridiculous (if possible) by your pointed apologies; now Sir, I am to tell you, if God Almighty does not hear you, I assure you I will never tell him."

WHEN Themistocles went to Andros to demand a loan of money, he said, "I bring two gods with me, Force and Persuasion." He was answered, "we have two stronger, Want and Impossibility."

A SCHOOLMASTER having turned dancing-master, some of his friends expressed a little surprise at this metamorphosis.—"You need not be surprised," said he, "my learning has sunk into my heels, where I find it will be of some use to me."

A SILLY fop in company with Lady F——, and wanting his servant, cried out "Where is my blockhead?" "Upon your shoulders," replied the lady.

#### THEATRICAL REGISTER—No II.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

"And loves to praise, with REASON on his side."

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16.

Romeo and Juliet, Shakespeare, and Hunt the Slipper.

ROMEO AND JULIET was, on the whole, very well performed, and deserved a better house. It is true, it had not the article of novelty to recommend it. Mr. JONES, in Romeo, did honour to his part, and to himself; it was played, throughout, with a warmth and feeling, which is always sure to please. Mr. J. rises daily in public estimation, and bids fair to become a favourite performer. Mrs. POWELL has always appeared in Julia with éclat. The Masquerade Scene was much improved, and exhibited several grotesque figures, dressed with considerable attention and propriety.

The gloom diffused by the Tragic Muse, was effectually dispelled by the farce of the Slipper. The ballad, introduced and sung by Mr. BERNARD, was new to the audience, and had a very good effect.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1803.

The Clandestine Marriage, Coleman, and Fortune's Frolic.

THE alteration of cast, in the Comedy, by which Mrs. JONES was omitted, was much to the disadvantage of the representation. The voice of the Prompter was rather too often heard, and some improprieties in the action were observable. Several of the parts were very well played; but, *tout ensemble*, we think most of the audience had seen the Clandestine Marriage better performed.

In the farce, Mr. WILSON acted Robin with much humour; and the loud roar of mirth was heard, with little intermission, through the rest of the evening.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1803.

The Wonder, Mrs. Centlivre, and The Rump.

Mrs. POWELL has for several years been the ornament

of our stage, and has equally extorted the praise of cold criticism, and the admiration of those, whose homage is the warm impulse of feeling. She never appears but to please, nor speaks but to command attention. In such a variety of characters as Mrs. P. has filled, few have appeared with equal excellence. However various or heterogeneous, however different from the line of action which nature designed her peculiarly to adorn, they have ever been supported with such judgment, as seldom left room for censure. From her performance this evening, in *The Wonder*, we received particular pleasure. Her *Violanta*, if equalled by any, is surpassed by few. The author herself could not have had a more just conception of the part, or the original image in her fancy have been superior to its fair representative. The scene between *Violanta* and her lover, in the fifth act, excited our particular attention; it was ably supported, both by Mrs. P. and Mr. BARRETT.—*Liffardo*, was by Mr. BERNARD rendered an important character, and contributed, in no small degree, to the entertainment of the evening.

In the *Rump*, Mrs. JONES played *Pricilla Tom Boy*, as the phrase is, to a charm. It was pure nature and simplicity, unalloyed by the least sprinkling of affectation. Mrs. J. is deservedly a favourite;—her touch, like that of *Midas*, turns every thing to gold.—Miss GRAHAM sensibly improves:—she would succeed much better, could she habituate herself to speak more audibly; she is understood by very few, besides those on the stage. HORATIO.

#### COMMUNICATION.

IT appears from the bills, that the indefatigable Manager of our Theatre has proposed by way of experiment, to furnish us with a new sort of evening's entertainment; instead of one long play and a farce, he has provided three light pieces. This mode we have seen by the London papers has been adopted there with much success; indeed, those who frequent the Theatre as a place of innocent amusement, and as a preservative from more expensive and less reputable pleasures, would, undoubtedly, be highly gratified to be served, once a week, with a few light dishes of the same sort. To-morrow evening will afford, in the first and third pieces, much scope for the display of the popular talents of our favourite Harwood, when

*Mirth that writhled care decides*

*And laughter boiling both his sides,*

will assuredly prelude over the entertainment: N.Y. Herald.

#### BOSTON THEATRE.

ON Monday evening, for the first and only time this season, the celebrated Comedy, in five acts, called, *Specs the Plough*. The part of Miss Blandford, by Mrs. Darley, being her first appearance this season.—To conclude with the entertainment of the *Adopted Child*.

WE notice the intended republication of poetic pieces from the pen of GEORGE COLEMAN, the younger, intitled BROAD GRINS. The genuine attic wit, and pure sentiment, diffused through this author's writings, warrant the expectation of much amusement from the above work.

#### A CARD.

WE would feel grateful to our Patrons and Patronesses, in town and country, by the discharge of their bills, for the first volume of this publication. Our readers will remember, that prompt payment is necessary; as all the expences attending the publication, are paid in large sums—and as the Magazine is not an advertising vehicle, and its support must be derived from punctual payments, we hope this request will not be fruitless. Those who have discharged their bills, will be pleased to accept our thanks.

MARRIED]—At Roxbury, Mr. Jona. Hill, to Miss Susan Boffon. At Cambridge, Mr. Ephraim Cook, jun. to Miss Susan Willington.

In this town, Mr. Samuel Hanes, of Bangor, to Miss Mary Peirce; Mr. Friend Seymore, to Mrs. Sally Moore.

DIED]—In Maryland, Hon. Wm. Vans Murray, one of the negotiators of our last treaty of peace with France. At Weymouth, Mrs. Mary Ripley, æt. 84.

In this town, Miss Experience Bridge, æt. 84—Mr. Samuel Thwing, sen. æt. 60—Mr. Edward C. hot, æt. 20 son of the Hon. George Cabot—Mr. Thomas Shinnin, æt. 21—Capt. Amos Folsombee, of Newburyport—Mr. Elijah Wilton, æt. 20—Mr. Wm. Darracott, jun. æt. 21; Miss Deborah Mitchell, æt. 20—Mr. John F. Jenison, æt. 33—Mr. John James, æt. 47—Mrs. Hepzibah Haywood, æt. 68—Mr. Malcome Nicholson, æt. 24, a native of Scotland—and 2 children. Total 13.

POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

THE festival of Christmas, being to-morrow, by inserting the following Hymn, from the Rev. JOSEPH PROUD'S Collection, you will greatly oblige,

A FRIEND AND CUSTOMER.

ON THE NATIVITY OR ADVENT OF JESUS CHRIST.

- 1 "MIN'STRALS of Heaven (the God proclaims,) Ye saints and angels join;  
Dominions, thrones of different names,  
Prepare for songs divine;  
Thro' all the joyful realms above,  
Let loftiest music sound;  
Attune your harps to strains of love,  
Nor one be silent found.
- 2 "Let echoing hallelujahs roll,  
From world to world along;  
Till vast creation's boundless whole,  
Shall hear and join the song;  
Ye distant orbs, thro' endless space,  
With rapture rise and sing;  
And universal nature praise,  
My Son, your new-born King.
- 3 "Jehovah spake! all nature heard,  
The God's supreme behest;  
On all creation joy appear'd,  
And every world was blest'd;  
When lo! in heaven the song began,  
All nature caught the lays;  
From world to world the music ran,  
And boundless was the praise.
- 5 "Kings, potentates, dominions, thrones,  
Cast all your honours down;  
Reign thou Emanuel, reign alone,  
And wear the royal crown;  
Unnumber'd worlds, with earth and heaven,  
Lead hallelujahs sing;  
Praise, honour, pow'r, to Christ be given,  
The universal King!"

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

WIDE over the tremulous sea,  
The moon spread her mantle of light,  
And the gale gently dying away,  
Breath'd soft on the bosom of night.  
On the forecastle Maratan stood,  
And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale;  
His tears fell unseen in the flood,  
His sighs pass'd unheard on the gale.  
Ah wretch! in wild anguish he cry'd,  
From country and liberty torn;  
Ah Maratan, would'st thou had died,  
Ere o'er the salt waves thou wert borne.  
Thro' the groves of Angola I stray'd,  
Love and hope made my bosom their home;  
There I talk'd with my favourite maid,  
Nor dream'd of the sorrow to come.  
From the thicket the man-hunter sprang,  
My cries echo'd loud thro' the air;  
There was fury and wrath on his tongue,  
He was deaf to the shrieks of despair.  
Accurs'd be the merciless hand,  
Who his love could from Maratan tear;  
And blasted this impotent hand,  
That was sever'd from all I held dear.  
Flow ye tears, down my cheeks ever flow,  
Still let sleep from my eyelids depart,  
And still may the arrows of woe  
Drink deep of the stream of my heart:

But hark! on the silence of night  
My Adila's accents I hear,  
And mournful beneath the wan light,  
I see her lov'd image appear!  
Slow o'er the smooth ocean she glides,  
As the mist that hangs light on the wave;  
And fondly her lover she chides,  
That lingers so long from the grave.  
O, Maratan, haste thee! she cries,  
"Here the reign of oppression is o'er,  
"The tyrant is robb'd of his prize,  
"And Adila forrows no more."  
Now, sinking amidst the dim ray,  
Her form seems to fade on my view:  
"O stay thee, my Adila, stay—"  
She beckons and I must pursue.  
To-morrow, the white man in vain  
Shall proudly account me his slave;  
My shackles I'll plunge in the main,  
And rush to the realms of the brave.

A PORTRAIT OF SLANDER.

BY DR. JAMES DE LA CORON.

WHAT mortal but slander, that serpent hath stung,  
Whose teeth are sharp arrows, a razor her tongue?  
The rank poison of alps her livid lip loads,  
The rattle of snakes, with the spittle of toads;  
Her throat is an open sepulchre, her legs  
Sit hatching of vipers and cockatrice eggs;  
Her sting is a scorpion's like hyæna, she'll cry,  
With the ear of an adder, a basilisk's eye,  
The mouth of a monkey, the hug of a bear,  
The head of a parrot, the chat of a hare;  
The wings of a magpie, the snout of a hog,  
The feet of a mole, and the tail of a dog;  
Her claw is a tyger's, her forehead is brass,  
With the hiss of a goose, and the bray of an ass.

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE,  
SINCERITY; A NOVEL  
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.  
LETTER XXV.—SARAH TO ANNE.

Dublin, March 25th, 1779.

WHEN I returned to Mrs. Bellamy's house, in order to remove my trunk to my new habitation, the maid brought up my dinner, and while I was taking it, a porter brought a packet directed to me, and immediately departed. I was unacquainted with the writing, yet it seemed as if I had seen it somewhere before, though I could form no idea whose it was; I broke the seal, and found the two inclosed letters; I send you the insulting originals, for I have not patience to transcribe them; you see the situation they are in, I have wet them with indignant tears; have trampled them under my feet; I would have torn the infamous scrawls to atoms, and scattered them to the winds of heaven, or given them to the devouring flames, but I preserved them, that you may see how low, how very low, your poor Sarah is fallen.

Letter First.—To Mrs. DARNLEY.

I AM exceedingly concerned, my dear Mrs. Darnley, at the little *brusle* which has taken place between my mother and yourself, especially as she tells me you talk of leaving her; this I lament, because I think Caroline very much improved since you have had the entire management of her; not but that it has been a matter of surprise to me, that a woman so young, lovely, and accomplished as yourself, should voluntarily submit to the humiliation of being subject to the humours and caprices of any one, and live in a state of dependence, when they might command assent on the very easy terms of living it with an agreeable man, who would think himself honoured by her acceptance of his protection; and this I know to be your case. The Marquis of H—, who is an intimate friend of Lord Linden's, and whom you have seen at my house and at my mother's, has often expressed his fervent admiration of your person, manners and accomplishments. He was present when my mother told us of your quarrel; I do assure you he took your part very highly, called you a persecuted angel; raved at my mother, and was setting off post haste to offer you consolation, in the form of a young handsome lover and a settlement; but I stopped him, told him he must conduct himself with prudence and delicacy, if he wished to succeed with you—so while he is writing his amorous epistle, I have scrawled these hasty lines, to entreat you to give his proposal a fair perusal, and take it into serious consideration.—Only reflect, my dear, on the unprotected state in which you now are, in a strange place, without

friends or money. You will perhaps say you have reputation! but child, will reputation pay your lodging, or buy you a new gown when you want one? No, believe me, poor reputation is many a time left naked in the street, while those who have disclaimed and turned her out of doors, are sumptuously clothed, inhabit palaces, and ride in splendid equipages. But I will say no more; your own good sense will direct you; and surely I think you cannot be so wilfully blind to your own interest, as to refuse the offers of the Marquis. Do child be wife for once, and take the advice of a friend, though I am arguing against myself to persuade you to do so. But if you are romantic enough to prefer dependence; why if you must leave *Ma*, come and live with me, and I will take Caroline home; at any rate, pray do not, in a flight of elevation, run from those evils which you know, to those of which at present you can have no conception.

Letter Second.—MARQUIS OF H—, to Mrs. DARNLEY.  
Madam,

THOUGH I have but a few times enjoyed the pleasure of being in your company, those few have been enough to awaken in my mind, sentiments of the highest esteem, for your talents and virtues. I have understood from my friend, Lord Linden, that you have unfortunately connected yourself in marriage, with a man, who knows not how justly to appreciate your worth; and, who has permitted you to come unprovided and unprotected into this country, that by the exertion of your abilities, you may obtain means of subsistence; this madam, being the case, prevents my having the honour of laying myself and fortune at your feet. But as from the treatment you have experienced from your husband, every tie must be broken between you; every obligation dissolved; permit me to offer you protection and independence; allow me to hope to be admitted among the chosen few, whom you may honour with your esteem. I have a neat house, ready for your reception, a few miles from Dublin, whither you can retire, until one can be prepared in the city, should you prefer residing there; a carriage and servants shall attend your order free of all expense, and a settlement of five hundred pounds a year during your life, awaits your acceptance; only allow me the privilege of passing some hours of every day in your charming society; and by studying your charmingly intelligent countenance, discover and prevent your wishes, before you have time to give them utterance. I have desired the person who brings you this, not to wait for an answer. I will not hurry your gentle and delicate nature; take your own time to consider my proposals; only to give me one comforting gleam of hope, allow me to see you for five minutes this evening, at Mrs. Bellamy's; I will call about 9 o'clock; I will not say one word on the subject of this letter; my visit shall be confined to the period mentioned; if it is your wish, only receive me without a frown, and I will live in the hope, that my future visits, (when you are settled in your own house) will be welcomed with a smile.—I am, Madam, with the utmost respect, your sincere adorer, H.

WHEN I had read these most diabolical epistles, my beloved Ann, the first impulse of my soul was to offer humbly, on my knees, my thanks to the Giver of all good, that this Marquis, this man who would thus artfully insinuate himself into my favour, is not a person who is very likely to awaken the least emotion of tenderness; next to this effusion of thanks, an ardent prayer arose, that I might not be tempted beyond my strength. I then resolved on immediate flight. For what am I but a weak mortal, liable to error, prone to frailty, the very child of weakness.—Befet, as I was, by poverty, unsheltered poverty, in a place where none were interested whether I lived or died—far from all who are interested in my fate, my Frederic, and my dear Anna. My father, oh! let me not think on him. Ann, I feared my own weakness; and though not assailed by passion—I knew my safety lay only in flight,—I sent for a coach, put my trunk into it, and without leaving any word for Mrs. Bellamy, drove to my new lodgings.

Secure and happy in the reflection, that I have done right, I slept that night with tolerable composure; but each returning day brings with it some anxiety; for, alas, how am I to live?—I will trust in God. I am willing to work, I shall surely obtain employment sufficient to purchase the mere necessities of life. I will write to you again, but do not expect long, nor frequent letters.—I have now to labour for a living,—do not be uneasy—I shall do very well no doubt.—Heaven bless you, my good, my friendly Ann. Whilst I live, I shall never cease to love and honour you. SARAH.

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# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 31, 1803.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE GOSSIP.—No. XLVIII.

—*Si quid novisti rectius istis,  
imphert; si non, his utere mecum.*

#### TO THE GOSSIP.

DEAR SIR,

SINCE the establishment of the *Boston Weekly Magazine*, I had occasionally lent a hand, endeavouring to assist in navigating your bark; if I have, in the least, contributed to its success, I shall think myself happy, in being allowed the privilege, in future, as occasion may offer.

The study of human nature has employed many of my leisure hours; a large field for information. Who can behold, with indifference, the greater part of mankind, sunk in sloth, intoxicated with pride, and destitute of every thing like rational enjoyment ignorant of the noble purposes for which they were created?—No one I am sure, who has the least spark of sensibility, can reflect upon these things, without regretting, that Man, the noblest being that nature formed; possessed of senses and faculties above every other creature that inhabits the earth, should be his own tormentor.

When musing upon the enjoyments of life, how oft has fancy painted scenes of happiness, which language cannot describe!

In the possession of a beautiful and amiable wife, whose presence, like the morning sun, cheers and enlivens every object around, in a cold winter evening, seated by the side of a good fire, and a clean hearth, diverted by the prattling of an infant offspring, in all the artless simplicity of nature, each striving to please, and willing to be pleased; a wish is no sooner expressed, than it is complied with, and every thing which tends to the happiness of each other and mankind at large, is strictly observed. In sickness, every care and attention is redoubled.

To such a pair, old age shall never be known, until the hand of time shall deaden the most delicate powers of the mind, and death shall make his final grasp.

But, alas, how fleeting and momentary are the joys of fancy's anticipated happiness; it is like our own shadow, which we behold at a distance, but can never grasp.

Perhaps, dear GOSSIP, some one of your fair readers, whose chance for information has been greater, or from experience, are better enabled to judge whether, what I have stated is a mere momentary delusion, or a faint picture of domestic felicity; from such a person, information will be very acceptable. You, Sir, I presume, are not ignorant of these things, and to enjoy this life, and communicate happiness to others, will ever be the wish of your friend, JUNIUS.

I READILY agree with JUNIUS, in thinking the fascinating visions of fancy are like shadows, which we see playing around us: and like the shadow, they elude the hand extended to grasp

them. While the torch of youthful passion burns bright within us, we continue to follow the fairy vision. As we advance in life, the phantom changes its form, still we pursue, but still find our expectations disappointed, until Time extinguishing, or reason's steadier light overpowering the uncertain glare which gave every distant prospect so fallacious an appearance, we see things as they really are, and cease to expect impossibilities. We learn to appreciate the blessing within our reach, and sensible that perfect happiness cannot be found on earth, we carry our expectations to the regions of immortality. But though I say perfect happiness cannot be found in this life, I am well convinced that a much larger share is assigned to the lot of every individual, than mankind are in general willing to allow. There is scarcely any state so depressed and wretched, but some cordial is thrown in to sweeten the draught; nor any so happy, but many a bitter ingredient is mingled in the cup. Men, for the most part, act like petulant humoursome children, whose parent has given them a reasonable quantity of toys, fruit, and cakes; but at the same time, insists on a certain portion of labour being executed, a stipulated number of exercises performed. They totally overlook the indigent gift, and think only of the hardships attendant on labour and study; refuse to enjoy the one, because obliged to submit to the other; and fixing their eyes and wishes on some insignificant trifle which is entirely out of their reach, fret, teaze, and lament, because it is withheld from them, and are continually venting complaints of the unkindness of those friends, towards whom they should feel only the most unbounded gratitude.

THE vision which JUNIUS has painted to himself, of domestic felicity, is seldom realized; but the fault is our own that it is not. We suffer trifles to ruffle our tempers, we see faults in our intimate companions which our own petulance leads us to magnify into unpardonable errors. In our families, we forget or totally neglect, the forms of good breeding; and use towards our associates, that kind of careless familiarity which is always productive of disgust, and too often of the most serious scenes of contention. Our happiness depends so much on the trifling courtesies which STERNE calls the sweeteners of life, that a minute attention to them, is absolutely necessary to domestic harmony and comfort.—Love is, undoubtedly, essentially requisite in the married state; without some small portion of it, there is but little chance for happiness; but yet it is a fact, not to be contradicted, that *love itself is the occasion of more matrimonial squabbles than almost any other cause.* I myself know a couple who married for love; they are easy in their circumstances, of similar ages, and not bad tempered, when each other are out of the question. Agreeable in their persons, of good education, and understandings above mediocrity, would not any one suppose they must be the happiest of the happy? They might be so, but they unfortunately thought love was to constitute the whole of their felicity; was to be the business of their lives.—They unfortunately forgot to take Pru-

dence, Forbearance, and Good Nature, into the catalogue of necessities, to make their stock of happiness last through the voyage of life. If MARCOS has the smallest frown upon his countenance, which business or some vexation abroad may have given rise to, instead of appearing not to observe it, and by her cheerfulness endeavouring to dissipate it; LAURA begins anxiously to inquire the cause; if it is not immediately explained; then he is angry with her, he ceases to love her; she is the most wretched woman breathing; and tears, and looks of melancholy doubt, are the whole of his evenings entertainment, perhaps embitter his meals, and give a sombre shade to the whole of the next day.—LAURA dresses with much taste; is always fashionable; some trifling article of her attire which she likes, displeases MARCOS.—Why do you wear that ugly thing, LAURA? he says in an impatient tone. Wear it, because I think it pretty.—But I don't.—It is only because I wear it then; you would admire it on any other woman.—Perhaps I might; but I never desire to see you wear it.—Well I do not know what is the reason, but I never can dress to please you.—The reason is, you never try.—Here follows another scene of tears and misery; and their whole life is a continued series of petty disagreements, and reconciliations. Now this might have done very well in the first weeks of matrimony, and have given room for the display of many prettinesses, and much tender nonsense, &c. But it is the conduct of rational beings? Is not the repetition of it fatal to the peace, and injurious to the tempers of the parties concerned, who are thus kept in a state of teasing irritability?—But some will ask if persons so united, so endowed as MARCOS and LAURA are, do not find happiness, who is to expect it? There is one certain road to it.—Let every individual of society, married and single, old and young, rich and poor, make a few strong resolutions, and tenaciously adhere to them, and Happiness, universal happiness will be the result. Let us once see mutual Sincerity, mutual Forbearance, mutual Good-Breeding, such as christianity directs, without the grimace and duplicity which fashion calls politeness universally practised. Let every one adopt this mode of conduct, and the complaints of the misery of life will soon diminish. Another way to promote true happiness is, to enjoy every present pleasure, however small; for it is the height of folly to reject what is offered us to day, in the hope of having something better to-morrow. Of to day, we are certain; to-morrow, is in the womb of futurity.—But if any of my fair readers will comply with JUNIUS's request, and direct him in his pursuit of happiness, to something more than a shadow, I shall be glad to receive, and give publicity to their communications.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE PASSENGER.—No. XIV.

THE subject of my last number, led me into reflections on the nature of that principle which prompts us to the performance of good actions;



a principle which is expressed by but one word in our language; that word is Love, a word which admits of no synonyma. However contracted its common import may be, by the prevalence of custom; or however debased, by the circumscribed views of sexual consideration, its true meaning is too extensive to be expressed by any other term, and too nearly of a divine nature, to find its parallel in language.

I was lately delighted with the explanation of this word, in a translation of the New Testament, by GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A. It is given in the thirteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians; and it is possible that the chapter, as by him translated, may be as pleasing to some others as to myself; I will therefore give it entire.—It is as follows:

"Now ye are ambitious of the greater gifts; I will shew you, therefore, a much better way for your ambition: for, though I speak with the languages of men and of angels, and have not love, I am but sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And, though I have a gift of teaching, so as to understand all the mysteries and all the knowledge of the gospel; and, though I have all its faith, so as to remove mountains; but have not love, I am nothing. Yea, though I give in portions all my substance to nourish others; and though I give up my body, so as to have cause of boasting; but have not love, I am benefitted nothing. This love is forbearing and kind; this love quarrelleth not; this love is not rash, nor puffeth itself up, nor behaveth with indecorum, nor seeketh its own advantage, nor is easily provoked, nor thinketh upon evil, nor rejoiceth in falsehood, but rejoiceth in the truth: is contented at all times, full of trust at all times, full of hope at all times, patient at all times. This love will never fail; whereas teaching will be done away, languages will be silent, and knowledge will be destroyed. For our knowledge is imperfect, and our teaching is imperfect:—but, when perfection is come, then will these imperfections be done away. So whilst I was a child, I talked as a child, I had the dispositions of a child, I reasoned like a child; but, when I became a man, I left off these manners of the child. For now indeed I see through a glass with uncertainty; but then I shall see face to face: now I know imperfectly; but then I shall know others, as they have also known me. So then there continueth faith, hope, love: these three: but the best of these is love. Follow after this love."

If every individual were to form his own moral character, by the description given in this chapter of the genuine principle of love, artificial misery would be excised from among the children of men. The passion and the principle are distinct in their natures; the passion of love, leads us into the search of objects to please ourselves;—the principle stimulates to the performance of those duties which render not only ourselves but others happy. The passion is the child of natural desires; but the principle is the offspring of goodness.

As a PASSENGER, I shall give occurring incidents; as an Observer, I shall sometimes present my remarks upon them, but the latter will always like this number, be contracted; for I am fully aware, that to a considerable portion of readers, the consciousness of moral remarks is their only charm.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### LE PREDICATEUR—No. III.

"Forsake the foolish, and live; and go in the way of understanding."

THERE is an intimate connexion between our moral characters and the characters of those with whom we associate. In the first place, it is natural to suppose, that we select for our companions such as possess habits and dispositions congenial with our own; and thence it may be inferred, that our habits and dispositions are similar to those of our companions. This is one important reason why we should avoid bad company, and endeavour to establish ourselves in that which is morally good. In the second place we naturally imitate the habits, the sentiments, and the manners of our associates, however different ours may have been formed by nature or by education. The water, which passes through minerals, partakes of their taste and efficacy. This is another strong inducement for us to frequent the circles of those, and those only, who are worthy of our esteem and our imitation.

Since our characters are thus dependent on those with whom we are familiar, our companions ought to be persons who have been carefully educated, of good dispositions, of unblemished characters, honest and honourable, moderate in their expenses, and temperate in their lives. In such company we shall neither vitiate our morals, nor tarnish our fame; but our credit will be established, our interest promoted, and our happiness increased.

"Select those for your companions," says one, "who are men of good sense and understanding; and, if possible, who excel in some art, science, or accomplishment; that so, in the course of your acquaintance, your very hours of amusement may contribute to your improvement; and for the most part, such as are open and communicative, and take as much pleasure in being heard, as you to be instructed. By pursuing such a conduct, you will be an ornament and useful member of society."

### REMARKABLE.

[A correspondent in the "Greenfield Gazette," of the 19th inst. states the following extraordinary narrative, as a fact.]

SEVERAL years since, in Mexico, a person was apprehended for the crime of murder, and upon trial was found guilty by the court: and accordingly was condemned to die. As the nature and circumstances of the offence, in view of the court, demanded death arrayed in all its terrors; they sentenced him to be broken upon the wheel: a mode of punishment sometimes practised in that place.

When the time of execution arrived, the unhappy victim was placed upon the wheel, which, by gradual and forcible turning, by degrees, bruised his flesh and broke his bones: until at all present appearance he was really dead. The body was then, agreeable to the custom of the place, delivered to the surgeons present, for the purpose of dissection, or any other experiments, for the improvement of their art.

These gentlemen retired by themselves from the place of execution, to the destined place of operation, where the body was conveyed and presented before them. Immediately upon which, one of them suspected he discovered signs of remaining life, and communicated his suspicion to the rest. This occasioned a suspension of their proposed labors, and a careful attention to all the symptoms and appearances of the body; until at length, they all perceived some evidential tokens of real life! After a solemn pause, and a few moments reflection they are led, perhaps part-

ly by curiosity, and partly by humanity, to direct their experiments in a different way, and labor to discover from what near embraces of death, a person might be restored to life. With all due diligence and care, they now applied their medical skill to repair, cherish and support the almost extinguished principles of life. Their exertions succeeded. The man, in spite of wounds and loss of blood, actually revived, and in a few hours time emerged from the shades and the pangs of death, to the sensible light of life.—In repairing his broken body much time and labor was employed, and a number of surgical operations became indispensably necessary, which were performed with safety and success. Both his legs and one of his arms were amputated. But strange, however, as it may seem, his numerous wounds and lacerated body, in process of time, became healed, and he was favored with a considerable measure of health. But the medical saviours of the man, after having succeeded in their undertaking, are still left in perplexity and danger. They had expended much to recover the unhappy man, but he was utterly unable and disqualified to compensate them. He was like to be a bill of expense in future, and to maintain him secretly during his life, they could not submit to; and to throw him upon the public for support they dare not, for this would discover their conduct and expose them to punishment.

But, as necessity is the parent of invention, the following expedient was suggested and readily pursued, to disburden themselves of further trouble and cost. They secretly conveyed him to a remote part of the country, and left him by the way side to subsist on the charity of travellers. At or near the same place, during several years he was known as a miserable beggar. His mangled body and forlorn condition excited sentiments of pity and commiseration in all who beheld him, and drew forth the tribute of charity from many. At a certain time, a gentleman of fortune happened to pass that way, and was solicited by the beggar for alms. Upon which he readily threw him down a few pieces of money, and was about to pass on; but was delayed by another request. Kind sir, said the beggar, in a piteous tone, I have lost all my limbs in the service of my country, and have not as you see, so much as a hand to help myself, (for he had concealed his remaining hand behind him) do be kind enough to put the money you gave me into my purse.—The gentleman immediately descended from his carriage, stepped to him, and was stooping to perform the requested kindness, when to his surprise, he discovered the shadow of a man's hand! Instantly starting back, he was astonished to see that this trunk of man, possessing only one limb, held clenched in his hand a short bludgeon, lifted up in an attitude for a fatal stroke!—He charged him with a murderous design, which which was peremptorily denied. However, without further delay, he took up this strange figure of a man, cast him into his carriage, and transported him to the next inn, which was not a great distance. There having arrived, he related all the wonderful and suspicious circumstances of the affair, to a number of persons, who with himself, went into a most careful and close examination of the man, but without success. They could obtain no confession of any criminal design. He was then searched, and in one of his pockets they found a shrill-sounding whistle, which was the only discovery they could make.—This however, led to various surmises and conjectures: the most probable of which was, that the sound of the whistle was a token to some of his accomplices in wickedness. Therefore, the gentleman, taking the whistle in his hand, returned with a number of armed men to the noted spot, where his life had lately been so eminently in jeopardy.—When they had advantageously placed themselves, the whistle was sounded, and suddenly there arose, apparently from beneath the ground, in the midst of a contiguous thicket of brush and wood, two men armed with weapons of death! These were immediately fired upon with success. They both instantly fell. On proceeding to the spot where they first made their appearance, by careful search was discovered a secret aperture in the earth, which by a winding course led to a vault beneath, of considerable dimensions.—They descended the circuitous darksome passage, until they came to the dismal, gloomy cell! There they unexpectedly found, in addition to much ill-gotten treasure, two young women, emaciated and sick with the unhealthy damps of their abode: worn down with

grief, and pale with sorrow ! These were brought forth to the light, and suddenly their sad countenances were changed with the prospect of deliverance. Their visible effusions of gladness and gratitude for the approach of their new and unexpected visitors, sufficiently bore testimony to their innocence. They then gave information in what a violent and cruel manner they had been taken and dragged to that awful cavern of wickedness, where they had been barbarously confined and treated for a number of months, by the two ruffians just now killed. During which time they testified, that many dead bodies, which fell by the one-handed assassin by the way-side, had been brought there, stripped of their clothing and deposited in such and such places ; which upon searching for the remains were found to be real facts !

Having made these discoveries, the company returned with the young women, and carried with them the dead bodies of the ruffians to the inn before mentioned, where they had left the dismembered assassin-beggar. And no sooner were these bloody and breathless remains of his companions in guilt placed before him, than he was struck with trembling and horror !

The hope of any longer concealing his abandoned perfidy and crimes was suddenly blown out : He immediately confessed a dark catalogue of the most base crimes, which rendered his guilty conduct the most aggravated conceivable ! From his own mouth, it appeared, that he had once justly been sentenced to death for the crime of murder ; and had been actually placed upon the wheel and broken, and had in an almost miraculous manner, survived the torture and recovered to health, with the loss of one arm and both legs ! After which, lost to all sense of guilt and danger (though he bore the marks in his mangled body) he joined a band of bloody assassins !—And because, least suspected by his helpless appearance and condition, he was emboldened to become the principal actor in the horrid crime of murder !—Many fell a sacrifice to the inhuman cruelty of this monster of treachery and wickedness, in an unexpected moment ; even while they were stooping before him in the friendly act of charity and kindness !

#### THE SPAN DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### THEATRICAL REGISTER.

"Honour and shame from no condition rise."

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23.

*The Jew, Cumberland, and Obi.*

THE Theatre this evening, notwithstanding the opposition of the elements, attracted a respectable audience ; and had the weather proved favourable, would, doubtless, have been crowded with an assemblage of brilliancy and taste. It is impossible to see or even read the *Jew*, without becoming deeply interested in its scenes. We see an old man belonging to a nation, which, in all countries it is deemed a merit to oppress, secretly performing acts of the noblest charity ; we see these actions misinterpreted, and their author subjected, on their account, to injury and insult ; and we see him support unmerited obloquy and abuse with meekness and submission, which excite our mingled pity, love and indignation. With the out-side appearance of an unfeeling miser, he possesses a heart full of kindness and benevolence, and privately relieves the necessities of those, who are openly his enemies. This attempt of the amiable CUMBERLAND to rescue from disgrace a name, which prejudice has taught us to couple with baseness, is worthy of praise, and ought to be seconded by every friend to justice and humanity. The *Jew* is a piece which will bear repetition ; and every repetition is an act of benevolence.

We have before had an opportunity of noticing Mr. BERNARD's *Sheva*. To say the actor did

justice to the author ;—that the character was supported as ably as it was drawn, would be to say much. To pronounce it a *perfectly finished character*, would not, in our opinion be saying too much. The *Sir Stephen* of Mr. PRIGMORE possessed merit ; and Mr. DICKENSON, at least looked *Jabel* in a manner which deserves to be applauded.—When a play of such intrinsic and established excellence, is supported by actors of eminent abilities, it is not only a source of rational entertainment, but is important as it tends to do away unreasonable prejudices, in which it has greater influence than more solemn discourses, in proportion as its scenes make a stronger impression on the mind.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 26.

*Speed the Plough, Morton, and the Adopted Child.*

Mrs. DARLEY, this evening, made her appearance for the first time this season, in *Miss Blandford*, and was received by a numerous audience with the strongest marks of favor. The part allotted her, admitted, however, but of a partial exhibition of her enchanting powers. Her representations of untainted simplicity, and pure angelic innocence, are inimitably charming, and compel even vice, for a moment to become the lover of virtue.—*Sir Abel* was handsomely sustained by Mr. DICKENSON, and *Henry* by Mr. WILSON. Mr. BERNARD played *Ashfield*, with his usual excellence.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28.

*Abellino, from the German, and Bon Ton.*

THESE popular pieces drew a full house. The reputation acquired last season by Mrs. DARLEY, and Messrs. BARRETT and DICKENSON in their several parts, was not diminished by their performance this evening ; and the characters of *Iduella* and *Parrozz*, were certainly enhanced in their value by Miss BATES and Mr. JONES.

The pleasant farce of *Bon Ton* was very well performed throughout, and would have revived the good humour of the audience, had it not been somewhat damped in the former part.

HORATIO.

#### AMUSING.

#### HOW THE FAMOUS DEAN SWIFT BECAME DEAN OF ST. PARTRICK'S.

THE Dean was at one time in as low circumstances, and as poor as any poor person or poet who lived in a garret or cellar could be ; but kept the first company occasionally, and was much admired for his classical knowledge ; he used to read prayers and preach occasionally at St. — church not far from Charing-cross.

It happened that a certain lord paid his addresses to a young lady of rank and fortune. This nobleman had for three years a young girl in keeping. The lady he courted said, Sir, I cannot think of marrying you until you have got the lady you are familiarly connected with a husband. This nobleman, who had the deanery of St. Partrick's in his gift, found out Swift one morning, and told him nearly as follows :—Mr. Swift, I pay my addresses to a young lady of rank and fortune, and expect to be married to her as soon as I can do away one circumstance, which is, I lived with a beautiful girl for near three years, whom I seduced ; she has poor relations, and the

lady I court will not marry me, hearing I had a mistress in keeping, until this girl is married and provided for ; now I have to inform you that I have the Deanery of St. Partrick's, in Ireland, at my disposal, which is worth nearly a thousand a year, which I will present you with, as I believe you are not very rich ; provided you will marry her. The dean said he would, on condition that he should be first inducted into the deanship. The nobleman said, if you will give me your bond under a heavy penalty, to marry this lady, I will induct you, which was done immediately after, and the bond executed ; and the dean was, by agreement, to marry the nobleman to the lady first, the same day.

The dean being inducted into the deanery, appeared in his robes, at the church, on the day appointed, and married the nobleman, who said, I am glad, Mr. Swift, to find you so very punctual ;—now we are married, here is the lady you are to marry. The dean replied he was ready, and said, where is the man I am to marry her to ? The gentleman said, she is to be your wife. The dean said, look at the bond, I only bound myself, officially, as a minister, to marry her to any person ; but I have not the least desire of making her my own wife—and so I wish your lordship a good morning, presuming you have no further occasion for me.

#### ANECDOTE OF DR. WATTS.

DR. WATTS, so eminent for his poetic works, when a child, it was so natural to him to speak in rhyme, that even at the very moment he wished to avoid it, it was not in his power. His father was displeased, and threatened to correct him if he did not desist from making verses. One day, as he was about to put his threats in execution, the child began to cry, and on his knees said :

*Pray Father do some pity take,  
And I will no more verses make."*

#### MARRIED.

At Portsmouth, Mr. Robert McCleary, to Miss Sophia F. Davenport.—At Athens, (Ver.) Mr. Silas Chapin, *Æt.* 15, to Miss Susannah Powers, *Æt.* 13 !—At Freeport (Mass.) Mr. Robert Williams, jun. of Boston, to Miss Hannah Jarnieson.

In this town, Mr. James Cunningham, of Lunenburg, to Miss Charlotte May, daughter of Ephraim May, Esq. late of this town.—Mr. Andrew Aitchinson, to Miss Sally Langdon.—Capt. Peter Geyer, *Æt.* 62, to Miss Polly Sancry, *Æt.* 17 !—Mr. Theophilus Thayer, to Mrs. Elizabeth Hall, of Quincy.

#### DIED.

At Worcester, Miss Elizabeth Salisbury, daughter of Mr. Stephen S.—At Newport, Rev. Samuel Hopkins, S. T. D. *Æt.* 83.—At Amherst (Mas.) three young children of Mr. Eben Pratt. The house took fire, and their parents being from home, they were burned to death.

In this town, Mrs. Mary Ford, *Æt.* 33, wife of Mr. Thomas F.—Mrs. Hannah Mason, *Æt.* 72, relict of the late Col. David M.—Mr. Adam Rupp, *Æt.* 82.—Mr. Samuel T. Rogers, *Æt.* 26 ; Anna, *Æt.* 7, daughter of Mr. Joshua Hall.—Mrs. Rebecca Hayden, widow.—Mrs. Sarah Foye, *Æt.* 49.—Mrs. Lydia Mason, *Æt.* 29, wife of Mr. Sampson M.—Mrs. Elizabeth Wheaten, *Æt.* 68, wife of Mr. James W. Total nine.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
FRIENDSHIP.

INSCRIBED TO PHILOMATHES.

WHEN the heart is oppressed with woe,  
When sorrow has bowed down the head;  
When pleasure's soft streams cease to flow,  
And each happy sensation is fled;  
When the breast only heaves with a sigh,  
Each playful emotion forgot;  
When affliction's sad tear dims the eye,  
At the mourner's unfortunate lot;  
If neglects gellid power should controul,  
Each tuneful vibration of joy,  
And by shedding its ice o'er the soul,  
Its comfort, its peace should destroy;  
O say what shall bring it relief?  
What shall soothe the torn mind to repose?  
What shall banish the influence of grief,  
Or hush in oblivion its woes?  
Tis Friendship, and Friendship alone,  
That with lenient hand can impart  
The balm to suppress every mourn,  
And heal every wound of the heart.  
She can charm every sorrow to rest,  
Bid the throb of unhappiness cease:  
Chase anguish and grief from the breast,  
And return with the wanderer Peace.

ELIZA.

## EPIGRAMS.

LAST Thursday, I met with a sweet smiling sister,  
I clasped her waist, and with rapture I kiss'd her;  
The gospel, quoth she, I learn'd from my mother,  
When *smote on one cheek*, I always turn'd *to other*.

AS Tom along the floor had laid,  
His lazy limbs in solemn show,  
"You're ill," quoth Sal, "I'm sore afraid;"  
"Indeed," says Tom, "I'm very low."

## THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
SINCERITY; A NOVEL.

IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.  
LETTER XXVI.—ANNE TO ELINOR.

London, July 17th, 1779.

DURING your residence in London, my dear Madam, you saw every letter I received from Mrs. Darnley, and were witness to the cruel anxiety I experienced upon the receipt of the last, in which she informed me of her removal from Mrs. Bellamy's; though I highly applauded her conduct, I tremble for the dangers to which she might be exposed in her miserable retreat, and as she had given no direction how a letter might find her; however, hoping she might send to the post-office to enquire for letters, I wrote, having first placed a sum of money with a banker, who had a correspondent in Dublin, with orders to pay it to her; giving such particular instructions, that in case the letter should be lost, there might be no danger of the money being taken by an impostor. This money I entreated her to take and make what use she pleased with it, but by all means to come to England, where she might be within reach of those who love, esteem, and would protect her to the utmost of their power. Having thus done, I rested in quiet, until I imagined time enough was elapsed for an answer to arrive; but no answer came. I then flattered myself that Sarah, in compliance with my advice, was on her way-home; but a month passed on, and still no intelligence arriving, I requested Mr. Lewis, the banker, above-mentioned,

to write to his friend, and beg him to call on Mrs. Bellamy, and make enquiry concerning her, as I did not think it improbable that curiosity might induce her to trace out my poor, deserted friend, and endeavour to prevail on her to return; or, by sending the insinuating Marquis (for such by his letter I am convinced he is) to use all his arts in order to reduce Sarah to the degraded level with herself. Through this man I entertained a faint hope that I might discover where she was, and have the superlative felicity, of relieving her necessities, administering to her comfort, and cheering her heart, by convincing her my friendship was undeviating, my esteem undiminished, my heart as warmly attached as ever. Mr. Lewis, though an excellent man, could not feel interested as I did in the fate of Sarah, and neglected writing for above a week; after his letter was gone, it was three weeks before he received an answer; and when he did, it almost deprived me of my reason. I will give you a full account of Mr. Lewis's visit to me, and then transcribe the letter which he has left with me. He was polite enough to call the very day the letter arrived. It was about twelve o'clock when a carriage drove up to the door, and seeing from the window that it was Mr. Lewis, I could not restrain my impatience, but hastened to the top of the stairs to meet him. You have news for me, dear Sir; said I, reaching out my hand.—"I have received a letter from Dublin," said he, as he led me into the drawing-room; "but I fear it will not afford you any pleasure," continued he, as he seated himself. "I am very much afraid, my good Miss Aubrey, that your Mrs. Darnley is an artful woman who has imposed on your good and unsuspecting heart." Did you know her, Sir, you would soon banish those ideas; she is so far from practising art, that she carries her sincerity almost to an extreme; nay, were she inclined to practise it, her intelligent countenance would betray her; for in every feature, in particular, her soft expressive eyes you may read every emotion of her ardent, though uncorrupted heart.—"Well! well! said he, I find you are an enthusiast, so will not argue the point with you. Here is the letter I have received, read it at your leisure; from the intelligence it contains, I am led to imagine you will change your opinion; indeed I cannot but be amazed that you should think so highly of a woman who resided several months with a person of Mrs. Bellamy's description; if she is innocent, the least we can say is, she has been very imprudent."—I would have vindicated her, offered to produce her letters; but this he would not let me do, saying, he would talk to me about it when he saw me again; he then left me, and with a palpitating heart, I sat down to read the letter.

JOHN GALLAGHAN Esq. to MERE DITH LEWIS, Esq.  
Dublin, June 22, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

In pursuance of your advice, I enquired out Mrs. Bellamy, and waited on her to inquire after Mrs. Darnley, who I perceived, by your letter, was a person in whose fate either yourself or some of your friends, were particularly interested. When I discovered who this Mrs. Bellamy was, I will confess I was surprised how you could be any ways engaged in enquiring after a woman who had resided in her family; as she is the moth-

er of the celebrated Mrs. O'Donnell, who has attracted the affection of the (otherwise,) worthy Lord Linden, from his amiable Lady and her lovely children; and this Mrs. Bellamy was always supposed to be the vile agent who instigated the daughter to attempt to ensnare, and whose counsel afterwards assisted her to bind fast, the fetters which hold his Lordship in his unworthy bondage.—However, I presumed you had some very good reason for desiring me to be particular in my enquiry, and I set in earnest about it.—The old gentlewoman received me with politeness, regretted that it was not in her power to give me the desired information of where Mrs. Darnley was to be found; said she had been much deceived in her; that she had brought her from England with her, to superintend the education of her grand daughter; but that very soon after their arrival in Dublin, she, Mrs. Darnley, made acquaintance with some low people in the neighborhood; and one day when she was out, she had taken her trunk and gone off, without leaving any message whatever; and that she imagined she was gone with a kind of sailor-looking man, who used frequently to come after her.—While she was speaking, a servant came in to bring a note; of whom she enquired whether any of the people below had heard or seen any thing of Darnley, since she went away? The young woman replied, that Mrs. O'Donnell's John had said, he saw her a few days since go into an house in an alley at the lower end of the town.—"It is no great matter, where she is, replied Mrs. Bellamy, for what she is good for. She imposed on me, when she applied for employment, by telling an artful tale of her husband's misfortunes; said necessity had obliged her to separate herself from him; but I rather think, from what I have since heard, that he had good reasons for separating from her." After this intelligence, my good Sir, you may be sure I felt no very great curiosity to hear any more about your fair adventurer; but as you had expressed so ardent a desire for information, I took down the name of the alley where the woman said she had been seen, and went immediately there; inquired at every house where I thought it was likely I might find her, describing her person, according to the description given in your letter; I had almost given up all hope, when going into a house that stood a little more backward than the rest, I found she was known to the mistress of it, and had lived there several weeks. [To be continued.]

## ACTIONS.

WE should often be ashamed of our best actions, if the world knew the real motives which produced them.

## AVARICE.

AVARICE is more opposite to economy than liberality.

BOSTON, (Massachusetts,)

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••• Printing in its various branches, executed with neatness and dispatch.

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# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

## OR, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S MISCELLANY.

Vol. II.]

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 7, 1844.

[N° XI.]

### MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
**THE GOSSIP—N° XLIX.**  
— at illa  
*Flet noñum.*

IT often appears to me, that our whole lives are but a tissue of meeting and parting; of exquisite pleasure, and excruciating torture—and yet, painful as is the separation of affectionate friends, I do not think those who never have experienced the pain of losing, for a period, the society of those dearest to their heart, can be fully sensible of the blessings they enjoy, in being spared so severe a trial. I am convinced in separations, in general, the person who remains at home, is the greatest sufferer. When the beloved friend or relative is departed, every surrounding object bringing them forcibly to our minds, renews the anguish of the parting moment. Here they sat; there they walked; in that book they have read; this was an object of their admiration—this was the air they loved to hear; and each in turn calls up all the affectionate emotions of the soul. The pages of the book are turned over, though the contents may have been read a hundred times before; the seat they last occupied is filled with a kind of melancholy pleasure; the favourite air is frequently repeated, though every repetition is accompanied by an involuntary gush of tears. Some trifle that has been in the possession of, or perhaps worn by the absent friend, accidentally presents itself; is seized upon with avidity, and becomes an object of high importance; is treasured up as invaluable, looked at, pressed to the heart and lips, and made a companion and comforter. I am aware that there are people in the world, who would call such conduct childish, ridiculous, and unbecoming a person of common sense to practise. Let them rest, elate in their wisdom, and fancied superiority; for my own part, I have reaped so much pensive pleasure, in the association of ideas such accidental circumstances have called up, that I would not be deprived of them, to hold a rank among the philosophers of the present, or of any past age. The person going on a journey, voyage, or what not, has the advantage of having a variety of objects presented to the eye, which naturally call off the attention, and divert the imagination from dwelling too intensely on the painful moment of separation, until night and retirement shut out surrounding objects, and then fancy reverts to its most beloved subject, as a bow which has been bent, springs with velocity, when relaxed, to its primitive form and state. Some, when under the necessity of leaving their friends, will depart without bidding them adieu, and that, from the mistaken idea, of sparing them the pain of speaking the word—farewell. This is cowardly conduct; they spare their own feelings, but leave those they love, overwhelmed in anguish, without even the poor consolation, of having had a last look, a last embrace, to live on in reflection, until they meet again.

Others are so unable to bear the pangs of absence, that in spite of all obstacles, they insist on accompanying their friends in all excursions whatever, though by so doing, they are sure of increasing the anxiety, care and difficulty of the beloved person; and of this cruel kindness, the female sex must be frequently accused. How often the wife of a brave soldier may run the risk of branding her husband's name with cowardice, by insisting on accompanying him into the dangers of a camp; and should any accident happen to him, how is the anguish of a wound, nay the horror of his dying moment heightened by the sight of her agonies, the reflection of her forlorn, unprotected state; in case of capture, what is the torture of his mind, lest her health should suffer, her delicacy be wounded, her virtue be insulted. Oh! ye most amiable of the works of creation, ye tender, faithful wives, who live but in your husbands' happiness, whose every moment is devoted to promote their comfort and ease, as you value their peace, restrain those impetuous transports, which hurry you into scenes, where, so far from alleviating, your presence only adds to their solicitude.—Highly as those feelings are to the honour of your hearts, they would be more so, would you have the fortitude to let them depart without you, and by setting them a noble example of self-denial, inspire them with courage, bravely to perform their duty in the delightful hope of returning to your arms, worthy that exalted

love which prompted you to prefer their honour, to your own gratification. I was led into these reflections, by reading the well-known account of the intrepidity and strong conjugal attachment of Lady HARRIET ACKLAND\*—and while my whole soul was filled with veneration for the heroic spirit of that admirable woman, I could not but commiserate her husband, whose sufferings must have been doubled, by the knowledge of the hardships she was obliged to endure, the particular hazard attending her delicate situation, and the remembrance that all these hazards and hardships were incurred for his sake.—A state of separation from those we love, is extremely painful; but then when the hour of meeting comes, how quickly is the remembrance of that pain obliterated. Of all the tortures to which the human heart is subject, a state of expectation and suspense is the most excruciating; to count the tardy moments until the appointed time arrives; to strain the eye to catch a glimpse of the idolized form; to fancy it in every approaching figure, and still to be disappointed; to listen, when the shades of night envelope the surrounding prospect to every approaching step, to every rustling sound; to hear the church bell, hour after hour, proclaim the lapse of time, until the last slender thread which held up hope is broken, and we are obliged to believe the distracting certainty, that our hopes had been falsely awakened, and must, however reluctantly, be relinquished.

I once was acquainted with a young woman, whose affections had been early engaged by a young man of seeming integrity; he was an officer in the navy, and having entered into the most serious engagements with her, which were to be ratified on his return from a voyage, for which he was on the point of embarking; he left her with every appearance of regret, and well counterfeited agony.—The poor girl herself was the picture of dumb despair; she said but little, fearing to augment his sufferings, by an exposure of her own; the tears incessantly chased each other down her pale visage, though she struggled hard to suppress them; and when he bade her adieu, she seemed more like a cold statue, than a living body. It had been settled previous to his departure, that a constant correspondence should be kept up, that he should write from every port at which they touched, and have letters prepared to send forward by every vessel that they might meet bound to the place of her residence, or to any place from whence, by means of the post, a letter might be expected to reach her. She, on her part, was to write by every opportunity; and this idea seemed to alleviate the misery she endured from the fear of tempest, sickness, battles, (for it was war time) p. silence or shipwreck. For some time the interchange of letters was regular and mutual, but the voyage being lengthened out to two years, the ship he belonged to being ordered from one port to another, on particular service, his letters arrived less frequently; and then, the style of them was evidently altered. ANDELIA (for that was her name) felt this change; but as love is ever ready to excuse the faults of the beloved person, she was ingenious in allying reasons for his neglect, and to the alteration in his letters she appeared totally blind. But all this time, the poor girl was the tortured victim of hope, deferred expectation, and suspense. I have seen her, evening after evening, sit with pallid face and beating heart, waiting the arrival of the mail, and when no letter came, though the flutter of expectation subsided, it gave place to an oppressive languor, and such deep affecting sighs would real half-suppressed from her bosom at the sat at work, that a savage would have been moved to observe her. When a letter did arrive, she was almost equally an object of compassion; she would tremble so she could scarcely open it, every artery seemed to throb violently, and she would actually gasp for breath. At length, the ship, of which her lover was lieutenant, arrived in port. He wrote, and mentioned, with some appearance of ardor, that he should now claim her promised hand, and mentioned the time when he expected the ship to be paid off, when he should immediately repair to his beloved ANDELIA; another letter said, the ensuing week he should be with her.—ANDELIA had made every necessary arrangement; wedding clothes were bought and made, and from Monday to Saturday of the appointed week, expectation kept her in such constant agitation, that it seemed to me her constitution, which was by no means strong, would have sunk under it; but day after

day, and week after week passed on; no lover, no, not even a letter arrived. Her fears increased daily; he was dead, or sick, or some dreadful misfortune had befallen him, and he was unable to write. At length a gentleman, a friend of her mother's (who was a widow) wrote to the port where the ship was paid off, and made some enquiries concerning him; but before an answer could arrive to this letter, all suspense was at an end. A paragraph in a morning paper announced the marriage of Mr. K—, of the Navy, to Miss LANGDON, a young lady of large independent fortune, after a courtship of only three weeks.—When I read this account, I really trembled for her life; but I knew but little of her heart and disposition; I had begun to read the marriages aloud, but stopped on seeing the paragraph concerning K—. She hastily snatched the paper from my hands, and before I could prevent her, read it herself. She turned very pale, and asked in a faint voice, "do you believe it?" I was sensible that to flatter her with the least hope that it might be a mistake, would be the height of cruelty; and her mother informed her of the letter of enquiry which had been written. "Well then," said she, "I will not wholly condemn him until this answer arrives; and do not you, my dear mother, feel anxious on my account; I shall really experience relief, if by any means whatever my mind is eased of that state of hope, fear, expectation, and disappointment, which has so long harassed it; any certainty, however dreadful, is preferable to such a state."—In the evening, the expected letter arrived and confirmed the intelligence of the marriage. She read it with tolerable composure, her bosom swelled, and a few tears escaped her; but she laboured to suppress them and she succeeded. Having sitten a few moments, after returning the letter to her mother, she left the room, was absent about a quarter of an hour, but returned with a placid though pensive aspect; she held a small box in her hand, and seating herself between her mother and me, she opened it.—"I wish," said she, "Mr. K—, had spared me two years of solicitude and anxiety.—I fear I have by my weak indulgence of enthusiastic ideas, given the sting of disappointment an additional barb; but I hope I have resolution to tear from my heart, the memory of a man who has proved himself so unstable, so despicable." She then took out his picture, a *fauv portrait*, with emblematical device, his parting presents, and gave them to her mother: she then took his letters, and untying a black ribbon from her neck, which suspended a small locket containing his hair, she folded it in one of the letters, and threw them all into the fire.—"So perish," said she, "all memory of his baseness, and my weak passion.—I will thank you, mother, to return those valuable presents, (the picture was set round with pearls,) and request he will send back or destroy my letters; but I neither wish to see what you write, nor what answer he may return."—From that hour she never mentioned the circumstance until seven years afterwards—when one evening conversing on the many miseries which afflict human life, she declared, that whatever she had felt at other periods of affliction, so anguish whatever could be comparable, to what she endured during that period of suspense, doubt, and expectation.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE PASSENGER—N°—XV,

*This with superficial, that with intellectual charms adorned.*

IT has been justly observed, that an involuntary prepossession obtrudes itself upon the mind, respecting every stranger, on the first interview. This, though generally approved, is sometimes contradicted by experience, and therefore requires to be regulated by observation and reflection. On beholding a lovely figure, we are inclined to a favorable prepossession, on the fallacious hypothesis, that what appears so lovely, must in reality be so. No error is more frequent than this, in that instantaneous judgment which prejudice pronounces on the merits of others. A graceful exterior is so often accompanied with internal defect, that I frequently detect myself in contemplating beauty as if it were a certain indication of the absence of those amiable qualities which constitute the felicity of social intercourse. There appears in this acknowledged something like a spirit of malignity, which will be readily discovered by a

\* See first volume of the Magazine, page 6.



beautiful woman; but on being informed that the writer applies this remark equally to both sexes, she may feel less asperity. Ignorance, vanity, and superciliousness are as frequently characteristics of handsome men, as of handsome women; and in the male character, are much less to be tolerated.

After the above remarks, it will not appear strange, that my prepossession should have been unfavorable toward my landlady's daughter, upon observing that she possessed that symmetry of features and elegance of person, which are generally allowed to constitute beauty. Being aware of my prejudice, and wishing to find qualities which might remove it, I observed her narrowly; and gave full credit for every expression or action which carried an appearance of intelligence or of goodness; but as she chose to have very little intercourse with the odious male sex, I was under the necessity of confining my remarks almost entirely to her manners with her immediate connexions, particularly her mother, to whom her mode of address was so imperious, that I at first mistook her for some rich heiress, to whom the old lady held a candle, for the benefit of keeping her as a profitable boarder.—It may be supposed that I was a little surprised, on discovering that my landlady was the mother of this towering beauty, whom I will call SNARLETTA. On the second day after my arrival, some company came in, to whom Miss SNARLETTA was desirous of appearing agreeable; and it was not until their entrance, that I discovered she possessed a soft-toned delicate voice, and a desire, with the power of rendering herself quite a social being. In this interview, only one circumstance appeared, to throw a shade over her desire to please; which was, the mincing of her words rather too fine for the reigning taste; but as it testified an excess of good intention, the candid will overlook it.

Another member of the family was a young woman, whom I took to be a domestic associate; the cares of the family devolved in a considerable measure on her, but as she was a table guest, I was satisfied she could not be a servant. The respectful attention she constantly paid to the landlady, and the ease of her deportment to every one, gave me an exalted opinion of her disposition, and a desire to become acquainted with her. I improved the first opportunity to introduce a conversation respecting SNARLETTA, by observing, that her manner had been greatly changed on the introduction of company. Yes, said she, my sister can render herself agreeable when she is so disposed. Your sister! is that young lady your sister? Yes, she is my younger sister, said the elder, (whom I will distinguish by the name of SERENA). And whence, said I, arises the great difference, which is so apparent, in your employments, your habits, and your manners? Why you must have observed, said she, that my sister is handsome, and that I am not. And if she were a VENUS, said I, it would not account for the difference just named. A VENUS, said she, would injure her complexion over the fire; she would soil her clothes; she would tarnish the whiteness of her hands, in domestic occupations; and these would spoil your VENUS. But do you think, Miss, that beauty and the activity of usefulness are incompatible? That is a question, Sir, for a beauty to answer. I think no quality or station incompatible with usefulness, and endeavour to acquit myself accordingly; but had I been handsome, I might have thought and acted as my sister does; it is therefore, in my estimation, a blessing to be destitute of those external charms, which seem to vitiate the mind, and render the possessor a vain and trifling being. The witty and the malignant, would sport the fox and the grapes upon my remark; but it is made in the sincerity of truth; and I am fully convinced, that the example which my sister displays, has been of essential service to me; it has a tendency to shew me what I ought not to be, and has led me to frequent reflections on what I ought to be. The indulgence in which my sister leads her life, teaches me industry; her audacious and rough manners, instruct me in filial affection and unassuming simplicity. In short, every specimen the givens of unamiable deportment, operates by contrast, to assist me in avoiding the wrong, and in choosing the right course.

The conversation was here interrupted, by the entrance of SNARLETTA, and I retired, with a most exalted opinion of the homely SERENA, and a fixed contempt for her beautiful sister.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### THE LIFE OF CHURCHILL THE POET.

THE Reverend Charles Churchill, a poet of great temporary fame, which he principally owed to that choice of subjects, which has now almost consigned his productions to oblivion, was the son of a curate of St. John's, West-

minster, in which Parish he was born, in 1731. He received his early education at the celebrated public school in the vicinity, where it is said that he made himself known, as a youth of lively parts. So little, however, did he improve the advantages of nature and situation, that, when sent to Oxford, he was refused admission into the university, on account of deficiency in classical knowledge. He returned to school, but soon closed his further education there, by a very early and imprudent marriage, with a young lady of the neighborhood. He had the good sense, however, to improve the retired way of life into which his connexion threw him, by an application to literature, which rendered him in the opinion of Dr. Suckland, his diocesan, a fit person for the reception of holy orders, at the usual age, notwithstanding his want of a university education. Thus provided, he went down to a curacy of 30l. a year in Wales; and he fulfilled the duty of his humble station in such a manner, as to gain the esteem of his parishioners. To remedy the scantiness of his income, he engaged in the sale of cider, the liquor of the country; but he was little calculated for trade, and this expedient only the sooner brought him to a state of insolvency.

He returned to London, and, on his father's death, was chosen to succeed him as a curate and lecturer of St. John's. His emoluments being still much too small for his expenses, he improved his finances, by teaching young ladies to read and write English. But this addition could not prevent the evil of running into debt; to which necessity, his acquaintance with the wits of the day, and his immoderate fondness for theatrical amusements, probably contributed.

The horrors of a gaol were in full view before him, when he was relieved by a compromise with his creditors, humanely mediated by Dr. Lloyd, second master of Westminster school, and father of Robert Lloyd, the poet, Churchill's intimate friend.

He now seriously thought of exerting those talents, which he was conscious of possessing; and his first choice of a subject was happily derived from the flock of observation, his habits of life had afforded him. The excellencies and defects of the actors, in both houses, were the topic of his "Roscius," a poem, first published in March, 1761, without his name. It was greatly admired, and was attributed to most celebrated names of the time; but a second edition declared the real author.

Churchill was at once lifted from obscurity to eminence. As the characters he had drawn were public ones, the public became interested in the discussion of their merits; and the severity of the author's satire was, as usual, no impediment to the popularity of his work. Its intrinsic merit was, likewise, very considerable. Equal energy and vivacity were displayed in the delineations; the language and versification, though not without inequalities, were superior to the ordinary strain of current poetry; and many of the observations were stamped with sound judgment and correct taste. The players increased the celebrity of the piece, by the impatience many of them shewed under its censures. Pamphlets and poems were written against it, but its effect could not be undone. The author justified himself in a new piece of satire, bearing the title of his "Apology, addressed to the critical reviewers," in which the profession of a player was treated with much humorous contempt. These works made him many enemies, for whose resentment he cared little; but they brought him into the most flattering notice from wits and men of pleasure. This produced its natural consequence of loose and irregular manners. He devoted his evenings to conviviality, and defended himself publicly, from the reproaches, to which this conduct exposed him, in his next performance, entitled "Night."

The disgraceful impostor of the Cook-lane ghost furnished him with another topic of personal satire, which, however, did not greatly interest the public.

He next struck a string, in perfect unison with the nation's feelings at that period. The political occurrences at the beginning of the reign of George III, had inspired a rancorous hatred against the Scots; and Churchill administered choice food to this passion, by his "Prophecy of Famine, a Scots Pastoral," in which the powers of description were exhausted in humorous exaggeration of the defects of the country, and acrimonious abuse of its inhabitants. The poem was received with avidity, and gave the author that precedence as a political satirist, which he long maintained, at the expense of candour and decorum, and to the final debasement of his poetical, as well as his moral character. Of the latter he soon grew careless; and as if he had hitherto only acted the hypocrite in his clerical function, he threw off his black clothes, decorated his large and clumsy person with gold lace, and affected the appearance and deportment of a man of the town. In perfect con-

formity with this exterior, he engaged in illicit amours, and parted with his wife. He even proceeded to the fashionable vice of seduction, and debauched from her parents, the daughter of a tradesman in Westminster, for whom his passion subsided within a fortnight. It is but just to add, that he felt keen remorse for this villainy, which he did not scruple to confess to the public, in some very nervous lines, in one of his poems.

Being now by profession, a party writer, as well as a poet, he cultivated an acquaintance with Mr. Wilkes, and other distinguished oppositionists, and employed his pen assiduously in their cause, and for his own emolument. His productions were numerous; and, besides the works already mentioned, and four successive parts of his "Ghost," he published, within two or three years, an "Epistle to Hogarth," "The Conference," "The Duellist," and "The Author." Some of these are in the heroic measure, with which he first set out, and in which he most excelled; others are in the familiar eight syllable verse. They are generally strangely rambling and digressional; and, though they all contain detached pictures, which display a vigorous fancy and bold sentiments expressed in nervous language, their radical want of an interesting and regular subject renders them tiresome, and the haste, with which they were composed, fills them with prosaic lines.

In versification, Churchill was a professed imitator of the free and varied manner of Dryden, and, where he chose to take pains, he sufficiently proved the goodness of his ear; but like many other rapid writers, he frequently passed off carelessness as the result of design. Indeed, he seems to think all faults, moral and poetical, atoned for, by a certain manly vigour and rough freedom, indicating strength and openness of character.

The preceding account of his literary labours comes down to the close of 1763. In 1764, he poured forth several productions, evidently inspired by no other motive than necessity, and accumulating all the faults, with few of the beauties of the former. The titles of these rhapsodies are "Gotham," "The Candidate," "The Times," "Independence," and "The Journey." He even made his name the passport of a volume of dull sermons, ushered in, by a severe poetical dedication to Warburton, bishop of Gloucester.

Towards the latter end of that year, Churchill went over to France, in order to pay a visit to Wilkes, then a refugee in that kingdom. At Boulogne, he was seized with a fever, which soon threatened the fatal termination, that took place on November 4, 1764, and closed his short, but animated career, in his thirty-fourth year. It is to his credit, that he was much regretted by his particular friends, to whom he was endeared by a generosity of temper, not unusually attending strong passions, and unshackled manners. His poetical reputation seems to have been uniformly declining from the time of his death; and is never likely again to surmount the obstacles of temporary and unpleasing subjects, and careless execution. *Post Alia.*

## AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ALMANACK, &c.

OBSERVATIONS, PROGNOSTICATIONS AND DIRECTIONS, FOR JANUARY, 1804.

THE poor people in Greenland will have a bitter cold winter this year; whereas the Crookes in the West-Indies, will hardly have ice enough to cool their Madeira. As for us, we shall have a warm January, and somewhat snowy, rainy and sunshine: if I lie never trust me more.

If the wind does not blow from the South this month, we shall have it from the East, or the North, except it come from the West. For my own part, I have never yet known a South wind blow from the North-East; though I have oftener than once felt an Easterly blast from the South West.

This year, people will not laugh very heartily at any joke that touches themselves to the quick; and your bad critics will discover much more merit, in the clumsy performances of their friend, than in productions of the truest spirit, where they are unacquainted with the author; but especially if they have any personal dislike to him.

Great numbers of our good-for-nothing fellows will die before this year is at an end.

The mortality will rage no where more violently than in the inns and other public places; but it will not extend to men of true taste; for it does not appear, from the best of our prognostications, that in all those resorts of the learned, brisk and lively, so much as one who deserves to be ranked in that class, shall perish during the intense course of the present year. *News! News!*

## HOW THE FAMOUS DR. SWIFT BECAME DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

THE Dean was at one time in as low circumstances, and as poor as any poor person or poet who lived in a garret or cellar could be; but kept the first company occasionally, and was much admired for his classical knowledge; he used to read prayers and preach occasionally at St. — church, not far from Charing-cross.

It happened that a certain lord paid his addresses to a young lady of rank and fortune. This nobleman had for three years a young girl in keeping. The lady he courted said, Sir, I cannot think of marrying you until you have got the lady you were familiarly connected with, a husband. This nobleman, who had the deanery of St. Patrick's in his gift, found out Swift one morning, and told him nearly as follows:—Mr. Swift, I pay my addresses to a young lady of rank and fortune, and expect to be married to her as soon as I can do away one circumstance, which is, I lived with a beautiful girl for near three years, whom I seduced; she has poor relations, and the lady I court will not marry me, hearing I had a mistress in keeping, until this girl is married and provided for; now I have to inform you, that I have the Deanery of St. Patrick's in Ireland, at my disposal, which is worth nearly a thousand a year, which I will present you with, as I believe you are not very rich, provided you will marry her. The dean said he would, on condition that he should be first inducted into the deanery. The nobleman said, if you will give me your bond under a heavy penalty, to marry this young lady, I will induct you, which was done immediately after, and the bond executed; and the dean was, by agreement, to marry the nobleman to the lady first, the same day.

The dean being inducted into the deanery, appeared in his robes, at the church, on the day appointed, and married the nobleman, who said, I am glad, Mr. Swift, to find you so very punctual;—now we are married, here is the lady you are to marry. The dean replied he was ready, and said, where is the man I am to marry her to? The gentleman said, she is to be your wife. The dean said, look at the bond, I only bound myself officially, as a minister, to marry her to any person; but I have not the least desire of making her my own wife—and so I wish your lordship a good morning, presuming you have no further occasion for me.

### AMBROSE PHILLIPS.

THIS very ingenious gentleman was, in his conversation, solemn and pompous. At a coffee-house he was once discoursing upon pictures, and pitying the painters who, in their historical pieces, always draw the same sort of sky. "They should travel," said he, "and then they will see that there is a different sky in every country; in England, France, Italy, and so forth."—"Your remark is just," said a grave old gentleman who sat by; "I have been a traveller, and can testify what you observe is true; but the greatest variety of sky that I found, was in Poland."—"In Poland, Sir?" said Phillips, "Yes, in Poland; for there is Sobiesky, Poniatowsky, Sarbrunsky, Jablonsky, Podbrasky, and many more sky, Sir, than are to be found elsewhere."

### A REMEDY FOR A GREAT EVIL.

AN European son of Bacchus, had so far impaired his health by the practice of drinking, that a physician who was called in, pronounced his case desperate, since his present intemperance would quickly end in death, and an immediate forbearance might be equally fatal. The man being alarmed, begged the Doctor to propose some remedy, be it ever so severe.—On inquiry it was found that his usual dose was twenty glasses of rum or brandy each day. The doctor advised him to continue his portion as formerly; but on finishing each glass, to drop in a single drop of melted sealing wax; which was done until the glass was gradually filled with the wax, and the drunkard perfectly cured of his miserable habit.

### PATIENCE.

A quaker, driving in a single-horse-chaise, up a green lane that leads from Newington-green to Hornsey, happened to meet with a young blood, who was also in a single-horse-chaise. There was not room enough for them to pass each other, unless one of them would back his carriage, which they both refused. "I'll not make way for you," says the blood, "d—n my eyes if I will." "I think I am older than thou art," said the quaker, "and therefore have a right to expect thee to make way for me." "I won't, dam me," returned the first. He then pulled out a newspaper and began to read, as he sat still in his chaise; the quaker observing him, pulled a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, and with a convenience which he carried about him, struck a light, illuminated his pipe, and sat and puffed away very comfortably. "Friend," said he to the young

blood, "when thou hast read that paper through, I should be glad if thou wouldst lend it me." My young gentleman, seeing that the obstinacy of the quaker was not to be overcome, prudently made way for him; but not until he had favoured him with a few oaths and imprecations.

## THEATRICAL REGISTER—No IV.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

"Unbias'd or by favour or by dread."

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1803.

*Hamlet, Shakespeare, and Sprigs of Laurel, O'Keefe.*

THE tragedy of *Hamlet* will be a favourite theatrical piece, as long as the language of its immortal author shall continue to be understood. Though regularly performed once or twice every season, it has never, we believe, in Boston, been dishonoured by a thin house; and the unpropitious fall of snow, this evening, did not, as might have been expected, prevent the collection of a numerous audience. The distribution of the principal parts, was nearly the same as the last season. We have always been exceedingly pleased with Mr. BARRETT's Young *Hamlet*. The soliloquy, was, in our opinion, very well spoken; and the fencing scene, between *Hamlet* and *Laertes*, by Messrs. BARRETT and DARLEY, who are both adepts in the art, was executed in a manner which excited reiterated and deserved applause. Mr. DICKINSON is extremely happy in his performance of *Pollonius*; and *Horatio*, though out of Mr. WILSON's line, was not destitute of merit.—After having seen the *Ghost* performed by Mr. HARPER, in which he is peculiarly excellent, it is not to be expected that Mr. JONES, in that part, should give perfect satisfaction. Greatly as we admire Mr. JONES, we did not much admire his *Ghost*. We humbly think, with due deference, that he was widely out in the conception of the character. The common rule, that the parts of these airy personages should be spoken with a hollow voice, with no action, and very little emphasis, was entirely revered. Mr. HARPER, in performing it, strictly adhered to this rule; but the voice of Mr. J. was natural and varied, the emphasis and cadence strongly marked, and his action often vehement. Which method is the most proper, we leave others to determine; but we are decidedly in favour of the former.—The humorous part of the *grave-digger* has always been well filled; and was, this evening, rendered by Mr. BERNARD particularly amusing.

The word *mobbed*, "mobbed queen," in the *Player King's* speech, we observed was pronounced *mob-led*, as if compounded of the two words *mob* and *led*. The idea, meant to be conveyed by Shakespeare, was evidently not that of being *led* or governed by the mob, but that of being *veiled*, which the word *mobbed* properly signifies.

Mrs. DARLEY's *Opelia*, is allowed to be unrivalled: the character could hardly have met with a more faithful representative. The feelings of the audience were so nicely touched, that the many attempts to express their applause were almost overpowered by a more infallible criterion of merit, the pungency of sympathetic grief.

"Queen of the Theban world, by Nature grac'd,  
To hold Truth's mirror to the eye of Taste;  
With magic step, and Virtue's timid mien,  
Adorn and sway the empire of the scene;  
Enrich th' illusions of the mimic art  
With the fine touches of a cultur'd heart;  
Bid Beauty's group, and Taste's assembled choir,  
Live while they gaze, and be what they admire;  
And then recede, too meek to snatch the bays,  
Too pure for envy, and too bright for praise."

The comic Opera, called, *Sprigs of Laurel*, or the "*Rival Soldiers*," which was never before represented in Boston, met with considerable applause. Its success was chiefly owing to the humorous part of *Nipperkin*; for the imitable performance of which, the author is much indebted to Mr. BERNARD. In the songs, he displayed admirable comic powers. The most that can be said of the other characters, if we except several very pleasing airs, is, that they contain a few good thread-bare sentiments, rather flatly introduced. The plot is deficient in interest, and the *dénouement* excites no surprise. Though it is our humble opinion, that it by no means deserves to be ranked with the best performances of its author; yet, with all its imperfections on its head, the *Sprigs of Laurel*, with the indispensable aid of Mr. BERNARD, will enable one to pass away an hour very agreeably, and in much good-humour.

MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1804.

*The Voice of Nature*, ———, and *The Agreeable Surprise*, O'Keefe.

THIS was the seventh representation, this season, of the *Voice of Nature*, and drew but a thin-house.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4.

*Abuclina*, from the German, and *Sprigs of Laurel*, O'Keefe.

THESE two pieces were repeated to almost empty boxes. *Abuclina*, however, was much better performed this evening than it had been the preceding Wednesday. The parts which were then imperfect, we are happy to observe, were now exceedingly correct. Mr. WILSON's *Matteo* was extremely well performed.

WE agree with "NUMBERS," in wishing to see GOLD-SMITH's Plays brought forward. *She sleeps to Conquer*, might probably be revived with little labour, and would, doubtless, afford the Manager an ample recompence.

HORATIO.

THEATRE.—On Monday, the admired play of *Alfonso*—with the farce of *Bon Tan*.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The fair of "Berkshire," are not neglected or forgotten; but there has been no possibility of giving the lines a place as yet. If the author will have a little patience, he shall see them in print within a short period.—We also ask indulgence from the gentleman who favoured us with the Poem "on Summer."

"M. S. W." shall appear as soon as present arrangements will admit.

The lines communicated by "Musarum Amicus," are gratefully received, and shall appear soon.

We thank our correspondent for the anecdote of the Soldier.

"Observer," too incorrect for admission.

N. H.'s anecdote of the two sailors, received.

"Truth and the Miller," has appeared in so many papers already, we must be excused inserting it.

MARRIED]—At Baltimore, Mr. Jerome Bonaparte, youngest brother of the First Consul of the French Republic, to Miss Elizabeth Patterson.—At Kennebunk, Mr. Charles W. Williams, to Miss Abigail Lord.—At Roxbury, Mr. James Collins, to Miss Eunice French.

In this town, Mr. Lemuel Colburn, to Miss Mercy Bate, youngest daughter of the late Capt. Alden B.—Mr. Manuel Miner, to Miss Mary Stefon—Mr. John Odin, mer. to Miss Harriet Tyng Walter, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Walter.—Mr. Job Hallett, to Miss Betty Johnson.

DIED]—At Newton, the 1st inst. Miss Lydia Hyde, Æt. 24, daughter of Mr. Daniel Hyde. If filial piety, fraternal love, cheerfulness, industry, and simplicity of heart are valuable qualities, the deceased was valuable in the highest degree. Of pure morals, and serious mind, she, (though not in an elevated walk of life) was formed to have done honour to the highest. At the early age of fifteen, she was bereaved of her maternal parent; and from that period, became in affection and care, a mother to her infant sisters; a comforter and friend to her widowed father; a prudent attentive manager of his family, finding time from those occupations, to keep his accounts, inspect his papers, and by her regularity and correctness, saving him much trouble. Her pure and innocent soul is translated to the world of beatified spirits; and though her loss to her family and friends is irreparable, they mourn not like those who have no hope. She has left an example behind her so worthy imitation, that every young woman who reads the character of *Lydia Hyde*, ought to pray fervently, that if called to the affecting trial, they may be enabled to do likewise. In S. America, Mr. Josiah Swan, of this town, Æt. 20. At Staunton (Virg.) on the 1st ult. the kitchen of Mr. Coiners, was consumed by fire, and with it two of his children, and a negro child. Mrs. Coiner, while cleaning the house, told them not to go to the kitchen; a few minutes after, having occasion to go there herself discovered it enveloped in flames, supposed to have originated by the children in playing with the fire dropping some coals into a quantity of flax contiguous to the door, which prevented her from entering; she immediately run to a hole in the wall where she beheld her tender offspring with uplifted hands supplicating assistance, her exertions to rescue them in vain; on taking hold of their arms they slipped from her grasp, the skin remaining in her hands; she made a second effort, and got the head of one through the crevice, but being unable to get it farther, it was consumed, together with the others, in the light of its agonized parent! Their bones were gathered upon the following day and decently interred.

In this town, Mrs. Elizabeth Rea, Æt. 73, widow of the late Mr. Daniel Rea—Mrs. Elizabeth Wild, Æt. 49, wife of Mr. Elisha W.—Catharine, Æt. 10 months, daughter of Capt. Nathaniel L. Harris—Mr. Nathaniel Davis, Æt. 28, son of Amasa Davis, Esq.—Mrs. Rachel Howe, Æt. 72, wife of Mr. Benjamin Howe—Mr. Andrew Hayward, Æt. 82—Mrs. Abigail Bulfinch, Æt. 64; Widow Violet Greenough, Æt. 76, and two children. Total 10.

## POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
NEW YEAR'S REFLECTIONS.

ONCE more the Globe its annual course has run,  
And reach'd its destin'd goal; again prepar'd,  
Anew to make its journey round yon orb,  
Courting his beams to this our northern clime:  
To bid the earth now steril, cold, and drear,  
Unlock her treasures, and prepare a robe  
Of vernal green; with snow drops, violets,  
Primroses, crocuses, mezerian buds,  
And yellow cowslips, gaily broider'd round,  
To wrap the graceful form, of smiling Spring.  
Welcome, thou festive season!—Now each heart,  
Greets with long life and health the friend it loves,  
Prosperity, and peace, and love, and joy,  
And every blessing bounteous Heaven can give.  
Long life! is that a blessing? yes, employed  
To serve our fellow creatures; to instruct,  
Reprove, direct, and forward their best welfare;  
Sooth the afflicted, comfort the distress'd,  
And raise the oppress'd above the oppressor's pow'r.  
But then for this, he who lives twenty years,  
And thus employs that period, hath enjoyed  
A longer life, than he who thrice the term,  
Has counted o'er, and liv'd but for himself.  
Health!—That indeed is Heaven's choicest gift,  
Without it, not the treasures of Peru,  
Mexico's golden sands, nor Sweden's mines;  
Were as it were a wondrous silver world,  
Exists within the bowels of the earth:  
Nor all the pearls in the oriental sea,  
Golconda's diamonds, the rubied throne;  
Where sits in wretched state the king of slaves,  
Are without health of any worth to man.  
Then be long life—and health thy portion,  
Yes, and prosperity, which sets the mind  
Above the fear of want,—above temptation,  
And gives the heart the dearest of all joys,  
Means for the bounteous hand to scatter round  
To those who want them, raiment, food, and fire.  
Peace, heavenly guest! will follow in the train,  
With Love, and Joy, where Charity presides;  
And be these guests the inmates of thy breast;  
And be Prosperity attendant still,  
Where'er you go, whatever your pursuit.  
Now, as we view the varied countenance,  
Of Janus as he rests on either year,  
Casting a retrospect upon the past,  
Yet looking forward to futurity,  
Expressing at one moment fond regret,  
And joy and trembling hope, and doubtful fear;  
Let me enquire, what good have I enjoy'd?  
What sorrows felt? what fear I? and what hope?  
And is my gratitude proportioned,  
To the vast blessings heap'd upon my head?  
No—it is not, for whilst I here enjoy  
Peace, plenty, and esteem from all most valued,  
How oft do I offend that gracious Power,  
Who, thus indulgent, satisfies each wish,  
Nor leaves me ought to ask.—Thou great Supreme  
If I dare hope, that Thou wilt hear my pray'r,  
Oh! mould my heart to love, to fear, and serve thee.  
If there is one blessing dearer than another,  
Am I presumptuous if my soul implores  
That blessing's long continuance—'tis Friendship,  
Be that still my greatest bliss, to hold and to deserve,  
The first esteem, of the most pure and valuable heart.  
Still from the voice of Friendship let me hear  
Approving words, or stern, yet kind reproof.  
Let me while still the lingering lamp of life  
Illumes this fragile tenement of clay,  
Enjoy this first of blessings, and deserve it;  
And if there be one evil which I fear

More than e'en sickness, poverty, or death,  
It is the loss of that esteem. Great Heaven  
Avert that from me—let me never live  
To say "has forgot me, or to hear  
That friend rever'd, is number'd with the dead.  
These are my highest hopes, my greatest fears,  
And for the rest, I am content to take  
Whate'er an all-wise Being thinks the best.  
Wealth has for me no charm, nor even power!  
I ask'd but for a competency; my mind  
Can find that competency in a little;  
So let me still be humble and be grateful,  
For sure my blessings very far exceed  
My poor deserts, as far as Heaven's high arch  
Extends beyond our sublunary sphere.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## TO MIRANDA.

COME, let us hail the rising year,  
With humble hearts and hands out spread;  
And pray for every gift that's dear,  
To fall on lov'd MIRANDA's head.  
Oh, may her breast, where truth presides,  
Passe the delights truth can bestow:  
Her heart, where gentleness resides,  
Nought but the gentlest usage know.  
Her liberal hands, which many blest,  
Receive ten-fold the good they give;  
Her eyes, which flow to sooth distress,  
Ne'er for her heart's own anguish grieve.  
Oh, be the Heaven's peculiar care,  
In whom each grace and virtue shine;  
May she th' applause of thousands share,  
But her esteem alone be mine.

JAN. 17, 1804.

CONRADE.

## THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## SINCERITY; A NOVEL

## IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XXVI.—ANNE TO ELINOR. (*In continuation.*)  
London, July 17th, 1779.

*Continuation of Mr. GALLAGHAN's Letter.*

UPON my first enquiry, I found Mrs. Darnley had left this woman, impressed with no higher an opinion of her prudence or virtue, than Mrs. Bellamy was.—She seemed eager to give me all the information in her power; and as I thought, giving her permission to talk as fast and as long as she pleased, would be gratifying at once, her favourite propensity, and enable me to give you a more succinct account of the person for whom you were so much interested. I remained silent, and only endeavoured to connect the story, and free it from its superfluities. I learnt that about two months since, Mrs. Darnley had come to this house and taken a lodging.—She did not go by the name of Darnley, but Beetham; and the woman discovered her real name by a pocket handkerchief she dropped one day in taking some linen from her trunk, on which Sarah Darnley was marked at full length. "I took up the handkerchief," said the woman, "and looking at her, said, I thought your name was Beetham?" She coloured, and said, "My name was once Darnley." "Then you are a married woman?" "Yes," answered she, but she looked confused, so I thought I would question her further.—"Where is your husband?" says I.—She said she believed in London.—"And what is he?" "He was a merchant."—"And how came you to be separated from him?"—She shut up her trunk, Sir, and, taking the handkerchief out of my hand, tore off the corner and put it into the fire; yes, Sir, she put it into the fire, and told me that she did not know by what right I catechised her, and telling me she wanted to be alone, as good as turned me out of the room.—Now, Sir, this argued no good.—I thought so too; but not to weary you with her jargon, I found that this delicate Mrs. Darnley had been visited by a man several times in the course of a week; that three or four times she had gone out and staid until between ten and eleven o'clock. At last, her landlady having remonstrated with her a little mildly upon keeping such late hours, she told her that she would not long be a trouble to her, for she had been seeking a situation in a family, and had, she thought, met with one to her satisfaction; that about a week afterwards she went away, leaving her trunk as security to the woman of the house, for she had never paid for the apartment she occupied; that having been absent nearly a fortnight, she returned one night, requesting to be again received, but at the same time,

said she had brought home no money; that she had only the clothes she had on, and what was in the woman's possession; and that she had walked twelve miles that day; but the apartment being let to another, Mrs. Darnley went away; and a day or two after, she was seen at a neighbouring house, where the woman said she sent her clothes after her.—I went to this house, but could get no further information, only that she had been there, and was gone they knew not whither. But it was the universal agreement of all, that she was a woman of light character; and the last person I enquired of, said she had been entirely supported by a very genteel old gentleman, and she supposed was gone into better lodgings of his providing."

So you perceive, my good Sir, that Mrs. Darnley is not destitute of new friends; and her having changed her name is an evident proof that she wishes to conceal herself from her old ones. I wish it had been my good fortune to procure any more satisfactory intelligence, but I could trace her no further. I hope she has neither father, brother, or husband to be dishonoured by her conduct. If I can be of any further use, any directions you may be pleased to send, shall be punctually followed, by

Sir, your humble servant, JOHN GALLAGHAN.

CAN you conceive for a moment what my agony of mind was, during the perusal of this letter, to see how my poor friend has been misrepresented; for, until I have manifest evidence of it, I can never believe her lost to honour. She may have been betrayed, (the very supposition is torture to my heart, for) if she has, she is lost to me and to the world forever; she will conceal herself from the knowledge of every one, whom she had known before.—But it is not in nature for her to become a voluntary slave to vice. Indeed, it is plain to me, throughout every part of this letter, that she has been persecuted and ill used; perhaps driven to extreme distress; want of bread or clothing, would not tempt her into the paths of shame; but when in distress, should a man of sense, delicacy, of polished manners, and insinuating address, relieve her, and then sue for her favour—I cannot answer for her heart; and when the heart is enthusiastically impressed with grateful sensations, how soon will assiduous tenderness, from an engaging object, make it vibrate with a warmer sensation, and then, what are our best resolutions? I speak not as a woman only, but as a child of frailty; for such are all the sons and daughters of Adam. In such a situation, I would not answer for the steadiness even of my virtuous Sarah.

Did I require any thing to convince me that she is not the depraved being they have represented her, the sincerity of her replies to the woman who interrogated her about her handkerchief, would be a sufficient proof, that she retained her native singleness of heart; which, to me, was ever the most interesting trait in her character. Before she could become abandoned, she would have learnt to dissimulate. What can I do? How shall I find her? I have requested Mr. Lewis to write to his friend once more; in the mean time, I am determined, however eccentric you may think the step, to write to the Marquis of H—, and endeavour to interest him in her behalf; a man of his rank, has great influence in such a city as Dublin; and if he has the smallest spark of honour, he will exert himself to restore to her friends, a woman whom his insulting overtures forced to seek shelter in poverty and shame, from the solicitations of vice, and the dread of ignominy. When I have put this plan in execution, and waited a reasonable time for an answer, you shall hear again from ANN.

## HOOPING COUGH.

The following recipe for this fatal disease, has saved many children from death:—Take a small handful of garlic, and throw it into a quantity of melted lard, perhaps half a pint, and after boiling it until the strength of the garlic is out, rub the soles of the child's feet every few hours. The effects have sometimes been astonishing.

## ACTIONS.

WE should often be ashamed of our best actions, if the world knew the real motives which produce them.

## AVARICE.

AVARICE is more opposite to economy than liberality.

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# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE :

## OR, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S MISCELLANY.

Vol. II.]

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 14, 1804.

[N° XII.]

### MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### THE GOSSIP—N° L.

*Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.*  
TO THE GOSSIP.

SIR,  
BEING on a visit, some little time since, in a family where there were many children, the eldest of which was not more than twelve years old, I was put extremely out of patience, by the very little authority either father or mother exerted over their offspring. From the eldest to the youngest, they did as they pleased; ate what they chose, went out or came in as they liked, and sat up sometimes as long as any of the rest of the family. I arrived at my friend's house about twelve o'clock; we had in our youth been very intimate, but since our mixing with the world, little intercourse had been between us; but in compliance with a very pressing invitation, I went with a design of passing a fortnight or three weeks with them. On my very first meal, I found it would be an utter impossibility for me to endure the noise, rudeness, and confusion of these children. The eldest, who is a girl, pretty in her person, but humoured until she hardly knew what to ask or wish, behaved in such a manner during dinner, that I wished to turn her out of the room; I disliked every thing she was helped to, though the dinner was excellent; declared she could not eat any thing on the table; she did not love boiled fowl; roast goose made her sick; the plum-pudding was not good; in short, what with her airs, and the roaring of two boys, one two, and the other three years old, who cried for every thing they saw, got out of their seats, and going round the table, pulled the meat off their father and mother's plate; threw the bones on the floor to a favourite cat and dog under the table, who, in their turn, quarrelled for the best bit. I heartily rejoiced when dinner was over, as I thought the children would then be dismissed. But alas, I was deceived in my expectation; the two eldest boys now came home from school, where they generally stayed all day; here was a new scene of perfection. "George, my dear," said mamma, when they came in without pulling off their hats, and calling out that they wanted some pie, for that they had not had half dinner enough; "George, Charles, my dear boys, where are your manners; do you not see a gentleman? go up to him, ask him how he does, and shake hands with him." "I won't," said Charles, and throwing his hat to the other end of the room, bawled out, "I want some pie, I tell you." "My son! my son!" said the father, "don't be a baby, I thought my son Charles was a man."—Man or baby, son Charles continued roaring. George came up in an awkward manner, and muttered a few unintelligible words, and then ran out after his noisy brother. "Well," said Mrs. Easy, "I never saw the children behave so ill; but it seems as if they were trying how bad they could act." "Pho," said the husband, "I think they act pretty much alike at all times; you let them have their own way so much, they will be your masters presently. As to Patty, she is your mistress already." "Why then don't you correct them," said she, tartly. "I," replied my friend, "not I, truly, I have nothing to do with them, I leave the entire management of them to you, and their school-master." Just then the two boys returned with two great plates of pie, and pulling their seats before the fire, sat down to eating most voraciously; scattering their crumbs over the hearth; and Charles having finished his first, began pulling George's plate from him; a squabble ensued, and plate, pie and all, fell into the fire! The boys were now turned out of the room, the tea brought in, and I was in hopes, after that meal, the children would go to bed. Before tea was finished, a neighbour and his wife came in, to bring home Miss Nancy, a child about five years old, who had been to spend the day with their children, and their only son, a boy of seven came with them. "We have brought Miss Nancy," said the lady, "and Master James insisted on coming to wait on his sweetheart home." "Aye, to be sure," said the gentleman, "he must keep close to her, or else uncle Tom will cut him out; he told me to day, he had a good mind to come, and court and marry her." "Well,

and I like him best," said the little pert thing, "and he says he will marry me next week, and so I tell you, Master James, I won't have any thing more to say to you."—"How does Master George come on in his new school?" said the lady, after she was seated by the fire. "Oh vastly well, he begins to read finely, and has learnt to speak several pieces. Charles, too, can speak an epilogue. Nancy, my dear, call your brothers."—The two boys were called, and standing in the middle of the room, each of them spoke their piece, with numerous embellishments of sniffing, hesitating, coughing, and hitching up their pantaloons. This persecution over, Master James and Miss Nancy spoke a dialogue, pretty high seasoned with love, and not the most delicate allusions.—Miss Patty's music next came in question, and after repeated teasing, coaxing, flattery, &c. from father, mother, and guests, she went reluctantly to the instrument, played out of time, sung out of tune, and was praised up to the skies.—Supper was announced. "Now, Nancy dear," said Mrs. Easy, "be a good girl, go kiss papa, and go to bed." I must not omit to tell you, however, that the *interesting* amusements of the evening were every moment interrupted by the noise of the other children, romping, laughing, running in and out of the room, and sometimes the younger ones crying.—"Be a good girl, go to bed, and brother George, and Charles, will go too." "I don't want to," said George; "I won't go," said Charles; "I can't go to bed yet," whined out Miss Nancy; "I can't sleep, I want some supper."—"Well! well!" said the father, "let her stay, I suppose she don't like to leave her little sweetheart."—Supper was but a second edition of dinner. The same noise, confusion, and peevish airs, that I protest to you, Mr. GOSSIP, I withheld myself a hundred miles off more than fifty times. The most miserable nock, with quiet, and bread and water for supper, would to me have been far preferable to my friend Easy's elegantly furnished rooms and sumptuous table.—However, ten o'clock, at length came, the visitors took their leave, and I was shown to my room. Here, thought I, at least I shall have a quiet night's sleep. But the room the boys slept in, was directly over my head, and the two youngest, who had been coaxed away to bed early the preceding evening, were awake before day, and soon contrived effectually to arouse their elder brothers; when, by jumping from one bed to another, laughing, singing, quarrelling, crying, they effectually banished the drowsy god from my pillow. I arose unrefreshed; for it had been very late before I fell into a slumber, and was under the necessity of making an excuse, to escape from another twenty-four hours of such persecution.

Mr. GOSSIP, I believe I love children as well as any person can, who have none of their own: I have been married; and was a father about nine months, but if I thought the continuance of that felicity would have made me a nuisance to my friends, and have only incited me to bring up my children to be useless, snarling, tiresome members of society, I should thank the Wise Disposer of all, for the anguish I endured in being bereaved of the most amiable wife, and promising child, that ever existed.—Do, Sir, say a word or two on this subject; if I am wrong, reprove me; if I do not complain without reason, say something in my favour; and advise those too indulgent parents, for their own sake, for the sake of their children's future happiness, and the present comfort of their friends, to put some restraint on their vivacity, and not to make them the chief objects of attention, when politeness requires they should be attentive to the accommodation of their visitors.

Your's, &c.

JAMES FORESIGHT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### THE PASSENGER—N° XVI.

"This Love rejoiceth in the Truth."

[See the Passenger, No. 14.]

THE next morning at breakfast, I attempted to banter SERENA, respecting a gentleman who had spent the evening before at the house. My design was not merely to introduce conversation, instead of the silence which reigned at table: but to obtain further particulars, for affixing a just estimate on the character of SERENA, who had appeared so amiable in the former interview. There is no

subject, on which I place so full reliance, for discovering the true character of an unmarried woman, as that of matrimony. In a discourse upon this topic, truth and candour are not only *rare charms*, of which few women know the power; but they may be considered as certain indications of goodness.

I introduced my remarks, by observing that the gentleman's visit was probably designed for one of the sisters, but his conversation was so general, that I could not ascertain which of the two was the object of his most particular attention. SERENA replied, that she supposed herself *not* to be the object, as nothing had occurred in his manner or discourse, which would authorize a supposition that he entertained a partiality for her, though he frequently came to the house. Women, said I, do not always consider themselves under obligation to give their *real* sentiments in a conversation of this nature. If they give *any*, said she, they ought to give those which are *real*. Pardon my putting a few questions then, to compare your practice with your theory.—Did you watch the gentleman's manner, for the purpose of ascertaining whether his attentions were designed for you? I did. If you had found they were, would it have been pleasing? It would; for I esteem that young man as a very worthy character, who bids fair to make an excellent husband. Then you do not follow the practice which is so common, of denying that you ever thought upon the subject of matrimony? Far from that; I think the woman who does deny it, acts a foolish part; if it be *not* true, *falsehood* renders the assertion ridiculous; and if it be true, a *neglect of duty* makes it still more so; for the duties of a wife are so numerous, and so difficult to acquire, that she who does not study them, until she becomes such, can never make a good one. Then you have made those duties your study?—Indeed I have—they are my daily study; for if I *should* become a wife, it shall be my endeavour to be one of the *best*; and if I should not, this study will fit me for being a better daughter, a better sister, a better friend, and a better member of society.—Lord! said SNARLETTA, do hold your nonsense!

Why Miss, said I, matrimony would be an agreeable subject I should imagine.—She tartly replied, it may be to you. And not to you also? It is a subject I suppose which you frequently contemplate. Not I, said she, I never thought of it in my life.

Mr. BLUNT, who with a smile had been listening to the conversation, now broke out in immoderate laughter.—Ha! ha! said he—*she will box the compass* for you, as well as any one you ever heard. That, Sir, is a *sea phrase*, which I do not know that I rightly comprehend; especially as applied to the present conversation. I will explain it then, said he.—You know that there are thirty-two points round the compass? Yes. You know that every one of these points has an appropriate name? Yes. Well, a sailor has to learn these names, so as to repeat them forward and backward, with readiness; this is what is *generally* understood by *boxing the compass*;—but what is more particularly the signification of the term is this; instead of the two and thirty proper names, they apply as many oaths; that is to say, you must swear a different oath at every point; and practise, until you can utter them with fluency forward and backward. This is not the *uniform* mode; it is only practised by some few of the contemptible part of that useful class; I wish I could say as much of the other sex, but it is out of my power; for the greater part of them will tell lies upon matrimonial subjects, as readily as the most fluent sailor will swear round the compass.—Poh! said I, don't use such *barb* expressions of ladies in the presence of ladies.—Oh yes, said he, you wish to ingratiate yourself with the ladies, and instead of calling a lie by its proper name, you would dub it a *mistake* or a *fib*, or some other pretty thing, as soft as their muffs—none of your softening qualifications—plain truth is a jewel; it is the only literary traffic in which I deal, and if you or the ladies don't like it, there will be an embargo on our social commerce; so if you ever meet me, where lies are in circulation, you will perfectly comprehend what I mean by *boxing the compass*.

As breakfast was now over, we separated, and I could not but reflect on the injurious tendency of any custom which operates to undermine the sacredness of uncorrupted



integrity, Mr. BLUNT's observations were so just, that I could disapprove of nothing, but the unadorned manner in which they were delivered. That fashion must be corrupt which sanctions a departure from truth, even with the base; what then shall we say of a general custom, which authorizes the most unqualified deviations of that sex, to whom we look for examples of undissimbling rectitude;

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### LA PREDICATEUR—No IV.

"My familiar friends have forgotten me."

ADVERSITY is the touchstone of friendship. The gay son of prosperity, nursed in the lap of wealth, and encircled by a troop of sycophants, exults in the number of his fancied friends; but when the blast of misfortune has stripped him, and rendered necessary the help of others, he is then obliged to say, *my familiar friends have forgotten me.*

The Hebrew word, here rendered *familiar friends*, says one, implies that they were those, who rather knew him than were known by him. The rich and the great are ever followed by a host of these, who, from vanity or interest, are fond of being considered as their friends and associates. But in the hour of adversity, they shrink from sight, and forget that such were their intimates or their friends. The benefits which they have received, and the services which they have professed, are alike wiped from the memory.

True friendship is not weakened by time; it gains strength from age. It is not diminished by absence; separated by oceans, or even by death, the fire of real friendship burns as strong as ever. It is not confined to compliments, and verbal expressions of favour; it buds into action, and is laborious in rendering offices of kindness. It is not extinguished by calamity; it sympathizes with affliction, is compassionate, liberal, and instead of forsaking the distressed, nobly bears a part of the burthen. It is not ashamed of the person or condition of another; in poverty, in dishonour, in prison, if unmerited, true friendship remains the same. In a word, a friend loves at all times; and he that loves not at all times is not a friend.

Among our many professed friends, few are really so; disinterested friendship is as rare, as it is valuable, and we ought to be cautious that we are not deceived. There are few, who from the summit of riches have now sunk into the vale of poverty, that cannot repeat with a sigh, *My familiar friends have forgotten me.*

Extracted for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

For'd pity meets us with a cold respect,  
Unkind as scorn, ungenerous as neglect.

Savage.

THE refined, but unfortunate, author of this sentiment has seen the pointed finger of scorn, and realized that friendship existeth not between humble genius and imperious pride: that friends who flout with us in the sunshine of prosperity, will not follow us to the house of want, or fet and soothe us in the shade of adversity.

What a miserable wretch is man, when every faculty of his soul is subdued to the small circle of animal and selfish gratification; and how contemptible is he, when every passion, desire and appetite is trained and tutored, like a pack of blood-hounds, to follow the scent of lusty ambition, and obey the brazen-horn of every varying fashion. Let crack-brained philosophers talk of obeying the noble impulses of sublimated nature, and regulating their conduct by the decisions of unbiassed reason; whip me such muck-worm scoundrels, who put the soul into a retort, and measure the pulsations of the heart with a pendulum. I like much better the trunk hose of Sancho Panza, and the stiff kneed philosophy of Corporal Trim. *Pretensions and professions* have been too often substituted for reality, but as it is a polite kind of knavery, and much encouraged, and practised, by men in high life—and all this too, under the solemnity of "*upon my honour*"—the statute against perjury will not reach the offender, and of course, for this is the world's logic, no one is sworn, though many are deluded and destroyed.

Look, Sir—at Alberto? You remember he was a blooming, cheerful and witty disciple of Apollo—with how much pride K—, B—, &c. &c. used to delight in his company. He then stood in need of no one's assistance. How wan and, pale, and way-worn he looks? His cheek is wet with tears—but they fall not before men: they are companions of silent meditation, and fall at the remembrance of *friendship* debased by fraud, and expectations excited only to deceive. He can now, in the bitterness of his soul exclaim—

"I am sick of this bad world!

"The day light and the sun grow painful to me."

Yes, Alberto, the eye of sensibility can behold, in the lambent flame, that plays round the pallid cheek, "proof strong as holy writ," that thy soul is more agonized by the mockery of miserable man, than by the pelting storm of poverty. In the mirror of each melting tear is seen the unmasked and haggard features of falsehood and flattery; once by thee supposed the lineaments of *friendship*; but the wretch who has deceived thee, will not trace the likeness. The man of high life will never estimate thy sensibility; but call every broken sigh the curse of weakness. The man of business will never make a draft on thy virtue, in exchange for his wares—and what does the parasite produce for his proffered friendship? base *insinuations* and cold *contempt*. His promises were made in the day of thy *prosperity*, when thy purse was full and thy hand was liberal; when his cold heart was warmed by the beams of thy benevolence. Believe me, every cordial squeeze by the hand, every smirking smile, every luring lie, were as mechanical as the motions of a machine, and as pointed as the cue of a gamester aimed at thy table, thy pocket, and thy purse. Now the wily wolf hath slain thy ewe lamb, and the swine of Epicurus eaten up thy barrel of meal—are not thine ears trilled with the varying notes of pity and condolence? Does not thine heart melt within thee, at the proof of benevolence rewarded, at the daily and delicate demonstrations of friendship, "pure as the breath of heaven?" By all that's good! I have probed thy wounds and made them bleed afresh; 'twas basely done, and I will wash them with my tears.

Those who have basked on beds of myrtle, in the sunshine of wealth and wisdom; who have sported in the fairy regions of fancy, and scaled the heaven of thought; who have subdued fordid passion, and despised the low family of *craft*, yet, finally, have been outwitted by worldly wisdom, and made dependent on the cold charity of the craving, pitiful, and mean: such only can rightly estimate the situation and sentiments of Alberto. Where, O deluded and desponding man—where is the cheerful countenance and generous feast, the cordial welcome and soothing salutations, which awaited the rattling of thy chariot wheels? gone off with thy coachman, or bartered away for some speculating scoundrel's sparkling wine. If thou art greeted, in some by-way, with a plain "how-d'y-e-do?" or art invited, when storms blacken the hemisphere and none but the needy are abroad, to go in and pick a bone, with a *quondam friend*; it is more than has fallen to the lot of many—it is more than the soul of sentiment can suffer.

There is no man, who feels the dignity of a virtuous and ennobled mind, but would rather pass by the pointing lips of scorn, than shake the cold hand of *formal friendship*. To him no occurrence is so mortifying, as to receive mere civility from those with whom he had been on terms of unreserved intimacy; between whom had been a continual interchange of kind offices, and which an alteration of pecuniary circumstances alone had destroyed. Though the finely attenuated frame, of the studious and sympathetic man, is but miserably calculated for the pitiless storms of adversity; yet, when poverty and all her haggard train advance, he can step forth and greet them like a philosopher; but, when he stands in the cold, pinched by penury, and beholds one neighbor, wrapt in fur, passing heedlessly by, and a *pretending friend*, directly in his view, kindling a fire, killing a fat calf, without even so much as recognizing him by a nod—then, by heavens! 'tis more than poor human nature can bear.

A. Z.

#### MORAL.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

[The following letter, in imitation of one by Dr. JOHNSON, on the same subject, was presented to the public, with a presentiment that they will be pleased with it. We could wish the complaint made therein, was without foundation.]

THE coldness with which I am now received in this country, is so opposite to my reception in former times, that I am compelled to state my cause to the world—hoping my grievances may be considered and redressed.

My respectable origin—my long standing in the world, and my benevolent design, cannot but make every reasonable person with me well received, and properly attended—Yet, alas! nobody has been so little regarded—no one has so little attention paid them—though, perhaps, none offered to be so universally beneficial.

The first settlers in this country, were some of my warmest friends, who were, at that time, in being;—and it was their being debarred paying proper respect to me, that first induced them to emigrate from Great-Britain;—but a great part of their posterity have lost much of that

affection which was the PRIDE, and will ever be the glory, of their ancestors.

For a number of years, BOSTON was the foremost to regard me:—Temples were built in honor of my memory, and adorned with every suitable furniture. Priests were appointed to provide every thing conducive to my welfare; and laws were enacted, that should be duly observed, and publicly revered. Yet, though some favor is still shewn me, and as in other places, all kind of respect has not quite disappeared; in other here, I am publicly prophaned—by many who endeavour to shun me as soon as I make my appearance, by retiring into the country—by some who depart abruptly, after having shewn me some little formality—and by others, who make a practice of inviting their friends, on purpose to mortify and vex me. To be sure, there are numbers who honour me so far, as to attend at my assemblies; but it is to be feared, even a great part of such, come more to shew themselves, or observe others, than to compliment me; while most are as sorry when I visit them, as they are glad at my departure.

But the few New-England friends which I have, are more than counterbalanced by my Southern enemies;—there I am openly and generally despised—and only here and there, one feeble instrument can be found, who is kind enough to take my part—the master and the slave are equally striving to displease me. Commodities are disposed of, in spite of my appearance.—Games are instituted, to drive me from their memory—and they endeavour to poison me with intoxicating liquor. Those who should pay me most homage, in order to set an example to their inferiors, not only connive at this shameful, this cruel conduct, but are even suspected of an intention of driving me from their country.

The reason they can have for thus acting towards one, who am so much their friend, and could so well promote their best interests, it is impossible to surmise; though it is said they follow the advice of some great friends, in a distant country. Poor souls, I pity them; they are themselves rapidly travelling to an unknown and far distant country, where they would find sincere and powerful friends, who would reward them a thousand fold, for the undissimble respect they may shew to me—as it would be remembered as a proof of their allegiance to Him who created me right honourable.

Though I have no doubt but the public will readily acknowledge what I have stated, to be true, I am afraid they will not cheerfully check the progress of my opponents; and though they may be convinced of my utility, will not endeavour to advance it. I am, therefore, again obliged to remind them of my origin—that I came here solely for their benefit; that blessings are promised to such as pay homage to me,—while threatenings are denounced against those who slight and disregard,

Their friend,

SUNDAY.

#### USEFUL.

##### CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.

TAKE of new hog's lard, two oz.; of oil of sweet almonds, one oz.; white virgin wax, half an oz.; camphor, half an oz.;—dissolve all in an earthen pipkin, and when well incorporated together, pour into an earthen vessel, and set by to cool. When the feet and hands begin to swell, itch, and become discoloured, rub them well by the fire with this ointment, five or six nights successively, and it will not fail of giving, not only relief, but *effectually cure them*. If the skin is broken, the ointment must be spread on a fine linen rag and laid on the excoriated part, it will occasion a few moments severe pain, but will stay the inflammation, and in a short time, heal the wound.

##### ON CLASSING OF PLANTS.

WHEN the stamina amount to twenty or more, if inserted into the calyx, the plant belongs to the Icosandria class. If the stamina are inserted into the receptacle, it belongs to the Polyandria class, though there be the same number of stamina. This distinction is often necessary to be noticed in tasting or eating of new discovered plants, for the fruits of the latter class are frequently poisonous.

Show a Botanist the Flower of a plant whose calyx is a double valved glume, with three stamina, two pistils and one naked seed, he can pronounce it safe to eat.

Show him a Flower with twelve or more stamina, all inserted into the internal side of the calyx, if it came as far off as Japan, he can declare the fruit of it safe to eat.

On the other hand, show him a plant whose Flower has five stamina, one pistil, one petal, and whose fruit is of the berry kind, he will tell you, "abstain! it is poison."

Facts of this kind, render Botany a most interesting science.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
BERRY-STREET ACADEMY.

ON Friday evening, 30th ult. the Exhibition of the Scholars of the *Berry-Street Academy*, was brilliantly attended, and received much merited applause. The Scholars represented, did honour to themselves, their instructor, and instructors.

The distinguished performers were Masters J. H. Payn, J. C. Welch, J. Gorham, jun. Peter R. Dalton, and S. Coverly, jun. The young ladies, were Miss A. and E. R. Payn, and Miss Murray, whose merits are well known.

The education of youth has never been more successfully taught than under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Payn; and no persons have had greater success in inculcating the principles of morality and religion, than themselves.

A PARENT.

THESPIAN DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
THEATRICAL REGISTER—No. V.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 6, 1804.

*Alfonso*, Lewis, and *Hunt the Slipper*.

THIS tragedy, recently from the pen of M. G. LEWIS, Esq. has been got up with much labour and expense; the scenery and dresses are new and elegant. The scene representing a torrent tumbling from the rocks, is particularly beautiful, and ingeniously contrived. This was the first representation of *Alfonso* in Boston, and drew a full house.

MONDAY, JANUARY 9.

*Alfonso*, second time, and *Ben Ton*.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11.

*Alfonso*, third time, and *The Agreeable Surprise*. The entertainments of the evening were performed to a numerous and brilliant audience.

IMPROVEMENTS.

IN the representation of *HAMLET*, in *Covent Garden Theatre*, London, 1793, the manner of introducing and exhibiting the two portraits alluded to so finely by Hamlet, in his remonstrance scene with his mother, was as follows: The figure of the poisoned prince, the former King of Denmark, and precedent lord of Gertrude, was presented in a half-length painting, as large as life, hung over the chimney of the queen's chamber or closet, and she wore a large-sized miniature of her existing husband, as a bracelet on her arm. This is certainly much more natural and affecting than the common method of Hamlet's drawing two small portraits out of his waistcoat pocket, which gives the whole the appearance of a studied device on the part of Hamlet, and by no means conveys the beautiful and interesting effect, of his being provoked to the comparison by an accidental sight of the two portraits in the same room.

There are several little inconsistencies which industry and attention might remove. A nice critic must be offended at seeing only two or three chairs (the exact number of persons who are to be seated in a scene) in the apartment perhaps of a prince or nobleman. The scenery might, in such case, represent figures of chairs, as similar as possible to those that are on the stage.

BOSTON THEATRE.

ON Monday Evening, for the fifth time, the tragedy of *ALFONSO*: with the farce of *THE DEAF LOVER*.

AMUSING.

Having lately got into the genteel habit of taking snuff, it gave me particular pleasure to find, on purchasing a little the other day, that my manufacturer had carefully wrapped in it the following description, which, if you think fit to insert, will, I presume, give satisfaction to a numerous class of readers.

A BACHELOR.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLE OF MATRIMONY.

THE Isle of Matrimony is situated on the extremities of the torrid and frozen zones, and consequently the temperature of the air must be very various and unsettled, as the bitterest cold morning has been frequently known to succeed the warmest evening. During the spring this island experiences the most sultry heats, and this to so great an excess, that the heads of its inhabitants are frequently turned; and there is, perhaps, no island rising above the surface of the ocean, in which are found so many lunatics. The summers, however, are more temperate and refreshing, and the gentle breezes that are wafted from the continent of Prudence sometimes remove the evil occasioned by the

violence of the spring. The autumn is a busy and disagreeable season; for then the mind of every thoughtful inhabitant is perpetually employed in the care of their tender vines, in bringing their fruit to perfection, and in finding a proper market for them; but many of their vines are frequently destroyed in their bloom by too tender a treatment, and still more are ruined by the pestiferous blasts from the region of Luxury. The winters in this Isle are horrible indeed; for howling and freezing winds from the dreary regions of the North, confine the inhabitants to their houses and sometimes to their beds. At this season, the men grow fretful and surly, and the women loquacious and scold immediately.

There is one thing peculiar to this Island (as M. Voltaire observes) that strangers are desirous of settling there, while its natural inhabitants would be gladly banished from it. Whoever takes up his abode on this Island, must, by the laws of it, connect himself with a partner, and such partnership nothing can dissolve but the death of one of them; in which case it has frequently been observed, that the surviving party has instantly quitted the Island, and returned to it no more. When strangers first come here, they are highly delighted with the external appearance of harmony between each person and their partner; but they no sooner make a settlement here themselves, than they find, that the nocturnal disease, called by the inhabitants a CURTAIN LECTURE, destroys all their felicity. Among the politest part of the inhabitants of this Island, it is very unfashionable for two partners to be seen in the same company, and nothing is more common than for one to connive at the other's dealing in contraband goods, though the laws are very severe against it; indeed, in this respect, they are such notorious smugglers, that no man with certainty can say, that his most delicate ware is not rifled by others. People in general, on their first settlement in this Island, are, as it were, enchanted with the beautiful appearance of what is called the HONEY MOON; but many of them, before they have a month inhabited the Island, find that what appeared at first to them a splendid luminary, is nothing but a phantom, a mere vapour of the imagination. In short, this Island, which so many represent as the region of delight, as the garden of pleasure, and the centre of all human happiness, is too often found, by experience, to be only the dreary abode of vexation, the odious den of discontent, and the inextricable vale of boundless misery.

ON VIRTUE.

VIRTUE, ought only to be known, to have a number of admirers; and as in pursuit of those wiles which destroy both our temporal and our eternal felicity; habit increases our relish for perverting; so in the practice of all that can ensure our happiness here and hereafter; habit also impels us to proceed, and furnishes continual inducements which gradually leads us to the most exalted principle of human excellence. The man, therefore, who will not be happy, has nobody to censure but himself; as the power is in his own hands, if he chuses but to exert it. *Char. Courier.*

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE abusive pronunciation of the English language, arises sometimes from the vanity of those from whom the first innovation came, and sometimes from the erroneous idea that the English tongue is analogical—as for instance, supposing that the word *true* should be sounded like *blue*: an error which betrays a miserable ignorance of the nature of the language. It was a very funny reply, that which SAM FOOTER once made to a postman, who meeting him in St. James's Square, asked him whether a house to which he pointed was the residence of Mr. CHOLMONDELY—a name which is always pronounced CHUMLEY, but which the postman improperly pronounced CHOL-MON-DEL-LY. FOOTER, whose wit was quick to take fire as gun-powder, replied, “I don't know my fri-end, but knock at the door, and ask the pe-o-ple.”

A SCYTHIAN ANECDOTE.

WE are told that all the women of Scythia once conspired against the men, and kept the secret so well, that they executed their design before they were suspected.—They surprized them in drink or asleep, bound them all fast in chains; and having called a solemn council of the whole sex, it was debated what expedient should be used to improve the present advantage, and prevent their falling again into slavery. To kill all the men, did not seem to be the relish of any part of the assembly, notwithstanding the injuries formerly received; and they were afterwards pleased to make a great merit of this lenity of theirs. It was, therefore, agreed to put out the eyes of the whole male sex, and thereby resign for ever, after all, the vanity they could draw from their beauty, in order to secure their authority.—“We must no longer pretend to dress and

show, said they, but then we shall be free from servitude; we shall hear no more tender sighs; but, in return, we shall hear no more imperious commands. Love must for ever leave us, but he will carry subjection along with him.”

THE SENSITIVE PLANT AND THISTLE.

A FABLE.

A THISTLE happened to spring up very near to a sensitive plant. The former observing the extreme bashfulness and delicacy of the latter, addressed her in the following manner:—“Why are you so modest and reserved, my good neighbour, as to withdraw your leaves at the approach of strangers? Why do you shrink as if you were afraid, from the touch of every hand?—Take example and advice from me: if I liked not their familiarity, I would make them keep their distance; nor should any saucy finger provoke me unrevenged.” “Our tempers and qualities,” replied the other, “are widely different. I have neither the ability nor inclination to give offence: you, it seems, are by no means destitute of either. My desire is to live peaceably in the station wherein I am placed; and though my humility may now and then cause a moment's uneasiness, it tends, on the whole, to preserve my tranquillity. The case is otherwise with you, whose irritable temper, and revengeful disposition will, probably, one time or other, be the cause of your destruction.” While they were thus arguing the point, the gardener came with his little spade, in order to lighten the earth round the stem of the sensitive plant; but, perceiving the thistle, he thrust his instrument through the root of it, and directly tossed it out of the garden.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.



MARRIED]—At Shirley, Mr. John Watton, of Amherst, (N. H.) to Miss Lydia Whitney, daughter of the Rev. Phineas W.

In this town, Mr. Samuel S. Green, to Miss Nancy Gleason, eldest daughter of Capt. Joseph Gleason.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. Benjamin True, printer, to Mrs. Maria Gilbert.

“Without the smile from partial beauty won,  
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun!  
Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,  
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!  
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!  
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smil'd!”

OBITUARY.



DIED]—At Salem, Mr. James Tytler, *Æt.* 58. At Groton, Capt. Henry Farwell, *Æt.* 20. At Waltham, Mr. Warham Cushing, *Æt.* 50. At Menotomy, Maj. Wm. Hawes, *Æt.* 58, formerly of this town.

In this town, Mrs. Delire Tilton, *Æt.* 87; Mr. Joseph L. Brown, *Æt.* 50; Mrs. Mary Swett, *Æt.* 52; Mr. Peter Bailey, *Æt.* 30; Mr. Stephen Bennet, *Æt.* 22, and 5 others. Total 10, for the week ending last evening.

Our Patrons, who have sets too incomplete for binding, may receive a generous price for the following numbers, by applying at this Office, viz. Nos 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 28, 30, 31, 51, and 52. Cash will also be paid for complete sets of the 1st Volume.

## POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. GILBERT AND DEAN,

*The subsequent lines, by that elegant author, Mrs. BARBOULD, lately presented themselves to me in turning over the pages of an old European magazine. As I deem them not incompatible with any reasonable reflections which may spontaneously arise on the commencement of a new-year—I wish you to give them a place in the poetical page of the "BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE."*

Yours, &amp;c.

MUSARUM AMICUS.

IF the soft hand of winning pleasure leads,  
By living waters, and thro' flow'ry meads;  
When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,  
And vernal beauty paints the flatt'ring scene;—  
Oh, teach me to elude each latent snare,  
And whisper to my sliding heart—*Beware!*  
With caution, let me hear the Syrens voice,  
And doubtful, with a trembling heart, rejoice.

It friendless, in a vale of tears, I stray,  
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,  
Still let my steady soul Thy goodness see,  
And with strong confidence lay hold on Thee;  
With equal joy my various lot receive,  
Resign'd to die, or resolute to live;  
Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre, or the rod,  
While God is seen in all, and all in God.  
I read His awful name, emblazon'd high  
With golden letters on th' illum'd sky;  
Nor less the mystic characters I see  
Wrought in each flower, inscrib'd in ev'ry tree;  
In ev'ry leaf that trembles on the breeze,  
I hear the voice of God among the trees;  
With Thee in shady solitudes I walk,  
With Thee in busy crowded cities talk;  
In ev'ry creature own Thy forming pow'r,  
In each event Thy Providence adore.  
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,  
Thy precepts guide me, and Thy fear controul.  
Thus shall I rest unmov'd by all alarms,  
Secure within the temple of thine arms;  
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,  
And feel myself omnipotent in Thee.

Then, when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,  
And earth recedes before my swimming eye;  
Teach me to quit this transitory scene,  
With decent triumph and a look serene;  
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,  
And having liv'd to Thee, in Thee to die.

## ODE ON THE APPROACH OF SUMMER.

By a GENTLEMAN formerly of the University of Aberdeen.

*Te dea, te fugiant venti, te nubila celi,  
Adventumque tuum; tibi suavis dedala tellus  
Submittit flores; tibi rident aquora ponti;  
Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine calum.*

LUCRETIVS.

HENCE, iron-scepter'd Winter, haste  
To bleak Siberian waste!  
Haste to thy polar solitude;  
Mid cataraets of ice,  
Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in fragments rude,  
From many an airy precipice,  
Where, ever beat by fleetly show'rs,  
Thy gloomy Gothic castle tow'rs;  
Amid whose howling iles and halls,  
Where no gay sun-beam paints the walls,  
On ebony throne thou lov'st to shroud  
Thy brows in many a murky cloud.  
E'en now, before the vernal heat,  
Sullen I see thy train retreat:  
Thy ruthless host stern Eurus guides,  
That on a ravenous tyger rides,  
Dim-figur'd on whose robe are shown,  
Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown:

Grim-Auster, dropping all with dew,  
In mantle clad of watchet hue:  
And Cold, like Zemblan savage seen,  
Still threat'ning with his arrows keen;  
And next, in fury coat embost,  
With icicles, his brother Frost.

Winter, farewell! thy forests hoar,  
Thy frozen floods delight no more;  
Farewell the fields, so bare and wild!  
But come thou rosy-cheek'd cherub mild,  
Sweetest Summer! haste thee here,  
Once more to crown the gladden'd year.  
Thou April blythe, as long of yore,  
Bermuda's lawns he frolick'd o'er,  
With muskie nectar-trinkling wing,  
(In the new world's first dawning spring.)  
To gather balm of choicest dews,  
And patterns fair of various hues,  
With which to paint, in changeable dye,  
The youthful earth's embroidery;  
To cull the essence of rich smells  
In which to dip his new born bells;  
Thou as he skimm'd with pinions fleet,  
He found, an infant, smiling sweet;  
Where a tall citron's shade imbrown'd  
The soft lap of the fragrant ground.  
There on an amaranthine bed,  
Thou with rare nect'rine fruits he fed;  
Till soon beneath his forming care,  
You bloom'd a goddess debonnaire;  
And then he gave the blessed ile  
Aye to be sway'd beneath thy smile;  
There plac'd thy green and grassy shrine,  
With myrtle bow'd and jessamine:  
And to thy care the task assign'd  
With quick'ning hand, and nurture kind,  
His roscate infant-birth to rear,  
Till Autumn's mellowing reign appear.  
(To be continued.)

## THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL.

IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XXVII.—ANNE TO ELINOR.

London, August 20th, 1779.

I HAVE written to the Marquis of H—, as I proposed, and received an answer—I enclose both for your perusal, and shall then proceed with my narrative, for I have wonders to recount—but you must take all in the order as they occurred to me.

To the Right Honorable the MARQUIS of H—.

MY LORD,

July 17th.

THE trouble I am about to give your Lordship, may perhaps, be deemed an impertinent intrusion; and an apologizing introduction, might by some, be thought indispensable; but I trust your Lordship, will admit the cause, when I have explained it, of itself, a sufficient excuse for the liberty I take, without my offering any other.

I have, my Lord, for many years, been in habits of the strictest intimacy with a lady of the name of Darnley, who, from a concurrence of unfortunate circumstances, was an intimate in Mrs. Bellamy's family during last winter, where, I have been informed, your Lordship became acquainted with her, and judging of her character and principles, from the character of those, in whose society you found her, (a fair criterion, I own, in general, but in her case, very erroneous,) you made her a proposal, which, though it evinced much love, breathed very little respect. The receipt of that letter, drove Mrs. Darnley precipitately from Mrs. Bellamy's, and forced a virtuous woman on a prejudiced and misjudging world, without money, without even a single friend being near, to whom she could apply for relief. These particulars I had from her own hand, since when, I have heard nothing from her; anxious, unhappy, I employed a person in Dublin, to make enquiries concerning her, and have had the misfortune to hear, that her character has been vilely traduced by those, who, shamed by her unshaken virtue, endeavour to bring her to a level with themselves. As I presume your Lordship was uncommonly pleased with the person of Mrs. Darnley, I am led to imagine, when she left the house of that dishonour to her sex, Mrs. Bellamy, you would naturally make some enquiries concerning her, and perhaps may have some knowledge of her present situation. If you have, my lord, have the goodness to inform her, that her silence has almost broken my heart, and beg her to make use of a letter of credit, which she will find at Mr. John

Gallaghans, the banker, to discharge any debts she may have contracted, and return home to the bosom of friendship. If, indeed, you do not know where she is, will your Lordship condescend to make use of the influence your rank and fortune give you, and cause her to be sought for; and if you will permit one of your people to inform me, of the success of the enquiry, you will enhance the obligation. Indeed, my Lord, you will never have cause to repent any interference in her behalf; or any assistance you may give her; for in serving Sarah Darnley, you are serving the cause of virtue. I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,  
ANN.

MARQUIS of H—, to ANN.

MADAM,

August 4th.

I WAS honoured with your favour of July 17th, and feel myself impelled to admire a friendship, so ardent and sincere, as that which you profess to feel for the charming Mrs. Darnley. You were right in your conjecture, that I should make instant enquiry after the lovely fugitive, who had taken such alarm at my letter, and fled, from what she termed, my persecution. In that letter, I told her I would see her in the evening; and at the hour I had appointed, I repaired to Mrs. Bellamy's house; judge of my surprise, at hearing she was gone, and had taken her trunks with her; leaving no message, I enquired how she was conveyed from the house; and learning that she went in a hackney coach, on my return home, I employed one of my fellows, to enquire at the stands around, for the man who had taken up a fare at such an hour, in such a street—by this man I discovered where he had taken her, and went in the evening of the following day, to the house where he directed me; intending, if I could not prevail on your fair friend to favour my suit, to insist upon being her banker, and serve her even against her will.

Upon my enquiry for the lady who lodged there, I feared there was some mistake; for the woman of the house shewed me into a little parlour, and said, she would call Miss Beetham—however, I thought I might as well stop, and see what kind of a being Miss Beetham was.—But my doubts were soon removed, for I heard her soft voice say—"It must be a mistake, no gentleman can want me."—"It is no mistake, dear Madam," said I, advancing up two or three stairs, for from a room at the top of them, the voice proceeded.—"It is no mistake; it is you I am enquiring for, permit me to say a few words I have to offer you."—"You give yourself needless trouble," said she, coming out of the chamber, alarmed, I imagine, at hearing my step ascending the stairs.—"I beg you will leave me, you can offer nothing I can or will accept." I took her hand and led her down to the little parlour.—She shut the door, and seating herself opposite me, said, "My Lord, I force myself to speak to you, that you may not, though you have discovered the place of my retreat, entertain any chimerical hopes, that I shall be wrought on, by the fear of poverty, to yield to your insulting proposal; I am, it is true, unfortunate, but I have ever maintained a conscience at peace with itself, and hope ever to do so; permit me to tell you, it is cruel, unmanly conduct, thus to persecute a woman who has no protector—even your being here this evening, if you were known, would ruin me in the opinion of those with whom I reside, and to whom I must look for a character when I can get employment: I must insist on your not repeating your visits."—"I would have argued, she was deaf; I offered her my purse, bills to any amount, but she would touch neither." I endeavoured to hold her in conversation, to obtain leave to visit her: but she was as impenetrable as marble; and having, with the most persuasive earnestness, entreated me to leave her in peace, she darted out of the room, ran up stairs, and fastened the chamber door; nor would any thing I could say, induce her to open it.

"Bless me," said the officious landlady, bursting out of a little back room, which seemed a kind of kitchen, "bless me, what has put the lady in such a taking?"—"I have brought some unpleasant news, Madam," said I, and thinking it was as well to have a friend at court, I took two or three guineas from my purse, and presenting them to the woman, who eyed them with inexpressible pleasure, I continued, "Miss Beetham is rather unfortunate in some respects, and will require much of your attention to keep up her spirits. I am glad to see she is in the house of a person so interested for her, as you appear to be. Pray take these as a mark of my good will, and be assured, you shall be no loser by any attention you pay her. I hope she will not think of removing from you, if she should, I will thank you to let me know." I then gave her an address, with a feigned name, in order to her sending me intelligence of the motions of her fair lodger.

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# Boston Weekly Magazine:

OR, LADIES' AND GENTLEMENS' MISCELLANY.

VOL. II.

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 23, 1804.

No. XIII.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE GOSSIP—No. LI.

Nonne cupidinibus stultit natura modum; quem  
Quid latura sibi, quid sit dolitura negatum,  
Quæere plus prodest, et insane abscindere soldo.

NOTHING can be more certain, than that excessive indulgence is not only prejudicial to the happiness and even health of children in their infant years, but lays the foundation for much misery at a future period. I have myself witnessed such want of energy in parents, such want of stability, such inert pusillanimity, that they appeared to me contemptible, and the children objects of the tenderest compassion. These mistaken parents flatter themselves, that it is affection prompts them thus to comply with every wish of their children, however extravagant or unreasonable—but they deceive themselves; it is really the love of ease, and the unwillingness to exert a little authority which would cost them some trouble to enforce, which leads them to permit their children thus to tyrannize over them. For my own part, I confess it is a most grievous punishment to me, to be obliged to pay a visit (which necessarily will sometimes happen) in a family where the children are under no government; for I am not possessed of that complacency of disposition which, when a boy or girl is rude, impertinent and noisy, and the father or mother makes an apology for them, will permit me to smile and cry, "pray do not find fault with them, dear little creatures, I am sure they behave sweetly." On the contrary, I want to say—"Why don't you turn the little ill-bred urchins out of the room?"—so that when such circumstances take place, I am obliged to bow my head, and remain silent, and this kind of conduct makes me pass for a person who is not fond of children; when the direct opposite is the fact. I do not know in nature, a more charming, interesting sight, than a family of well regulated children, surrounding their respectable parents, either at the table, at the fire side, or by their innocent cheerfulness, giving a delightful hilarity to the domestic scene! My heart expands with pleasure—I can promote, and even join in their little sports; would put myself to any inconvenience to procure them a reasonable gratification, and experience happiness myself, in finding I have the power to conduce to theirs.

The letter I presented to my readers last week, has opened such an extensive field for animadversion, and is a theme, in which every person of reflection must feel so extremely interested, that I am almost afraid to enter on it, least some of my readers may think me tedious; others, impertinently meddling, and some of the younger class, vote me an old troublesome pedantic quizz. —Well, be it so, perhaps there may be some, who will condescend to read and approve; and a few, may go so far as to adopt my sentiments on so important a subject.

Excessive indulgence is prejudicial to boys in a

very eminent degree, as it totally incapacitates them for buffeting the many crosses, hardships and vexations, which they must consequently encounter in their journey through life; and from being petulant, tiresome, fretful children, they become captious, passionate, unreasonable men. —To suffer children to be whimsical in what they eat, or permit them to gratify an inordinate appetite for food, and eat at all times and hours, is a real cruelty. A boy, who in his father's house has been allowed to pick and choose, be helped only to the nicest bits, cut off all the fat, to be able to make a meal of only a particular kind of meat, or poultry; when time and the general occurrences of life, oblige him to go to school, or be apprenticed out, which latter, in a country like this, must be the case with more than four fifths, will find his situation so painful, his general fare so different to that to which he has been accustomed, that the time is given up to repining and discontent, which ought to be employed in acquiring useful information in polite literature, or the necessary knowledge of some handicraft trade, or learned profession, in order to their filling an important or useful character in the great drama of life. Let any parent figure to themselves the anguish a boy must suffer, who to his twelfth or fourteenth year, has been indulged in every wish of his heart; who, if the dinner at his father's table was not what he liked, was allowed to call for something else; who was permitted to sit over the fire as long as he pleased at all times; to purchase fruit, cakes, &c. in large quantities; whom no one ever pretended to contradict; who sat up late at night, and lay proportionably late in the morning; when leaving this state of voluptuous ease, he finds himself obliged to rise early, work hard and live on plain wholesome food, or go without—and perhaps in the whole day cannot come near the fire more than a few minutes at a time; they surely, out of compassion to their offspring, would abate something of that ill-judged tenderness, which only serves to give the appearance of misery to what is only in itself a natural circumstance. I do not really think that a child, who from his birth has hardly had sufficient clothes to shield him from the inclemency of the weather; who has slept on straw, and made his general meal of bread and water; who has seldom seen more fire than would serve to boil a few potatoes, or bake an Indian cake; even should he continue in this until he is almost grown to manhood, ever experiences half the sufferings from cold, hunger, and nakedness, which an unhappy pampered child endures, when abridged of his accustomed indulgences, he is placed in the family of an industrious mechanic or tradesman, as an apprentice, or is sent to an academy for education. Perhaps the parents may argue, that they can supply the child, thus sent from home, with money to purchase little delicacies and indulgences, which early habit has rendered so necessary to him. But this is only extending the evil. Boys, thus liberally supplied with money, do not

always dispose of it in the manner their parents design. From the ease with which they have ever acquired the little gratifications of childhood, they become, as they advance towards manhood, insatiable in the desire of pleasure; they exceed their allowance; are tempted, by having their master's property in their power, to take a trifle now, and a trifle then, until, plunged into vice and infamy, they become amenable to the laws, and flying their native land, leave, broken-hearted and covered with shame, those parents who might have averted this cruel degradation from themselves and children, had they resolutely accustomed them to early habits of temperance, frugality, and self-denial.

A child, boarding from home, who has money to lay out as he pleases, will, in general, purchase cake, sweetmeats, and crude unripe fruit, his craving appetite and vitiated taste ever preferring quantity to quality; and filling his stomach with this trash, loathe and reject the proper food prepared for him. Pains in the stomach, indigestions, blotches in the face, are the consequence, and the child is brought home by the anxious mother, who is fully persuaded that her dear boy cannot live on such coarse, scanty fare, and that the illness was occasioned by coarse, ill-dressed food; not once reflecting, that she herself supplied the poison which has overcharged his stomach, and vitiated his whole mass of blood.

It is of most pernicious consequence, to allow children to eat inordinately, or to be always eating. Such large quantities of food must overload the channels through which it must pass, and distend them beyond their natural dimensions, so that the digestive powers become consequently weakened, and the food, though taken in immense quantities, becomes less nutritive; while the grosser or fatter parts being lighter, pass into the blood, and generate inflammatory and putrid disorders. Nay, it is my serious opinion, that very young persons may have their mental faculties stupified and weakened, by excessive eating, as much as, in a more advanced state, they may by excessive drinking.

I find so much to say on the subject of the PROPER MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN, that next week I propose to resume it.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE PASSENGER—No. XVII.

To fortify thy son, 'gainst illis which must arise,  
Let virtue shield his heart, and knowledge make him wise.

FROM a natural fondness for novelty, and an acquired taste for books, I have imbibed a habit of looking into them, whenever they fall in my way; inasmuch that the practice has become in a manner involuntary, and my hand as mechanically extends itself to a volume which happens to be within my reach, as when charged with fruit, it does to my mouth. On being called to breakfast, Mr. BLUNT had laid down a book which he had been perusing; and I improved the first opportunity of looking into it,



when my attention was arrested by an elegant emblematical engraving, pasted on the inside of the cover, with the words *SCAVANT LIBRARY*, in a felloon. Before I had examined the contents of the volume, I requested Mr. BLUNT to inform me of the design of the engraving, and oft he words above mentioned. He replied that the engraving was an ingenious device conceived by Mr. SCAVANT, the donor of the library, designed to represent by symbolical allusions, the advantages of cultivating the understanding. Of the three human figures in that quarter, said he, you will observe that one of them holds an open book in his right hand, and a *bridle* in his left, with which he is guiding the two others; one of whom is bearing an *axe*, and the other a *vessel of water*; you must also take notice that each of the two last, has one foot upon a *volume*. The open book in the hand of the first, is expressive of his having improved his mind by study. The books under the feet of the others, are designed to express their contempt for knowledge. The bridle is designed to shew the power which he who possesses information acquires over those who despise it, whereby he guides them as he pleases. The *axe* and the *vessel of water* are strong figures of the servile state of the ignorant, representing them as hewers of wood, and drawers of water, to the intelligent and well informed.

In the opposite quarter, said he, you see the figure of an old man, sitting at his comfort, with his right hand resting on a large folio, which is shut up; and from above, are rays of light, descending on his head. By the resting of his hand on the book, is represented; the benefit which he has received from reading and study. The book being closed, shews that his labour of study now ceases, while the rays of light which surround his head, and the easy position in which he reclines, are figurative of the happiness to be enjoyed in the decline of life, by those who spend the *early* part of it in mental improvement, and of the relation which this happiness may be supposed to bear, to that expected by the good in another state of being.

I thanked Mr. BLUNT, for the particular description he had given me, and observed that it was the most expressive device for a library that I had ever met with, which testified much study as well as ingenuity.

He, said he, the study of the munificent Donor, is not end here, for he took pains before his death, to form a system for establishing libraries on very different principles from any hitherto known, whereby communities more or less populous, may find the means of producing libraries of extensive value and use, by very light taxes on the Proprietors. This system is worth your perusal, and if you will take a walk with me to-morrow, I will show it to you. To this proposition I readily gave my assent. He then observed, that in the establishment of the *Scavant Library*, there were some difficulties of a nature as singular as probably were ever suggested or witnessed by rational beings; but, said he, as I have business out, I must defer giving you an account of them until evening.

Through the engagements of the day, I could not chase from my mind, the device I had been viewing. It led me to a variety of reflections upon this subject, and set me wondering why so great a proportion of my fellow creatures should needlessly overlook advantages so essential, and

so easily obtained. The bridle, the axe, and the water vessel, were articles of mental traffic; with which I was busily employed.

On every person with whom I had any transaction I bestowed one of the three, in imagination; and even as I passed the streets, customers appeared for great numbers of them, but especially of the two latter. Now and then I met a man who held his head so high, and took such long and stately strides, that it was out of my power to refuse him a bridle; but by the best computation I could make, at least a waggon load of the other instruments would have been necessary, for as many bridles as might have been stowed in my sartout pocket, if they had been in substance.

At length the evening arrived, when Mr. BLUNT according to his promise, gave me the following account.

Mr. SCAVANT, from whom our library takes its name, was a gentleman of a liberal mind, and independent fortune. By his will, he bequeathed the greater part of his property to the nearest relations he could find, as he had no children. His books, with a certain lot of land, and six thousand dollars in cash, he gave to the city, on condition, that within two years of his decease, the money should be appropriated to the purpose of erecting a building, for a public library, on the lot he had given: otherwise the books, land and cash, would become the property of certain legatees named in the will. Soon after his decease, the citizens were called together, to appoint agents for carrying the design into execution. It was advocated at the meeting, that the appointment of agents was a secondary consideration; that the first object of discussion, which properly became before them was, whether the offer should be accepted. As few had a doubt of the readiness with which the proposal would be received, it was agreed that this question should be first decided. A debate then arose, in which a number of arguments were offered against accepting the donation. These arguments were answered by remarks, that the donation was extremely liberal, and that the terms on which the library was to be established were, equally so, as they admitted persons of small income to become proprietors. The opposition then replied, that this very liberality was an evil of extensive magnitude, for the books would be at the command of every person for a very small fee, whereby the wives and children of those who had no time to spare, would be seduced into the habit of reading, to the very great injury of their husbands and families; and that sometimes the husbands themselves would be led into the same pernicious practice, to the great loss of their time, which was their living. Now, said they, we cannot give our consent to an establishment which shall be injurious to the industrious and useful classes of our citizens, whom we love so dearly, that we would give our fortunes and our lives for their good.

It was soon discovered that the principal arguments of the opposition arose from two persons whose houses stood on lots adjoining that on which the building was to be erected, and it was pretty evident that there would be a large majority in favour of accepting the donation, although the building might, in a small measure, injure the prospect from the windows of the two neighbouring houses. This appearance called up all the energy of the opposers, but none of their arguments carried much weight, until one

of them very ingeniously urged the following: There is not an individual in this meeting, said he, who is not informed of the strong attachment which the late Mr. SCAVANT had to books; they were his amusement, his employment, his food; and in short, his life. Whatever thus becomes the very soul of a man in his lifetime, will undoubtedly employ his spirit after death. So sure, as this Library is erected, and his books deposited therein, the building will continually be haunted by his Ghost, and the whole city will be kept in perpetual terror. Our children will be afraid to go to bed alone, and the domestics fearing to spend the evening in the kitchen by themselves, must be introduced into the parlour. One half of the family must set up all night to watch the rest of them; and instead of the activity of business, which this city has always witnessed, our citizens will be spending their whole time in bearing and repeating terrific accounts,

Until the order of the day.

Is nought but terror and dismay.

Here the orator ceased, when a considerable silence ensued; and although the transaction was five and twenty years ago, said Mr. BLUNT, I perfectly remember, that on looking round, I observed many countenances with a death like paleness, which proved the influence of this weighty argument, and intimated the tendency which it was found afterward to have upon the decision. Upon calling the vote, a bare majority appeared for accepting the donation. By this majority, the question was carried, and the Agents were appointed, who faithfully performed their duty in fulfilling the design of the testator. From that time, to the present, our library has been in use and increasing, without a single appearance of the Ghost. The minds of our industrious classes have been much improved by the establishment; and at this day, they are so much in the habit of thinking and acting on rational principles, that every bug-bear argument, tending to frighten people from deciding according to the dictates of common sense, is in a ludicrous style, denominated SCAVANT'S GHOST.

#### A FRAGMENT.

A COMPETENCY of the luxuries of life is certainly a desirable object; but an immoderate craving for riches, is an evil to be dreaded next to that of a hardened conscience. When I see a young man advancing into the business of life, eagerly pursuing the path to lucrative gain, but remiss about the formation of his manners, it penetrates my mind with sensations of pity. To neglect any human faculty, which, if improved, might be serviceable to our fellow men, or conducive to our own happiness, must be obnoxious to the precepts of Deity. What arguments shall I use to enforce the importance of erudition? It ought to suffice for me to say, that the life of nations is fondly embraced in the bosom of literature, and the welfare of souls is gently guided by the skillfulness of her hand.

#### AGREEABLENESS.

WE may say of agreeableness, as distinct from beauty, that it is a symmetry whose rules are unknown; it is a sacred conformity of the features to one another, and to the complexion and air of a person.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Patrons of the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE will be informed, through the medium of the public papers, of a calamity, which, besides suspending the publication of that paper, at the usual time, has reduced the Publishers, and their families, to penury—and, in addition, incurred a debt of above Two Thousand Dollars, the property of the Managers of South Hadley Lottery, entrusted in their hands.

As venders of Tickets in the South Hadley Lottery, they occasionally have had considerable sums of money on hand, which they have invariably deposited for security in the Massachusetts Bank. On the day preceding the calamity, they had received Thirteen Hundred Dollars; which they attempted to deposit—but owing to the melancholly occasion of the funeral of the Hon. WILLIAM PHILLIPS, the former President of that Institution, the Bank was closed at an earlier hour than usual; they were thereby prevented from making the deposit.—Contrary to an invariable rule, (to prevent trouble) they placed the money in the Office drawer, in order to deposit it on Saturday morning—but, alas! this money, with a number of Prize Tickets, for which they had paid other tickets and money; together with above 100 Tickets of the 5th Class; all their Account Books, Receipts, Papers, Stock, and a new and valuable Printing Apparatus, in one fatal hour, were totally destroyed, nor one, even one wreck left behind.

Conscious that this calamity, so fatal to themselves, has not been the effect of any remissness or carelessness in them, they confidently appear before the Public, and beg leave still to solicit their patronage and support.

WITH this view they present the present sheet, in lieu of last Saturday's Magazine.—The future numbers will be issued in order from the office of Messrs. RUSSELL & CUTLER, Congress-street, who have very obligingly loaned the use of their types and office until farther arrangements can be made.—All orders for *Printing and Lottery Concerns*, will be thankfully received at their office for the present; also by S. GILBERT,

Milk-street, at the house of Mr. John Fullerton—and T. DEAN, Fish-street, at the house of Mr. Wm. Grubb.

THEY rely on the attention and justice of those Ladies and Gentlemen with whom they have accounts, and are confident, that no one, at this moment of necessity and misfortune, will knowingly keep back a cent of what is justly their due.—Those who stand indebted for the Magazine, and other concerns, are earnestly requested to remit the balance immediately.—As it is impossible to ascertain who have paid, and who have not, it will be esteemed a particular favour from our patrons in town and country, to point out the periods to which they settled their accounts, in order to the formation of new lists, and account books—and those who still continue to honour us with their patronage, will afford seasonable aid, and increase our debt of gratitude, by making such advances on their subscription as they may think proper.

## GILBERT &amp; DEAN.

N. B. Our country patrons are requested to forward their names, either through the medium of the Post-Masters, or by private conveyance, in order that the Magazine may be continued to them.

As the twelve back Numbers of the 2d. or present vol. of the Magazine will be re-printed, persons desirous of subscribing at this time, and of possessing the 2d vol. complete, can be accommodated.

## GENEROSITY.

IF considered in a large and extensive sense, or as a first principle, of all the qualities that ennoble a character, *Generosity* is the most striking and lovely. It prevades the whole soul, and gives a lustre to every action, wherever it actuates a mind by nature formed with sensibility; it elevates the man of liberal education and polished manners to a degree little below the angelic race.

It is the offspring of heaven—the elder brother of Charity—Sympathy its sister, and Love its darling companion.

Compassion and Benevolence are in its train, and Sincerity its constant attendant. Happy, happy would it be for the world, was it oftener to be met with!

How many evils and calamities would it remove or alleviate—how many animosities and contentions would it stifle in the birth!

True Generosity discards all the long catalogue of vices that disgrace human nature, and spread a dark shade over the intellectual and moral world; envy and malice fly before it.

A stranger to cruelty, hypocrisy and dissimulation, it dwells only in the bosom of those where no vice can be found.

It relieves the oppressed, it protects the weak; yet it triumphs not. It is ever bold in a good cause, and shrinks not from danger when fortitude is required. It comforts and animates the depressed, gives the tear of pity to the dejected,

and commiserates the unfortunate, whom passion or imprudence have led into the paths of vice and misery; it makes every allowance for the failings of mankind, and treats not even the abandoned with severity.

It delights in the prosperity of all around, and partakes in their joy; oftentimes it is confounded with liberality—but liberality is only a beautiful *feature* in its countenance; it rises still higher, and implies every thing amiable in the soul. It counteracts the common principle of self-love, and induces the possessor of it to sacrifice his own inclination to another's benefit. *The gay libertine* will frequently boast of this virtue, and value himself upon the goodness of his heart; but he deserves not the character, for he cannot in any situation, indulge in his favourite pleasures without acting an ungenerous part. The covetous and spendthrift, have no claim to it. The revengeful and haughty know not its pleasures. *Generosity*; it is a godlike principle, it is magnanimity guided by discretion, tempered by meekness; it is true dignity allied to humanity; it is universal philanthropy—the inmate of good souls, the distinguished badge of a great soul.

## KLOPSTOCK AND GLEIM.

WHEN Klopstock heard of Gleim's indisposition, he dispatched a friend of his in Quedlinburg to Halberstadt, to enquire into the state of his health. This friend communicated to Gleim the object of his mission, and received from him the answer, that he would himself write to Klopstock. The following is a copy of the letter, and it cannot fail of proving acceptable to our readers of sensibility, to observe how the two eldest poets of Germany loved each other in their last moments:—

Halberstadt, Jan. 14, 1803.

“Dear Klopstock! I am dying, and as a dying man, say, that we, in this life, have not lived enough for and with each other; in the future, we shall repair this deficiency. My Muse has conducted me to the brink of the grave, and still continues with me.—“Poems of old Gleim on his death bed,” are now copying neatly, for a few readers. A copy of Night Poems I now send to my Klopstock, as I think that he alone will find nothing improper in it. It is too painful for me to dictate more.—Salute the friend of your heart, and those who keep me in remembrance; the three REMARUS's, our female friend at Ham, and all those who love my Klopstock.

GLEIM.

“P. S.—I have given orders to be buried in my garden.—Round the grave stand, in marble, the urns of some of my departed friends. My aunts and nieces beg to be remembered to their KLOPSTOCK.”

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our much respected literary friends, are entreated to continue their favours. Though we have been unfortunate, we do not despair; but on the contrary, feel a lively hope, that by our own industry, and the patronage of a liberal community, we shall be enabled to proceed with our business, and finally surmount our present embarrassments.

DIED.—At Plymouth, Ct. Wm. Brewster, a regular descendant and name-ake of our worthy and pious elder of that name.—At New-York, Mr. Daniel Gilman, mer of this town, *Æt.* 34.

In this town, Hon. Wm. Phillips, Esq. *Æt.* 82.—Mr. Mary Wendell, *Æt.* 65, consort of the Hon. Oliver W.—Mrs. Seth Rumney, wife of Capt. Edward R.—Widow Sarah Pulling, *Æt.* 85.—Capt. Nathaniel L. Harris, *Æt.* 29.—Mr. Thomas B. Sampkins, *Æt.* 76.—Mr. Amos Whitney, mer. *Æt.* 42.—Widow Ruth Pratt, *Æt.* 61.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs, GILBERT &amp; DEAN,

THE following elegant lines are from the pen of a well known American writer: they may be recognized by some of your readers, as having been formerly published. I think their worth will justify me in requesting them to be inserted in your valuable Magazine. Yours, SARAH.

## MENTAL BEAUTY.

SAY, is it height, or shape, or air,  
Which to the mind true worth impart?  
Can brilliant eyes, can flowing hair,  
Can grace external deck the heart?  
If height gives worth, the flowers in vain  
O'er blooming fields their sweets disclose;  
The thorn exceeds gay MAIA's train,  
The lofty yew excels the rose.  
If graceful shape can worth create,  
The tiger's graceful form must please;  
The deadly adder's tapering shape,  
Declares him worthier than the bees.  
If graceful movements claim applause,  
The savage boasts our praises claim;  
While blood distains the lion's jaws,  
Who moves more graceful o'er the plain?  
If brilliant eyes true merit claim,  
Or flowing ringlets worth pursue,  
The serpent's eye, the lion's mane,  
Look brilliant and flow graceful too.  
Since neither height, nor shape nor air,  
Nor grace, external worth impart,  
What ornaments must be my care?  
How shall I deck my youthful heart?  
Far nobler graces I'll pursue,  
Which reptiles, flowers, and beasts don't share,  
Fair Knowledge opening to my view,  
The really wise and truly fair.  
Rich Industry adorn my mind,  
Fair Learning's fruits delightful food!  
To Providence in all resign'd,  
And to be lovely—I'll be good.  
O happy she, whose envied case,  
These mental beauties makes her care,  
They give to homeliness a grace,  
And e'en the fairest make more fair.

## THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL

IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XXVII, in continuation.—ANNE TO ELINOR.

London, August 20th, 1779.

MARQUIS of H——'s Letter continued.

THE next day, happening to meet Mrs. Bellamy at Mrs. O'Donnell's lodgings, whither I went with my friend Lord Linden; the conversation turned on your charming friend; when to my great surprise, the old woman asserted, that, however far Mrs. Darnley might carry her affectation (as she chose to term it) she was certain in the end, my offers would be accepted. And you may believe me, Madam, had it not been for their insinuations, and her being a resident in the house of a woman, of more than doubtful character, I should never have presumed to have of-

fended Mrs. Darnley's delicacy, by a tender of my services upon terms which I might have been certain any woman of honour would reject with scorn. They laughed at me, for having been so easily baffled, and imposed on by her assumed virtue; told me she had been guilty of some lapses which were the cause of her separation from her husband; and so effectually argued me out of the respect I began to experience for her, that I was resolved not to have my schemes foiled by an artful baggage, who, in all probability, would laugh in her sleeve, at finding me so easily imposed on.

Having received intelligence from my talkative friend, the landlady, that Mrs. Darnley, or, as she called herself, Miss Beetham, had advertised herself for a situation to wait on a lady, or to take care of and instruct one or more young children. I therefore dispatched an old trusty servant, (who no more than myself would have engaged in the pursuit of a virtuous woman) I told him it was her whim to be treated with respect, and be considered as a pattern of purity, and that the very semblance of virtue was so charming, that I would have her indulged. He was to represent himself as the steward of a lady who lived a small distance from the city, who wanted a companion; that he should engage her at a liberal salary, and take her to a seat of mine in the environs of Dublin, where I meant to engage a quondam acquaintance of mine, to personate the lady, and thought time and concurring circumstances, would smooth the way to settlement, &c.

But this plan was not so easily put in execution as I imagined it would be. She would make no engagements without letters from the principal; so much time was spent in this ideal correspondence, at length when all preliminaries were settled, the pretended lady chose to take a jaunt into the country, with a *chère amie* of hers, and Mrs. Darnley was obliged to be sent to the care of the house-keeper, until her intended lady should return.—At length she did return, and I resolved to accompany her home, to shew my charmer, as early as possible, that I was upon a footing of easy familiarity in the family; but no sooner had she entered the parlour, and cast her eyes towards us, than uttering an exclamation of surprise, she sunk on the floor in a state of inanimation. I flew towards her, raised and supported her in my arms until some female attendants, obeying the summons of the bell, conveyed her out of the room. When, turning to my companion, I beheld her pale, and every mark of astonishment on her countenance. "Is this you Mrs. Beetham," said she, ironically. "Yes—did you ever see her before?" "Oh yes! I fancy I know her better than your lordship does—I do not imagine you will find much difficulty in persuading her to accept your terms without any interposition of mine." "Was it surprise at the sight of you, do you imagine, occasioned her to faint?" "No—I rather think it was joy at the sight of your lordship; for according to the plan you have pursued, she must have supposed she had lost you. I fancy her *fit* will not prove dangerous—she will tell you to-morrow, how violent, yet how delightful her emotions were." This was delivered in such a tone of ridicule, that I began to think I must appear very contemptible to suffer myself thus to be played upon. I retired to my chamber, in a very ill humour, resolving to converse with Mrs. Darnley in the morning, and if she would not

comply with my proposals, to make her a present, and take a final leave of her. Still in the midst of my vexation, there was something flattering in idea that she might feel some emotions in my favour; and that being taken by surprise, she was thrown off her guard, and her sensibility, at my unexpected appearance, overcame her caution. I was kept waking until a late hour, by various reflections, and extraordinary conjectures, and slept the next morning longer than usual. When I descended to the breakfast room, I found my travelling companion waiting for me. "Go," said I to the footman, "tell Miss Beetham that breakfast waits, and if she is able to leave her apartment, we shall be glad of her company to make our tea."—"Your Lordship may save yourself the trouble," said the lady, "Miss Beetham has taken herself off. I sent to enquire after her, when I came down, but behold, the delicate, fainting tender creature is no where to be found."—"Gone?" said I, "impossible!" I ordered the house, the grounds, the servants' offices, and every adjoining place to be searched, but in vain. A small trunk, with a few changes of linen in it, (the only baggage she brought with her) was left behind in her chamber.

## MECHANISM.

THE following account of a most curious piece of mechanism is extracted from TOOKE'S Life of Catherine the Second. After mentioning a number of curious productions of the same kind, the author proceeds:—

"But the most superlative production of this artist is a bureau, or writing-desk, which the Empress presented to the Museum of the Academy of Sciences about eight years ago. Here the genius of its inventor, has lavished his riches and fertility, in the greatest variety of compositions: all seem the work of enchantment. On opening this amazing desk, in front appears a beautiful group of bas-reliefs in bronze, superbly gilt, which by the slightest pressure on a spring, vanish away, giving place to a magnificent writing-flat, inlaid with gems. The space above this flat is devoted to the keeping of valuable papers or money. The bold hand that should dare to invade this spot, would immediately be its own betrayer; for at the least touch on the table part, the most charming strains of music instantly begins to play upon the ear; the barrel-organ, whence they proceed, occupying the lower part of the desk behind. Several small drawers, for holding the materials for writing, &c. likewise start forward by the pressure of their springs, and shut again as quickly, without leaving behind a trace of their existence. If one would change the table part of the bureau into a reading-desk, from the upper part a board springs forward, from which, with incredible velocity, all parts of a commodious and well contrived reading-desk expand, and take their proper places. But the mechanism of this performance, as well as its outward ornaments, should be seen, as nothing can be more difficult to describe.

The price set upon this desk was 20,000 roubles, to which the Empress added 5000, so that for this wonderful work the artist got 25,000 roubles, or about 5000l. sterling.

## AGE.

MOST people, as they approach old age, shew in what manner their mind and body will decay.

# Boston Weekly Magazine:

VOL. II.

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 23, 1804.

No. XIV.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE GOSSIP—No. LII.

—horare, viamque infiste domandi  
Dum faciles animi juvenum, dum mobilis ætas.

I HAVE spoken of the great prejudice, unbounded indulgence, may be of to boys; perhaps it may be thought that its general tendency cannot be so injurious to girls; but I can prove that it is equally prejudicial on all accounts, and in some, fatally dangerous, both to their temporal and eternal welfare. That girls are more delicate, and require more indulgence than boys, is, in some respects, true; but in most, erroneous. I am, by no means, an advocate for a masculine education being adopted for females; it is breaking through that line which nature marked between the sexes, and which it is woman's highest interest to preserve unfringed. But there is a very great difference between that inobtrusive modesty; that purity of words and actions, which should ever characterize a woman—and that listless inactivity, which renders them so totally helpless, so entirely dependent on the other sex, as makes them at once the objects of pity and contempt. It may be advanced, that this evil, if it is to be considered one, has existed so long, that it is impossible to remedy it. This assertion I will venture to oppose; nay, there are now existing, women whose independence of mind and active usefulness, do evidently contradict it; but I am positive, were the early lives of those women fully known and investigated, it would be found, they were not spoiled by excessive indulgence; they were taught to use their hands, to help themselves on all occasions; to practice self-denial, to use their reasoning faculties, and to study the happiness of others in preference to their own. I do not think excessive indulgence allowable when there is only one daughter, and an independent property to provide for her; necessary restraints would fit her to enjoy the pleasures of life with a greater relish, and assist her to bear its crosses and fluctuations with fortitude and patience. And where there is a numerous family and only precarious means to provide for their present wants, or assist their future settlements, it is not only imprudent in the highest degree, but absolutely criminal. I have seen such instances of young women brought up in this tender manner, who, when they have lost their cruelly kind parents, were thrown upon the world in so helpless, so forlorn a state, that my heart has bled for them. If they have been girls of high spirits, volatile, habituated to much gaiety, flattery, and admiration; unable to live without these accustomed pleasures, it is ten to one, but to preserve the necessary appendages of splendour, they would sacrifice all that should be valuable to purchase them; and too proud to be industrious, prefer infamy and ease, to hard, but virtuous poverty. If they were of a meek, soft disposition, unable to shake off the inactivity and indolent habits, in which, from

childhood, they have been suffered to indulge, they sink into abject beings, content to vegetate in servile dependence, and partake by the courtesy of others, of those luxuries they find themselves inadequate to the task of relinquishing intirely.

I am very well aware, that many parents will ask, are they to make themselves objects of terror to their children, by keeping up the constant tone of authority? This is not necessary; a regular system, early adopted, and scrupulously persevered in, will obviate this difficulty. A parent who never departs from his or her word; who strictly performs every promise, either of inflicting punishments or conferring favours; who is inflexible in adhering to a decision, and suffers no appeal from a positive yes, or no, once given; will find but little difficulty in governing even a numerous family; for children who are once convinced that nothing is to be gained by fretting, tying, or coaxing, will not torment themselves or friends by doing either, when refused a request; or are commanded to execute any necessary business; however repugnant to their inclination.

It is also needful to the carrying this system into effect, to accustom children to partake in moderation of every thing that is brought to their parents tables, whether it be the plainest or most delicate fare; and that with this general intimation, that it is what was prepared for their meal and must be eaten, or they must fast. Not that I would have them kept without food entirely, but a slice of bread, and a draught of water, or milk and water, will, if they are hungry, prevent their experiencing any ill effects from going too long with an empty stomach; and should they be too full to eat this, the parent need not fear their suffering from the want of viands more suited to their palate. There should be stated hours observed for going to bed and rising, and these hours should very seldom be encroached upon.

Rudeness should be discouraged in early infancy, it is very possible for children to be merry without being boisterous: they should be accustomed to habits of politeness, neatness, and occupation. I would rather see a child employed in whittling a stick, cutting paper, or building card houses for the pleasure of knocking them down; than having them hanging about in listless idleness. Employment of the hands naturally gives employment to the mind; and early habits of occupation, lead children from first thinking what they shall do, will when the employment is fixed on, make them think of what they are about; and this is of more consequence than at first view it appears to be—nothing can be done well that is not done with attention. But I am growing prolix, and fear I shall weary my readers; yet if any plan can be formed, that would assist in the bringing up children with ease to the parent, and comfort to themselves, it would surely be benefitting society. I think I may venture to assure parents who have a rising family, that if they will early adopt, and steadily persevere in the plan here laid down, they will find they may govern

with the most despotic sway without practising the least severity; that their children will at once love and fear them, and every indulgence they may at proper seasons be inclined to give, will be received as a favour, not demanded as a right.

Perhaps in some future number I may give a few hints concerning children's recitations, and infants being allowed and encouraged to talk of love and lovers.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE PASSENGER—No. XVIII.

THE establishment of Public Libraries in the early stages of society, is a subject of such importance, as to demand much more attention than it generally receives. In the full conviction of this truth, I readily waited on Mr. BLUNT to examine the system which he had mentioned to me, and finding it differed in many respects from any regulations I had before seen, I endeavoured to impress my mind with the arguments of the Author, and with the particulars of his system, which I will transcribe, as nearly as I can recollect them.

The Rules and Regulations, says he, which are generally adopted by Library-Companies, are incompatible with the means and the wants of a great part of society. Many who possess the means of purchasing a share in a library, rate property too high, and knowledge too low, to be at any considerable expense for acquiring information. Others who do not possess those means, have an ardent desire for intellectual improvement by reading, but, it is out of their reach. Thus situated, both those classes are in a measure debarred the benefits resulting from Public Libraries, which are the property of a third class exclusively. The first principle which ought to govern, in the commencement of such establishments, should be, to place their advantages in such a situation as that all who choose, may partake of them at a small expense. A literary taste is not the sole inheritance of the rich, nor is genius confined to the affluent; both are frequently discovered in a measure well worth cultivating, and in a situation to be regretted.

The general mode of organizing Public Libraries, is to consider them as permanent property, in shares of considerable cost in the first instance, and continually accumulating; thereby receding farther and farther from the command of those who are cramped in their pecuniary circumstances. These shares descend as a patrimony from the father to his children, who are under no more obligations to be persons of taste or genius, than the heir apparent is to be fit for a crown. Thus the benefits are frequently possessed by those who reap no advantage from them, and are denied to hundreds who are panting for the possession of a blessing, which it is not their lot to enjoy.

A farmer, a tradesman, a widow, and many others, may not for a course of years, find it convenient to lay down twenty dollars for the purchase of a share in the library; yet all these may have children whose taste and understanding they



with to cultivate. If the price of a share were but three or four dollars, each of these might become a proprietor for a time, without subjecting themselves to great inconvenience.

The common methods of encreasing a library, are by taxes on the original proprietors, and by the admission of new members; the first enhances the value of the shares, and the second is limited by the population of the place, on which it must ever depend; consequently if the progress of population be slow, that of the library cannot be rapid.

Native genius, or taste, is discovered at an early period in youth, but they have no opportunity of improving the natural talent, by the use of the library, unless they happen to be born children of proprietors. These and other evils attend the general mode of instituting libraries, which might be avoided by an establishment like the following. The regulations will be reserved for the next number.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### ON THE NECESSITY OF CONSISTENCY AND STABILITY, IN CONDUCTING THE EDUCATION OF DAUGHTERS.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

I WAS a few days since, in company with a large party of sprightly handsome girls, who in my opinion, merited nothing but discretion and reserve, to make them the most charming creatures on earth; nature with them had done her part, but education was visibly wanting. They all boasted of the number of schools they had been to, and the different masters they had had in music; yet not one of them could play a tune well, &c. They were determined to change until they were suited; only make use of a good story to papa and mamma, and they could go any where they please. How different, thought I, is this from the established rules in Europe, where children are sent for a certain number of years to school, and no complaints whatever will influence the parent to change their place of residence. They are returned perfect in every branch corrected and improved; polished and fitted for every station. What can a mother promise herself in the education of her child, that is perpetually changing her schools? every Preceptress has a method of her own, according to the education and advantages she has received; this is imparted to her pupil; before the effect of one system is established, the youthful mind is burthened by another, perhaps totally different, sprung up in a new school, where Miss has been enticed by another as capricious as herself.

"Tis education forms the tender mind,  
"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd."

My own experience compels me to communicate my sentiments to you, upon this subject, that they may be the means, through your useful Magazine, of checking a too great degree of indulgence in those parents whose highest ambition is, to bestow a good education upon their children.---I am a mother of several daughters, whose education has been my principal care; and I have reason to warn every parent against placing their children indiscriminately in schools where their fancy alone or the persuasion of others leaves them to go. I was one of those foolish mothers, who viewed it an insult to me, to have

my daughters reproved for faults I knew they possessed, and which I saw daily encreased to the vexation of their father, and my shame. Still I espoused their cause, and took them from their schools, until confirmed habits of idleness and improprieties compelled me to send them from me. I placed them with the worthy Mrs BUTLER of Hingham, with a determination to make them submit to her rules and abide by her instructions; confirmed in my own mind of her abilities, and the injury I had done my children in yielding to their complaints. My money was wasted, and their time lost in capricious idleness and folly. She complained loudly of their foibles, but I persisted in encouraging her mode of government as essential to the reformation of my children. She, with the aid of one more, has effected all that the heart of a fond parent can desire. Three years regular tuition has corrected all their bad habits; accomplished them in every useful and ornamental branch of education, and convinced me if I had continued changing, as others are in the habit of now doing, they would have been fantastical girls, and I a wretched mother.

I hope the ladies in Boston, and its vicinity, will unite with me in patronizing respectable Preceptresses, and persevere as I have done, in putting their children to the best schools, where real instruction may be obtained; where the manners will be polished; the mind enlarged, and the heart made better. The youthful mind is too easily contaminated. Children require constant restraint and strict care, in order to render instruction effectual and good habits established. Let me entreat parents to visit the different schools, and judge for themselves, and not be biased by the capricious and ignorant; who are ever complaining and dissatisfied. Be slow to chuse; but fixing—fix—and so remain; and your daughters will be like the bright pillars of the earth.

A MOTHER.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THURSDAY LECTURE.

I. KINGS XXI. 20.

And Arab said to Elijah, Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?

LIGHT is sweet, but not to a diseased eye; and to a vitiated palate the pleasiest fruits have no flavour. As an ear-ring of gold, and an ornament of fine gold, so is a wise reproof upon an obedient ear. But there are brutish beings in human shape who are as insensible to instruction, as the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear, which will not harken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely. Attempt to rouse these stupid mortals from their guilty lethargy, and you endure at once the whole poison of their hatred. It is the pungency of truth to a depraved heart, which creates the enmity subsisting between a foolish child and a wise parent, between a disorderly citizen and a vigilant magistrate, between a wretched rake and his faithful pastor, between, in short, the determined unbeliever, and that gospel which condemns his iniquities. A bad life is in fact the root of infidelity. Had the rites of christianity been those of paganism, or had its Author preached a Mahometan paradise, he and his apostles had never suffered the agonies of the cross. Because however they darted the lightning of reproof on the oppressive ruler and the

hypocritical scribe, and rolled the thunder of almighty wrath upon a voluptuous world, they were hated and slain as the enemies of mankind. Let the skeptick therefore tremble on account of his mortal condition, when he reads the character of his disbelief in the following lines. *He that believeth on him is not condemned already; because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten son of God. And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reprov'd.*

Jan. 26, 1804.

L.

### THESPIAN DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
THEATRICAL REGISTER.

FRIDAY, JAN. 20, 1804.

Life, by REYNOLDS, and the *Invasion*.

RECEIVED with considerable applause. The part of *Gabriel Lackbrain*, by Mr. WILSON, was, in our opinion, performed with much happiness and propriety. It received all the applause which the laughter of the audience could bestow.

The *Invasion* has some ludicrous scenes.

MONDAY, JAN. 23.

*John Bull*, seventh time, and *All in Good Humour*.

If all the audience were in good humour, it was partly at the expense of modesty.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 25.

*Delays & Blunders*, REYNOLDS, and *Rival Soldiers*.

This new comedy, by F. Reynolds, Esq. was performed this evening, for the first time, to a numerous and respectable audience, and experienced a warm and cordial reception. Its point and satire, and numerous fallies of humour, kept the attention constantly awake, and excited repeated marks of approbation. It is, on the whole, a very entertaining piece. The characters throughout, were exceedingly well supported, as might have been expected from the uncommon strength of the cast. To notice any one in particular, would be injustice to the rest: All excelled, in whom excellence was expected. The beautiful song, in the part of *Lauretta*, was sweetly chaunted by Mrs. JONES. The piece, thus ably supported, possesses, in our opinion, sufficient attractions to draw several full houses.

BOSTON THEATRE.

ON Monday evening, for the third time, the admired Comedy of *Delays and Blunders*, with the entertainment of *Inkle and Yare*.

### AMUSING.

[Mr. KEATY, in his "Sketches from Nature," gives the following pleasant description of the various characters and complexions of readers, in a chapter entitled,]

### THE READERS'S LOOKING-GLASS.

|                         |                         |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| The Superficial Reader, | The Peevish Reader,     |
| The Idle Reader,        | The Candid Reader,      |
| The Sleepy Reader,      | The Conjectural Reader. |

"I MAY possibly not escape censure for having omitted the *Learned* reader, to whom so many prefaces and dedications have formerly been addressed—but this was in the times when learning was possessed by few.---In this age, so enriched by the inundations of the prefs, every author is to presume that all his readers are learned---no

one being willing to dispute a title which may call in question the validity of his own.

"The *Superficial* reader is one who finds not leisure, or inclination, for more literature than he can take in over an loitering breakfast, or whilst his hair dresser is adjusting his person. He contents himself with extracts from *newspapers*, *magazines*, and *reviews*—skims over *title-pages* and *indexes*, and adding to them the smuggled opinions of those who look deeper into books, passes at routes and tea-tables for a well read gentleman.

"The *Idle* reader is the reverse of the former. He is a great peruser of little volumes, but reads without method, or pursuit, not making *knowledge* but *amusement*, his object.

"—He is in one sense of the happiest class, for he is in no danger of reading himself out; so many persons being daily employed to perpetuate his pleasures, by seducing *novels*; little histories, which familiarize the arts of *intriguing*: *Memoirs of Prostitutes*: *Anecdotes of Women of Quality*; and *Lives of Highwaymen*.

"The *Sleepy* Reader is ever a man of a dull languid temperament, both of body and mind. He takes up a book when he can do nothing else, and pores over it, until it drops from his hand; or if by repeated attacks he fairly arrives at the *Finis* of a volume, he has waded through it so between sleeping and waking, that it is often a doubt with himself whether he has read it at all.

"No *works of genius* are ever seen on his shelves, they are of too *stimulating* a nature, and would defeat his purpose; but a plenty of *soporific* treatises, under the varied titles of *Journals*, *Annotations*, *Books of Controversy*, and *Metaphysical Disquisitions*.

"An old relation of mine, who died a martyr to the gout, used as he sat in his study, to estimate his books not from the *pleasure*, but from the *good naps* they had afforded him. This, cousin, said he, (pointing round the room with his crutch) this is a *composure*—this a *dozer*—every twenty pages of this excellent author is as comfortable as a glass of *poppy water*. I believe I was near three months *sleeping* through yonder large volume; and to this worthy little gentleman on the middle shelf, I was indebted for two admirable *nights rest*, when a chalk-stone was forming in my toe. But my most valuable friend is this set of books by the side of my couch. I call them my *grand opiate*, and as a mark of distinction, my flannel night-cap generally lies upon them.

"Now I am well aware that when these *Sketches from Nature* shall appear, half of my readers will be on the tiptoe of curiosity to know how the last mentioned books were *lettered*; but as I have not, I hope a spice of ill-nature in my composition, I publicly declare the secret shall die with me.

"The *Peevish* reader is made up of *conceit* and *ill-humour*. He cavils with the *design*, the *colouring*, or the *finishing*, of every piece that comes before him. Few have sufficient merit to extort his approbation—he had rather even be silent, than commend, and finds his highest satisfaction in discovering faults.

"A man of this cast is an object of compassion; for in the imperfect state of human labours, he must pass his time very miserably! —

"—But let us leave him to the severe destiny of *never being pleased*: To counterpoise his spleen, behold the *Candid* reader appears. Amiable spirit! in thee I contemplate the gentleman—the scholar, the true critic, slow to censure, eager to applaud! convinced by what arduous steps superior excellence is attained, thy liberal mind cherisheth every effort of genius, and unwillingly condemns what thy correct judgment cannot approve.

"But *Candid* reader! thy character hath been more happily delineated by a long-admired writer—in quoting whose lines I cannot resist this occasion to say, that they are as strongly descriptive of the amiableness of his own.

"Yes; they whom candour and true taste inspire,  
"Blame not with half the passion they admire;  
"Each little blemish with regret descry,  
"But mark the beauties with a raptur'd eye."

"The *Conjectural* reader brings up the rear: in speaking of whom I desire to be understood as confining my remarks solely to *conjectural* criticism. He is, or should be, a man of parts, who exercises his ingenuity on deceased writers, by clearing up passages he supposes they left obscure, and interpreting them by his own conceptions—discovering beauties where the author perhaps intend none, and tracing out meanings he might never have in view.

"Rodolphus Gander Guytche, the famous professor at the University of Hall, in his preface to the three supplemental volumes of his Commentaries, printed in folio at Leipzig, mentions that it was his constant custom, while engaged in that elaborate work, to ruminate on his subject in his *great chair*, until he insensibly fell asleep: "During which time, (says he) I always found that my thoughts digested themselves into matter and method, and on awaking, I was able the more successfully to prosecute my labours."

"I wish the example of this valuable critic may not have too much influenced succeeding commentators; some of whom adopting the professor's *napping chair*, without possessing this art of rising from it with a clear head, have not always sufficiently separated their *dream* from their *subject*."

#### TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Editors of this publication beg leave respectfully to assure its patrons, that through the friendship and benevolence of many valued citizens, they are enabled to go on with the work;—and doubt not in a short time, of rendering its pages as interesting, and every way as valuable as the preceding ones. To many private friends, they owe the liveliest sentiments of gratitude, which afford them the highest consolation, and cannot fail of stimulating them to new exertions, and exciting new prospects of life. Among other favours, they cannot omit to acknowledge the liberal and active benevolence of Col. HUMPHREYS.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Many of our manuscripts are entirely consumed—but we have been so fortunate as to save a few, among which are, "Sincerity," "The Fragment," "Lanjarban," with several other pieces which happened to be at home, in the apartments of the Editors.

Our Patrons are earnestly requested to transmit their names, and the periods to which they have settled their accounts—as well as any balance which may be due.

The publication of the Magazine, and other concerns of business, are transacted for the present, at Messrs. RUSSELL and CUTLER'S Office, Congress-street.

#### IN THE PRESS, AND WILL BE PUBLISHED IN A FEW WEEKS. AN ELEGANT EDITION OF THE MISCELLANEOUS WORKS, OF DAVID HUMPHREYS,

Late Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the Court of Madrid.

IN this edition will be included (never before printed) a *Poem on the Love of Country*, in celebration of the twenty-third anniversary of American Independence; also, a *Poem on the death of General Washington*, delivered at the American House in Madrid, on the 4th day of July, 1800; together with some smaller poetical compositions, and several essays in prose.

To the *Poem on the death of General Washington* will be annexed several Letters, written by him while President of the United States, to the Author, while Minister at Foreign Courts, as explanatory of some remarks alluded to in that Poem.

The design of the six principal Poems, which have a relation to each other, is to celebrate the American Revolution, and indicate the means of its becoming a blessing to mankind. The first was intended to animate the courage and excite the perseverance of the armies to which it was addressed; the second, by displaying our peculiar advantages for happiness, to increase and confirm a predilection for our native land; the third, by attracting our attention to the future glory of America, to make our conduct worthy of actors on so distinguished a theatre; the fourth, to show the necessity of industry for promoting our prosperity; the fifth, to describe that love of country which is essential to the preservation of our freedom; and the sixth, to exemplify the qualities of a hero and patriot; for imitation, in the character of Gen. Washington.

Few compositions it is conceived, could be recommended more forcibly to the inhabitants of all descriptions in this land of light and liberty, by the importance and popularity of the subject.

To the friends of literature, patriotism and morality, who are acquainted with such parts of these miscellanies as have been already published, the publishers flatter themselves they need only say, for the purpose of obtaining a liberal patronage, that the other productions are not in any respect inferior, in the judgment of several literary characters who have perused them. To a respectable public, desirous of encouraging the fine arts in the United States, they may, however, be permitted to add, that it will be their endeavour to execute the typographical part in such a manner as to reflect no discredit on their country.

The works to be comprised in an octavo volume, and will be furnished to subscribers at two dollars in boards. To non-subscribers the price will be advanced.

In order that the names of those persons who favour this undertaking with their protection may be printed in the volume, it is requested that the lists may be returned to Messrs. T. & J. SWORDS in New-York, or GILBERT & DEAN in Boston; and likewise the names of all persons who have subscribed to any proposals heretofore issued for printing the same works, and which were requested to be lodged with the Rev. Dr. DWIGHT, President of Yale College.

GILBERT & DEAN having obtained the Copy-right of these Patriotic Works (gratuitously conceded to them by the Author, in consequence of their having lost their whole property by the fire last Friday night) take this earliest opportunity of soliciting the patronage of a generous Public, in full confidence that the emoluments to be derived from this source, will greatly assist them in repairing the heavy loss which they have sustained.

As it is certain the books will be ready to be delivered to Subscribers in a short time, the Proprietors of the Copy-right request, that such Persons as shall subscribe to their Prospectus, will pay one half of the money in advance.

Subscriptions will be received by the various Booksellers and Postmasters, in New-England.

Those Printers who may find it convenient, will oblige the Publishers by inserting the above a few weeks.

Boston, Jan. 28, 1804.

# POETRY.

## THE OLD BEGGAR.

By Mrs. ROBINSON.

DO you see the OLD BEGGAR who sits at your gate,  
With his head silver'd over like snow?  
Tho' he smiles as he meets the keen furrows of Fate,  
Still his bosom is wearied with woe.

Many years has he sat at the foot of the hill,  
Many days seen the summer-sun rise;  
And at evening the traveller passes him still,  
While the shadows steal over the skies.

In the keen blasts of winter he hobbles a'long  
O'er the heath at the dawn of the day,  
And the dew-drops that freeze the rude thistles among,  
Are the stars that illumine his way!

How mild in his aspect, how modest his eyes,  
How meekly his soul bears each wrong!  
How much does he speak by his eloquent sigh,  
Tho' no accent is heard from his tongue.

Time was when this BEGGAR, in martial trim dight,  
Was bold as the chief of his throng;  
When he march'd thro' the storms of the day or night,  
And still smil'd as he journey'd along.

Then his form was athletick, his eye's vivid glance,  
Spoke the lustre of youth's glowing day!  
And the village all mark'd in the combat and dance,  
The brave youngster still valliant as gay.

When the prize was propo'd, how his footsteps would  
While the MAID of his heart led the throng; [bound,  
While the ribbands that circled the May-pole around,  
Wav'd the trophies of garland among.

But Love o'er his bosom triumphantly reign'd,  
Love taught him in secret to pine:  
Love wasted his youth, yet he never complain'd—  
For the silence of Love, is divine!

The dulcet-ton'd word, and the plaint of despair,  
Are no sign of the soul-wasting smart:  
'Tis the pride of affection to cherish its care,  
And to count the quick throbs of the heart.

Amidst the loud din of the battle he stood,  
Like a lion, undaunted and strong;  
But the tear of compassion was mingled with blood,  
His sword was the first in the throng.

When the bullet whizz'd by, and his arm bore away,  
Still he thrunk not, with anguish oppress;  
And when Victory shouted the fate of the day,  
Not a groan check'd the joy of his breast.

To his dear native shore the poor wanderer hied,  
But he came to complete his despair:  
For the maid of his soul was that morning a bride,  
And a gay lady rival was there!

From that hour o'er the world, has he wander'd forlorn,  
But still Love his companion would go,  
And tho' deeply fond Memory planted its thorn,  
Still he silently cherish'd his woe!

See him now, while with age and with sorrow oppress,  
He the gate opens slowly and sighs!  
See him drop the big tears on his woe-wither'd breast,  
The big tears that fall fast from his eyes.

See his habit all tatter'd, his shrivell'd cheek pale,  
See his locks waving thin in the air;  
See his lip is half froze with the sharp cutting gale,  
And his head o'er the temples all bare.

His eye-beam no longer in lustre displays  
The warm sun-shine that visit his breast;  
For deep funk is its orbit, and darken its rays,  
And he sighs—for the GRAVE's silent rest!

And his voice is grown feeble, his accent is slow,  
And he sees not the distant hill's side;  
And he hears not the breezes of morn as they blow,  
Or the stream through the low valley guide.

To him all is silent, and mournful, and dim,  
E'en the seasons pass dreary and slow;  
For Affliction has plac'd its cold fetter on him,  
And his soul is enamour'd of woe!

See the TEAR which, imploring, is fearful to roll,  
Though in silence he bows as you stray;  
'Tis the eloquent silence which speaks to the soul,  
'Tis the *sur* of his *slow setting day*!

Perehance, ere the *May-blossoms* cheerfully wave,  
Ere the *zephyrus* of Summer soft sigh,  
The sun-beams shall dance on the grass o'er his GRAVE,  
And his journey be mark'd—TO THE SKY!

## THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL  
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XXVII, in continuation.—ANNE TO ELINOR.

London, August 20th, 1779.

MARQUIS of H—'s Letter continued.

YOU may easily imagine, Madam, that this intelligence gave me great uneasiness; I was sensible it could only be a wish to avoid me that prompted her flight, and that whatever might be the motive for her conduct, she had now carried it too far for being any longer attributed to affectation. I returned to Dublin and employed the same man who had negotiated the business of a place, &c. as related, to watch round the house where she had lodged, and if she returned thither, to offer her money, of which I was sure she must be in great need; and a letter of apology for my former conduct, entreating her to pardon a fault I had been led to commit, by the malignity of her enemies. I professed my full conviction of the purity of her heart, and requested she would permit me to nominate some proper person to protect and conduct her in safety to her friends in England. But he returned in the evening, informing me, she had not been there. I could not, upon reflecting on the circumstances of the preceeding evening, help suspecting that Mrs. Ryan, the woman who I mentioned to have been with me, had deceived me, as well as the detest-ed Bellamy; and that she knew more of Mrs. Darnley than she chose to declare. Accordingly the next day, I repaired to her house, in order to make more minute enquiries. I found her surrounded by several gentlemen, but my impatience would brook no delay. I however considered it would be doing the object of my enquiry an injury to enquire after her, of such a woman; for I must not pretend to disguise from you, that this Mrs. Ryan was a Cyprian votary, who some years since, took a trip with me from London to the continent; and from thence came with me to Dublin, where we parted by mutual consent; though I had never entirely foreborn to visit her. I therefore enquired for her by her assumed name. "What, have you not found your little run-away yet?" said she, "it seems to be my lot to fall in with the admirers of the eccentric Sarah." "Sarah! Sarah! who?" exclaimed a young naval officer, with a look of alarmed tenderness. "Oh! what—here is another lover I suppose," said she, laughing; "who would have thought the homely Sarah would ever have become so formidable."—"But what was her other name?" said the young officer with increased vehemence. "Oh, I dare not call her by her right name," said she, scornfully, "my Lord H—, will never forgive me if I do; but to satisfy you, and that you may be convinced, whether it is your Sarah or not, I will shew you her picture, which I stole one evening in sport from a lover of mine, and he never after demanded it, to let me see how indifferent he was to the original." The agitation of the stranger, was extreme, while she was gone up stairs to get the picture. "Here,"

said she, presenting it, "it is a great likeness, I assure you, though I think her handsomer now than when it was taken."—He took it—he gazed on it—he clasped it in his hands, and elevated them towards heaven with a look of indescribable anguish—exclaimed, "Oh God! Oh God! my sister.—Where is she? how came she here? lead me to her.—Yet—no! no! tell me she is no longer in existence; for I would rather hear she was dead, than find her what every thing I hear and see leads me to fear she is. Dear, unhappy Sarah, well might you neglect to answer my letters. God of heaven, can it be my sister! my sister!" All this was uttered with a vehemence and rapidity that totally precluded interruption; but at the end, his heart's anguish overflowed at his eyes, and throwing himself on the sofa, he hid his face and gave a free course to his feelings. Mrs. Ryan, when she perceived what she had done, was frightened. "Lord bless me," said she, "who would have thought Mrs. Darnley was your sister." "Peace woman," said I, "leave me a few minutes with the gentleman; your unfeeling thoughtlessness has pierced him to the heart." She withdrew to another apartment with her other visitors, and I seated myself by the brother of Mrs. Darnley; silently waiting a pause in his grief to speak and administer consolation.—At length he raised his head, and looking at me, said, "do you know my wretched sister? but why do I ask? perhaps it is to you she owes——" His countenance reddened, and I perceived what past in his mind.—"Do not form Sir," said I gravely, "hasty and erroneous conclusions. I have had the honour of being in Mrs. Darnley's company, and do not hesitate to profess myself one of her warmest admirers; I believe her to be unfortunate, but I would pledge my life that she is innocent."—I then related to him all that had taken place after my first seeing her at O'Donnell's, not in the least sparing myself, though I pleaded the characters of the women with whom I found her as some extenuation of my offence; he was willing to allow it, but was lost in conjecture how it was possible she could be thrown among such people. We questioned Ryan as to what she knew about Mrs. Darnley, and could get nothing from her, but that she once lived in the same neighbourhood where she resided. Mr. — had heard of his sister's marriage, but had not received a line from her, nor any intelligence concerning her, for eighteen months past; however, he resolved to go to Mrs. Bellamy's and insist on learning from her, what had induced his sister to accompany her to Ireland. We went immediately, but found to our great mortification, that she was gone on a jaunt of pleasure with her daughter, and would not return under a fortnight or three weeks.

## MARRIAGES.

At Montpelier, (Maine) E. Thacher, Esq. to Miss Lucy H. Knox, eldest daughter of Gen. Knox. At Quincy, Mr. Thomas Newcomb, to Miss Hannah Hayden. At Watertown, Mr. Benjamin Wiggin, mer. of this town, to Miss Charlotte Fowle, daughter of Mr. John F. mer.

## DEATHS.

At Medford, Mrs. Mary Dodge, *Æt.* 63. At Kingston, (N. H.) Mr. Joseph Judkins, *Æt.* 60. In this town, Capt Robert Stonehouse, *Æt.* 80.—Miss Lucy Vose, *Æt.* 19, youngest daughter of Mr. Josiah Vose.—Miss Eliza Dillaway, *Æt.* 33.—Mr. John Holland, *Æt.* 77.—Mr. Joseph Curtis, *Æt.* 73; and 6 others. Total 11.

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# Boston Weekly Magazine.

Vol. II.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 4, 1804.

No. XV.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE GOSSIP—No. LIII.

Nunc Aliquis dicat mihi; Quid tu?  
Nullane habes vitia?

MANKIND in general, are loud in recommending the virtue of Charity, and are forever chanting forth the praises of Benevolence; but of the multitude who are thus profuse in their commendations, how very few practice it in the purity of christianity. Self-love is such a prevailing principle, that while possessing all the comforts, nay, the elegances and superfluities of life, we are apt to fancy ourselves very charitable and humane. If from the offals of our table we supply the hungry child with a meal of cold scraps, or give to the shivering wretch a worn out garment to shelter him from the winds and dews of heaven; and while we are rigidly tenacious about our own reputation, and resent with passion the smallest odium thrown on our own good name, how often do we wantonly sport with the characters of our neighbours, ascribing motives for their actions which they themselves never dreamt of; and wrestling them in such a manner that the most innocent will appear criminal; the most laudable, deserving censure.

There are many persons in the world, who, from a love of talking, and a wish to be thought wiser than those with whom they associate, will, from the most trifling circumstances, which has, perhaps, by chance come to their knowledge, relate such a train of events, concatenating them in such a manner, that you would suppose them intimately acquainted with the parties and their families; that they are in habits of confidential friendship with them; when, were you to make an enquiry, you would discover, that perhaps they had never seen them; that what they knew was only picked up from common report, and all the rest was the offspring of their own fertile invention; though every incident had been related with the utmost gravity, accompanied with frequent asseverations of the truth of their assertions. But this is a kind of conduct which a person possessed of a real christian charity, will never practice—reports, whether of good or evil are ever exaggerated by repetition; and one of the talkative beings will elevate a fellow-creature to the sky, or degrade him to the earth, by decorating him with their fancied virtues or vices.

MENDAX is a man of this description; you cannot mention a circumstance of any particular person, but he immediately knows every thing about them, and his father, or grandfather, or uncle, or brother; were very well informed concerning them; he has heard them talk of the family a thousand times; and then goes on to recount anecdotes of this one, or that one, who were relations to the persons first mentioned. I once saw this man severely humbled, and will confess, I enjoyed his humiliation and confusion more than I should believe it possible that I could rejoice in the humiliation of any human being in the world.

It was a social party, where he was admitted upon a familiar footing; and where all were intimates except one gentleman, who arriving in the course of the evening on business to the master of the house, and he happening to be from home, was asked to take a seat until his return. A lady, by the name of AMANDA, was mentioned, who had lately moved into the neighbourhood, and who was much admired for her wit, taste, and accomplishments. A question was asked concerning her family, when MENDAX putting on a look of sudden recollection, cried, "Bless my heart! yes, I remember very well—she is the daughter of old Colonel BENBOW who died at New-York a few years since; yes! yes! AMANDA was always praised for her wit; more's the pity—it never did her any good; she was said to write a very elegant letter, and so, by way of keeping her hand in, when she had no other correspondents to write to, she used to write love letters, and send them to the young men of her acquaintance. She was always in love with somebody or other; and once she got herself into a fine adventure by her imprudent flighty conduct. She wrote a billet to a young officer who boarded in the neighbourhood, desiring him to walk on the terrace at seven o'clock in the evening, and he would meet a lady who was much pleased with his appearance, and wished for his acquaintance.—Well, at seven he went, he had been told, by some one to whom he shewed the billet, that it was AMANDA's hand writing; so went boldly up to her, and having a slight acquaintance, joined her, and another girl as thoughtless as herself, in their walk; when they had walked a few minutes, several young bucks by his appointment, joined them, when he told the whole story, drew forth the billet and read it loud to the whole company. Poor girl, she was dreadfully mortified; the story was talked of and laughed at for several weeks in New-York; but she is well married now; and I am glad of it; she was a torment to her father, and if I don't miss my guess, she won't be backward in tormenting her husband; he's a good natured fellow, and can bear it very well."

"And pray, sir," said the stranger gravely, "were you intimate in the family, that you are informed of such minute particulars?" "No—I was not myself intimate with them, but my uncle Joe was at New-York at the time she was married, and had an account of her conduct and disposition from her brother, with whom he was as intimate as two could possibly be; my uncle said it was a great matter of rejoicing to all her friends when she was well settled; for what with her wit and her vanity, she made herself very ridiculous. Nay, I believe she has not left off falling in love yet, TOM BLATTERO told me a few days since—" "Stop," said the stranger, rising and going composedly towards him, took hold of his button—"Stop, and answer me one question before you go any further: Do you believe a word of all you have been uttering?" "Believe it, yes!" he replied, a little disconcerted, but recovering, immediately continued, "I not only believe it, but know it to be fact." "Then, sir, allow me to

tell you, that all you have asserted is an infamous falsehood. If any one ever told you such things he is a liar, and a villain; but I strongly suspect you have fabricated them yourself; you are a mean, contemptible reptile, and you shall either produce your author, or here retract all that you have said."—"My author, sir," cried MENDAX, turning very pale—"I tell you, sir, her brother told"—"It is false," cried the stranger, shaking him—"I am her brother—the only brother she ever had.—My good, my charming sister, is an ornament to her sex, a blessing and honor to all with whom she is connected." MENDAX was thunderstruck; indeed the words, "I am her brother," acted like an electric shock on the whole party. The garrulous culprit was obliged to own his delinquency, and suffer the mortification of being laughed at and despised by all.—The brother of AMANDA had arrived that afternoon from Philadelphia, and having passed a few hours with his sister, called to transact some business of importance with the gentleman at whose house we were visiting.

But pray, my good Gossip, what has all this to do with Charity? Oh! a great deal more than you imagine. Had MENDAX understood the full meaning of that word, he would, though certain of the events he related, have remained silent. For "Charity covereth a multitude of sins." That is, it leads the christian who is steady in the practice of this virtue; ever to bear in mind his own faults, and to cast the veil of oblivion over those of his fellow creatures.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### SKETCH OF EDWARD PROWITT, AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN.

EARLY on Saturday morning (July 3, 1802) this worthy and excellent character finished his earthly career. Being on the road to Leicester, (his native place) he was taken ill at Durham, and could proceed no farther than Catterick bridge, where after a few days illness, the plurality put a period to his existence, at the age of forty-two.

In recording the loss of this valuable man, we cannot forbear to indulge in a small tribute to his memory.

Mr. Prowitt received his education at the Bristol Academy, under the late Dr. Evans; and at leaving the Seminary, he undertook the charge of a Baptist congregation at Oxford, where he remained for some years. Having experienced a change of sentiments while at that place, he resigned his situation, and by that means forfeited (for some time) the friendship and esteem of many of his old connexions; whereupon he removed to Fleet, in Lincolnshire, where he continued for some time, to exercise ministerial functions. From his residence at the latter place he was invited to this town, about thirteen years ago, by a congregation of Unitarian Dissenters, at Pandon-Bank, with whom he continued until within these two last years. During the latter years of his ministry to this select congregation, he rejected every pecuniary recompence for his labours, and



supported himself and family, in a respectable manner, as a teacher of youth, in which his character stood high in a remarkable degree. On his congregation's leaving the chapel at Pandon-Bank, and joining Mr. Turner's at Hanover-square, he continued to preach occasionally at the latter place, and sometimes in the neighbourhood of New-Castle. In pursuing the subject of a short memoir of this amiable man, we have to observe, that he distinguished himself as an active and intelligent member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of this town. His extensive information pointed him out as a proper person to become a member of their Committee on its first institution, and he has been annually elected to that situation, ever since. In every public institution, indeed, whether of an useful or a benevolent nature, his exertions to forward its interests shone always conspicuous.

In his latter moments, a circumstance occurred which places his character in a most engaging point of view. A Clergyman happening to be at Catterick bridge inn, where he lay, the worthy Mrs. Ferguson, the landlady (for whose hospitality and care the friends of the deceased cannot say too much) acquainted Mr. Prowitt that he would pray with him if he wished it. The reply which he made to this offer was remarkable—"I have endeavoured (said he) throughout the whole of my conduct in life, to act as a man and a Christian. The sentiments I have always inculcated were: That a death bed repentance, after an ill spent life, was but a poor and inadequate atonement to the Deity. I have lived long in the contemplation of that event, which I have now myself to experience. I feel gratified, however, for your good intentions; and I now wait calmly to resign this life into the hands of its Creator, without a feeling of regret for my own conduct, or an apprehension of fear for that immortality I have soon to enjoy." In this disposition of mind did this worthy character depart from the world. He was interred on Sunday, (4th inst.) in the yard of that church (at Catterick-Bridge) which Mr. Lindsey resigned, from similar motives of conscience which actuated Mr. Prowitt, while minister at Oxford.

As a Minister of Christianity, often has he dwelt with animation on its evidences and the moral purity of its precepts; and in the tenor of his discourses he laboured more particularly to inculcate the *spirit* of the Gospel, "Peace on earth and good will to men." The doctrines which he taught he exemplified in his life and conversation.

As a teacher of youth, he was eminently successful; in the various branches of education which he taught, few perhaps, excelled him in the art of exciting the attention and engaging the interest of his pupils in the tasks assigned them; and with regard to discipline, though he governed with unlimited authority, it was without fear to the one party or pain to the other, for he possessed emphatically the affections of all those committed to his tuition; as we doubt not many of them will prove, on receiving the intelligence of their loss.

As the friend of man, he was untwearied in active benevolence, yet unostentatious in his manner of conferring benefits; few of his friends, indeed, knew their real extent, but many of the poor could witness their efficacy. Often has the tear trembled in his eye at the recital of distress, which was invariably followed by exertions of kindness and support.—No sect of religion bound-

ed his endeavours for their happiness, nor did any depth of distress, or danger in the performance of a benefit, deter him from communicating relief. His well known zeal in behalf of suffering humanity recommended him as the patron of the poor; and frequently has he received both public and private acknowledgements for his distinguished exertions in their behalf.

READER,—Dost thou wish to merit a similar character? Alleviate distress in whatever form thou findest it; cultivate those powers of the mind which thou hast received; and recollect, that the pursuit of virtue affords a satisfaction which external circumstances can never deprive us of nor bestow!

"Mark the perfect Man, and behold the upright,  
For the end of that man is peace."

: : : Tyme, (Eng.) Pap.

## AMUSING.

### THE PIEDMONTESE SHARPER.

IN the year 1695, a Piedmontese, who styled himself count Carassa, came to Vienna, and privately waited on the prime minister, pretending he was sent by the Duke of Savoy on a very important affair, which they two were to negotiate without the privity of the French court. At the same time he produced his credential, in which the duke's seal and signature were very exactly imitated. He met with a very favourable reception, and, without affecting any privacy, took upon him the title of envoy extraordinary from the court of Savoy. He had several conferences with the imperial council, and made so great a figure in the most distinguished assemblies, that once at a private concert at court, the captain of the guard denying him admittance, he demanded satisfaction in his master's name, and the officer was obliged to ask pardon. His first care was to ingratiate himself with the Jesuits, who at that time bore a great sway at court, and in order to this he went to visit their church, which remained unfinished, as they pretended from the low circumstances of the society; he asked them how much money would complete it. An estimate to the amount of two thousand louis d'ors being laid before him, Carassa assured them of his constant attachment to their order; that he had gladly embraced such a public opportunity of shewing his esteem for them, and that they might immediately proceed to finishing their church. In consequence of his promise, he sent that very day the two thousand louis d'ors, at which sum the charge had been computed.

He was very sensible this was a part he could not act long without being detected; and that this piece of generosity might not be at his own expense, he invited a great number of ladies of the first rank to supper and a ball. Every one of the guests had promised to be there; but he complained to them all of the ill returns made to his civilities, adding that he had been often disappointed, as the ladies made no scruple of breaking their word on such occasions; and in a jocular way, insisted on a pledge from every lady for their appearance at the time appointed. One gave him a ring, another a pearl necklace, a third a pair of ear rings, a fourth a gold watch, and several such trinkets, to the amount of twelve thousand dollars. On the evening appointed not one of the guests was missing; but it may easily be conceived, what a damp it struck upon the

whole assembly when it was at last found that the gay Piedmontese was a sharper, and had disappeared. Nor had the Jesuits any great reason to applaud themselves on the success of their dissimulation; for a few days before his departure, the pretended count, putting on an air of deep concern, placed himself in the way of the emperor's confessor, who inquiring into the cause of his apparent melancholy, he intrusted him with the important secret, that he was short of money at a juncture when eight thousand louis d'ors were immediately wanted for his master's affairs, to be distributed to the imperial court. The Jesuit, to whom he had given a recent instance of his liberality by so large a donation, immediately furnished him with the sum he wanted; and with this acquisition, and the ladies' pledges, he thought he had carried his jests far enough, and very prudently withdrew from Vienna.

### ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM PITT.

MR. PITT being one day at a review in Hyde Park with the King, some of the courtiers, seeing the celebrated Kitty Fisher at a distance, whispered his majesty that it would be a good joke to introduce Mr. Pitt to her. The King fell in with it—and soon after, looking towards Miss Fisher, purposely asked who she was? "Oh, Sir," said Lord L—, "the Dutches of N—, a foreign lady that the secretary should know." "Well, well," said the king, "introduce him." Lord L—, instantly brought Mr. Pitt up, and opened the introduction by announcing, "This is Mr. Secretary Pitt, this Miss Kitty Fisher." Mr. Pitt instantly saw the joke, and without being the least embarrassed, politely went up to her, and told her how sorry he was he had not the honour of knowing her when he was a young man—for then, Madam," says he, "I should have had the hope of succeeding in your affections; but old and infirm as you now see me, I have no other way of avoiding the force of such beauty but by flying from it;" and then instantly hobbled off. "So, you soon dispatched him, Kitty?" said some of the courtiers, coming up to her.—"Not I, indeed," says she, "he went of his own accord, to my very great regret, for I never had such handsome things said of me by the youngest man I ever was acquainted with."

### ANECDOTE OF GOVERNOR WALL.

THE following anecdote of Gov. Wall was related by himself to a gentleman, the evening before his execution. It is well known that the governor resided in Totenham Court road, for some years, under the feigned name of Thompson, before he was discovered. It was found necessary some time after he had taken a house, to repair and refit it; he consequently employed a painter in the neighbourhood, who had a boy, whose sickly appearance particularly attracted the notice of the governor. One day on entering the room where the boy was at work in the absence of his master, he found him actually fainting. Wall took him to the air, procured a little brandy, and the boy soon revived. On the master's return the governor related what had happened, and advised the master to put the boy to some other trade, as he thought it impossible he would long survive as a painter. To which the master replied, "Sir, I think exactly as you do; but what can I do? I am but a poor man, and this boy has not another friend in the world; his mother is dead, and his brother was whipped to death by Governor Wall." This

he stated, in his last moments, was the most severe blow he had ever received.—*L. Pap.*

#### A SINGULAR INSTANCE OF LIBERALITY.

THE people of the East, who are generally more volatile than the rest of mankind, carry their virtues and vices to extremes.

A man who was liberal even to profusion, resided in Bagdad, under the reign of the Caliph Mamoun; his prodigality presently dispersed an immense fortune. One day, Asmai, a poet, who had shared very considerably, in his profusion, came and knocked at the door as usual, supposing him still to be a rich man, the porter refused him admittance. Asmai, who chagrined at this treatment, wrote some verses to the following effect: "*What difference is there between a Miser, and a generous man, if the latter keeps his door shut?*" He gave these lines to the porter, desiring he would give them to his master; he did not stay long for an answer, for the servant immediately returned, with the same paper, on the back of which was written two lines to the following purport: "*When a gentleman has given away his all, he does right to keep his door shut, that he may not have the mortification, of refusing to grant a favour.*"

#### DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SHALL AND WILL.

A FRENCHMAN tumbled overboard, and sung out, "I will drown, and nobody shall help me." The sailors told him "drown and be d—d."—Had he said, "I shall drown, and nobody will help me," they would have saved him.

#### ANECDOTES.

A WAG, lately describing an elephant, remarked, that this sagacious animal took care never to be robbed, for he always carried his trunk before him.

A MAN named Frost, lately told another, that he wished to have his genealogy made out. "Wait (said his friend) until the next fall of snow, and then you may trace it."

AN Irish seryant being asked a few days ago, if his master had set out for Cheltenham, answered, "that his master did not intend to go to any of the watering places, till he drank all his wines." *London Pap.*

#### APHORISMS.

MAN is made for nobler purposes, than the drudgery of the world.

Believe things rather than men.

There is no better way to learn than to teach.

He, who never changed any of his opinions, never corrected any of his mistakes; and he who was never wise enough to find mistakes in himself, will not be charitable enough to excuse them in others.

By candid construction you may frustrate an enemy; by sinister construction you may lose a friend.

He keeps the best table, who surrounds it with the best company.

Advice should fall as the dew, not overwhelm as the shower.

Sins of the mind have less infamy, but not less malignity, than those of the body.

#### BEAUTIFUL PROVERB.

"PROVERBS not only present "*le bon gros sens qui court les rues*," but sometimes are expressed in elegant metaphor. I was struck with an oriental one of this sort, which I met with in some book of Travels: "With time and patience the leaf of the mulberry tree becomes Satin." WALPOLIANA."

### THESPIAN DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
THEATRICAL REGISTER.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1804.

*Delays & Blunders*, second time, & the *Poor Soldier*.  
O'KEEFE.

THE *Poor Soldier*, is much superiour to the generality of afterpieces, and, if well performed, is always pleasing. The songs and music are excellent; and though they no longer possess the attraction of novelty, yet they never fail to excite attention and applause.

MONDAY, JANUARY 30.

*Delays & Blunders*, third time, & *Inkle & Yarico*.

REYNOLDS' new comedy has not met with the uncommon success which that of COLEMAN experienced; nor has it perhaps received all the favour which it deserved. The difference in the merit of each is doubtless not so great, as has been the difference of their reception. *Delays and Blunders* wants a *Dennis Brulgruddery* to recommend it;—without this character, the popular and profitable play of *John Bull*, would probably have never made its way to public favour. —This evening's entertainments drew but a thin house.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1.

*Columbus*, by MORETON, and the *Romp*.

The indifferent play of *Columbus*, was generally allowed to be but indifferently performed.

We have before had occasion to notice the *Romp*, and are happy in again having the opportunity of saying, it afforded us much entertainment. Few pieces of the kind are superiour to it. *Priscilla*, by Mrs. JONES, and *Walter*, by Mr. WILSON, were excellently performed, and loudly applauded by the audience.—As a *Cure for the Spleen*, the *Romp* is worth a quire of prescriptions; and one dollar spent at the theatre, is more conducive to health, than twenty laid out in drugs at the apothecary's.—"I am firmly persuaded," says STERNE, "that every time a man smiles, but much more so when he laughs, that it adds something to this fragment of life." And he must be double proof against mirth and humour, who can sit in the grave face of wisdom, and witness the representation of a piece like this with undistorted muscles.

#### BOSTON THEATRE.

ON Monday Evening next, will be presented for the first and only time this season, the popular play in five acts, called, the *Castle Speltre*, written by M. G. Lewis.—To which will be added, a Farce in two acts, never performed here, called, *Bonaparte in England*; as performed at the New-York Theatre with great applause.

On Wednesday evening next, by desire, and for the eighth time, the new comedy of *John Bull*, with *Three weeks after Marriage*.

#### THE FASHIONS.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 27, 1803.

A NEW FEMALE head-dress, just imported from Paris, bids fair to be quite the rage!—It consists of a brown silk cap, with artificial ringlets coming from beneath in front; and from behind, the plaited hair is brought up and folded round the head in large braids. The appearance is simple and elegant. It shuts out the coarse idea of a wig, and according to the accessories, it is equally fitted to the *parlour* and the drawing-room!

#### PARISIAN.

The fashionable turbans are the Mamelukes, very large.—They are made of a shawl of merinos or chachemire, which forms both the crown and the pad. We have seen them of amaranthus colour, green and sky-blue.—The head-dresses a la Ninon, are becoming general; they leave the forehead nearly exposed. The pearls, or the bandeaus of antiques, sometimes the one, and sometimes the other, accompany these head-dresses. The black velvet hats, of most novel taste, are turned up behind, like the Amazon felt hats, and are almost of the same shape. The Amazon habits are dark-blue, dark-brown, or light grey. Sometimes they wear with these habits, a handkerchief, with a collar; sometimes they are buttoned with a coloured silk handkerchief, knotted loose, worn over them; and sometimes they are worn with a neck-collar, the habit remaining open, and leaving the neck visible, under a gimp fichu. The full-dress robes are clear muslin, ornamented with embroidery, of embossed cotton.—Embroidery in cotton, as well as in gold and silver, is in general, in very high fashion. Black crape is not in so great demand as usual. We have seen a very elegant green crape robe, trimmed with pearls, and white satin. The satin and Florence hats are generally white, rose and orange, or carmelite and green. Four, five, or six stages of plaited ribbon, in the fashion of a diadem, upon the front, distinguish those of the newest taste.

#### MARRIAGES.

At Smithfield, on the last day of December, Mr. Samuel Saunders, a widower, to Miss Susannah Bullard—both well stricken in years.—The parties are supported by the town, have never seen each other, and probably never will, as they are both blind.—In Athens, N. Y. Silas Chaplan, aged 15, to Susannah Powers, 13. Dr Franklin was an advocate for early marriages, but we believe the Doctor himself would allow that this hymeneal couple are "hardly up to the notch."

At New Bedford, Mr. James Cox, aged 19, formerly of Boston, to Miss Lydia Taber, aged 17, of the former place. At Newburyport, capt. Joseph Noyes, to Miss Judith Adams.

In this town, the Rev. Benjamin Wadsworth, of Danvers, to Miss Mary Carnes, daughter of John Carnes, Esq. late of Lynn. Mr. Daniel Rand, to Miss Sally Howard, of Hingham.

#### DEATHS.

In England, aged 83, Edward Sheaf, of Offenham, in the county of Worcester, and just as the hearse came to fetch the deceased, died his wife, Mrs. Ann Sheaf, also aged 83.

In the parish of Breage, at the advanced age of 80, John Rogers, of most eccentric manners; he had not been shaved since last Easter, his usual practice was at Christmas to go into the sea for the benefit of his health; and when in want of nourishment, was accustomed to lie on his back, and suck the goats in the open fields, and when he was seen going to market he always had on his shoulder a sack, containing his money, to carry to his attorney to lay out at interest.

At Woodstock, Vermont, Dec. 8, a daughter of Mr. Solomon Emmons, aged 3 years—playing with a penknife, fell upon it, when it penetrated four inches into her head, through her left nostril. She died on the 15th.

At Portland, Mrs. Nancy, wife of capt. Robert Motley, aged 25. At Marblehead, Mrs. Elizabeth, relict of the late Hon. Robert Hooper of that place. At Cambridge, Mr. Nathan Weston, aged 69;—of a cancer, the widow Mary Snow, aged 57. At Dorchester, Susan, wife of Samuel Crehore, aged 37.

In this town, Mr. Nathaniel Shepard, aged 73. Mr. jun. Samuel Gore, aged 27. Mrs. Sarah Clapp, aged 41, consort of captain Bela Clap.

#### PARTICULAR NOTICE.

THOSE persons who have purchased Tickets of GILBERT & DEAN in the 5th class of South-Hadley Canal Lottery from No. 10601, to 10715, are requested immediately to exchange them for others, with Gilbert and Dean, or the Managers at Springfield; as the greater part of the above tickets were burnt in the recent fire. This notice being of consequence to the holders, a speedy compliance will be necessary.

Brother Printers, in the States of Massachusetts, New-Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode-Island and Vermont, will please insert the above a few weeks, and oblige

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THE FAIR OF BERKSHIRE.

WHERE Massachusetts lifts her farthest bound—

By Lebanon's fair hills encircled round,  
Lies a sweet vale, where nature pours profuse,  
Her choicest gifts, for ornament and use;  
There dwells a maid, fairest among the fair,  
Endow'd by nature with her choicest care,  
And every grace bestow'd by polish'd art,  
Gives her to charm the eye and fix the heart.

On the sweet accents of her angel tongue,  
My senses in admiring rapture hung,  
And all unconscious of the danger nigh,  
Drank love's delicious poison from her eye.

But soon, too soon the pleasing trance is o'er,  
I wake, alas! to taste of peace no more—  
Not vain enough, to hope to gain the prize,  
In speedy flight my only safety lies.

In the near pool my fever'd form I lave,  
The gentle spring becomes a boiling wave;  
Love's fire, full soon pervades the luke-warm flood,  
Its current heated by my burning blood.

But Ballstown's iron stream, full surely flows,  
A cooling draught to give my heart repose—  
Ah no! the liquid fire within my veins,  
From melted ice increase of heat proclaims.

Mid the gay haunts, let fashion's votaries seek,  
To call fresh roses on the faded cheek;  
Here let the languid belle and yawning beau  
Find health and spirits from these waters flow.

To other scenes my restless spirit hies,  
In search of peace, to solitude it flies;  
Through fertile vales, my lengthened course I bend,  
Or mountains solitary sides ascend.

But pensive, wandering 'neath the silent shade,  
Ne'er sleeping fancy lends her powerful aid,  
To paint in glowing tints the bliss divine,  
To call yon cottage, and lov'd MIRA mine;

Or mounted on Ascutney's towering height,  
Where the long prospect pains the aching sight,  
O'er the wide space, imagination points,  
To the cool shades which lovely MIRA haunts.

Now mid the follies of a city life,  
Where sense with fashion holds continual strife,  
In the full crowd I mix with vacant stare,  
Alike all faces—MIRA is not there.

ALONZO.

## AN IRISH BULL.

"WHO lives there, honest friend?" said a travelling stranger,  
As on through the country of Antrim he sped;  
And who fancied that house shut up implied danger.  
"Lives there?" answer'd Teague, "why a man that is dead?"

"When did he die?" quoth the stranger more gaily.  
Teague paused—scratched his cazon, so straight and so sleek,—

Then replied, "By my conscience! my jewel, why really,  
If he liv'd 'till to-day, he'd been dead a whole week!"

## THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL  
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XXVII, concluded.—ANNE TO ELINOR.

London, August 20th, 1779.

Conclusion of MARQUIS OF H——'s Letter.

DISAPPOINTED in the point we aimed at, that of forcing Mrs. Bellamy to tell Mr. Lewis all she knew concerning his sister; I found it almost impossible to bring her perturbed spirits to any tolerable degree of composure. I accompanied him to the place where she had lodged; but there the woman gave such a strange account

of her, as threw him almost into a paroxysm of phrenzy. He did not expect to remain in Dublin more than a week or ten days, (the ship he belonged to, coming to Ireland, being entirely unexpected. I found by his conversation, that Mrs. Darnley is only a nominal sister, he having been adopted by her father. I was led to suspect from that circumstance, that it might be more than fraternal affection which made him so anxious; but he soon dissatisfied that doubt, by an assurance to the contrary, in such terms as necessarily enforced belief. He wrote to her husband a letter, of such bitter reproach, demanding his sister at his hands in terms so peremptory, that if Darnley is a man of the least spirit, whenever they meet, a duel will most probably ensue. He inserted an advertisement in the papers, couched in such terms, as if it fell into her hands, and she wished to return to her friends, she could not but understand it; yet so delicate as not to wound her feelings by making her situation a topic for public animadversion. But before either an answer could arrive to the letter, or any good effect arise from the latter expedient, his ship was ordered away—and he departed, earnestly conjuring me to continue my endeavours to find and succour Mrs. Darnley, and have her conveyed in safety to England, where he expected to be in the course of a few months. On taking leave, he requested me to enquire for his letter and open it, whenever it should arrive. I did so—it contained these lines:—

"MR. LEWIS,

THE woman you call sister, and who has, to my misfortune, been for some years my wife, having voluntarily separated herself from me; after having by her love of dissipation and thoughtless extravagance, combined with other circumstances, reduced me to bankruptcy; and having been absent now five months without writing to me above twice, which was in the early period of her absence, I cannot inform you of any thing concerning her; nor do I desire ever to be troubled on her account; I hold myself in no degree whatever, accountable for her actions, nor will I pay any debts of her contracting. I have heard from Mrs. Bellamy, the person with whom she left England, that she has left her protection; has given herself up to folly and infamy; and from this hour, I renounce any connection whatever with her.

GEORGE DARNLEY.

My soul rose indignant as I perused this unfeeling, unmanly scrawl, for it deserves not the name of a letter; and I sincerely rejoiced that Mr. Lewis was not here to read it. The conduct of Bellamy is most detestable; I was impatient for her return, that I might reproach her as she deserved, and oblige her to write to Darnley, and unfay all she had asserted; nay, despicable as the wretch appears to me, I had resolved to write to him myself, and defend his aspersed wife to the utmost of my power; but upon reflection, I feared, as I had not discovered her retreat, and could not account for her conduct in thus keeping herself concealed, I might, by interference, when I could not fully vindicate, injure rather than serve her. In this suspense, I was obliged to leave Dublin, to which place I did not return until a few days before the receipt of your letter. The earnest solicitude you expressed, again awakened my desire of finding your friend; for I had before, in some degree, quieted my mind, by the

flattering supposition that she might be returned to England. I now again saw Mrs. Bellamy, and in a tone of authority, demanded if she had heard any thing of the woman she had so ill treated. "Oh yes," said she, with a smile of contempt, "I can direct your lordship to her lodgings, where the delicate, virtuous lady is supported by O'Donnell." "Impossible," said I. "Not at all impossible," said Mrs. O'Donnell, who was present, "I believe she has been under his protection above two months." I waited to hear no more, but taking the direction, hurried to the place where they said she resided. As I was entering the door, for it was late in the evening, a man jostled me, and turning quick, seized my arm and exclaimed, "Have I found you then!" I endeavoured to shake off his hold, but in so doing, his hat fell off, the lamp at entrance shone faintly into the passage, and I discovered Frederick Lewis. "Heavens Mr. Lewis," said I, "how came you here?" "I came to rescue a sister from infamy," said he, then slackening his hold, he continued in a tone of sorrow—"But that you, my lord, after all your pretended friendship, after all your affected search for the poor fallen frail one, should prove her seducer."—"Do not irritate me, Lewis," said I, "that I came here in search of Mrs. Darnley, I will allow, but I call heaven to witness."—"Your asseverations, and base subterfuges, will no longer avail you," said he in an elevated tone. The butle in the passage, which did not immediately belong to the house, but led to the door, attracted attention, and it was opened by a woman, who enquired what was the matter.—"Does Sarah Darnley lodge here," said Lewis; the woman replied in the negative.—"You have a female lodger," said he, "and I wish to see her." "She admits no male visitors," replied the woman, "especially at this time of night." "I must see her," said he, with vehemence, "I have reasons for supposing her my sister; is not her name Sarah?" A shriek from the parlour within announced that we were overheard; and in an instant, a female rushed by the mistress of the house, and throwing herself into the arms of Mr. Lewis, fainted—it was Mrs. Darnley herself.—She is now safe in the protection of her brother, and I presume you will embrace her nearly as soon as you receive this letter. She will inform you of every particular during her period of concealment. The recital will cost you many tears; it melted me almost to a childish weakness.

Adieu, Madam, I hope I have convinced you, that however blameable my conduct was, at first, in regard to your amiable friend, I endeavoured to repair my errors the moment I discovered they were such. Be pleased to accept my wishes for your happiness, and that of the woman so deservedly esteemed by you, and allow me to hope for a place in both your memories; for to be numbered among the friends of Mrs. Darnley, will ever be deemed an honour.

By your humble Servant,

H——.

## RE-ESTABLISHMENT.

GILBERT & DEAN, have the pleasure to state, that by the assistance of their Friends and the Public, they will open a NEW OFFICE, next Wednesday, in the Building North corner of the Old State House, over the Office of the Board of Health—where the next No. of the Magazine will be issued, and the Printing and Lottery Business, executed with fidelity and dispatch, as usual.

N.B. Those Subscribers who have not yet transmitted their names, are earnestly requested to do it—as well as any balance which may be due.

Feb. 4.

# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 11, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE PASSENGER—No. XIX.

IN compliance with my promise in the last number, this will be appropriated to explaining the Regulations for a Library, which were designed to avoid some of the inconveniences attendant on the common establishments of that kind, and to embrace advantages which none of those do.

By the first article, the author proposes that shares in the library, instead of being perpetual, should be for a few years only, and that the sum to be paid, should never amount to a dollar per year. He recommends that the price for a share be three dollars, and that the terms of its continuance be not more than five years. Upon this article he observes, that the changes which would take place, would be constantly increasing the stock of the library, without heavy taxes on the proprietors, whose number would be increased by the lightness of the tax to be paid; that in a community whose population should progress ever so slowly, the value of the library would be continually increasing, by the commencement of new terms of subscription, so that in one century the original sum paid in, would be multiplied by twenty, on supposition that the number of members neither encreased nor diminished.

He then proceeds to some remarks on the rapid advancement of such an establishment, from natural causes. Admitting that our numbers double in twenty five years, he makes a statement of the progress of a library on the common establishment for that term, and supposes it to be in a small town, where only ten proprietors can be found to pay twenty dollars each, which sum will be two hundred dollars; the number of proprietors being doubled in twenty five years, will produce double the original subscription or four hundred dollars for the value of the library at that period. He then compares this with the progress of one on his proposed establishment, and supposes that in any society where ten subscribers could be found to pay twenty dollars, twice the number might as easily be collected to pay three dollars each. On this presumption he makes a statement which proves that twenty proprietors who should commence the establishment with three dollars each, to be renewed every five years, would at the expiration of the above term, possess a library worth five hundred and forty dollars, by paying only fifteen dollars in distant installments; whereas in the other case, each proprietor would pay twenty dollars at the commencement, and at the expiration of twenty five years, the library would be worth but four hundred dollars. He then observes that if our ancestors soon after the settlement of the towns in which they resided, had begun in some such easy and economical way, the country would now be furnished with multitudes of valuable libraries where none at present are in existence.

In the second article, he proposes that the number of books to be drawn by each proprietor, shall be regulated by the number of shares, each share drawing one volume. Hereby, says he, those who have but little money or time to spare, may be accommodated with a single volume at a time, while others may secure themselves more extensive advantage, by possessing a greater number of shares.

In the third article, provision is made for temporary subscribers, who by paying at the rate of a dollar per year, may be entitled to the benefits of the library for a

short time, but not less than six months. This he observes, would accommodate not only temporary residents in a town, but youth, many of whom might be led by such an opportunity, to improve the little time and money they have to spare, in pursuits which might benefit themselves and posterity, instead of acquiring habits of dissipation.

The fourth article recommends, that destitute widows, who have children, and wish to implant among them a taste for reading, should be complimented with the use of the library gratis.

The fifth article proposes a similar compliment for youth who exhibit a genius for any particular art or science.

Other articles, which concern special arrangements, such as the manner of choosing directors, &c. are not necessary to be here enumerated: they will therefore be omitted.

## ON PUNNING.

A PUN is a reiteration of the same word, or a word of a similar sound, whose meaning is diametrically opposite, to that intended to be conveyed by the former, which whimsical, and apparently unintentional mistake, irresistibly provokes risibility. Irrisibly, I say, because I have seen men of some gravity, in one moment laugh heartily at a pun, and, in the next, so much out of humour with themselves for having been surprised into a tacit approbation of what they had always professed to hold in the most sovereign contempt, as to be scarcely companionable for the rest of the evening. This I ascribe to affectation; as indeed I do all inflexible gravity. In my mind, and I believe I give, at the same time, nearly the words of an ancient philosopher (who was no stoic to be sure) *He who can make us laugh, indulges us in one of the greatest gratifications we have in this world.* It is the exclusive property of our species! An ass certainly is not renowned for sagacity of countenance, but really I would rather contemplate its silly, artless, inoffensive front, than the adamantine muscles, and frigid looks of certain pedants and affected sages. There is a numerous sect of modern apathes, who, however great the pleasure received, will not acknowledge the enjoyment, unless they can prove logically to themselves, that they ought to have been pleased. "Let every one ride his hobby," says Sterne, "as he likes, so that he don't jostle against me."—So say I to these, adding, that they will ride them unenvied, since no one in his senses will covet such sorry animals.

Punning, though I do not give it an unlimited approbation, yet I cannot but think, that as it sometimes, when used with discretion, affords much amusement, is deserving of praise, and by no means meriting the supercilious scorn with which it is treated by many.

Swift, who was peculiarly happy in punning, used to assert, that none despised his talent, but those who are without it. I believe this truly; and that there is too strong a line drawn between wit and the *lusus verborum*.—If a pun creates a smile we should be contented, and not foolishly scrutinize into its defects. Locke says, it is a kind of affront to go about to examine wit by the severe rules of truth or reason. Why then should not any thing else occasioning the like effect, meet with equal favour? Put wit in the place of gold, and esteem puns as silver. Every body is not able to solve the former, the latter is far more current. Puns also, I will contend, not only often awaken much mirth, but are infinitely less offensive than the shafts of wit. This, if it excite no laugh, passes innoxious. Wit, or satire, which is the same thing, is either considered as an ill-natured folly, and reprobated; or applauded, at the expense of the happiness and comfort of some one or more of the company.

Punning has our smiles (as every harmless amusement should have) though it has not our good word. Just as in the case of a man of genius in dress, and perhaps devoid of principle, we can still like his company when occasion suits, and dwell with pleasure on his conversa-

tion; yet we do not desire publicly to be called his intimate friend, or to be seen walking arm in arm with him in the frequented street.

Further, numberless of our valued writers have fostered this disposition. They felt it to be, in some degree, what Dr. Johnson says it was to Shakespeare, an *ignis fatuus*, which deluded them at pleasure. In Shakespeare, I will allow, it is often obtrusive, and sometimes rather blurs than adds to the beauty of certain speeches; but the pleasure we experience from it, in many instances, in his writings, cannot be denied. They are so endless in him, that I conceive it unnecessary to notice any. Dr. Johnson observes very well, (and justly, as Melius Cumberland and Coleman can attest) that no man is written down by any one so easily as by himself. That word *down* is a pun, though it will happily be honoured with a higher term. This is trifling, but there are many glaring examples, in the productions of the deughty Doctor, which I cannot immediately call to my recollection, but in which he has greatly laboured under its influence. The Greeks and Romans, we are told, indulged themselves in the practice, and used puns as ornaments in the most serious discourses. It is certain that they were particularly fond of it, as their works, especially those of their humorous authors, give ample evidence.

Alliteration also affords an agreeable effect in reading, and has been constantly employed by writers of no little eminence. At present however, it is guarded against with great vigilance by our literary dragons. The ancients were very partial to it, and it often gives to their writings a charming melody; but it must be confessed that they sometimes carried it to an unwarrantable length. As in these lines of Ennius, the negligence of whose verification has been often censured.

*O tite, tute tati, tibi tanta tyranno, tulisti,  
At tuba terribili jonitu taratantara dixit.*

Though it cannot be commended here, there are various passages to which it gives much prettiness, if not beauty.

Antitheses are admitted to be employed with uncommon elegance and effect, when judiciously managed, in all works, and particularly in works of fancy. *Quasi hoc* I agree; and in consequence, shall take this opportunity to point out the analogy existing between a pun and an antithesis, and to shew the inconsistency and injustice of those who approve of the latter, and pretend to despise the former. Any thing placed with its opposite in a sentence, constitutes an antithesis. A pun is formed similarly in a degree, it being necessary that its meaning should be the reverse of the word which occasions it. But how much more difficult is it to make the one than the other. This is attained by the facile mode of contrasting black with white; that to accomplish its end must seek, if not a word of the same orthography, yet of the same sound, bearing a contrary signification, and sometimes, at once, the same and different intent. As *bonus est bonus—Lex Dei*—and *Lex Dei* in pronunciation are scarcely distinguishable.

*Continent* and *Cloud* have each too very distinct meanings. A lie may also be avoided by a pun, and lives have been saved by them. As in the instance of the Greek, who hid his brother under a pile of wood; and to the inquisitors answered, that he lay hid *for nature in the wood*, which they mistaking for a wood hard by, withdrew, and thus gave the delinquent an opportunity to escape.

Some one inquires, *An Tunc perdis*; to which the servant replies, *Tunc non est domus huius* not at home, or, he does not eat at home; thus placing his matter and saving his conscience. Servants of the present day have no such quibbles. The examples are without end—Some verily ingenious, and all harmless.

I am, upon the whole, persuaded that the talent of punning has a greater title to our indulgence than many, through affectation, or what not, are willing to allow it; which persuasion let the following anecdote confirm.

When the Anglo-Saxons came into South Britain, they called that part which they had subdued, as conquerors often do, by the name of their own country. But Egbert, when he had made himself sole monarch, chose to



have it called *Angeli*; pleased with the fine allusion (these are the words of the historian) of St. Gregory, who, seeing at Rome some beautiful youths, asked them of what Country they were, and was answered, *Angeli*, nay rather, replied he, *Angeli*. Now what is this fine allusion, upon which the name of a country depended, but as consummate a pun as ever was uttered; and which could not but have suggested itself to any body at all addicted to punning. He that was able so highly to applaud this retort, could not be said to look on the art I vindicate with contempt. Under the wing of majesty therefore I conclude.

## BIOGRAPHY.

## MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTI.

SON of Lodovico Buonaroti Simoni, of the ancient family of the Counts of Canofes, was born in the year 1474, in the castle of Chiufi, in the territory of Arezzo in Tuscany, where his father and mother then lived. He was put to nurse in the village of Settignano, a place noted for the resort of sculptors, of whom his nurse's husband was one, which gave rise to the saying of him, that Michael Angelo sucked in sculpture with his milk. His violent inclination to designing obliged his parents to place him with Domenico Ghirlandajo. The progress he made raised the jealousy of his fellow disciples so much, that Torrigiano, one of them, gave him a blow on the nose, the marks of which he carried to his grave. He thought the best way to be revenged on him was to overcome him in his profession, and by his studies and productions to put an end to the competition of his companions, and acquire the esteem of persons of the best quality and interest, which he did effectually.

He erected an Academy of Painting and Sculpture at Florence, under the protection of Lorenzo di Medicis, who was a lover of the fine arts. He was bestowing his care and application upon it, when the troubles of the House of Medicis obliged him to remove to Bologna, from whence he went to Venice, and from thence returned, in a little while, to Florence. It was about this time he made an Image of Cupid, carried it to Rome, broke off one of its arms, and buried it, keeping the arm by him. He buried it in a place which he knew was to be dug up; and the Cupid being found, was sold to the cardinal of St. Gregory for antique: Michael Angelo discovered the fallacy to him, by showing him the arm he had reserved for that purpose.

The works he performed at Rome, and Bramante's advice, whom Raphael had instigated to it, put the Pope on painting his chapel, and employing Michael Angelo about it. Michael sent for several Florentine painters to assist him, among whom were Graunachio Bugiardino, and Giuliano di San Gallo; the latter understanding *Fresco* very well, which Michael Angelo knew little of. The painting being finished, most of the painters, and particularly Raphael's, expectation was balked; for he had never desired his friend Bramante to procure that employment for his competitor, had he not thought the task greater than he could go through with. Bramante was entrusted, by Michael Angelo, with the key of the chapel, and an order to let nobody whatsoever see his work: however, he once admitted Raphael, who found the painting to be of so great a *gusto* of Design, that he resolved to make his advantage of it; and indeed in the first picture which Raphael produced afterwards, and that was the Prophet Isaiah, for the church of St. Austin, Michael Angelo immediately discovered Bramante's treachery. This passage is the greatest praise that can be given to Michael Angelo's works, and is at the same time, a proof of Raphael's love of his art; that he would make use of what was good, even in the works of his enemies, not so much for his own glory, as for the glory of his profession.

Upon the death of Julius II. Michael Angelo went to Florence, where he made that admirable piece of sculpture, the Tomb of the Duke of Florence. He was interrupted by the wars, the citizens obliging him to work on the fortifications of the city; but foreseeing that their precautions would be useless, he removed from Florence to Ferrara, and thence to Venice. The Doge Critti would fain have entertained him in his service; but he could get out of him was a design of the Bridge Rialto; for Michael Angelo was an excellent architect, as one may see by the palace Farnese, by his own house and by the Capitol, which is an edifice of a great *gout*.

When he returned to Florence, he painted the fable of Leda, with Jupiter turned into a swan, for the Duke of Ferrara; which piece being not enough esteemed, he sent it by Minio, his disciple, into France, together with two boxes of designs, the best and greatest part of his thoughts. Francis I. bought the Leda, and put it up at Fontainebleau, and the designs were dispersed up and down by the sudden death of Minio. The amorous passion of this Leda was represented so lively, that Monsieur de Noyers, Minister of State, ordered it to be burnt out of a scruple of conscience.

By the command of Paul III. Michael Angelo painted his famous piece of the Last Judgment, which is an inexhaustible store of science, for all those that would dive to the bottom of it. The design is of a great *gusto*. He took an incredible deal of pains to reach the perfection of his art. He loved solitude, and used to say, *That painting was jealous, and required the whole man to herself*. Being asked, why he did not marry? he answered, *Painting was his wife, and his works his children*. Michael Angelo had great ideas, which he did not borrow from his masters. His studying after the antique, and the elevation of his genius, inspired him with them. His designs were learned and correct, and the *gusto*, if I may use the phrase, terrible; and if some persons cannot find in them the elegance of the antique, they must allow, that this *gusto* is rich; and that common nature in comparison with it is poor.

Raphael, as we have observed, was obliged to him for the alteration of his manner, which he learnt at the sight of Pope Sixtus's chapel; for before that he had still too much of Perugino's in his compositions. There are several persons, who though they confess Michael Angelo's thoughts are great, yet will not allow them to be natural, and think they are sometimes extravagant. They say also, that though his designs are learned, they are over-charged; that he has taken too many licences against the rules of perspective, and that he did not understand colouring, of which we shall say more in our reflections on his works. It is enough to let the world know that this great man was beloved and esteemed by all the sovereign Princes of his time, and that he will be still the admiration of posterity. He died at Rome, anno 1564, at ninety years old. Cosmo di Medicis ordered his body to be secretly buried, and brought to Florence, where he was interred in the church of Santa Croce, in which magnificent obsequies were performed for him; and his tomb is to be seen in marble, consisting of three figures, Painting, Sculpture and Architecture, all of his own hand.

## PAUL, THE FIRST CHRISTIAN HERMIT;

A NATIVE OF THEBES—ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF THOSE WHO ESCAPED THE PERSECUTION OF DECIVS.

ON the breaking out of the Christian troubles, this noble, rich, and learned youth, sought to hide himself in a retired part in the country. But being informed of a design to discover his place of retreat to the Pagans, he went deeper into the wilderness among the mountains; where after travelling a long way, he came to a great cave, at the foot of one of them, the entrance to which was covered by an over-hanging rock. This cave he entered; and walking onwards, found a roomy space, which had an opening at the top, that admitted the light through the spreading branches of an aged palm; in this subterranean apartment was likewise a limped spring, but which flowed not far before it lost itself again in the earth. In the same mountain were several other dwellings, and in them various implements for coining, as in the time of Cleopatra the false coiners were wont to make it a place of refuge.

Here Paul chose immediately to fix his abode. The palm-tree yielded him raiment and food, the fountain supplied him with drink. He lived in this place, dividing his time between prayer and other spiritual exercises until his hundred and thirtieth year, that is, until about the year of the vulgar era 340. At this time he became acquainted with Antonius, who had long led the same kind of life in another district of these Egyptian wilds, and came to Paul just time enough to bury him; as he shortly after died.

Paul was thus the first among the christians who was known and celebrated by the name of hermit, who raised himself to a higher pitch than the ordinary ascetics, renounced all intercourse with mankind in his solitary desert, and never forsook his cave. Hieronymus styles

him the author of the solitary life; but this was properly no more than an extension and continuation of the life of the ascetics.

## MORAL.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THURSDAY LECTURE.

MATTHEW, IV. 11.

*Then the devil leaveth him, and behold angels came and ministered unto him.*

WHETHER the temptation of Jesus Christ, as recorded by the evangelists, was a real transaction, or, which is probably the case, a jewish allegory, is a question wholly unconnected with our present object. It is asserted on divine authority, and therefore unquestionably true, that the life of Christ was a scene of suffering and of temptation. It is also equally manifest, that he learned obedience by the things which he suffered, and though tempted in all points like as we are, yet he was without sin. His sufferings served but to confirm and display his virtue, and all his conflicts were crowned with victory. He had the appetites and feelings of man. He was sensible of hunger and thirst after fasting, of cold when naked, of fatigue on journeys, and of pain when pierced and wounded. But the preternatural power, which he exerted to feed the thousands who followed him, and to restore soundness and vigour to the deformed and sick, was never employed for his own comfort. He had the passions of man. He was occasionally angry; but his anger was tempered with compassion, and never degenerated into peevishness, nor bordered on malice or revenge. He was alive to pleasure, but he pleased not himself; and to joy, but he sought that which was set before him in the heavenly state. He was not infensible to calumny and reproach. But though reviled for inadequate pretensions to the Messiah's dignity, he calmly submitted to the contempt of scoffers, instead of aiming at such an unlimited exercise of miraculous gift, as would have compelled the conviction and allegiance of the world. Finally, it was natural for him to prefer riches to poverty, fame to ignominy, and power to dependence. Yet the fact was, he had neither wealth nor wealthy connexions, notwithstanding he was able to draw money from the fishes of the sea for the payment of tribute. He aspired after no glory, but that, which was designed him by the Father of the universe before the world was. He was in quest of a kingdom; but his kingdom was not of this world: though offered a crown, he refused to accept it. Concerning a character thus single, and so incongenial with the general spirit and views of mankind, the opinion of every candid judge will be that, which was long since formed by a noble Roman, TRULY THIS MAN WAS THE SON OF GOD.

## THE SPIRIT DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THEATRICAL REGISTER.

*"Tout reçoit dans ses mains une nouvelle grace: Par-tout elle divertit, et jamais elle ne lasse."* BOILEAU.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1804.

The Country Girl, altered from WYCHERLY by GARRICK, and Paul and Virginia.

THE Country Girl was presented to the public early this season. The applause with which Mrs. JONES performed Peggy, a few years since, and the restoration of her name again to the bills, were sufficient to insure the success of this favourite comedy. The boxes, this evening, were crowded with beauty, taste, and fashion; and we trust the audience, in their expectations of entertainment, at least as far as it respects the fair representative of the Country Girl, were not disappointed. Peggy is a character peculiarly calculated to display the abilities of Mrs.

JONES, and received, this evening, all those nice touches of rustic simplicity, unsuspecting innocence, and arch coyness, which, as a stranger to the manners of the world, it was intended to exhibit.—Two or three of the other parts were tolerably well supported.

The comedy was succeeded by the musical piece of *Paul and Virginia*. Tho' the dialogue of this afterpiece has very little merit to recommend it, yet its pleasing airs and affecting incidents have made it a favourite, from its first appearance in Boston; and we think it lost no credit from the performance of this evening. Mr. DARLEY's performance of *Paul* was manly and spirited; and we think whatever pleasure the audience received from that character, they were solely indebted for it to the actor;—for though the hero of the piece, the author has given him very little to say, that is worth studying. The tones and measures which Mr. D. assumed, when remonstrating against cruelty and oppression, were striking and correct, and justly deserved approbation.—*Virginia*, by Mrs. DARLEY, could not be otherwise than pleasing. Every look, every action, was inspired by NATURE. When beauty and innocence plead the cause of suffering humanity, that heart must be of marble that cannot "feel for others' woes."—Mr. DICKENSON, in *Dominique*, was, as usual, correct and respectable.—Mr. WILSON deserves much credit for his exertions in the part of *Alambra*. The pathetic story of his sufferings was related in a manner, which did honour to his judgment as an actor and his feelings as a man, and excited sympathy in the breast of every auditor. His merry scene with *Dominique*, and in short the whole character, was well acted. 'Tis true, the part was not quite so well looked. The complexion of his face was rather a contrast to that of his legs, which by the help of black stockings passed very well for those of a native of Negroland. But what is the use of spoiling a fair skin?

MONDAY FEBRUARY 6.

*The Castle Spæhre*, Lewis, and *Bonaparte in England*.

The *Castle Spæhre* has continued a stock play, ever since its first introduction on the Boston stage. In its career, the dramatic persona have experienced a variety of cast, and various have been the opinions respecting their comparative merits. We have not the vanity to attempt a decision.—With many parts of Mr. BARRETT's *Osmond*, we were much pleased. His voice possesses uncommon strength, and his performance is always marked with spirit and energy.—Mrs. POWELL played *Angela* with her usual excellence.—The part of *Perry* is better suited to the powers of Mr. JONES, than of Mr. DARLEY; it was however mediocre.—Mrs. BAKER acquitted herself handsomely in *Alice*. In her performance of the parts of *old women*, this season, Mrs. B. has received much deserved applause.—The entertainments of the evening drew a crowded audience.

The new *burlesque of a farce*, which followed, was, in our opinion, insupportably flat. The general distribution of the parts was not much in its favour.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8.

*John Bull*, eighth time, and *Three Weeks after Marriage*.

Though the frequent repetition of *John Bull* must have nearly cloyed the town, yet it was performed this evening to a tolerable house.

In the afterpiece, Mr. BARRETT appeared in the character of *Sir Charles Racket*, and Mrs. BARRETT in that of *Lady Racket*.

HORATIO.

#### COMMUNICATION.

WE consider the respectable re-establishment of the Theatre as an event auspicious to the cause of morality and rational pleasure. It deserves therefore the united support of correct taste and sound principle. But unless a strict and undeviating regularity is observed in the conduct of its public exhibitions, it will defeat its best ends, by weakening its essential attractions. When an

approved and sterling piece is advertised for representation, or one in which any individual performer is considered to be particularly eminent; we are usually induced to attend the Theatre, from a confidence of being pleased, and the desire of approving excellence. On Friday evening last, the elegant comedy of the "*Country Girl*," was performed to a very fashionable and brilliant audience, many of whom were undoubtedly assembled by the celebrity of Mrs. JONES in "*Miss Peggy*." To this highly interesting and valuable performer none of the preceding remarks are intended to apply. In her, indeed, were exhibited all the requisites of the character; a sweet captivating person, rendered more lovely by a playful unsophisticated nature, exhibiting its rural cunning, with a simple poignant archness. Yet this polish of excellence, bright as it was, suffered some partial soil from the defects of other performers, who were engaged in the same scenes.—When pauses in the action arises from verbal imperfection of the comedian, the audience have reason to be highly offended, both because the pleasure of the fiction is destroyed, and the efforts of attentive and ambitious merit are marred by the blunders and indolence of others. In one scene, *Miss Peggy* had to become *Prompter*, as well as *boyden*; but whether this was one of the *Country girl's* frolics, conceived in a fit of her inimitable humor; or whether it was a chasm in the scene which another character ought to have supplied, may perhaps be determined without resorting to *Miss Peggy's* ingenuity, to unravel the mystery.—The Epilogue was spoken by Mrs. J with very neat point and wonderful effect; and the curtain fell to the most ardent and prolonged applause, we have heard this season.—The play is an undoubted favourite; and when it is again performed, a small revolution in the cast would do no injury to the Manager's interest, or the merit of his company.

IMPARTIALIS.

#### AMUSING.

##### LITERARY BLUNDERS.

###### OF FRANCIS FIRST, KING OF FRANCE.

THIS prince, who was a great pattern of literature, was on his return from divine service to dinner, presented by some distinguished poet, with an elegant Epigram. This the king read whilst he was dining, and declared to those about him, that he had never been more agreeably feasted than by this epigram. One of the courtiers hearing his master make this declaration, hastened to the kitchen, and calling the cook to him, asked what this epigram was, which he had dressed for the king, imagining it to be some new and dainty dish.—The cook denying that he had sent up any new dish, the courtier was so provoked that he beat the cook, and the matter finally was brought before the King to determine, who did not fail heartily to laugh at the courtier's stupidity.

###### OF A MONK,

WHO discharged in some place the office of librarian, finding a Hebrew book in the collection, and not knowing under what title to class it, in his catalogue, called it, "a book, the beginning of which is at the end."

###### ROMULUS PARADISUS

WROTE a book, which as usual, he submitted to the inspector of the press: this sapient gentleman struck out with his pen the word "*Paradisus*," observing, that this word must by no means appear in the book, on penalty of its being inserted among the rejected and forbidden publications. In the place of this word, the inspector made with his pen three points, thus . . . The author could hardly contain himself, but went his way. When his book was published, and dispersed among his friends with the three points instead of *Paradisus*, one of them meeting him, said, "My dear *Paradisus*, I congratulate you on your book."—"Hush," said the other, "give me not this name, unless you wish my book to be reckoned among those which are profane and forbidden."—"What then am I to call you?" replied his friend. "I am," says he, "Rom-

ulus, with three points, which name the inspector of the press has given me, instead of that which I had before."

#### A PORTUGUESE ANECDOTE.

A PORTUGUESE, who from obscurity had raised himself by the most distinguished merit, to the peerage of that kingdom, being in company with several of the most ancient families in Lisbon, became the object of their wit and raillery, on account of his infant nobility. With a design therefore to pique him in the tenderest point, they turned their discourse alone on the honours derived from nobility of birth, each extolling the great achievements of his distinguished ancestors in the warmest terms of panegyric. At last it came to this nobleman, as is the custom of the country, to give his sentiments; when the rest of the company were scarce able to contain themselves from open laughter, expecting that he must leave the room in extreme disorder. But how great their astonishment, and even their shame, when this truly illustrious personage, with the greatest composure and good humour, addressed them thus: "My lords, I acknowledge that all of you have given a very flattering account of your ancestors' immortal deeds; but from this I can only gather, that the honours you enjoy, were thus simply delivered by hereditary succession into your hands; but, my lords, my plea, thank heaven! is widely different: I have the virtuous satisfaction of saying more than you all; that I have obtained all my honours by my own immediate actions, and shall therefore have the superior pleasure of transmitting them, unfulfilled, to my successors, for them to boast of."

#### A CARD.

THE EDITORS offer, this evening, to their friends and the public, a Number of the Magazine in its improved form, as a humble pledge of the industry and attention which they will devote to its future publication. The late calamitous occurrence, which in one short hour deprived them of the earnings of successful assiduity, and the fruits of public kindness, is not bailed by them as that irretrievable misfortune, which the first deplorable view of their ruined establishment had presented. They have now learned by an experience, the most pleasant and the most grateful, that the destruction of property does not always involve the desertion of fortune; and that their limited efforts in the cause of morality, literature and rational pleasure, have not been neglected for the humbleness of their aim, while liberally patronised for the sincerity of their zeal.

THE feelings of the Editors on the revival of their business, and its restoration to its former course of arrangement, will not here be attempted in description. They will be better understood by those who have generously assisted them in the effort to rise, and whose intellectual wealth is increased by the exercise of that bounty, which diminishes all other property.

THIS tribute is rendered impersonally, because its application is widely extended; but the Editors cannot pass in terms of general thanks the zealous, and distinguished friendship of a number of young gentlemen, and of their brother printers, during the interval of their derangement. The promptness and cordiality, which marked the exercise of the many favours they bestowed, have doubly enhanced their value, and imprinted their remembrance.

#### MARRIAGES.

"At Wilbraham, Mr. William Coney, to Miss Abigail Vibbard."

"At Machias, Mr. William Emerson, to Miss Nancy Simpson."

In this town, Mr. David S. Yingerfoll, mer to Miss Eliza Field; Mr. Isaac Raymond, to Miss Charity Sawyer; Mr. John Stevens, to Miss Polly Simpson.

#### DIED

At Nantucket, Nathaniel Coleman, Esq. The number of deaths at Portsmouth, (N. H.) last year, was 147; 62 male, and 86 female.—At Machias (Maine) Mrs. Mary Penniman, wife of Mr. Jacob P. Aet 32." In this town, Mr. George Cabot, Aet 20—Miss Hannah Tufts, Aet 48—Mrs. Sarah Nowell, Aet 74, relict of the late Mr. Joseph Nowell, of this town. Miss Ann Sinclair Robinson, Aet 8; Mr. William Sinclair, Aet 67. Mr. Thomas Trott, aged 73; Mrs. Jemima Low, aged 53, and three children.—Total 10.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## CÆSAR THE CRIPPLE.

Messrs. GILBERT &amp; DEAN,

IT may not be improper to state that the incident related in the ensuing piece, was not suggested by fancy, but real life, that the plains of York Town, bear testimony to the sufferings of CÆSAR.

POOR CÆSAR is a cripple man,  
And to the grave must go e'er long;  
Yet still misfortune has no smart,  
He begs his bread with joy of heart,  
Halts on his crutch, and hums a song.  
Hard is the lot of this old man!  
For both an arm and leg are gone;  
When idle boys make sport and game,  
He swings his mutilated frame,  
Laughs at their jokes, and hobbles on.  
Fate though so cruel was content,  
For once to let her victim go,  
He is not totally bereft  
Of arms, for still a stump is left,  
And glad was he to find it so.  
Erect and plac'd upon his crutch,  
In some frequented place he'll stand,  
And there perhaps without a shoe,  
Shake in the cold an hour or two,  
And wait some kind assisting hand;  
For if his balance once is lost,  
The poor old man must come to ground;  
And there may lie and suffer harm  
Before his remnant of an arm,  
Is to his crutch securely bound.  
Ask you where CÆSAR lost his limbs?  
Go and the field of glory view;  
There midst the skulls of patriots slain,  
And mighty men that load the plain,  
The bones of CÆSAR whiten too:—  
And on the fourth of each July,  
When every other face is glad;  
When the loud drum and fife impart,  
A stormy transport to the heart,  
Poor CÆSAR's soul is very sad.  
Where'er the standard leads, he limps  
Fast as his crutch his limbs can bear;  
'Tis then that down his sable face,  
The sympathetic eye may trace  
The route of many a silent tear.  
Yet oft before his roving eyes  
The field of battle seems to swim;  
He feels his strength and nerves encrease,  
And to himself he seems at least,  
A warrior whole in every limb;  
He struggles hard the gun to raise,  
(So well her web has fancy spread,)  
The poor stump trembles;—cease thy pains,  
Know CÆSAR that thy hand remains  
Still on the field of glory—dead.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

O THOU! within whose tender blooming breast,  
Fair wisdom deigns to stay a willing guest,  
Say wilt thou listen to an artless youth,  
Nurs'd in the school of virtue and of truth?  
Whose soul disdains the base ungenerous part,  
"To catch by vile deceit, the unguarded heart;"  
A friend to science, tho' he boasts no claim  
In fame's bright temple to enroll his name,  
Exerts his strength to walk religion's road  
Nor fears to say, "he trembles at his God."

No "snarling critic," loathes "enthusiastic pride;"  
Delights in mirth, of "innocence preside."  
Unpractised in the ways of fortune's wiles,  
But not a stranger to her envy'd smiles  
Say, lovely nymph, say, sweet enchanting fair,  
May such a youth thy friendship hope to share?  
He asks no more—'till time these truths shall prove,  
And ripen friendship into mutual love.

EDWIN.

## THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## SINCERITY; A NOVEL

## IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

## LETTER XXVIII—ANNE to ELINOR.

London, August 6th, 1780.

I WILL suppose you to have read the Marquis's letter, and am sure I need not expatiate on the delight it conveyed to my mind. I became impatient for the arrival of Sarah; moments appeared hours, hours days, and days weeks; think then by this mode of computation what an immense period a whole fortnight must have appeared; for so long it was before I embraced my friend; and when he did come, so pale, so changed was she, that my heart bled as I contemplated her depressed countenance. Frederick Lewis could only deliver her in safety to me, and set off the next morning to join his ship which had arrived at Plymouth. When he left Dublin as mentioned by the Marquis, in a state of suspense concerning his sister; the anxiety of his mind, joined to a cold which he took about that time, brought on a fever; and he obtained leave to return in a pilot boat which passed them the second day after they were out; but on his reaching land, his disorder became so violent as to confine him to his bed for a very considerable period; and left him so weak that it was much longer before he was enabled to renew his enquiries, and he had only discovered the place of Sarah's residence the day previous to his encountering Lord H. He had in the course of his enquiries, heard so many things to her disadvantage, that even his faith in her virtue began to be staggered, and resolved to watch and ascertain who visited her, and by what means she was supported. Resolved, should he find her involved in shame and guilt, to write to her, give her the means of returning to England, but to see her no more. He had placed himself in the long passage for this purpose but a few minutes, when Lord H. entered, and he immediately concluded him to have been the original seducer, and present supporter of his sister; notwithstanding all his pretended anxiety. Indeed, he said it had often, during his illness occurred to him, that the Marquis knew where she was, and concealed her, pretending she had left him only to blind Ryan, who considered her (it was plain) as an object of envy and jealousy. You know how this rencounter terminated. When Frederick found his sister perfectly innocent, which was evinced by her pale countenance, exhausted frame, and plain coarse habiliments, he execrated the wretches who had so inhumanly persecuted her. He conducted her to another lodging, and thought of nothing but hastening her departure from Ireland; but before they had proceeded a day's journey, he perceived it would be impossible to proceed in her present weak state. He stopped at a pleasant village, and having procured medical advice; having satisfied himself that nothing but rest and peace were necessary to restore her; he wrote to the Admiralty to lengthen his time of leave, and quietly awaited for her strength to recruit. This occasioned the delay which was to me so intolerable; for as they knew I had heard from the Marquis of H. of her safety, and whose protection she was under, they did not think it necessary to write, daily hoping to recommence their journey.

When Frederick took leave of his sister, he recommended her not to take any steps to see her husband; he even thought she ought to oppose any advancement made by Darnley for a re-union; and I was of his opinion. I will give you her answer. "I will own to you, my brother, that I never found any great portion of felicity in my union with Mr. Darnley; yet when I entered into marriage with him, I resolved to the utmost of my abilities, to perform the duties incumbent on the sacred obligation; my separation from him, was enforced by necessity; but had I known the misery of a state of separation, how forlorn, how desolate, how totally unprotected a married woman is, when separated from her husband; how every one thinks he may insult her with impunity, and no one will take the trouble to defend her, but rather unite in aspersing and depressing her, even to the very earth; I would have never thrown myself into so deplorable a situation. I will make no overtures towards a re-union; but should he solicit me to pardon his unkind neglect, and again share his fate, I shall certainly do it; I apprehend that I have by no means, been free from blame in my conduct towards him; I have been thoughtless in my expenditures. I perhaps have not fulfilled his expectations in respect to the tenderness of a wife. Alas! it is hard to teach the countenance or tongue to express what the heart does not feel. Do not be angry, Frederick, but I am convinced I shall never again appear respectable in the eyes of the world, until I am again under my husband's protection." Frederick would have combatted her opinion, but it was useless; all he could obtain, was a promise that she would no farther seek him, than to acquaint him with her return, and then act as circumstances should direct. She has accordingly written a note, which to-morrow I shall dispatch to him. I hardly know whether to censure or applaud her resolution. She has suffered greatly both with him, and from him; perhaps, should any means of their living in some degree of ease and plenty offer, they may taste more happiness than has yet fallen to their portion. He, so long abridged of the comforts of domestic regularity, and the pleasures which must arise from the society of a good humoured rational companion, will, I should think, hear of her return with delight, and invite her home with the ardour of a lover, long separated from his mistress. My dear Sarah has kept a regular journal, if so it can be called, of every occurrence which took place, from her quitting Mrs. Bellamy's to the time of her meeting Frederick. It was addressed to me, with a design, should any event have put a period to her existence, it might have been transmitted to me, and have justified her to her father should he ever return; or her brother, whom at that time she had but little hope of seeing again so soon. I have obtained leave to send it to you; it will explain many circumstances which at present appear problematical, and will, I think, greatly interest your feelings. When you have perused, you will be so good as to return it by the next post, as every thing which bears the impression of Sarah's hand is valuable to me. When any new circumstances occur, I will inform you.

ANN.

## LOTTERY AFFAIRS.

TICKETS and Quarters, in the fifth class of *South-Sea* Lottery, for sale by GILBERT & DEAN. It will soon commence drawing—highest prize 10,000 dollars. Prizes in former classes taken in payment.

## BOSTON, (MASSACHUSETTS.)

Published by GILBERT & DEAN,  
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in advance.

# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 18, 1864.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE GOSSIP—No. LIV.

*Neque amissos colores  
Lana refert medicata fuso;  
Nec una virtus cum semel excidit,  
Curat repenti deterioribus.*

#### TO THE GOSSIP.

SIR,

I HAVE been waiting with impatience, since the appearance of Mr. Foresight's letter for you to take up a subject therein mentioned, and in the discussion of which I feel much interested. I mean the folly, too generally practised by parents and friends, of talking to children, girls in particular, of love and lovers. But I cannot convey to you my ideas of the pernicious consequences of such folly better than by giving you a short sketch of my own life.

I am a very unfortunate being, and can easily trace my misfortunes to their origin; which was, *improper ideas being awakened in my mind*, at a very early period of my existence. Almost the first thing I can remember is, being told that a little boy, about a year older than myself, was my sweetheart: and if I refused to have my face washed or my hair combed, I was infligated to submission by motives of vanity; as I was sure to hear that Harry would not love me, if I was not dressed like a lady; and as I grew older, the same arguments were used to make me attend my music, dancing, drawing, &c.; that I should never be admired, never get married, if I did not acquire the accomplishments of a lady. In short, Sir, I very soon drew this natural conclusion, that to have a sweetheart, and to get married, were the only objects worth pursuit; and to be in love was the chief business of life. Add to this, my uncle and aunt with whom I resided, and those who visited them, were by no means cautious in their conversation before me; and my cousin, a young woman of about eighteen years old, having a professed lover, I saw and heard things, of which children of the age I then was, should be totally ignorant. The young men who visited at the house, were perpetually talking to me about my eyes, my hair, my teeth, my complexion; taking me on their knees and kissing me; so that I protest to you, before I was twelve years old, I had been more than once, according to my own imagination, violently in love; and that with gentlemen more than twice my age. My good uncle and aunt were honest, plain, well meaning people; they were extremely fond of me; had had the care of me from the time I lost my parents; and being wealthy, they had given me my board and clothes, and suffered the income of my own little property to be applied to the purposes of education. They had in their youth worked hard to accumulate the wealth, which their uncultivated minds rendered them unable to enjoy in any other manner than by partaking plentifully of the good things of this life; their house was superbly furnished, the table sumptuously supplied, and my aunt wore the best and richest laces, silks, &c. that could be procured. Yes, let me do justice to their venerated memories; they had another mode of enjoying this worthily acquired affluence, they were benevolent in the full extent of the word. Many an orphan have they clothed; many a widow's heart have they made light. Dear and maternal friend, who never saw a stranger in distress, but you ardently

wished and actively endeavoured to relieve it! why! why! when kindness might have snatched me from destruction, was your heart shut, and your countenance averted! But to proceed:

Indulged in every wish I could form, I had free access to the circulating libraries, and the poison I drew from thence, co-operating with the imprudent treatment I experienced at home, and acting upon a lively ardent imagination, in conjunction with exuberant animal spirits, totally perverted my mind, and in time corrupted my heart. Oh, Sir, did people in general reflect on what consequence it is to young persons, what kind of impressions they receive in early life; what books they are permitted to peruse; what conversation to hear, and what actions to witness, would they be careful not to let them have the most distant knowledge of vices and follies, which often, from being accustomed to contemplate them, appear to the young mind, nothing more than fashionable foibles; yet are in effect, *death to virtue and moral rectitude*; how much wiser, happier, and better would the world be, than it is at present; how many a heart-ache would be avoided; how many a mind would remain pure, which through neglect in this respect is now corrupted; how many a character be respectable, which from the same source becomes infamous and contemptible. But I shall weary you, Mr. Gossip, and can only plead the acuteness of my own suffering as an excuse for my prolixity.

I was a tall girl of my age, and my person rather handsome than otherwise; and before I was fourteen, I was engaged in a correspondence with a youth of seventeen, who was a resident and student in a College, in the vicinity of my uncle's dwelling. I had never been taught or encouraged to make my elder friends my confidants; my aunt, though she frequently talked to me in a laughing way, of love and lovers, ever accompanied her remarks with such an air and look of ridicule, that I should almost as soon have submitted to death, as to a disclosure of any amorous overture to her; and the girls who were older than myself, treated me so like a child, that while their conversation and example inflamed my senses, their frigid and repulsive manners forced me to conceal the consequences within my own tortured bosom.

Frequent letters in the true *Novel style*, produced frequent interviews.—Let me hasten on—my altered shape betrayed my imprudence, and scarcely fifteen years old, but just emerging from childhood, I was in a situation soon to become a mother myself. But what language can paint the anguish of my soul? I had promised the partner of my crime, for I cannot call him my seducer, for the circumstances I have already related, had already seduced me; my principles had never been formed; my mind was a total blank and the impulses of passion were the first character impressed upon it; while reason having never been called into action, had no force to repel its impetuous power.—I had promised this young man, let what would be the consequences of our intercourse, I would never betray his name, and misled by the sophistical arguments advanced and supported in *modern Novels*, I thought to preserve this promise inviolate, was the height of heroism. He was not then in a situation to avow himself the father of my child; and when time and fortune put it in his power, he had no longer the inclination; nor had I the right to claim his protection.

My aunt discovered my imprudence; anger, threats, unkindness, drove me to desperation. I left my uncle's house. I claimed my patrimony, he sent it, and with it,

a note in my aunt's own hand writing, containing these words: "You are lost to virtue, you refuse to give up the author of your ruin to your uncle's just resentment. Go, dispose of yourself as you please, I have no longer any wish to hear of you, to see you, or even to know whether or not you are in existence. Go, ungrateful girl, I renounce you forever."

Too surely, she did renounce me: for when in the agony of my heart, as soon as my health would permit, I knelt at her feet, with my infant in my arms, to implore her forgiveness; she spurned me from her, and ordered the domestics to turn me from her door.—Since which horrible night, a night never to be forgotten, I have endured every misery which a prostituted person can inflict on a tender susceptible mind, which fully comprehends, and knows how to appreciate the beauty and value of virtue, without the power to practise it.

I was in hopes you would have expiated on this subject; and if I can by this exposure of my errors and misfortunes, prompt you to enter on it, I have no doubt but many will be benefitted by your animadversions.

*Yours, with respect and esteem,*

ARRABELLA ARTLESS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### L. E. PREDICATEUR.

*"When pride cometh, then cometh shame; but with the lowly is wisdom."*

THE son of David, in his collections of wisdom, has inserted many sentences, which represent the evils attendant on pride, and the advantages which result from lowliness and humility. The importance of these lessons and the natural aptitude of man to imbibe sentiments of vanity and self-esteem, rendered it necessary that they should be frequently brought into view, and that the mind should be early and forcibly impressed with ideas of the folly and absurdity of those conceptions, to which it is radically and powerfully disposed.

He was also daily reminded of the truth of his observations, by instances, which were continually occurring. These remarks were not the uncertain conjectures of abstracted philosophy; but they were drawn from real life; from attention to common events and common causes; to the broad page of society and of man, equally open to the inspection of the learned and the illiterate. He copied the maxims which the finger of experience had traced; and in her tables he had found written, that, "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall."

Conformable to this, was the precept of the Sage of Nazareth, when he directed his disciples to take the lowest seats. It was better to remain a candidate for a higher station, than to risk being degraded from it to a lower. Unfounded claims to honour generally defeat their object. To begin low is to leave room to rise, but not to fall; and to ascend by degrees, though a slow, is proportionably a safe and sure way to attain the apex.

"When pride cometh then cometh shame"—As if he had said: When I see a young man, in his first outlet in life, put on the airs of importance, and regard his inferiors, and even his equals, with distance and hauteur; when I see him place himself on a fancied level with those who are infinitely his superiors in rank, in fortune, and in abilities, when I see him branching out into all the extravagancies, and follies of high life, and asserting his claim to importance by noise and show; when I see him intrusive to his business, and wasting the time, which ought to be employed in its pursuits, on objects above his sphere, and



in gratifications unsuitable to his station;—I say to myself, the triumph of the proud is short: ruin and disgrace tread in his footsteps; and misery, and want, and infamy, extend their arms to receive him.

"But with the lowly is wisdom."—When industry and economy go hand in hand; when modest exertion plants the acorn, which careful culture and unwearied attention are to bring to maturity, and which the gradual lapse of years is to present a sturdy oak; when the vain passion for distinction is superseded by endearing affability, and the pride of rank and fortune gives place to kindness, benevolence, and philanthropy; when dress, equipage, and the expenses of living are confined within the bounds of propriety and ability, and honesty, punctuality, and honour are the characteristics of an intercourse with the world;—it is then the scene presents, in glowing perspective, riches, and fame, and usefulness, and prosperity. When "a man's pride shall bring him low, honour shall uphold the humble in spirit."—He is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.—Strength and honour are his clothing, and he shall rejoice in the time to come."

### BIOGRAPHY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

AS I am an admirer of the fair and gentler part of the creation, and anxious that they should excel in virtue, piety, and every mental grace, I have been pleased in observing, that your *Miscellany* is in its general tenor, calculated to promote those desirable ends; and as example is ever more efficacious than precept, I present to your fair readers one highly worthy imitation, in the pious and exemplary JANE GREY, with a letter which she wrote to her sister the evening before her execution. The advice it contains, should be registered on the heart of every young person, that it may be useful in influencing their conduct in more advanced life.

#### A FRIEND TO RELIGION.

LADY JANE GREY,

WAS born, about the beginning of the year 1536. Her parents were Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, and Lady Frances Brandon, grand-daughter to King Henry the Seventh.

Her person had in it something singularly elegant and attractive. But in her, the advantages both of birth and beauty were early eclipsed by uncommon powers of genius and acquisitions of learning; and by the still more valuable endowments of gentleness, humility and piety.

The superiority of her mind was first announced by her excellence in the accomplishments usual to her sex and rank. Her facility and elegance in the performances of the needle and pen, her skill in music, vocal and instrumental, the gracefulness of her deportment, and the charms of her conversation, were all extraordinary. But she soon aspired to acquisitions of greater solidity and importance.

Under the instruction of two chaplains of her father, both eminent in literature, she not only attained such knowledge of her own language, as enabled her to speak and write it with peculiar accuracy, but studied the French, and Italian, the Latin and Greek tongues so thoroughly as to render them nearly as familiar as her own. Yet was the no wise elated by these endowments, so extraordinary in one of her sex and age, and so irresistibly attracting universal admiration; but was rather remarkably modest and humble in her whole demeanor.

With all her amiable and dutiful dispositions, she was treated by her parents with singular sternness and severity. This affliction, wounding and almost insupportable to a mind like hers, was not without important benefit: especially as the found in the gentleness of her beloved tutor Aylmer, a perfect contrast to the harshness and austerity of her parents.

"One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me,"

she once said to a friend, "is that he sent me to sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster."

Having been forced by the ambition of her father innocently to usurp the crown of England by hereditary right to Mary daughter of Henry the eighth, and being with her husband condemned to suffer decapitation, she wrote to her father who had been the cause of her death in a strain of piety, meekness and resignation, as plainly evinced that her kingdom was not of this world, and that her hopes were fixed on an incorruptible crown.

A letter of this excellent lady is preserved. It was sent, the night before her death, to her sister Catharine. It was written at the end of a Greek Testament, nearly in the following words.

"I have sent you, good sister Catharine, a book which though not outwardly decorated with gold, yet is inwardly of more value than the most precious gems. It is the book, dear sister, of the law of the Lord. It is his testament and last will, which he left to us wretches; which shall lead you to the path of eternal joy. If with a good mind you read it, and with earnestness follow it, it shall bring you to an everlasting life. It shall teach you to live, and help you to die. It shall win you more than you should have gained by your unhappy father's lands. For as if God had prospered him, you should have inherited his lands, so if you apply diligently to this book, seeking to direct your life by it, you shall be an heir of such riches as neither the covetous shall withdraw from you, nor thief steal, nor moth corrupt. Desire with David, good sister, to understand the law of the Lord God. Live still to die, that by death you may attain eternal life. Trust not that the tenderness of your age shall lengthen your life; for as soon if God call, goeth the young as the old. Labor always to learn to die. Defy the world, deny the devil, and despise the flesh. Delight yourself only in the Lord. Be penitent for your sins, yet despair not; be strong in faith, yet presume not, and desire with St. Paul, to be with Christ, with whom even in death there is life. Be like the good servant. Even at midnight be waking, lest when death cometh, and stealth upon you as a thief in the night, you be, with the evil servant, found sleeping, or be like the five foolish women, or like him that had not on the wedding garment, and then be cast out from the marriage. Rejoice in Christ, as I do. Follow the steps of that Divine Master, and take up your cross. Lay on him the burden of your sins, and ever embrace him. As to my death rejoice, as I do good sister, that I shall be delivered of this corruption, and put on incorruption; for I am assured that by losing a mortal, I shall gain an immortal life,—which I pray God grant you, and send you of his grace to live in his fear, and to die in the true christian faith, from which, in God's name, I exhort you that you never swerve, neither for hope of life, nor for fear of death. For if you deny his truth to lengthen your life, God will deny you and yet shorten your days; and if you cleave to him, he will prolong your days, to your comfort, and his glory: to which glory God bring me now, and you hereafter, when it pleaseth him to call you! Fare you well, good sister! Put your only trust in God, who only must help you."

The following concise character of her is given by Mr. Fuller. "She had the innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle life, and all at eighteen. She had the birth of a princess, the learning of a divine, and the life of a saint; and yet suffered the death of a malefactor, for the offences of her parents, about the age of eighteen." The faith by which she lived, gave peace and tranquillity to her latest hour, and converted her ignominious death into glory and triumph.

### HISTORY.

#### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE LOBSTER.

"THOUGH Lobsters are of no use to us as an article of food they would still be very deserving our attention. The females of these crustaceous animals, a little before this period of the year, (November) undergo a great change. They cast off their old coverings and acquire new ones:—in thus changing their covering they at the same time increase in size; and this manner of growing is peculiar to all crustaceous animals; which augment in bulk, every time they throw off their old shells; the operation of which, is very painful. At the time of their change, their stomach is also renewed, for both it and

the intestines are then detached from the body; they gradually dilapidate, and it would appear that the animal during that change, fed upon the parts which were before subservient to digestion. The small white and round stones, which are improperly called crabs eyes, begin to form when the stomach is destroyed, and are afterwards enveloped in the new one, where they continually diminish in size, until at length they entirely disappear. There is reason to believe that the animal makes use of them as a remedy against the diseases of its stomach, or that perhaps they are the receptacle that supplies the matter which they use to repair the loss of their shells."

"Except at the time when they cast their shells, these animals keep at the bottom of the water, at a little distance from the shore. In winter, they prefer the bottom of deep water, but in summer approach nearer the shore, if the want of food does not oblige them to plunge deeper into the sea. To enable them more easily to seize their prey, nature has given them several arms and legs. Some of their claws, are at times, as large as their head and trunk taken together.—They also possess the extraordinary faculty of reproducing their claws and horns, when they have been broken; they can even get rid of them when they are troublesome. They can perform this operation in any posture, but it is more easily effected, when they lay on their backs and the shell is broken, and the flesh is bruised with strong pincers, at the third or fourth joint of the claw. Immediately after the wound bleeds, the pain causes a general shaking of the limbs, and soon the wounded part detaches itself suddenly from the body. When the claw has been broken, a gelatinous substance oozes out and staunches the blood, and if this was taken away, the animal would bleed to death. The gelatinous matter envelopes the rudiments of the new limb, which at first appears like an excrescence or small core; and gradually becoming longer, takes the form of a limb, thus replacing the old one."

"The manner in which these animals are propagated, is very singular: the male carries the prolific matter on a very long thread: what chiefly distinguishes him, is a double hook under the tail, not observable in the female.—These animals are impregnated about autumn; if a female lobster is opened about that time, the evidences of impregnation are perceived by the presence of several red clots. These gradually disappear; and under the tail where the female has several little fibres, small round eggs are seen resembling hemp-seed. The first eggs are visible in December, and soon amount to more than a hundred.† As the warmth of the air increases, they grow larger, and before mid-summer, small live lobsters are found amongst the eggs, of the size of an ant, and which remaining attached to the fibres, are fostered there, until all the eggs are hatched. They then detach themselves from these fibres and clinging to those of the roots of trees, and herbs, growing in the water near the shore, they there remain enveloped; until they are sufficiently large and strong to abandon themselves to the waves."

"The lobster may be justly regarded as one of the most extraordinary creatures that exist on the earth. An animal whose skin is a stone, that it casts off every year, and receives a new covering; an animal whose flesh is in its tail and feet; and its hair within its breast; whose stomach is in its head, and is yearly renewed, whilst the first function of the new stomach is to digest the old one; an animal that carries its eggs in its body while they are unimpregnated, and afterwards externally under its tail; an animal with two stones in its stomach, which are there engendered, and receive their growth; and upon which it feeds until they are consumed; an animal which of itself can get rid of its limbs, when they are inconvenient, and which replaceth them with others; and whose eyes are placed on long moveable horns; will ever be regarded as a most singular creature; that furnishes us with new motives of adoring the wisdom and power of the Almighty Creator." STURM.

† See *Spall's observ.* V. I. int.

### AMUSING.

#### ACCIDENT SOMETIMES GIVES A JUST EXPRESSION OF NATURE.

PLINY says, the finest piece of Protogenes is the picture of Yalyus, still to be seen in the Temple of Peace at Rome. To preserve it from the injuries of time and the attacks of age, the painter composed it of four layers of

colors; hoping, that if one or two should fly, their place would be supplied by those below. There is a charming picture of a Dog in that painting; both art and accident contributed to render it so perfect. The artist, after overcoming by his abilities every difficulty, and finishing all the parts of the little animal, was satisfied with his production, until he found one thing remained which he despaired of being able to execute well;—the foam which gathers on a dog's mouth when breathing quick; for after various attempts he found that he could not catch the just degree of shade, and was still far wide of nature. At last he finished it, but in a manner which he still thought unnatural. This vexed him exceedingly, as he was usually not satisfied with carelessness and general resemblances in a picture, but wished to see the accuracy of truth and nature. He often changed his pencils and effaced what he had produced; but all in vain! Enraged at length at the weakness and imperfection of his art, he dashed a sponge against the painting to destroy his work. It struck in such a direction as to produce that very arrangement of colors and shading which he had so fondly wished and attempted in vain. SAVANY'S GREECE.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

THE following Epistle of my friend Will Honeycomb, which appeared in one of the papers of this town a few years since, I have divested of its politics, and send it to you, in the hope that you will give it a place in your Magazine, for the benefit of that larger class of your readers, the Ladies. A. B.

#### RINGS.

THE union of two persons gives me great pleasure, when I can imagine their hearts are cemented by the bond of love. My country was ever dear to me, and about half its inhabitants, (I mean the female part,) have a most ardent admirer in me. You may possibly doubt the sincerity of this declaration when I add, that the most fawning sycophant does not more wish for an appointment than I do. It is not avarice or ambition which prompts me thus to disclose my mind to you; my sole wish is to make myself serviceable to the ladies, and in the office which I solicit, that of being *Inspector General of Rings*, I expect to find an agreeable and useful employment. I may be accused of presumption, in attempting to dictate to the ladies; but when the dear creatures find how entirely I am devoted to their service, and with what fervour I adore them, I hope they will reward me with the sweet smile of their approbation. My design is to reform the present irregular practice of wearing Rings, so that the manner in which they are placed, will indicate the precise situation of the wearer.

My thoughts have been led to this subject, by having been witness to frequent ludicrous mistakes of foreigners among us.

One gentleman mistook the plain ring on the third finger of an autumnal maid as a sign of her matrimonial consequence, and actually suffused her fair cheek with a crimson glow, by enquiring the number of her children.

The omission of this mark on the finger of a beautiful matron of my acquaintance, subjected her to the ardent addresses of a gay young man; his heart beating high with warm expectations was scarcely damped by the hope-killing intelligence, that *she was married*.

But the mistake which was likely to produce the most tragical effect, was that of my friend Amoret, who became violently in love with the charming Flirtilla. He had several times enjoyed the ecstasy of her company, but had never dared to give her fair hand love's gentle pressure, until one disastrous evening, he seized it, was about to press it with ardour to his lips, when his very soul was harrowed up with the sight of a large Pearl Ring on her forefinger. Not Denmark's Prince stood with more astonishment aghast, when he saw his dead father's ghost, than did my friend. With wild despair he fled to take the lover's leap, not from famed Lucate's high promontory, but from Charles River Bridge. Fortunately I met him, and seeing much horror depicted in his face, enquired the cause; with accents of a wretch condemned, he told his case. I knew Flirtilla's situation, and having laughed heartily at him, I was able to convince him of his error.

To prevent such disastrous consequences in future, I propose that those ladies who have made their vows at Hymen's altar, shall wear the Ring on the third finger of

the left hand. Those who are not married, but are in a *fair way* to be bound in the filken band, to wear the Ring on the fore finger of the hand nearest the heart; thereby to shew that it is engaged. Those ladies who "waste their sweetness on the desert air," and have no immediate hope of entering the holy state, are forbid wearing any ring on either of the aforesaid fingers.—Some ladies of this last class, who do not wish to be singular, have adopted a fashion of wearing in a ring the hair of their grandmother, or some other limb of dry antiquity; I shall consider the wearing of such rings, as an infringement of my law; any lady holding out false colours (that is wearing a ring in violation of the statute) shall be punished by depriving her of the privilege of wearing any ring for the space of a honey moon, at least. WILL HONEYCOMB.

### THESPIAN DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### THEATRICAL REGISTER.

*Chez nos dévots aïeux, le théâtre abhorré  
Fut long-tems dans la France un plaisir ignoré.* BOIL.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1804.

*A Tale of Mystery*, by T. HOLCROFT, with *Half an Hour after Supper*, as a prelude, and the after-piece of *The Ghost*.

THIS evening was presented to an audience uncommonly numerous and brilliant, the long-expected *melo-drama*, called "*A Tale of Mystery*." This piece was rumoured to be getting up, at the first of the season; but the unusual intermixture of music, dialogue, and pantomime, of which it is composed, rendered the preparations necessary, in order to introduce it with interest and effect, a work of more than ordinary time and labour, and probably prevented its earlier representation. As belonging to a species of the drama, which had not been exhibited on our boards, it claimed the attraction of novelty, and as it interested the attention, of course diffused pleasure. Many of the incidents are striking. It possesses, in our opinion, but little originality of character; that of *Finetta* is perhaps the best drawn. Its scenic decorations are numerous and splendid; and the nuptial scene, with the dance of the peasants, by Mr. WILSON, Miss BATES and Miss GRAHAM, was peculiarly beautiful, and had an excellent effect. The piece throughout received the warmest applauses of the audience. Several of the parts were very ably supported. We were most pleased with Mrs. JONES, in that of *Salina*. The commanding dignity, with which she plucks the letter from the hand of *Romaldi*, strikes us with admiration; and her manner of pronouncing, "Grant oh merciful Heaven, I may not fall the sacrifice of avarice!" is truly solemn and impressive. We have always been peculiarly pleased with Mrs. JONES in passages similar to this; she generally speaks them kneeling, and invariably with a reverence and awe, which if such expressions must be retained, it is important when they occur, that the stage should be careful to exhibit.—Mrs. POWELL's *Finetta* called forth the warmest approbation of the audience; and Mr. BARRET in *Romaldi* was, as usual, just, spirited and correct.—*Francisco*, *Stephano* and *Piero*, were respectably filled by Messrs. JONES, DARLEY, and DICKENSON. The music adapted to the piece by Mr. HEWETT, of New-York, appears not to have the effect which it was intended to produce.

MONDAY, FEB. 13.

*Tale of Mystery*, second time, with the *Horse & Widow*, and the *Jew & Doctor*.

The *Tale of Mystery* was performed again this evening, to a full house.

The *Jew and Doctor* was very well received. Mr. BERNARD's inimitable performance of Abednego might have imposed on a Jew himself; Mr. WILSON was excellent in Changeable; and Mr. KANNY's Old Bromley we think did him much credit.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15.

*Tale of Mystery*, third time, with the *Purse*, and the *Liar*. The *Liar* is a play, which if well performed, will always please. Mr. BERNARD, in *Young Wilding*, was as usual very entertaining. *Pappillon* is, in our opinion, one of Mr. DARLEY's best characters, and his performance this evening, as it deserved, received considerable applause.—Mr. PRIGMORE's *Old Wilding* was respectable.—The piece as it is now represented, leaves off too abruptly and the *dénouement* is apparently very incomplete. This defect might be easily remedied, by an inconsiderable addition of the last scene.

### USEFUL.

#### VALUABLE INSTITUTIONS.

ON Tuesday last was attended the Semi-annual visitation of the Public Schools, in this town, by the School Committee. Two hundred and eighty-five boys appeared in the North Schools; two hundred and fifty-six in the South; and two hundred and forty-five in the Centre. Their improvements, as were those of the Latin School, on examination, were found to have been meritorious, and reflected honour on the Masters.

Mr. CYRUS PERKINS, and Mr. BENJAMIN HOLT, are chosen masters of the new School in Hawkins-street, which will be opened, when the summer arrangement of the schools in April shall take place.

#### EXTRACT.

Those who estimate with an impartial eye the value of the blessings, which life affords, consider the business of education a lack of infinite importance. It is the formation of the heart to virtue, of the mind to cheerfulness, of the understanding to wisdom: It is the teaching of a child to open his eyes on the circumstances by which he is surrounded, to distinguish virtue from vice, truth from falsehood, beauty from deformity, and happiness from misery; to qualify him to attribute neither more nor less than its proper importance to every acquisition and pursuit; and instead of being borne along by the follies and prejudices of mankind, to raise himself above them to that degree of mental eminence, which will enable him to judge distinctly of the value of all earthly enjoyments, and, by the strength of his own faculties, to select those, and those only, which will contribute to his temporal and eternal good.

Rev. PETER WHITNEY, of Northborough, we understand, is elected a Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

#### LITERARY.

THE 14th number of MUNROE and FRANCIS' edition of SHAKESPEAR'S PLAYS, has issued from the press—containing the tragedies of *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Cymbeline*, *King of Britain*. Two numbers more, containing four of the author's most popular dramas, *King Lear*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*,—will complete the work, making eight handsome duodecimo volumes, each embellished with engraved title pages, and illustrated with Notes by Dr. JOHNSON, STEVENS, &c. The Subscription is still open.

#### MARRIED.

At Taunton, Mr. Nathaniel Fales, to Miss Sarah K. Padelford, second daughter of the Hon. Seth P. At Shrewsbury, Mr. Hervey Nolen, merchant, of this town, to Miss Mary Haven.—At Newtop, Mr. Nathan Hastings, to Miss Abigail Hyde.

In this town, Mr. Nathaniel Brown, to Miss Mary Wayne; Mr. Sullivan Burbank, to Miss Elizabeth Brown.

#### DIED.

At Charlestown, Mrs. Melitable Carter, *Æt.* 81. At Whitestown, a child of Mr. F. Kip, *Æt.* 5. Its death was occasioned by swallowing a tamarind stone, which went to the lungs, and could not be removed.

In this town, Widow Judith Mitchell—Mrs. A. Cogswell, wife of Mr. John C. *Æt.* 54; Mrs. Deborah Palfett, *Æt.* 53, wife of Mr. Joseph B.; Mr. James Bufwell, *Æt.* 72; Albert Augustus, *Æt.* 5 mo. son of Mr. Andrew Homer. Mrs. Agnes Corbet, *Æt.* 83—and three children under a year. Total, 9.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

WHAT is FRIENDSHIP? let's define it,  
 'Tis of souls communion sweet;  
 But who can in just bounds confine it,  
 When congenial spirits meet?  
 'Tis to hear a voice delighted,  
 Meet with joy and part with pain;  
 'Tis to feel the minds united,  
 In a soft and silken chain.  
 Gentle is the heart's emotion,  
 By no ruder passion torn;  
 Calm tho' fervent its devotion,  
 Sincerely sweet as opening morn.  
 Each by each esteem'd, respected,  
 Freely can censure or approve;  
 For who'd refuse to be corrected,  
 By the friendly lips they love?  
 'Tis to sooth the bosoms anguish,  
 Share each joy, each hope, each fear,  
 But if once you sigh and languish,  
 Ah, beware! for love is near.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## INTERESTING REFLECTIONS.

SOME study God,

A noble theme, involved through all the world;  
 And from the harmonious whole, the cause infer,  
 Which prime, eternal governs all unspend.  
 Some bound the limits of this lower world,  
 And unconfin'd, soar through the wide expanse  
 Of boundless space, where worlds unnumber'd roll,  
 Systems on systems through their trackless rounds  
 In solemn, silent grandeur wheel immense,  
 And to their great Creator's awful praise,  
 Rejoicing, form one universal dance.  
 The soul borne on imagination's wing,  
 Sublimely sails the spangled liquid void,  
 While lucid spheres continuous rise to view,  
 And lose their lessening orbs in lengthening space:  
 How grand the thought! How great and awful he,  
 Whose power and goodness bade them be and shine!  
 Who gave their motions law; their rolling bounds;  
 And fixed in firm decree their central suns.

EDWIN.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## TO A FRIEND IMMERS'D IN DISSIPATION.

TELL me my friend sincerely, can the breast  
 Where lust and passion reigns, true pleasure find;  
 Can dissipation, soothe the soul to rest,  
 Or ease from pain its wretched vot'ry's mind?  
 Can riot, revelry or mirth inspire,  
 The breast with peace? or close the wound of care?  
 Can pale intemperance, tune the golden lyre;  
 Or from the bosom drive the fiend despair?  
 O no! true pleasure dwells in calm repose,  
 Within the bounds of sweet reflection's cell,  
 Where blest devotion, gilds the evening's close;  
 There, and there only can true pleasure dwell.  
 Quit then my friend, the haunts of noise and strife,  
 To wisdom's ways, then turn thy erring feet;  
 And taste the blessings of a virtuous life,  
 And by repentance, heavenly mercy meet.

SELANDER.

## AN HERMITAGE.

A LITTLE lovely Hermitage it was,  
 Down in a dale hard by the forest's side,  
 Far from resort of people that did pass  
 In travel to and fro; a little wyde  
 There was an holy chapell edifyde,  
 Wherein the hermit dewly wont to say  
 His holy things each morn and eventyde;  
 Thereby a chrytall streame did gently play,  
 Which from a sacred fountain welled forth alway.

SPENSER.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING.

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell,  
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side,  
 The lowing herd, the sheepfold's simple bell;  
 The pipe of early shepherd dim desier'd  
 In the lone valley; echoing far and wide  
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;  
 The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;  
 The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love;  
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.  
 The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;  
 Crown'd with her pail the tripping milk-maid sings;  
 The whistling plowman stalks a field; and hark,  
 Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings;  
 Thro' rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;  
 Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour;  
 The partridge hursts away on whining wings;  
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,  
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

BEATTIE.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## EPIGRAM—TO A PHYSICIAN.

YOU say you doctor'd me, when lately ill,  
 To prove you did not,—I am living still! H.

## THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## SINCERITY; A NOVEL.

## IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

## LETTER XXVIII—ANNE to ELINOR.

SARAH's Journal from the time she left Mrs. BELLAMY's,  
 to the period of her meeting her Brother.

[This Journal is without date, from the beginning to the end, but  
 at the incidents refer to some already related, the reader can easily  
 by comparing them ascertain the period when they took place.]

SOLITARY and alone in the world, how dreary pass  
 my hours, how desolate is the prospect by which I am  
 surrounded.—Society! when shall I again taste thy  
 sweets, I am to all thy joys and comforts, as much lost,  
 as the shipwreck mariner, who having failed from his  
 native land in some gallant bark, surrounded by many  
 brave companions, has seen them snatched from him by  
 the merciless ocean, and finds himself on an island, fer-  
 tile indeed, but inhabited only by the shaggy natives of  
 the woods, who approach him but to destroy; who wait  
 only for a favourable moment to spring on and devour  
 him.—But where the human face divine is never seen;  
 where the sweets of converse is not; where the soul  
 appalled by the near vicinity of savage neighbours,  
 shrinks into apathy and torpor, and becomes by degrees  
 a gloomy, cheerless waste!

I have wandered by the glimmering twilight in the  
 fields which skirt this vast city.—I listened to the distant  
 hum of rattling coaches, bells and mingled sounds of  
 human voices: I leaned pensively on an old gate which  
 opened from the field to the great road. A couple passed  
 me; the woman bore a bundle of faggots on her head,  
 the man bore a heavier load upon his shoulders, they led  
 a little half naked boy between them. "You are tired  
 Bett," said he in a voice which though rough, spoke kind  
 solicitude. "No, Thomas," she replied, "not very tired;  
 but poor little Jack is I believe.—But come Jack, trip  
 along while Daddy carries home the gentleman's trunk;  
 you and I will go make a fire and get his supper."—  
 They were now so far I could hear no more: but the  
 words they had uttered, rested on my mind, and servile  
 as their situation in life appeared to be, and menial as  
 was evidently their occupation, yet the soothing accents  
 of kindness in which they addressed each other, the ten-  
 der care each appeared to feel for the other's ease and  
 comfort, made my forlorn and desolate situation appear  
 by contrast so dreadful, that had not an impetuous gush  
 of tears relieved me, I must have fallen into a fit.

The night air was cold—I had tarried until darkness  
 had rendered every object of one sombre hue.—My gar-  
 ments are damp: my limbs chilled.—I look round my  
 apartment—no friendly flame blazes on the hearth—  
 no face looks a smile of welcome; the poor taper, the pur-  
 chase of a farthing, sheds a pale ray of light, and shews  
 my hard uncurtained bed—Hard! Oh let me not com-  
 plain of that while many a worthier being sleeps on  
 straw.

By this time Betty and Thomas are at their supper—  
 The fire burns chearly, the little urchin of a boy has  
 fallen asleep on his father's knee, his head reclining on  
 his shoulder.—Fancy! whither! whither wouldst thou  
 lead me? Thomas and Betty love; are all the world to  
 each other; their hearts united, their minds suited, nor  
 have habit, thought or wish beyond what a comforta-  
 ble fire, and coarse but plentiful meal, and stock pallet  
 can supply.

I am not without society, why do I say I am? The  
 friend I most esteem is in existence; here is pen, ink, and  
 paper, I can write, can pour forth my agonized soul,  
 though oceans roll between us, though we were separat-  
 ed far as the polar circles from each other.—No I am  
 not alone,—I have a guardian ever near, and ever pow-  
 erful.—Oh! thou whose word called worlds unnumbered  
 into being—whose breath could make them vanish, like  
 the mist before the rising sun, nor leave a trace of what  
 they were behind; no creature is so mean but thou re-  
 gardest it; no being is so depressed, but thou canst raise  
 it.—Father! have I a father? yes, one who rides upon  
 the tempest, is borne on the wings of thousands and ten  
 thousands of cherubims—but for my earthly father!—  
 perhaps I never shall behold him more.

I am more composed, I have been to the mercy seat of  
 my Almighty Father, and he has vouch'd safe to hear  
 and comfort me.—Ann, when you shall behold this, per-  
 haps the writer may sleep in that dark and narrow ten-  
 ment to which she is daily hastening. When you read  
 it, remember this maxim; and deliver it to the broken  
 hearted mourner for comfort. In affliction there is no  
 helper like God. When pressed to the earth by unde-  
 served slander, there is no judge like the searcher of all  
 hearts. He will console;—He will forgive;—He will  
 justify.

My dear friendly Ann, I have several times attempted  
 to inform you of what has befallen me since I quitted  
 that bad woman, Mrs. Bellamy; but my mind has been  
 so distracted, my heart so lacerated, and my spirits so de-  
 pressed, that when I have taken up my pen to write, it  
 has wandered off into some wild apostrophe or uncon-  
 nected remark. And even now, when I set down deter-  
 mined to relate things as they happened, I ask myself,  
 why should I?—Of what use will it be to grieve you by  
 a relation of sufferings you cannot alleviate? I am re-  
 solved then, I will write; but until I am either dead or  
 some favourable change takes place in my affairs, you  
 will not peruse the writing. I write, because it is my  
 pleasantest occupation; I forbear to forward it, because  
 it contains nothing, that can give pleasure to any one  
 by whom I am held in the least estimation.

I told you my mind wanders—it does so—and I was  
 obliged just now to lie down my pen—My thoughts and  
 wishes ever tend to dear England—Oh! why, why did  
 I so precipitately leave it! [To be continued.]

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## BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 25, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THE GOSSIP—No. LV.

*Dimidium fuisti, qui capiti, habet. Sapere aude*

Incipit :

ARRABELLA has so pathetically described her own wretchedness, which she certainly ascribes to the right cause, that there remains but little to add upon the subject. I am ready to think she is not the only woman who has fallen a victim, not to perverted principles, but to the want of any principle at all. Persons like Arrabella's uncle and aunt, who with uncultivated minds, have by honest industry acquired affluence, do not easily conceive the necessity of early instruction in the strict principles of moral and religious rectitude, to ensure the happiness and respectability of their descendants. Sensible, that with little or no education, with only general ideas of right and wrong, and as much knowledge of religion as taught them rigid honesty, sobriety, and neighbourly kindness, they had regularly attended public worship, and implicitly believed all their pastor told them concerning theological matters, having neither time nor capacity to think and investigate for themselves; sensible that with these trifling advantages they had themselves passed through the world with credit, they dream not of the propriety, and indeed absolute need of restraint being used with the young person, who from relationship, or other connections, may be placed immediately under their care. But the case is widely different; these worthy people in their youth, were not exposed to the temptations which environ their grandchildren. Brought up in habits of laborious industry, every moment was occupied, and the employment of the day prepared them for early and profound repose at night; as they advanced in life, anxiety, to provide for the wants of a numerous family, still preserved them from mixing in parties of mere amusement and dissipation; thus they passed through life until the arrival of that period when the mind feels no desire to make innovations upon long established habits; they keep on the same even tenor nor dream of half the follies, errors and vices, with which the world ever did, and ever will abound, or of the temptations and dangers to which inexperienced youth are exposed, when moving in the gay circle into which independence, beauty, and a few fashionable accomplishments are sure to introduce them.

It is true, people in general accustom their children, &c. to attend public worship on a sabbath, but then do they not suffer them to peruse books inimical to the cause of piety? and to hear conversations which tend to throw ridicule and odium on religion, its ministers and followers? Yes, melancholy as the fact is, it is no less certain. It is not more than six weeks ago that I was struck with horror by hearing a girl of ten years old ask a person who was reproving her, for using her Maker's name irreverently, whether she believed all that was in the bible? whether she really thought we should be punished after death for faults committed while we were alive? adding, that she did not. When asked why, she replied that her father and brothers laughed at such things and said when people died, there was an end of them; and that her mother said, the bible was an old fashioned book that only filled people's heads with superstitious nonsense. Now let any reasonable person seriously ask the question what can be expected from the maturity of a child who thus early has imbibed such notions of infidelity? The

answer must be such as christian charity will shudder at. Another great error is, holding up to view as objects of admiration, characters which are sullied by glaring vices; and dress the few virtues they possess in such gaudy attractive colours, that, dazzled by the tinsel of sophistical reasoning, we can hardly believe but that vice, however enormous, if it stops short of murder, may be excused and considered venial, when practised by persons of such eminent and shining characteristics; when it should ever be strongly inculcated in the young mind, that

error still

*Is error, let's disguise it as we will.*

There are still other circumstances which assist in the ruin of many a thoughtless female. It is their being permitted to go to amusements that detain them abroad to a late hour, and the indelicate pernicious custom of allowing them to receive and entertain their admirers at all hours, uninterrupted, and even to suffer them to remain after their friends and the family are retired to rest. If from these concurring circumstances, as it too frequently happens, a young creature forgets what is due to herself, her family, her sex in general, how large should be the portion of compassion which should be mingled with the censure, reproof and shame which immediately overwhelm her.

Oh ye parents, and you, ye instructors, guides and guardians of our young females, to whose principles, and characters the next generation must in a great measure owe their happiness and respectability; with the most conscientious care discharge the important duties your charge imposes on you. Suffer not an accent to reach their ears that may be injurious to the cause of religion or virtue, or by weakening that sense of delicacy which is in most instances, an inherent quality in the female bosom, throw down the great bulwark and guard of chastity. Watch over them, restrain them, teach them to respect themselves, and to be, what will insure the respect of others. Above all things, inculcate religious principles; for where true religion is the foundation, every other virtue will consequently follow.—Do this, and future husbands shall venerate your memories—future children bless the kind, the tenderly restraining friendship which formed the mind, and manners, of their good and virtuous mothers.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THE PASSENGER—No. XX.

IN contemplating objects of beauty or of utility, which owe their existence to human powers, nothing has a tendency to produce greater pleasure in the reflecting mind, than an extensive library. A beautiful picture commands our admiration of the painter, who, upon a plane, makes nature appear prominent; we view his work with a momentary delight; it ceases, and we turn to other pursuits. A sumptuous edifice arrests our attention; we behold its massy columns with surprise, and leave it, as we do the picture, without being benefited by the scenes, or interested in the objects. How different from these uninteresting spectacles, is that of a well chosen library! Here are collected the works of genius, in all ages and countries; here are displayed the labors of those who have successfully toiled for the good of man; and here he may enjoy the fruits of those labors to the correction of his errors, and the improvement of his understanding.

Upon making these remarks to Mr. BLUNT, while we were examining the *Seaman's Library*, he readily agreed to

the justice of them, but observed that they would apply with greater force, if it were possible to put a scheme in execution which he had contemplated; that is, said he, to establish a literary alembic, in which every volume containing superfluous ingredients should be distilled down to its genuine essence; such an institution would save more than half the room upon the shelves. Most of the volumes, said he, which I look into, appear to be written as if the author only contemplated making a volume of his subject; hence the superfluities and repetitions which frequently mar the most useful Essays, wearing down the patience of the reader, before he can imbibe the sentiments of the writer. In treating upon any subject, an author should reflect, that he is writing principally for the perusal of those who are readers *habitually*, that they are an impatient class of beings, desirous of obtaining, in as *short a time as possible*, all the valuable ideas which the work may present; hence he may rely on their overlooking many of his pages, unless they are written in a style so concise and perspicuous, as to charm while they instruct. But this manner of writing is pursued by so few who become authors, that a considerable part of the volumes which you see here, or in any other library, might in such an alembic as I propose, be reduced down to one quarter of their present bulk, and many of them to a spirit of excellent proof. Every work of this kind, said he, I distinguish by the general epithet of *Jemmy Toper's Grog*. Jemmy, you must know, was a most notable tippler of the lower class, so fond of ardent spirits, that a gentleman of this city offered another a bet, which was by him accepted and lost, upon the following experiment. Half a pint of brandy was thrown into a pail of water, and Jemmy drank the whole for the half pint. He then observed that although his comparison was such, as by sweet scented affectation would be termed odious and vulgar, yet he knew of none which would more aptly apply to all writings containing a great proportion of the insipid, to a small quantity of spirit.

Our scientific writers, said he, do not so often commit *this error*, as one of an *opposite kind*; they too frequently treat their subjects as if the reader were already in a great measure acquainted with them; not condescending to sufficient explanations of first principles, they soar aloft, and are soon out of sight; like the Aeronaut, who leaves his spectators below, to pull off their hats, and huzza at his towering flight, without the possibility of accompanying him.

On retiring to my lodgings I could not but reflect on the conversation which had passed, and on the difficulty of avoiding those two extremes, of *too much or too little*, in an author's writings. I scarcely looked into a book afterwards, which did not appear to be chargeable in a greater or less measure with one of them. Sometimes I wanted a page, where the author had written but a line; at others, a line would have conveyed all the useful ideas in a page. Many a volume have I since taken up, which I should readily have consigned to Mr. BLUNT's alembic, while others have been so far out of my reach, that nothing was left me but to huzza at their flight.

These remarks have led me to examine my own attempts, with all the circumspection my talents would permit. This examination convinces me, that I must be indebted to the good nature of the intelligent reader, if he excuse the want of spirit in my essays. To deserve the exercise of this good nature, it will be my invaluable endeavour to avoid deserting the course of useful observations, to the regions of common sense.



## USEFUL.

## MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE Edinburg Missionary Society have received accounts, within these few days, (says a Cork paper of the 24th Nov. last) that the missionaries whom they sent out last spring, to Russian Tartary, had arrived in safety at Karafs, the place of their destination. They left St. Petersburg on the 28th of May O. S. and proceeded by Moscow and Tamboff, to Serepta on the Volga, where they arrived on the 17th of July. From thence instead of going by Astrachan, as they originally intended, they shortened their journey considerably, by crossing the immense Steppe or desert that lies west of that city, in a straight line to Georghivsk and Karafs, where they arrived in safety the beginning of August, after performing a journey by land of about 2000 versts. They found the Rev. Mr. Brunton, and his two companions who went out last year, in good health, and living on very friendly terms with the natives, whose language (the Tartar) they already speak with the greatest ease. They have begun to translate the New Testament into that language, and have had many conversations with the people around them on the subject of religion; some of whom appear to be a great deal impressed with what they heard, particularly the Priest of a Mohammedan village.

Before they left St. Petersburg, agreeably to their instructions, they communicated their designs to the Russian Government, who highly approved of them. His Imperial Majesty was pleased to send along with them, at his own expense, a courier of the Senate and an interpreter; and his Excellency Count Novosilzov gave them an open letter, in his name, requiring all governors of provinces, commandants and magistrates through whose jurisdictions they should pass, to give them all necessary protection and assistance. The place which they have chosen as the scenes of their operations is on the borders of the Cabardia not far from the northern chain of the mountains of Caucasus, about an equal distance from the Euxine and the Caspian sea. The country is healthy, fertile, and beautiful; but the inhabitants, who are very numerous, are sunk in the grossest ignorance, barbarism and vice. The Society are more and more satisfied that the situation they have selected is peculiarly proper for missionary attempts; but the expense of conveying to such a distance, so many persons, no fewer than eighteen old and young, has been very great, and has nearly exhausted the Society's funds.

## AN AWFUL WARNING 'O DRUNKARDS!

AMONG the numerous misfortunes arising from immoderate drinking, the following is a late and melancholy instance: On Tuesday last about 4 o'clock in the evening, a young man, 22 years of age, (eight miles from Baltimore and near the Hartford road) took his departure from one house intending to go to another; being over charged with liquor, he fell into the snow, where he lay until day-break the next morning, when he awoke, and with great difficulty, made his way to a house—at which time his hands (being frozen) would rattle together like flint-stones, and being unable to use them, picked up his hat in his teeth and carried it to the house. I have traversed his track about half a mile, and found his miserable birth, where it plainly appears, that he lay the whole time on his right side, without any appearance of movement, except a very little of his feet, having thawed the snow to the earth under his body; likewise, a hole opposite his mouth, by his breath, about the size of his hat crown: his hat being off, some of his hair remained frozen to the snow. He is now one of the most miserable objects that eyes ever beheld! with his hands, feet and legs nearly double their natural size, and mostly of a deep purple, with large watery blisters; his limbs at least are, and I think life may justly be despaired of; and thus, by an act of intemperance, Baltimore county may be deprived of one of the most active, stout and sprightly young men, (as a labourer) it ever produced.—But how human nature could survive 13 or 14 hours on so cold a night without movement, without shelter, without a great coat, mittens, or even comfortable body-clothes, bare headed in snow fifteen inches deep, is a subject of enquiry, contemplation and wonder, for abler minds than that of

## AN ACTUAL SPECTATOR.

Baltimore, January 27, 1804.

P. S. Since writing the above, I have attended at the

dressing of this poor man, when the skin came off both hands, and all the nails of the right, except the thumb; his ancles, feet, and nails entirely black, after which they assumed the appearance of the crimson garden beet when boiled and peeled. Dreadful was the sight.

## AMUSING.

## RECEIPT TO MAKE A MODERN PHILOSOPHICAL WRITER.

CHOOSE for the subject of your disquisition an opinion as contrary to the general as possible: let it be as revolting as it may, it will but the more excite the curiosity of your reader, and that is all you want. Fear not to shock his reason and common sense; if he has any of the spirit of this modern philosophy in him, or would wish to be thought superior to vulgar prejudices, he will only have an higher opinion of your abilities and courage, in advancing these bold truths; the name you must give, according to the modern phrase, to your sceptical assertions.

Begin by observing, that "a spirit of inquiry had led you to reflect on the disproportion of, &c." no matter what. From thence, in order to fix the attention of your reader, whose curiosity you have already excited, advance some bold paradoxes of an irreligious tendency. No matter how offensive and irreconcilable to nature, to reason, or to christianity, they may be, you will have the more merit in resolving them, which you may easily do; for your reader, already prepossessed by your audacity, with a high idea of the subtilty and acuteness of your genius, is ready to believe implicitly your arguments; the fallacy and absurdity of which you may dexterously conceal under technical terms, and metaphysical phrases, intermixed with those powerful expressions *light of reason*, *spirit of philosophy*, *lamp of truth*, &c.

By these means you will prove to him as clear as the day that our unhappy progenitors were totally in the dark; truth (for reasons best known to herself) having closely concealed herself from them, in spite of all their researches, until towards the close of the eighteenth century, when she condescended to appear all at once to the individual author of the essay. Thus in the sacred robe of truth like the ass in the lion's skin, but with infinitely better success, you may usurp all her rights without fear of detection.

For your style, which though last, is not least to be considered, that too may be acquired with facility enough with a little attention: so it be florid, sounding and verbose, it is sufficient.

Whenever at a loss, from the scantiness of your knowledge of your own language, for the choice of an expression, adopt one of the first that occurs, from a modern or dead one, according as your erudition enables you. Let it be ever so unmeaning, you must affect to believe it conveys your sense infinitely more powerfully than any one in your own tongue.

This artifice will have a happy effect on the generality of your readers, who ever attach a higher meaning to that they do not comprehend. Let your chief care be to seize the boldest and most paradoxical expressions. Above all, cast away every fear but that of being unnoticed, and you will possess the true spirit of a modern philosopher.

PROBATUM EST.

## THE LOUNGER.

[From Mrs. Rowson's *Inquisitor*.]

HEIGHO! cried he, stretching and yawning; how shall I pass this day?

It was nine o'clock; he was just up, and had repaired to the coffee-house for his breakfast. He took the newspaper, read two or three advertisements; but soon threw it aside, and seemed wholly occupied in picking his nails and whistling. I will follow you through this day, said I, and immediately put on my ring. He left the coffee-house, and sauntered an hour in the Park, then strolled from one acquaintance's house to another, until he received an invitation to dinner.—That universal topic, the weather, being discussed, and the play for the night mentioned, he had not another word to say, but sat stupidly silent, unless, indeed, he ventured to say yes, or no, to any question asked by the lady of the house.

He once complained of the heaviness of time—the recommended drawing—that required too much study—reading—could not bear a book, it stupified him

—music—he could never have patience to learn; he liked nothing but the flute, and that would throw him into a consumption—

I am surpris'd, said the lady, you like none of these; give me leave to recommend you a few books that I am sure will help to wear away the time.—Bridon's *Tour* you will find instructive and amusing—Goldsmith's *Animated Nature* is the same—Sterne is a pleasing author; and there is a vast fund of amusement in—

You have mentioned books enough already, said he, (interrupting her,) to last me my life. I never read any thing except it be a ballad, or the last dying speech of people that were hanged.

Very entertaining and instructive subjects, cried the lady.

He dined, and then sauntered to a public house, drank a pint of rum and water, went to the play when it was half over, and came away again without understanding a single sentence he had heard—went again to the public house, squandered away two or three shillings more in drinking, only because he had nothing else to do, and went to bed as he arose, with a mind entirely vacant, unoccupied by thought or reflection—This is the life of a lounge, said I.—If the lives of mortals are recorded in the book of fate, what a blank will this man's life appear!—Yet I am certain he goes to bed every jot as weary as the poor labourer who toils for his daily bread—is it the fault of education or disposition? said I.

Reason answered, it must be native indolence, or he would otherwise engage in some pleasing study, that might at once employ and amuse him—

It is a matter of doubt with me, whether such a man deserves most our pity or contempt.

## A TALE OF SCANDAL.

[From the Same.]

AND so you are writing—and do you intend to publish your works?

Perhaps I may, said I—

What is your subject, pray?

Rambles, excursions, characters, and tales.

And do you think the world will attend to your rambles, excursions, characters, and tales?

I will write sentimental rambles, juvenile excursions, original characters, and tales of scandal, and then my books will be universally read.

The last article may make them rise into some repute, said he.

Dost thou know the origin of scandal? said I.

No—

Then I will tell thee—

She is of spurious birth; begot of envy on that bleared monster, Mistrust; she was nursed by Self-love, and tutored by Hypocrisy—She is hideously deformed, has a thousand ears, and lifts to every tale—Her eyes magnify the smallest objects into mountains; and as her tongue has not the power to vent her malicious tales so fast as her vile heart conceives them, she makes up the rest in nods, winks, shrugs of the shoulders, lifting the eyes, and shaking the head—She in general wears a mask, and dresses in a pleasing garb, which makes her so well received in all companies.

Why this is a tale of scandal, indeed, said he.

And the only one I shall ever write, said I—for if in this vast globe, full of interesting scenes to excite our wonder, and engage our attention, if, I say, in such a place, a man cannot use his pen without stabbing the character of his neighbour, he must have had a very narrow education, be possessed of a bad heart, and blessed with little or no understanding.

## BENGAL.

THE kingdom of Bengal, in the happy times of the Mogul government is described as exhibiting the most charming and picturesque scenery—"Opening into extensive glades, covered with a fine turf, and interspersed with woods filled with a variety of birds of beautiful colors; amongst others, peacocks in abundance, sitting on the vast horizontal branches, displayed their dazzling plumes to the sun; the Ganges winding its mighty waters through the adjacent plains added to the prospect inexpressible grandeur; whilst the artist at his loom, under the immense shades of the banyan tree, softened his labor by the tender strains of music."

SELIMAN.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
QUESTION.

WHAT is that, which (like sleep,) bears the greatest rule by night, frequently attends Philosophers and Poets, yet when they call for it, flies from them, and is killed by the THUNDER of a scolding wife?

An Answer is requested.

A PRUDENT HINT TO YOUNG LADIES.

PHILIP THICKNESSE, in one of his publications, tells the following anecdote with much pleasantry, and very politely conveys a modest hint to young ladies. When I was a young man, says he, I often visited a distant relation, whom I much loved, and to whom I and my family had been much obliged. This gentleman had nine agreeable, nay beautiful daughters, who had often entertained me with the slip-slop conversation of a rich, but low, under-bred woman, their neighbour, whose husband, being appointed high-sheriff, occasioned her to talk much to these ladies about the *grand* dinner, she was to give. "I am determined," said she, "to have no custards, for if I have custards, I must have cheese-cakes, and if I have cheese-cakes, I must have jellies, if jellies, fruit, &c." And as I usually spent my Christmas at the country seat of this friend with his lovely family, there sometimes arose a kind of merriment, called christinas gambols, questions and commands, &c. Now these innocent sports led the gentlemen sometimes to salute the young ladies all round: a pleasure, which I alone, who perhaps loved them best, always declined partaking of. This thyness in me seemed so unaccountable to them, that they one and all seized an occasion to rally me for possessing a *mauvaise honte*, so contrary to the established etiquette, at that time of the year. I confessed the force of the charge, and fully acknowledged my guilt, adding, that the only excuse I could offer, was, that if I had custards, I must have cheese-cakes, if cheese-cakes jellies, if jellies fruit, and if—in short before I had half done with my *ifs*, they all ran away, and left me in the field of battle, and never rallied to make an attack on me again.

FRENCH F SHIONS.

A LADY writes from Paris, that during the preparations for the invasion of England—Bonaparte is *trembling*, Moreau *blushing*, Carnot *laughing*, Berthier *shuddering*, Sieyes *sniffling*, Talleyrand *figging*, Fouché *groaning*, the Generals *howling*, the Admirals *snoring*, the soldiers *singing*, the sailors *crying*, the merchants *grumbling*, the clergy *praying*, and the people *paying*.

[Dr. Franklin was one of the greatest sticklers for economy, both in public and private affairs. His calculations on time lost we think, falls far short of the following.]

ON SNUFF TAKING.

EVERY professed, inveterate and incurable snuff taker, at a moderate calculation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes one minute and a half. One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff taking day, amount to two hours and twenty four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten. One day out of every ten, amounts to thirty six days and a half in a year. Hence we suppose the practice to be persisted in forty years, two entire years of the snuff taker's life will be dedicated to tickling nose, and two more to blowing it. The expense of snuff, snuff boxes, snuff handkerchiefs, washing &c. cannot be reasonably rated to encroach less on his purse than on his time—thus it will appear by a proper application of the time and money thus lost, a fund might be constituted for the discharge of many debts.

INFIDEL WIT REPULSED.

A GAY young spark, of a deistical turn, travelling in a stage coach to London, forced his sentiments on the company, by attempting to ridicule the Scriptures; and, among other topics, made himself merry with the story of David and Goliath, strongly urging the impossibility of a youth, like David, being able to throw a stone with sufficient force to sink into the giant's forehead. On this he appealed to the company, and in particular to a grave gentleman of the denomination called Quakers, who sat silent in one corner of the carriage.—"Indeed, friend,"

replied he, "I do not think it at all improbable, especially if the Philistine's head was as soft as thine."

Evangel. Mag.

THE BEES.—A FABLE.

A YOUNG Prince, in that season of the year, when all nature shews herself in the greatest degree of perfection, took a walk one day through a very delicious garden; he heard a great noise, and looking about perceived a hive of bees. He approached that object which was entirely new to him, and observed with amazement, the order, care, and business of that little commonwealth. The cells began to be formed into a regular figure, and one party of the bees were storing them with nectar, while another was employed in supplying them with thyme, which they gathered from among all the riches of the spring. Laziness and inactivity were banished the society; every thing was in motion, without confusion or disorder.—The more considerable gave out their orders, and were obeyed by their inferiors without any manner of murmur, jealousy, or unwillingness.—The Prince was extremely surprised, as having never seen any thing equal to their polity before; when a bee who was considered as queen of the hive, addressed him thus: "The view you have before you, young Prince, must be entertaining, but may be made instructive. We suffer nothing like disorder, nor licentiousness among us; they are most esteemed, who by their diligence can do most for the publick weal.—Our first places are always bestowed where there is most merit; and last of all, we are taking pains day and night for the benefit of man. Go, and imitate us; introduce the order and discipline among men; you so much admire in other creatures."

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE CAMEL.

ALMOST every part of the Camel is serviceable in some way. The milk is plentiful and nutritious. The young and tender flesh has the taste of veal; a valuable salt is extracted from the urine; the dung supplies the deficiency of fuel, and the long hair, which falls and is renewed yearly, is coarsely manufactured into the garments, furniture and tents of the Arabians.

GIBBON.

ANECDOTES.

GRAVE.—A poor labourer having been obliged to undergo the operation of having one leg cut off, was charged 16 pence by the sexton, for burying it. The poor fellow applied to the rector for redress, and told him he could not relieve him at that time; but that the sexton should certainly consider it in his fees, when the rest of his body was buried.

WITTY.—It was reported to the Dauphin of France, that a man in that country had made a little coach so constructed as to be drawn by fleas. He asked the prince of Conti, who he imagined made the harness? "O." replied the prince, "probably some spider in the neighborhood."

A GENTLEMAN by the name of Monday, who had lately ingrossed the purchase of wheat, finding himself disappointed in its sale, made way with himself by hanging—at the time of his funeral, a droll genius passing by, and having been made acquainted with the circumstances, relating to the death of the deceased, requested liberty to write his epitaph, which being granted, he wrote as follows:

Blessed is the Sabbath day,  
But woe to worldly wealth;  
On Tuesday must the week begin,  
For Monday's hang'd himself!

PHILOSOPHICAL.—A Philosopher, and a wit were crossing the water, when a high gale arising, the philosopher seemed under great apprehensions lest he should go to the bottom. "Why," said his friend, "that will suit your genius exactly; as for my part, I am only for skimming the surface of things."

THE GOOD SHIP SOUTH HADLEY.

A REGULAR trader, and well found in every respect, will sail for the port of FORTUNE, with all convenient dispatch. For freight or passage, having excellent accommodations, please apply to GILBERT & DEAN—who will with pleasure, wait on the commands of their friends and the public; and use their best exertions, that none shall be disappointed in any manner whatever.

THESPIAN DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1804.

Tale of Mystery, fourth time, with the Mayor of Gorrat; and the Midnight Hour.

THE mirth of the audience was powerfully excited by Mr. BERNARD's *Jerry Sneak*, in the Mayor of Gorrat; and the song was burlesqued with exquisite humour.

MONDAY, FEB. 20.

Tale of Mystery, fifth time, with *Miss in her Teens*, and the Wags of Windsor, a musical piece, by COLEMAN.

The Wags of Windsor is a pleasing production, and promises to be a favourite with the public. Its tendency is wholly comic, and the laughter which it produced, was almost without cessation. The cast is exceedingly powerful. Mrs. DARLEY is admirably calculated for the part of Grace Gaylove, and counterfeits the beautiful, prim, simple, precise Quakers to perfection. Her voice, look, manner, dress, action, are all the inimitable counterpart of real life, in those walks, from which the character is taken. The poring eye of censorious criticism, could hardly discover a blemish, or fail to sparkle with involuntary pleasure. Phoebe, the pretty, beardless, military adventurer, had an able supporter in Mrs. JONES; her meeting with her lover, Charles, is particularly tender and interesting. Caleb Quotem, by Mr. BERNARD, Deputy Bull, by Mr. DICKENSON, and John Lump, by Mr. WILSON, were severally performed with the spirit and humour which usually characterise the performances of these gentlemen, and received the applause to which they are accustomed. Mr. DARLEY was respectable in Charles, as was Mr. PRIGMORE, in Looney.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22.

Pizarro, or the Death of Rella, KOTZEBUE, & Fortune's Frolic.

Pizarro has been too long and too familiarly known to the public, to attract a numerous audience. Several of the parts were very well performed, of which we set down Mr. BARRETT's Rella, Mr. JONES' Alonso, and Mrs. DARLEY's Cora. The introduction of Mrs. D.'s child, had a pleasing effect.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

THE now celebrated Mrs. SIDONS once belonged to a company, the poverty of whose wardrobe was such, that she was obliged, during the performance of the Irish Widow, to borrow a coat of a gentleman in the boxes, to equip herself for the Widow Brady; which she obtained on condition that she gave him her petticoat to put over his shoulders, and admitted him to stand behind the scenes.

MARRIED.

At Charlestown, Mr. William Barrett, to Miss Mary Hall, daughter of Dea. Moses H. At Reading, Mr. Thomas Brewer, mer. of Salem, to Miss Abigail Stone. In this town, Mr. Josiah Baldwin, mer. to Miss Abigail M'Intosh. "On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Emerson, Mr. George Humphrey, to the amiable Miss Catharine Smith." Mr. Timothy Green, jun. to Miss Rean Martin, daughter of Mr. Joseph M.—Mr. David Ames, to Miss Elizabeth P. Duncan.

DIED.

At Northumberland, (P.) the Rev. Dr. Joseph Priestly, *Æt.* 71. At Andover, Mr. James Addington, *Æt.* 71, formerly of Boston. At Charlestown, Capt. Jona. Bowers, *Æt.* 43.

Dr. Miller, of New-York, represents the number of deaths in that city, and its vicinity, in the last year, at about 700, and has explained how any soul vessels from any port may become the source of a malignant fever, by lying at the wharves. The letter is modestly, but very successfully written. : : : *Salem Reg.*

In this town, Mr. Ebenezer Prout, *Æt.* 84; Mr. John T. Hurley, *Æt.* 54; Mr. Isaac Lowder, *Æt.* 29; Mrs. Hannah Trask, *Æt.* 39, wife of Mr. Jonathan T.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT &amp; DEAN,

THERE cannot be a stronger refutation of the erroneous opinion that affection cannot subsist between two persons of opposite sex, pure and unalloyed by the intrusion of a grosser passion, than the ardent and tender friendship, which, for above twenty years, existed between that pious and distinguished bard, COWPER, and Mrs. UNWIN. The annexed lines were written when she was advanced in years; but their peculiar tenderness and delicacy shew that his love for her was unchanged by the alteration which time and sickness had made in his friend. If you will suffer them to grace a corner of your miscellany, you will oblige,

R. A.

## LINES ADDRESSED TO MARY.

THE twentieth year is well nigh past,  
Since first our sky was overcast,  
Ah would that this might be the last!

My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,  
I see thee daily weaker grow—  
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,

My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store!  
For my sake restless heretofore;  
Now rust diffus'd and shine no more,

My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil  
The same kind office for me still,  
Thy fight now seconds not thy will,

My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part;  
And all thy threads with magic art,  
Have wound themselves about this heart,

My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem  
Like language utter'd in a dream;  
Yet me they charm whate'er the theme,

My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright!  
Are still more lovely in my sight  
Than golden beams of orient light,

My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,  
What fight worth seeing could I see?  
The sun would rise in vain for me,

My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,  
Thy hands their little force resign;  
Yet, gently press, press gently mine,

My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st  
That now, at every step thou mov'st  
Upheld by two, yet still thou lov'st,

My Mary!

And still to love, though press'd with ill;  
In wintry age to feel no chill,  
With me, is to be lovely still,

My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,  
How oft the sadness that I show,  
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,

My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast  
With much resemblance of the past,  
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,

My Mary!

## A PINDARIC STORY.

AN INDIAN once who wore the Popish name,  
And many a pretty relic too had brought him,  
Would often get (it was a piteous shame)  
Drunk as the magistrate who taught him:  
Who was a lawyer bold, and on a time,  
Hearing that Wango had drunk grog on Sunday,  
He sent for him straightway on Monday,  
To come and make atonement for his crime,  
"Wretch!" did Lycoursos fiercely say,  
"The church demands a dollar for your peace."  
"Well," sigh'd the culprit, "I will pay,"  
"But gib me a cittance if you please."

"Certificate!" the lawyer sternly said;  
"What will the fool do with the paper?"  
Poor WANGO scratch'd his oily head,  
And bowing said, "Life one poor vapour,  
"And when I die, and to my rest would go,  
"May be St Peter tell me No—  
"Such fell like you, away from here I send 'em;  
"You broke 'em Sunday once afore you die!  
"Ah; but says I,  
"I gib a dollar too, and so I mend 'em,  
"Did you (he say) never you cittance?  
"La (I say) maista Larwey never writ 'em;  
"Wy dan you fool, (he tell me) bole you prate—  
Go back and get 'em!  
"Mad like Ole Harry, down again I come,  
"I fine a you dead, (now once see wat trouble!)  
"I look for you, an fore I fine you home,  
"I got for go quite to de Debble."

## A LITTLE TALE.

AT a tavern one night,  
Messrs. More, Strange, and Wright,  
Met to drink, and good thoughts to exchange.  
Says More of us three,  
The whole town will agree.  
There is only one knave, and that's Strange;  
Yes, says Strange, rather sore,  
I'm sure there's one More,  
A most terrible knave and a bite,  
Who cheated his mother;  
His sister and brother,  
O yes, replied More that is Wright.

## AN ESTIMATE OF HUMAN LIFE.

WHAT is the fleeting life of mortal man?  
Its date extended measures but a span,  
A dream—that leaves no memory behind,  
A Bubble—blown away by every wind,  
A Glass—that's broke, and scarcely lasts a day,  
As Ice—which quickly melts in streams away,  
A Flower—which fades as soon as in the bloom,  
A Tale—that's morning told, forgotten ere tis noon,  
As Grass—cut down and wither'd in an hour,  
A Shadow—which hath no continuance in its power,  
As Dust—that's driven by the whirling storm,  
A Point—that knows no substance, parts or form,  
A Vice—which nothing but a sound can boast,  
A Sound—that in surrounding air is lost,  
A Vapour—toss'd about by every breath,  
A Nothing—such is man the sport of time and death.  
: : : N. Y. Weekly Messenger.

## LINES WRITTEN IN THE WOODY VALE OF BOZRA.

THE intertwining boughs for thee  
Have wave, sweet dell, a verdant vest;  
And thou in turn shalt give to me  
A verdant couch upon thy breast.  
To shield me from day's fervid glare  
Thine oaks their fostering arms extend;  
As anxious o'er her infant care,  
I've seen a watchful mother bend.  
A brighter cup, a sweeter draught,  
I gather from that rill of thine,  
Than madd'ning toppers ever quaff'd,  
Than all the treasures of the vine.  
So smooth the pebble on thy shore  
That not a maid can hither stray,  
But counts her strings of jewels o'er,  
And thinks the pearls have slipp'd away.

§ The Novel of "Sincerity," shall be continued next week.

## VARIETY.

## SLAVERY.

THE Convention for abolishing slavery in the State of Pennsylvania, has lately published an address to the people of the United States, which well merits the attention of friends to humanity.

## THE HIBERNIAN VISITOR,

A WRITER in the *Kentucky Gazette*, observes, in his second letter, speaking of the manners and improve-

ments of this country, "You establish no schools, found no academies and colleges, and make no provision for the education of the rising generation." It were to be wished that, this visiting *Hibernian* would inform us, if his assertions are meant to apply to Kentucky exclusively, or are designed to describe the general character of United Americans.

## RHODE-ISLAND BRIDGE.

THE Committee appointed to advertise proposals for rebuilding the Bridge at Howland's Ferry, have published the following:—"The distance from one abutment to the other, is 764 feet. The average depth of water upon the stone already thrown in, from the western abutment to the draw is 28 feet at low water.—From the E. abutment to the draw, which is 140 feet, is 8 feet on an average at low water.—The draw to be in 16 feet water, 24 feet wide:—The western side of the draw to be filled up with stones promiscuously thrown in, until they can be levelled off to the width of 40 feet, 2 feet below high water.—The abutment on the east side to be built out to the draw, with suitable stone.—A wall is to be built on each side the base, 6 feet high, 8 feet wide at the bottom, and 6 feet at the top, with large split hammered stone, to be perpendicular on the inside, with a slope facing the sea. The passage for carriages, which is to be 20 feet wide, to be filled up with small stone, 2 feet above high water, and levelled off with gravel.—The abutments at the draw are to be built of the same kind of stone, as the side-walls, not less than six feet long, one foot thick, and 18 inches wide, secured with composition bolts at the corners, to be sunk in caissons of 40 feet long and 12 wide. The draw to be constructed of timber and plank upon the most approved model—and railing is to be placed on the outside walls, supported by iron standards, secured in the stone on the top of the wall." The whole to be completed in the year 1805."

## THE FASHIONS.

LONDON,—FOR DECEMBER, 1803.

WALKING DRESS.—A short round dress of white muslin, with a ruffle dress of dark green velvet. A ruffle hat to correspond with the dress.

FULL DRESS.—A dress and petticoat of white crape; the bottom of the dress sloped very high before, and bound all around with white ribbon, a full trimming of white lace sewed to the edge of the ribbon, the bosom trimmed with white lace drawn to form a tucker; the sleeves very short trimmed with lace. The hair dressed in the most fashionable manner.

HEAD DRESSES.—A straw hat turned up in front, lined with colored velvet, and tied under the chin with ribbon of the same colour. A morning bonnet of fine straw tied down with a silk handkerchief. A dress cap of yellow silk and black lace, a bunch of yellow flowers in front. A morning cap of fine sprigged muslin with a puffing of lace all round in front; white strings. A cap of white muslin with a full border of white lace ornamented with a wreath of flowers. A cap of muslin and lace, with a bunch of red roses in front. A Mameluke turban, of scarlet and white velvet. A hat of black velvet, turned up all round and trimmed with bows of ribbon. A close bonnet of black velvet and pink silk, a bow of black ribbon on the top.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.—The dresses are made very short waisted, and very low in the back; and in almost every part of them there is lace. For full dress crape is much worn. Orich feathers of all colours are universal. Pelices and spencers of velvet and cloth are much worn. The most favorite colours for them are dark green, sky blue, and black; the military fronts are generally adopted. For undress, silver bear muffs and tippets are worn: for dress swandown.

BOSTON. (MASSACHUSETTS.)

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Price TWO DOLLARS Per Annum. On: half paid in advance.

# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 3, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE PASSENGER—No. XXI.

#### WHY GOAD THE WILLING OX?

UPON obeying the usual summons to dinner, I observed that SERENA's place was vacant, and that an evident dissatisfaction had supplanted the cheerfulness which generally characterized the manner of her mother. For the cause of this apparent change, I was entirely at a loss, and sought to discover it by enquiring for the absent daughter; this query produced no other information but that she was engaged in domestic cares. When the family had retired, a conversation took place among the boarders, concerning these unsocial appearances, which all had observed, but none could account for. We remained in suspense until the evening, when the landlady voluntarily introduced the subject, by observing that we must have noticed at dinner, the influence of an indignation which she could not entirely suppress, although it was her sincere wish not to impair the general tranquillity, by the effects of any domestic provocation which might be her lot to endure. She then informed us that the maid servant, who had been in the family about four months, and who in the beginning proved herself extremely capable, had lately so indulged her attachment to the bottle, that once a week constantly, and frequently twice, she was so intoxicated, as to be totally unfit for any business; that her capacity *when sober*, was such as gave her great superiority over the class of domestics generally; that in consequence of this superiority, the utmost patience had been exercised respecting the vice to which she was addicted, in hopes of her reformation, but a contrary effect seemed to be produced, as she daily grew worse. This morning, said the lady, I undertook to reprove her, for deserting her duty yesterday afternoon, when her assistance was wanted more than ordinary; knowing the impetuosity of her temper, I avoided reproaches, and spoke to her as to a *rational creature*, only requiring, that she should fulfil her duty in my service, as faithfully as I performed mine in paying her wages, and treating her with that kindness which the common obligations of humanity require. With the hope that my remarks would tend to reform her perverse habits, I took my customary walk to the market; and upon my return found *this billet* instead of a correction of the evil with which I had been for months tormented. Here she presented us with a billet from the attorney, which informed her that a writ had been applied for by this instrument of vexation, for ten days wages; this was the whole sum then due to her, as she had been regularly paid according to agreement.

As this was the first instance of the lady's receiving a notice of the kind, she had scarcely firmness sufficient to utter her ideas of the indignity. Mr. BLUNT, who knew more of the world, and of Law, observed her irritation, and observed, with a design to relieve it, Why Madam! said he, (laughing) I perceive you are not acquainted with law customs. This attorney has paid you a respectful compliment. He might have had the writ served, and then have made you pay for the honour of it. But said she, how could this be, when the wretch did not ask for her wages, for if she had, I was ready to pay her!—That's of no signification madam; she is not under obligation to ask for her due, although the writ must specify that she has demanded payment.

Do writs for justice tell lies then? said the lady. Oh no, Madam, they are *legal forms*. Do legal forms then sanctify insult and imposition from the basest of creation!

The contest was unequal—the lady felt thoroughly and justly provoked, and Mr. BLUNT did not like to answer her close questions; instead of which he told her that the first time she met the attorney, she must compliment him with one of her best courtesies, for sending a notice instead of a writ. But, said she, do you attempt to make me believe, that the laws will produce force, compelling me to comply with an engagement which I was always ready to fulfil without force, and that the same laws make no provision for obliging the other party to fulfil their duty! This he replied was the fact. Then said she it is high time that WOMEN were called upon, to assist in making your laws. This produced a hearty laugh, and was succeeded by the following story, which Mr. BLUNT said was a relation of circumstances within his own knowledge.

A young man who was hired to work upon a farm, being under a necessity of raising some money, at a time when his employer could not pay him in cash, received for payment a young heifer, which he brought to market, on a sultry summer day. Being fatigued and thirsty, he obtained a glass of beer, of a woman who had taken a station with her merchandize at the side of a street in the city. The price of the beer was one penny half penny, or six farthings. This was a greater sum than the young man had at command; and he assured the woman, that when he had sold his creature, he would pay her the amount. She was not in the habit of giving credit, and insisted on immediate payment. This was out of his power, and she applied to a magistrate, and had him arrested. As the young man did not possess one farthing, he could not pay six; as he was a stranger, he could not find bail. He was in consequence thrown into prison, where he tarried two days, at the expiration of which time he found a customer for his heifer, of whom he accepted the best terms he could get, and with the proceeds obtained his liberty. After paying the costs of suit, the expense of his board, and the support of his heifer, he had barely enough left to hazard *one call* at a tavern on his way home.

Now said Mr. BLUNT, (turning to the landlady) you ought to feel highly gratified, that you have been so much more successful than the young farmer, in purchasing LAW KNOWLEDGE.

\* The circumstances of this story are so extraordinary, that the reader may suppose them romance, but the writer was assured of their authenticity, by a very respectable Officer of the city in which they took place.

### THE POWER OF BEAUTY, AND THE INFLUENCE THE FAIR SEX MIGHT HAVE IN REFORMING THE MANNERS OF THE WORLD.

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,  
The power of beauty I remember yet.

DRYDEN.

POWER may be divided into several classes, viz. 1. That of the State, 2. The power of Wealth. 3. The Power of Knowledge. And, 4. That of beauty. To which I would add, that of Virtue, if it was possible to prove it had any power at all.—The Power of Beauty, and the use that may be made of it, shall be the subject of this exercise.

*Sacrifice to the Graces!* said the polite Philosopher to the barbarian of old. *Be well with the ladies!* would he have said to the *Talbots* of the present times; to those

if such there are, who are not ashamed of being innocent, and yet who have not forgot to blush; who have been as careful to adorn their minds as their bodies; who form a reputation in their youth, to give dignity to their age, and who value virtue even more than fame.

I do not know a piece of poetry that I would sooner put into the hands of the young of both sexes, than the beautiful fable, from the introduction to which I have taken my motto; since it so finely exemplifies the power of beauty on one hand, and the advantages to be derived from it on the other. Beauty first gives sensibility to the human savage; sensibility produces admiration; admiration, love; and love, whatever is brave, noble, generous and polite.

But if this beauty on the lady's side had not been guarded by a sense of honour and delicacy of taste; had *Iphigenia* been captivated at the first offer with the wealth and quality of her boorish suitor, her empire would have lasted no longer than his appetite; and *Cymon* the husband would have soon become a worse brute than *Cymon* the lover.

Experience shews us, that the bulk of mankind are, at one time or other of their lives, in love; and during that period, scarce any man has a will or sentiment of his own; his body and soul are at the devotion of his mistress; and many times carries his ductility both to a ridiculous and criminal length.

During this interval we are, literally, under petticoat government; and it is in a great degree the fault of our fair sovereigns if they do not subdue in us every perverse bias from nature, every sordid habit, and every ridiculous affectation; nay, if they do not mend both our heads and hearts, if they do not inspire us with a love of knowledge, and render us bigots both to honour and virtue.

The story of *Cymon* and *Iphigenia* is a fable; what I shall now touch upon is a truth.

The brother of a certain sovereign prince, presuming on the privileges of his birth, destroyed men for his sport, and broke through all ties, civil and sacred, to gratify his lust. One night heated with wine, he set fire to a nunnery; and among the religious, who fled naked from the fury of the flames, seized upon one, whose beauties struck him with admiration. Vain were cries, prayers, tears, swoonings; away he hurried her, secure of possession, and thoughtless of every thing beside; but was amazed to find himself repulsed with scorn and indignation, reproached with being a scandal, not only to his birth, but to mankind, and desired to pierce the bosom of her he never should enjoy.

A haughtiness and resolution so unexpected, from one so totally as he thought, in his power, wholly disconcerted him. He urged, threatened, soothed, and offered all that princes could bestow, or subjects covet, to no manner of purpose. The naked, helpless nun was superior to all; and this tyrant, who had until now commanded all things, was forced to become a kneeling suitor himself; nor though he persevered in his solicitations from day to day, month to month, and season to season, could gain a glimpse of hope; until he ceased to be a savage and submitted to be humanized by the laws of justice, reason, and civility; without which, said that gallant nun, I make no difference between a monarch and a bear. And to this remarkable incident *Europe* owes one of the most accomplished of her princes.

If then it be true, that men for the general become wiser, men or fools, brave or effeminate, independents or prostitutes, as the ladies they converse with would have them to be; how severe a satire is a fop or a rattle, or a clown or a mercenary, on the particular fair one he is known to be devoted to? And how can we help concluding that the whole toy shop, exchange or market of her heart is displayed in the image before us?

Or if such things exist among us, as we have not put on the livery of any particular lady, and who notwithstanding give themselves the airs of those, who hawk about for a service; how meanly and unworthily must they think of the sex, if they think at all, in presuming that trifles, from



lies and vices are the best, if not the only recommendation to their favour?

That such swarms of teasing, insignificant insects and pernicious caterpillars, not only are the growth of every year, but the pest of all those places where the fair are to be found, we must, in good manners, impute to their ignorance, vanity, any thing, rather than the least hint of encouragement, dropt or received; that such as resemble angels in their forms, can, as *Shakespeare* strongly, though coarsely expresses it, *defend to prey on garbage*.

I have hitherto expatiated only on the power which the ladies have over their lovers, and shall now touch on their influence over their posterity; and this may be depended upon, that the nursery contributes more to the forming our manners than the schools: If the discipline exercised there is directed by that mixture of elegance and good sense, which constitute the character of a true fine lady, the gentleman, the senator, the hero is already formed, though in miniature, and almost any pedant may do the rest.

*Plutarch* makes no scruple to ascribe the eminent accomplishments of the *Gracchi* to the instructions they received from their mother, the admirable *Cornelia*; and who can help joining with him, when we hear her thus gallantly reproaching them. *How long shall I be called the wife of Tiberius, and not the mother of the Gracchi?*

With all these talents and opportunities, both to form the infant, (I do not mean according to the letter merely) and polish the man; how much is it to be regretted, that they do not seem to think us worth their culture, but suffer us to run wild, to degenerate visibly, and, in a manner, encumber the earth we were intended to enrich and adorn?

Power has been ever represented as what the sex was violently attached to, what they never fail to make the most of; and in some instances, it must be acknowledged their conduct has given sufficient authority to these assertions. But alas! the short tyranny of the absolute mistress, or even the more durable one of the usurping wife, is but a trifling, inconsiderable specimen of their almost unbounded influence. As *Milton* says, *The world lies all before them*, and it is theirs to mould it into what shape they please.

If therefore, *Mammon* is now the deity, which all worship alike, without any act of uniformity in its favour, how can we avoid concluding, that these fair idolatresses first set us the example, though to their own prejudice? I say to their own prejudice; because, if they themselves bow down to wealth they teach us to rank beauty but in the second place; and that by possessing the first, we may purchase the last.

Would they therefore, but think more nobly of themselves, and more contemptibly of those who, presuming on their riches, believe they deserve and may command their favour; would they declare themselves the admirers and patronesses of knowledge, virtue, and public spirit, and irreconcilable enemies to all who prostitute their understanding, honour and conscience, and for a bribe of any kind, traffick away the wealth, glory and liberty of their country, every fair spirit would number as many converts as lovers, and every happy mother educate as many patriots as children. To say all in a word; they would make virtue the fashion, and courts themselves would not be able to corrupt so fast as they to reclaim.

### BIOGRAPHY.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS,  
KING OF SWEDEN.

THIS great General, was certainly one of the heroes of the last century, a century abounding in heroes; his courage, his force of mind, his integrity, and his piety, well entitling him to that dignified appellation.

In one of his letters to Lewis XIII. of France, who had written to him to express his sorrow at being told that he was defeated on account of Wallenstein's successes in the field against him, he says, "I am not so ill at my ease as my enemies wish to give out. I have troops enough to oppose to them, and troops which will never lose their courage but with their life. We skirmish together every day; and I think that Wallenstein begins now to experience what troops well disciplined and courageous can do, especially when they fight for so noble a cause as that of general liberty, and defend Kings and nations who are groaning under the yoke of tyranny and persecution."

When the town of Landshut, in Bavaria, surrendered to him at discretion, the principal inhabitants of it fell down upon their knees before him, and presented him with the keys of their town. "Rise, rise," said he; "it is your duty to fall upon your knees to God, and not to so frail and feeble a mortal as I am."

Gustavus, differently from our modern generals, never engaged in any battle, without first praying at the head of his troops he was about to lead toward the enemy, sometimes with, and sometimes without a book. This done, he used to thunder out, in a strong and energetic manner, some German hymn or psalm, in which he was followed by his whole army. (The effect of this chaunt with thirty or forty thousand voices in unison, was wonderful and terrible.) Immediately before the battle of Lutzen, so fatal to himself, but so honourable to his army, he vociferated the translation of the forty-sixth psalm made by Luther when he was a prisoner in the fortrefs of Cobourg, which begins, "God is our strong castle." The trumpets and drums immediately struck up, and were accompanied by the ministers and all the soldiers in the army. To this succeeded a hymn made by Gustavus himself, which began, "My dear little army, fear nothing, though thy numerous enemies have sworn thy ruin." The word given by the King for that day was, "God be with us." The Ministers of Louis XIII. King of France, were desirous to insert in a treaty between their Sovereign and Gustavus, that the King of France had the King of Sweden under his protection.—Gustavus spiritedly replied, "I have no occasion for any protection but that of God, and I desire no other. After God, I acknowledge no superior, and I wish to owe the success of my arms to my sword and my good conduct alone."

In a conference he had with the minister from our court, Sir Harry Vane, whom he supposed to have been bribed by the court of Spain, as Sir Harry was pressing him in a manner, which he did not like, he said to him in Latin, "Sir, I do not understand you; you talk Spanish."

He always preferred foreign soldiers, who served voluntarily for pay, to those who were enlisted by the authority of government in their own country. "A hound," said he, "that is dragged by force to the field, never hunts well." In one of his journeys he was accosted by a student in Latin, who desired him to permit him to serve in his cavalry. "Be it so, Sir," replied the King; "an indifferent scholar may make a very good soldier. But why, Sir, do you wish to discontinue your studies?"—"Alas! Sir," said the student, "I prefer arms to books."—"Ah! man," returned the King, who spoke latin very fluently, and who was a good classical scholar, "I see what it is—it is as *Horace* says.

"Optat ephippia hos piger: aptat arare caballus.

"The slow dull ox gay trappings wants;

"To plough the fiery courser pants."

### AMUSING.

ACCOUNT OF THE MARRIAGES OF THE  
ANCIENT GREEKS.

I WAS present at a marriage ceremony between two Greek peasants, the servants of the Prussian envoy. The procession was led on by a dance of men holding each other by the hand, and animated by the loud and rude tones of a tabor and pipe, the first man waving a small flag. The betrothed were supported each by two men, and distinguished by the richness of their habits, their hair being profusely decked with long shreds of gold tinsel, which was spread so thickly over the face of the bride, that it answered the purpose of a veil. The hands of each were joined by silver clasps and garlands. When all were ushered into the saloon, where the papas (or priest) had prepared his consecrated furniture, after loosening the clasps, and reading the Greek service with much expedition, the typical union was performed, by placing paper crowns, very finely gilded, on the heads of each, which were severally interchanged. The lady of the house then, standing between them, laid her hands on the crowns during a short prayer, when the papas applied a seal five times to the bride, intimating that she should be sacredly appropriated to her husband. Benedictions and incense were then freely dispersed, and all the relatives of either sex kissed them, both on the temples. They were then conducted into the drawing-room, seated on the sofa and treated with great respect and the usual refreshments, of which all their attendant friends partook. During this

compliment small presents were deposited in the lap of the bride, who appeared to be much oppressed both by the honour and the fatigue; while roses tied up with tinsel shreds were given in exchange, and this address,—  
"Go, and do likewise." A bridal hymn was then sung, in which the papas were assisted by some boys; and the people receiving them at the stairs, another procession round the village concluded this fête.

### ANECDOTE OF FRANCESCO DE MACEDO.

IF what Leti, in his *Italia Regnante*, relates of Francesco de Macedo be true, he must have been a very extraordinary man. We are told he spoke two and twenty languages; was poet, orator, historian, philosopher, chronologist, divine. No Portuguese writer ever before obtained so great a reputation. He delivered sixty Latin discourses, fifty-three eulogies, and thirty-two funeral orations. There are extant of his writing, forty-eight poems, one hundred and twenty-three eulogies, one hundred and fifty epitaphs, two hundred and twelve epistles, dedicatory, and more than two thousand epigrams. He was particularly distinguished in France by his verses on the equestrian statue of Louis XIII. the tragedy of Jacob, and the tragic-comedy of Orpheus; both represented before Louis XIV. when an infant. It was observed of these dramatic pieces, that both could not help being pleased with them; the blind on hearing them read, and the deaf on seeing them performed.

### ANECDOTES OF JUDGE BURNET.

THE son of the celebrated Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, was so wild and extravagant in his boyish days, that his father at several times entertained serious thoughts of abandoning him altogether. Amongst other freaks, he was at the head of that deperate party of young fellows of fashion, in Queen Anne's time, called "The Mohawks," whose nightly depredations made it unsafe for any person to walk the streets after dusk. Swift, in one of his letters to Mrs. Johnson, dated 1710, tells her, "he cannot go to the coffee-house for fear of them; that even sedan chairs were no protection, as the Mohawks either dragged the parties out of them, or run their swords through the glass."

Burnet, to screen himself from prosecutions in consequence of these freaks and some others, was appointed consul at Lisbon, where he continued some years; but as he was almost without any support, he came home, at very near thirty years of age, without fortune, or little or no interest from family connections.

In this dilemma, without means or profession, he applied to Sir Robert Walpole, who was then Minister, recanting all his former imprudencies, and promising to give both his industry and talents to any line of business which Sir Robert would point out. The Minister knowing him to be a young man of good education and considerable abilities, proposed the study of the law; to which Burnet at first demurred on account of his advanced age, and the scantiness of his present means. To the first Sir Robert said, "he ought to recover the time spent in past imprudencies, by working double tides; and as for the second, he would allow him one hundred pounds per year out of his private purse, until he was called to the bar."

Burnet, though rather disappointed, closed with this proposal, and immediately entered himself of the Inner Temple. He waited upon his father some time before this, and told him he was going to give the world a practical edition of his works. "What do you mean Tam?" says the father. "Sir," says he, "I am now seriously setting about Burnet's Reformation, and I hope the work of the son will not disgrace that of the father." He was as good as his word; he studied the law with such unremitting attention, that he became a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in the year 1741, under the title of Sir Thomas Burnet, and filled that honourable situation with considerable ability for near twenty years.

Though Mr. Burnet became a grave Counsellor, and afterwards a graver Judge, his wit and humour never deserted him. Soon after he was called to the bar, he went the home circuit, when he unfortunately happened to lodge next door to a tall man, who shewed himself as an exhibition, and whose trumpeter kept blowing before the door from eight o'clock in the morning until night. Burnet, who yet loved his bottle, and did not return home from the tavern until late, found himself so annoyed from this circumstance, that he scarcely

could get a wink of rest. At last a thought struck him to get rid of so troublesome a neighbour, by very formally sending the Giant (as he was called) a *subpoena* to appear as a witness in a cause which was to have come on the next day.

The man, though conscious of his knowing nothing about the business alluded to, yet had sense enough to know, that if he once made his appearance in Court, the novelty of his person was at an end, very prudently decamped from his lodgings in the night, and took up his quarters at the next country town.

The Judge being one day at a circuit dinner, a petulant young lawyer of family was every now and then interrupting the conversation, by asking, "Who had seen the Elephant, that was then shewing at the King's Arms Tavern, one of the greatest curiosities in the world." After talking about this for some time at the bottom of the table, he put the same question to the Judge. Burnet saw the young man's folly, and very gravely replied, "He had not; but that he was very glad he mentioned the circumstance, as he was puzzled to know how to act, and would be obliged to him for his advice. The point is this:—As the showman and I have both entered this town preceded by trumpets, the great question is, who shall pay the first visit? Pray, Sir, can you inform me?"

Being once applied to by an old farmer in his neighbourhood for his advice in a law-suit, he heard his case with great patience, and then asked him, whether he ever put into a lottery? "No Sir," says the farmer, "I hope I have too much prudence than to run such risks." "Why then take my advice, my good friend, and suffer any inconvenience rather than go to law, as the chances are more against you there, than in any lottery."

Judge Burnet died the 8th of January, 1753, and left a small legacy to Lord Oxford, as a memorial of gratitude for his ancestor's (Sir Robert Walpole) early good advice to him, and liberality.

#### A RIDDLE.

A friend and an enemy; a blessing and a curse; saves life and takes it away; is long and short, round and square; smooth and uneven; straight and crooked, hard and soft, hot and cold; most wanted where it is in the greatest plenty; accommodates itself to all tastes; sweet and of a bad smell; strong and weak; sometimes able to carry great burthens, at others, will not bear a pin. For this, men make long journeys, though they have it at home. Is full of reflection; has the art to dissolve matrimony; causes famine and plenty. Has the privilege to kiss the fairest ladies; assists them in dressing, and is often the greatest ornament of their persons. Subservient, and overbearing. Death and a medicine. A fluid and solid; a mountain and a valley; has a numerous offspring, yet an enemy to children—the subject of miracles; a theme for poets; an improver of music; and has occasioned the finest architecture in the world.

#### MORAL.

##### ADVICE.

A CELEBRATED divine of our country, discoursing upon the marriage state, thus pertinently concludes:—"That those who enter into that relation, ought to be well qualified to discharge the duties of it with propriety and prudence. Social engagements are tender and solemn; nor ought they to be made without due consideration. Hasty and inconsiderate engagements are often followed by lasting sorrows and unhappy consequences to a rising family."

##### THE FORCE OF HABIT.

THE force of habit and the extreme danger of fixing any bad habit, particularly that of *drunkenness*, may be aptly illustrated by moralizing the following piece of natural history.

"On the coast of Norway is a dreadful whirlpool, called by the natives, Mealltroom, which signifies the navel of the sea. The body of the waters which form this whirlpool, is extended in a circle above thirteen miles in circumference. In the midst of this stands a rock, against which the tide, in its ebb, is dashed with inconceivable fury—when it instantly swallows up all things which come within the sphere of its violence.

"No skill in the mariner, nor strength of rowing, can work an escape. The sailor at the helm finds the ship at first go in a current opposite to his intentions; his vel-

fel's motion, though slow in the beginning, becomes every moment more rapid; it goes round in circles, still narrower and narrower, until at last it is dashed against the rock and entirely disappears."

And thus it fares with the hapless youth that falls under the power of any vicious habit. At first he indulges with caution and timidity, and struggles against the streams of vicious inclinations. But every relapse carries him further down the current, (the violence of which increases) and brings him still nearer to the fatal rock in the midst of the whirlpool; until at length, stupified and subdued, he yields without a struggle, and makes shipwreck of conscience, of interest, of reputation, and of every thing that is dear and valuable in the human character.

It should also be observed, on the other hand, that good habits are powerful as well as bad ones; therefore no better advice can be given to youth than the following: *Choose the most rational and best way of living, and habit will soon make it most agreeable.*

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We acknowledge with great pleasure, the receipt of some very delicate and elegant Stanzas, addressed to Mrs. Jones, on her performing the character of "Emma," in the new comedy of the "Marriage Promise." They are from the pen of a young female correspondent, whom we highly respect, and whose favours we earnestly solicit. This beautiful little poem shall adorn our next Magazine.

Several other Communications shall receive attention. "Juliette," a tale, translated from the French of Marmon- tel, for the Magazine, shall occupy the Novelist department as soon as we have completed "Sincerity." The translator will be pleased to receive our thanks for this and many other favours.

#### LITERARY.

WE are pleased to hear of Mr. Bingham's intention to publish LOGAN'S Sermons. Many will peruse them who read sermons, as other elegant works, for the beauties of the composition. No writer, except Dr. Blair, has been more celebrated for style and expression than Mr. Logan. In the introductory lecture, there is a judicious arrangement, and felicity of illustration, which must please those who love the sacred book. And the succeeding discourses will give pure delight to the pious soul; in which are mingled such glowing representation of character, such pathetic descriptions of our Saviour's sufferings, with the application of moral sentiment, to the concerns of human life, as can seldom be found in the same authors.—These discourses have passed through four editions in Great-Britain; and we doubt not the first American edition will be succeeded by as many in this country.

#### THEATRE.

ON Monday evening, the much admired play of ALEXANDER THE GREAT.—With the farce in two acts called Mrs. WIGGINS.

#### MARRIED.

In this town, Mr. Seth Lothrop, to Miss Nancy White; Mr. John Todd, to Miss Abigail Fenno; Mr. Nathaniel Petty, of Hingham, to Miss Hannah Lorrrey, of Gloucester.

#### DIED.

At Wiscasset, Mr. Henry Hopkins, printer, formerly of this town. At Charlestown, Mrs. Abigail Cutter, *Æt.* 35, wife of Mr. Ebenezer Cutter.

In this town, Mrs. Rebecca Fessenden, *Æt.* 39, wife of Mr. Benjamin F.; Mrs. Elizabeth Fernald, *Æt.* 34, wife of Capt. Abraham F.; Mrs. Mary Welsh, *Æt.* 83; Mrs. Mary Cazneau, *Æt.* 66; Mrs. Mary Waters, *Æt.* 75; Mrs. Mary Evans, *Æt.* 42, wife of Mr. Robert E.; Miss Mary Wheeler, *Æt.* 38, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas W.; Mr. Josiah Leavitt, organ-builder, *Æt.* 59; Mr. George L. Lindt, *Æt.* 49; Edward, youngest child of Mr. Turner Phillips, *Æt.* 4, & 4 mo.—Mr. Prout, *Æt.* 84; and 4 children. Total, 15.

#### THE ROAD TO FORTUNE—LOTTERIES.

TICKETS and Quarters in *Piscataqua-Bridge Lottery*, which commences drawing the 1st May, price 5 dollars, for sale by GILBERT & DEAN. This class contains only 10,000 tickets—highest prize 8,000 dollars. —Also, Tickets and Quarters in *South-Hadley Canal Lottery*, highest prize 10,000 dollars. The highest prize in the 4th class of South-Hadley, and many other valuable ones, amounting to TWENTY THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED and TWO DOLLARS, were sold at the fortunate and un-fortunate Lottery-Office of G. & D.

#### POETRY.

##### "FORGET ME NOT."—MRS. OPIE.

GO, youth beloved, in distant glades,  
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find!  
Yet sometimes deign, mid fairer maids,  
To think on her thou leav'st behind.  
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth to share  
Must never be my happy lot;  
But thou may'st grant this humble prayer,  
Forget me not, forget me not!  
Yet, should the thoughts of my distress  
Too painful to thy feelings be,  
Heed not the wish I now express,  
Nor ever deign to think on me.  
But, oh! if grief thy steps attend,  
If want, if sickness be thy lot,  
And thou require a soothing friend,  
Forget me not, forget me not!

##### THE FAIR EQUIVOQUE—AN EPIGRAM.

AS blooming HARRIET mov'd along,  
The fairest of the beauteous throng,  
The Beaus gaz'd on with admiration,  
Avow'd by many an exclamation.  
What form! what naïveté! what grace!  
What roses deck that Grecian face! [RIET'S,  
"Nay," DASHWOOD cries, "that bloom's not HAR-  
"Twas bought at Reynold's, More's or Marriot's,  
And tho' you vow her face untainted,  
I swear by G—, your Beauty's painted."  
A wager instantly was laid,  
And RANGER fought the lovely maid;  
The pending bet he soon reveal'd,  
Nor e'en the impious oath conceal'd.  
Confus'd—her cheek bore witness true,  
By turns the roses came and flew.  
"Your bet," she said, "is rudely odd;  
"But I am painted, Sir—by God."

##### For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

THE following picture of an *Old-Maid*, is extracted from Paine's poem, "The Ruling Passion." I have read it to my sister, who I fear will be one of the "Order," for if a young man happens to take her by the hand, she withdraws it with as much velocity, as a star shoots: indeed, the other evening we were in a large company, a young gentleman came in, who had not seen her for a long time, and wishing to testify his respect, took hold of her hand, and was just about saying—"I am happy to see you," when she gave him such a *twitch*, that her elbow rebounded against the side board and hurt her so cruelly that she could not refrain from crying.—Add to this, the sudden starting of several who sat near it, occasioned the breaking some articles that were upon it: really I was not sorry, that she met with this accident, and after we got home, observed to her, that if she had acted as other women do, she would not had to have borne the pain. One other thing, Messrs. Editors, is, that whenever she goes out, I am sure to be sent for her. If it happens that I want to go to the Theatre, mother says—"Sam, Harriot is on a party to Miss—, you must go for her at nine"—"Why?" replied I, "can't she do as other girls do.—You see Miss A. B. and C. have young men who take pride and pleasure in accompanying them, and are ever anxious to be where they are, and why can't the name of my sister be added to their list?" No; the truth is, that

that so long as she prefers me going about with her—no young man will ever attempt paying his addresses, the natural consequence will be that she will die an—OLD MAID.

BUT, see, what form, so sprig'd, behoop'd, and sleek,  
With modern head-dress on a block antique,  
Trips through the croud, and ogling all who pass,  
Stares most demurely thro' an *Op'ra glass*!  
Sunk in the wane, she courts the gay parade—  
A belle of PLATO's age—a sweet OLD MAID.  
While *she'd* her beauty, (for 'tis now a *ghost*!)  
The fair one's envy, and the fopling's toast,  
What slaughter'd hearts by her fierce eye-beams fell,  
Let fiction's broker's—bards and tombstones tell.  
Fled are the charms, which graced that ivory brow;  
Where smiled a *dimple*, gapes a *wrinkle* now:  
And e'en that pouting lip, where whilom grew  
The mellow peach-down, and the ruby's hue,  
No more can trace the ear with sweeter sounds,  
Than fairies warble on enchanted grounds!

Now, hapless nymph! she wakes from dreams of  
The knee adoring, and the stolen kiss, [bliss,  
And for the Persian worship of the eye,  
Meets the arch flimser of the *mimic* sigh.  
Still she relives her empire to regain,  
And rifles fashion, tortures art, to reign.  
Oft at the ball, she flaunts, in flowers so gay,  
She seems DECEMBER in the robes of MAY;  
And oft more coy, coquettes, behind her fan,  
That odious monster—dear, sweet creature, Man!

At length grown ugly, past the aid of gold;  
And, spite of essences and *rouge*, grown old;  
Each softer passion yields to pride's control,  
And four misanthropy usurps her soul.  
Now, first on Man, the spleeny gossip rails,  
Arraigns his justice, and his taste assails;  
Till, as her *tea's* exhausted fragrance flies,  
Her wit evaporates—her scandal dies.  
Yet still invidious of the art to bless,  
She blasts the joys, she lingers to possess;  
And, while on HYMEN's bridal rites she sneers,  
Her pillow trickles with repentant tears.  
While thus, to all her sex's pleasures dead,  
She vents her rage on ADAM's guilty head,  
Who rather chose, than lose his *rib* for life,  
To have the *crooked member* made a wife;  
From waking to vision'd bliss she flies,  
And dreams of raptures, which her fate denies.  
The tender flame, which warm'd her youthful mind,  
By AFFECTATION's mawkish rules confin'd,  
Though quench'd its heat, illumines with many a ray,  
The tedious evening of her fading day;  
And though unknown, unnotic'd, and unblest,  
Still suns th' INPASSIVE WINTER of her breast.

### THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL  
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.  
LETTER XXVIII—ANNE to ELINOR.

SARAH's Journal from the time she left Mrs. BELLAMY's,  
to the period of her meeting her Brother.

CONTINUED.

IN a closet belonging to the room where I slept, and indeed, where I pass almost all my solitary hours, I found an odd volume of Smollet's works; it was the first volume of Roderic Random; I sat down in the hope that it might occupy my mind, and draw me for a few moments from myself. I opened it at the part which gave an account of the young Roderic, and Strap, his companion setting forward on their journey to London; when I came to the pleasure they felt on being admitted into a waggon, which was going that road, I felt so forcibly that not even that humble mode of travelling was open to me, that I was, perhaps, separated from every being who was in the smallest degree interested in my fate, that I dropped the book and burst into an agony of tears. Yes, my Ann, I am so sensible of my unprotected forlorn situation, that I wished with all my soul, that I had never been provoked, by any

treatment whatever, to quit my husband; his name was at least a protection from insult; to him I had a right to look for support, and scanty and grudgingly as that support might be given, it still was no obligation to receive it from him. The house which shelters him is mine, I have purchased the right to share it at the price of all earthly happiness. I have never forfeited it, and if ever I am again united to him, I will never again be separated but by death; I can but be wretched, that I was so while with him, is true, superlatively so! but I am equally so now, and have added to my other miseries, the knowledge that my good name is tarnished, my reputation aspersed by the blackest calumny, and I am supposed to affect a virtue and delicacy which I no longer in reality possess.

The Marquis of H—— discovered my retreat very shortly after I had escaped from that house of infamy where he first saw me. I found from his conversation, that he thought me not entitled to the respect, which unfulfilled virtue never fails to extort, even from the most depraved. I hope I need not assure you that I resisted every allurement, though pressed on me in the most fascinating forms.—Independence—attendants—equipage—but the equivalent to be relinquished, was self approbation—A treasure too invaluable to be bartered for such worthless trifles.—Independence—yes! Power Eternal, give me Independence, but let it be independence of mind—let me persevere in doing right—let my actions be ever such as may secure thy favour and the applause of my own conscience; and then, though the unfeeling world may oppress, may break my tortured heart, I shall have that comfort left, which never will forsake me, but will support my fluttering spirit even through the gloomy vale of death.

I do not like my landlady, she is impertinently inquisitive and curious. I do not go by my own name, I took another in the hope it would elude any enquiry, which my persecutor might think proper to make after me, and though it answered not the designed purpose, I still continued my assumed one. The woman came abruptly into my room one morning, while I was looking over my little wardrobe, she examined every thing on which she could lay hold, made some impertinent remarks on the fineness of the linen, and the richness of that lace, with which you, my dear Ann, presented me on your return from France, soon after my marriage, and which was the only article of the kind, which I retained on Darnley's bankruptcy. She at length laid her hand on a pocket handkerchief, which was marked with my name at full length. I have an utter aversion to duplicity of every kind, and when she asked me whose name that was? I replied, it *was* mine.—She immediately replied haughtily, "Oh! then you are a married woman." And in a few moments inundated me with so many questions, answering some of them herself, according to her own vague conclusions, and interlarding all with so many old adages, and wife sayings, about prudence and virtue, withal intimating that she guessed I was a frail one, when I came there in such a hurry, and that when a woman has once ventured ankle deep, she may as well go on, for it was impossible to go back. I stood petrified at her effrontery; mistaking my silent astonishment for attention, she thus proceeded: "I suppose you thought now that we should have known nothing about you, but you had not been here three days, before I heard the whole story—how you have been living with Madam Bellamy, and every body knows what she is—but for my part, I wonder you treated lord what d'ye call 'em there so rudely—I dare say he would be very generous to you, and there is such a thing as oversteering one's market."—I had risen from my chair, while she was speaking, and holding the handkerchief which I had taken from her in my hand, was so absorbed in

vexatious thoughts, that I tore it in small strips, and threw it, strip at a time into the fire, without being sensible of what I was about. "Well, you may burn your handkerchief," said she, "if you please, but that argues nothing. I remember the name—Darnley, that was it, so Mrs. or Miss, or Madam, or my lady Darnley!"—"Quit my room, woman," said I, almost choked with indignation, and not giving her time to finish her taunting speech. "Quit the room I desire, I am busy, I do not want company of any kind. Think what you please, draw what conclusions you please, I only beg not to be tormented by hearing them." She made use of a few more exasperating words and then went muttering down stairs.

I am in hopes to get into employment here; I have made application to be received into some family as a companion to an elderly lady, or to superintend the instruction of children, and yesterday a person came to speak to me on the subject. It was a middle aged man who said he had been employed by a lady in the country, to enquire for a well educated woman, with the habits and manners of a gentlewoman, who would bear confinement, and be content to see but little company: For such a one she wanted as a companion, to read to her, sometimes to act as an amanuensis, as she is a person fond of literary pursuits. I did not feel inclined to enter into any engagement with this man, but told him such a situation would exactly suit me, but I must hear from the lady herself; he told me he would write and that in a day or two I might expect an answer; and in truth my dear Ann, it is high time, for I have changed my last crown; what I am to do if I am much longer without the means of earning bread, heaven only knows. I wrote to Mrs. Bellamy for the money she owed me, she had the effrontery to tell the messenger, that she knew nothing about me.—I know the selfish disposition of my inquisitive landlady too well, to indulge the hope that I should be allowed shelter under her roof many days, after she makes the discovery that I have no money to pay my lodging.

The negotiator, whose name is Manton, was with me again about an hour since; he tells me the lady is not at home at present, she is gone on a short visit, but the letter is sent after her, in the mean time, he seemed so sure of my obtaining the place, that he offered to advance me any money I might want. But this I have refused; I will suffer any necessity, rather than accept an obligation, I may never have the power to return—especially from a man.

My dear good Ann, you will hardly believe what bad hearts there are in this world. I have subjected myself to an insult, which has given my sensibility so keen a wound, that were I to live an hundred years, if memory retained a trace of any past transaction, the remembrance of it will ever give me an indescribable pang.

Pressed by necessity, and having no idea that human nature could be so depraved, I went in the close of the evening to the house of the infamous Bellamy. As I was known to the servant who opened the door, I found no difficulty in gaining admittance, but when, on being informed she was at home, I made an attempt to ascend the stairs, the girl told me, she dared not let me into her mistress's apartment, but if I would wait, she would carry up any message.—"Only tell her I am here, and wish to speak to her," said I. "It will be to little purpose," she replied, "but I will go." Determined to see her if possible, I followed the girl up the stairs.

BOSTON, (MASSACHUSETTS),  
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corner of the *Old State House*, *State Street*.

# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 10, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
THE GOSSIP—No. LVI.

*Nam neque chorde sonum reddit, quem vult manus et mens,  
Pescenque gravem persapè semittit acutum;  
Nec semper feriet quodcumque minabitur arcus.*

### TO THE GOSSIP.

SIR,

DO tell me if the evil, of which your correspondent, ARRABELLA ARTLESS complains, is not itself found in her letter to you. Is she to be informed, that girls of every age are conversant with these publications? There is inconsistency or mistake somewhere. Either she should have concealed her story from you, or you should have kept it from the knowledge of my children.

February 20, 1804.

A PARENT.

NO, there is no mistake, and I trust no inconsistency. If it be necessary to reprehend error, it must also be necessary to name it; and if the reprehension is given, with a view to amendment, should not the causes from which the error primarily proceeds be evidently pointed out? The mariner, about to sail into seas with which he was unacquainted, would think the pilot very unskilful who should simply say, "there are dangerous rocks and quicksands in those seas," without pointing out the course to be taken in order to avoid them. And such a mariner would surely be thankful to any one who would give him a correct chart, by which he might direct his course and escape shipwreck. But can this be done without the bearings, distances, exact situation, depth of water, and the appearance the rocks and land make at all times, be accurately stated? How should we reprobate an experienced seaman, who would say to one just entering on the profession, "in such a latitude and longitude, there is a delightful island; the shore is to be sure surrounded by tremendous rocks, whirlpools and eddies; but some have landed and found the fruits delicious: the inhabitants fascinating; the pleasures to be met with there, enchanting in the highest degree;" when he knows even to approach near is danger; to touch the shore inevitable ruin; and to taste the fruits it affords death.—Yet, such is the conduct of those writers, who, while they pretend to rail at vice, paint its votaries, its pretended pleasures, and fascinations, in such glowing colours, that it excites a desire in the youthful and inexperienced, to venture in the perilous voyage of life, to touch on the alluring shore of dissipation, where enticed onwards by its inhabitants Vice and Folly, they partake in an unrestricted manner of the fruits it yields, whose inebriating quality maddens the brain, corrupts the heart, and hurries the poor victim to everlasting destruction.

I have endeavoured to pursue an opposite plan; and before I presented my young readers with ARRABELLA's story gave it a careful perusal, to be certain that it conveyed no one idea that, "could mislead the unsuspecting heart, or vitiate the young untutored judgment."—If I have failed in the effect intended to be produced, be it remembered in extenuation of my failure, that the most scientific performer does not always produce from the chord he strikes, the sound he intended; nor the most skilful archer, perpetually strike the object, at which he aims his dart. The forming the morals and manners of young women is a subject of such importance, that it were ardently to be wished, some more masterly

hand would take up the pen. It may be argued that so many able hands have already treated on the subject that nothing more can be said. That CHAPONE, GREGORY, BENNET, MORE, and many others have successfully employed their pens in this service. True, but every age, every nation has its peculiar errors, and as the same mode of culture serves not for every flower, nor the same method of tillage agrees with every soil, the moral writer, like the attentive husbandman, should never slack his endeavours, but vary the means according to the season in which they are employed, and the different nature of the fruits, flowers, and plants he means to cultivate.

There are many avenues through which instruction may be conveyed to the human mind, but perhaps none which may be considered more pleasant, both to the writer and reader, than fable, allegory, or parable. Whether ARRABELLA's story be real or fictitious, I will not take upon me to determine; but in either case it appeared to me more likely, from the anguish of mind the writer evidently felt, to deter from, rather than incite to, error. At least, if it should be the means of calling forth the abilities of some skilful moralist, some writer well acquainted with the human heart, and stored with knowledge drawn from the writings of the ancients, both sacred and profane, to touch the subject, with art, delicacy, and energy; it will have answered one desirable purpose; and as I am not vain enough to imagine myself at the summit of perfection, nor ignorant enough to imagine that acknowledged excellence in another will detract from my own small share of merit, I should receive such a communication with the utmost gratitude, and give it to my readers, with cheerful satisfaction.

I know there are two classes of writers well received in general those who amuse the mind, and those who amend the heart. When I took up my pen, it was with the design of contributing to the former purpose in the most innocent manner; and if by so doing I may have been so happy as to have assisted sometimes to forward the latter more useful design, I shall think my time well bestowed.

I am not so weak as to dream, even in my most sanguine and self approving moments, (and all authors, good, bad, and indifferent, have those moments) of immortal fame. Alas! had I genius to acquire it, what would be its use to me? When perhaps at the moment when the erring sons of mortality were conferring on my memory the most laboured encomiums, I should stand in the presence of that GOD, to whom I must account for the design and tendency, not for the wit, taste, or elegance, with which the work was executed.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
NEATNESS.

ORDER is the handmaid of Neatness. See the order of the neat husbandman, his well stored barns, his well swept threshing floor, his entire fences, his well finished house, every thing about him discovers that he is thriving. See the correct merchant, whose goods are arranged in an order most pleasing to the eye, whose store is neat, and whose books are written carefully without a blot. See the lawyer whose library is in the most correct order, and who in a moment can lay his hand on any paper of consequence. See the young lady, who resolves that her dress shall be kept with care, and retain its beauty, always has it ready for use and in order. Go into a school where the scholars are neat, silent, obedi-

ent, and industrious, under the care of an instructor, in a neat room, applying without confusion, to their various pursuits, their books all correct and entire. Can any thing be more pleasing than this combination of order and neatness? and with what ease may it all be compassed by a single resolute exertion; how perfectly may it prevail in all our schools, and how numerous must be the advantages resulting from it. Neatness is as important in the country, as in the town, for the practice is not to be dictated by the probability of our being seen; but, by the principle of being fit to be seen. Instructors being highly interested in this arrangement, will feel every inducement to give example as well as precept, and so to arrange all the business, as that the scholars feeling the influence and benefits of order shall be induced to that neatness without which it cannot be preserved. To preserve this, a strict observance of hours should be observed, the business laid out so that all understand it, every thing conducted with a persevering flowness; particular days or hours appointed for speaking, or any other pursuit; privileges allowed to those who excel, unless they have appeared slovenly, or neglected the known order of the school. These arrangements with many other of a like kind have been found practicable in every respect; and in the school where they have been critically adopted, scholars have improved rapidly, to the great satisfaction of Masters, Parents, and the Public.—Let it ever be remembered that if we would cultivate neatness, order, diligence, virtue, or religion, the seeds sown in the spring of life are most likely to take deep root and bring forth abundance.

### OBSERVATIONS ON SOCIETY.

WE are apt to say, that when a person has, by reputation, riches, or promotion, acquired a high station in the world, he forgets his former friends, and ceases to have any regard for them; but in fact, his former friends much oftener cease to have any regard for him; nay, even hate him, from motives of jealousy and envy. Nevertheless, they formerly, with great sincerity, wished him all the good fortune which he now possesses, and assisted him, with all their power, in obtaining it.—Now when he has obtained it, they hate him. How happens this?—Vanity wore the mask of friendship; for we much oftener interest ourselves in behalf of an acquaintance through vanity, than through real regard. We wish to see him elevated to a certain height, in order that we may say, "He, who is so much exalted, is our friend." But as soon as his splendor begins to dazzle our eyes, we close them, and walk disdainfully away.

"He is a good kind of a man,"—I have often heard people say; and when I asked the reason, I have always found, they only call him a good kind of a man because he distinguished himself in no way whatever; or, in other words, because he was a cypher. The man most certain to be esteemed is he who neither by the endowments of genius, nor of fortune, stands in the way of any other.

I have heard some say they can wrap themselves in the cloak of innocence, and treat detraction with contempt; but this seems to me a very difficult thing. Slander is like a heavy shower, and though you may stand dry beneath the pentice of your conscience, the world does not see it; and, what is still worse, will not see it. Men, in this respect, differ from angels; they have more joy over one fallen sinner, than over a hundred just persons.

The greater the acknowledged merits of any one, the more severe will be the sentence passed upon any of his defects, real or imaginary. In the works of a man of genius, and in the conduct of an upright man, no trouble is taken to discover blemishes. On the contrary, many allowances are made for an author's abilities, and a villain, because they have



a broad track on which they are allowed to range at large. We are ready enough to find faults and blemishes in a man who has gained universal esteem, but we feel no difficulty in bringing to light the good side of a person who is universally decried. A decided fool, or a decided rascal, has at least the advantage that he is either no longer, in the smallest respect, the subject of conversation, or that any little thing which can be said in his favour is loudly proclaimed—for every thing which can be said against him is already known, and consequently no longer interesting.

It is only a heart replete with goodness and philanthropy which can pardon the superior understanding of another. He who endeavours, by his genius and understanding, to please mankind, acts as absurdly as if he were to introduce himself to a patron through the interference of that patron's deadliest foe.

Why are the men of this age more polite to each other, and less polite to the ladies, than in former times?

They are more polite to each other, because they have more sense, and less courage, than they had two centuries ago. They feel that it is folly to be engaged in eternal quarrels and combats; they therefore avoid them by an increase of civility and respect. There are more reasons why they are less polite to the ladies. In the first place, the ladies, (with all due respect be it said) are not quite so domestic, or virtuous, as their great grandmothers. Secondly, the former heroic attachment of knights, and the slavery attached thereto, are extinguished.—We love in quite a different way.—We have other things in our heads.—We think more of money than of fame in arms. The knights of former times had nothing to do, but wield their lance and love their mistresses; they therefore attended to these two pursuits with all their ardour.

### MORAL.

*The memory of that friend to his country, GEORGE WASHINGTON, being dear to every American, we think we cannot oblige our readers more, than by presenting them with the following ADDRESS, delivered at the COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, on the 22d ult. being the Anniversary of the day which gave birth to that PATRIOT, HERO, AND HONOUR TO HUMAN NATURE.]*

Columbian Museum,  
Boston, Feb. 22, 1804.

### ADDRESS.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTH.  
MY RESPECTED AUDITORS!

WE are assembled, on this Anniversary of the BIRTH of Gen. WASHINGTON, to pay a tribute of respect to his MEMORY. More than four years have now elapsed since he departed this life. You have not ceased to admire his character and venerate his name. I beseech you, then, to honour me with your kind attention, while I say a few words on so solemn and impressive a subject.

For me to attempt to speak elaborately on his achievements and merits, might be deemed impertinent, after those themes have been so frequently and so ably treated by men of the most distinguished talents of the age. To say nothing might indicate want of sensibility. Familiar as all the momentous and interesting facts are to your minds, you will pardon us for not passing this MEMORABLE DAY in ungrateful silence. But, difficult as the task is, to discover new topics, or repeat observations which have already been made, without impairing their effect; you must permit us to endeavour to revive the strong emotions, which every breast in this assembly experienced at the news of his death, rather by the vision of that beloved form, than by a description of his unrivalled deeds. What can effect our weak conceptions more forcibly, than to contemplate his countenance, mild and dignified, as when he dwelt with us on earth? It remains for us then, abstracting our thoughts from every unworthy object, to prepare our minds for contemplating the visible presence of that illustrious personage, with enraptured enthusiasm tempered with chastified affection. We acknowledge with humble adoration, the source from whence every blessing flows. Far be it from us, therefore, to idolize a mortal like ourselves. But, truly there is no idolatry in appreciating the worth of WASHINGTON, as an instrument employed by Providence for the accomplishment of great good for our land.

He was enabled to confer more essential benefits on his country, than ever were rendered to any other country by any human character.

How can we better pay the tribute of respect to his MEMORY, than by recollecting his actions, following his counsels and fulfilling our obligations?

### MY RESPECTED FELLOW CITIZENS!

YE are my witnesses, that his VIRTUES in private life, merited the highest esteem; while his WORTH as a public character, consisted in his having, with singular success, devoted a long life to the service of his country. And perhaps no example can be produced from history, where the demonstrations of public gratitude have been more justly commensurate with uncommon merits.

If the SPIRIT of WASHINGTON, and those of his ancient associates, who have ascended from these transitory scenes of trouble and sorrow to the regions of unchanging bliss, are conscious of our feelings at this affecting and awful moment, may we not invoke their tutelary aid for that country, to whose defence they consecrated their mortal existence? And shall not the purified eye of the mind behold that celestial cohort, with kindred love and enlarged capacity, hovering over their native land? Yes—oh! thou SOUL of WASHINGTON! thy apparition shall soon seem to be clothed with light, as with a garment. Thy gallant companions, fresh in unfading youth, and dazzling with IMMORTAL SPLENDOR, shall form the luminous van of thy approaching advent.

### Set to Music.

Oh, WASHINGTON! appear,  
To every bosom dear,  
From worlds of light;  
From powers of bliss descend,  
Thy country still defend,  
While Patriots' Shades attend,  
In visions bright.

Shades of the Brave! who fighting by his side!  
Liv'd for your country, for your country died!

If ye behold us from the holy place,  
"Angels and spirits, ministers of grace,"  
And sanctified forms, who erst incarnate strove  
Through thorny paths to reach the bliss above!  
Protect our orphan'd land; propitious still,  
To virtue guide us, and avert from ill.

ANCIENT OF DAYS! unutterable name!  
At whose command all worlds from nothing came!  
Beneath whose frown the nations cease to be,  
Preserve, as thou hast made, our nation free!  
To guard from harms, send forth thy hallow'd band!  
Be thou a wall of fire around our land!  
A tower of strength above all flesh and sense!  
And in the midst our glory and defence!

Open, ye gates, insin' with vital force!  
That earth with heav'n may hold high intercourse!  
Open ye portals of eternal day!  
Through worlds of light prepare the glorious way!  
Come, sons of bliss, in bright'ning clouds reveal'd!  
Myriads of Angels throng th' aerial field!  
Come, sanctified spirits! and from thy happier home,  
Thou, WASHINGTON! our latter angel, come!  
And, lo! what vision bursts upon my sight?  
Rob'd in th' unclouded majesty of light!  
'Tis HE—and hark! I hear, or seem to hear!  
A more than mortal voice invade my ear!  
"To me," the vision cries, "to speak is giv'n—  
"Mortals attend the warning voice of heav'n!  
"Your likeness love! adore the pow'r divine!  
"So shall your days be blest; your end like mine!  
"So will Omnipotence your freedom guard,  
"And INDEPENDENCE be your great reward!"

Mr. BOWEN is much gratified that he is enabled to inform those ladies and gentlemen who have afforded him their patronage in the celebration of this ANNIVERSARY, that the PROSE part of the ADDRESS was written, at his solicitation, by a Gentleman who was formerly in the FAMILY of the COMMANDER IN CHIEF. And that the substance of the concluding lines is extracted from a POEM on the death of Gen. WASHINGTON, now in the press.

\* A curtain is here imperceptibly drawn, and discovers the object of the allusion.

GAMING.—Love of Gaming corrupts the best principles in the world; like a quicksand, it swallows up a man in a moment.

## AMUSING.

### THE EVENING CIRCLE.

WELCOME sweet evening—time of social converse; when tired limbs throw off the chains of labour, and the mind, crowded with the cares of study, asks relaxation.—The rude blast now whistles round the corniced mansion, and the ethereal expanse is decorated with ten thousand glittering tapers, which allume some distant heaven; whilst argent Phebe mounts the acclivity of the vast concave, and beams on tired mortals the reflected ray.—Now meets the boozey rabble to revel away the stings of guilt, in the illusions of intoxication; while others seek to banish care by tracing out the mazes of the dance. The general object is to unbend the mind by scenes of entertainment, or restore strength and vigour to the debilitated powers of the body.

The youth, furcharged with sedulous attention to the business of the day, leaves his perplexities with the setting sun, and hastes to his source of happiness—the smiling circle of the fair. Here brightly glances delight to convene—here every virtue which can beautify the female mind, finds grateful acceptance. Vice, affrighted at the bright convention, shrinks back in terror and confusion, nor dares to cast her sanguine eye to this seat of polite refinement. Modesty flushes each cheek with the innocence expressing bloom—Sentiments which do honour to humanity flow from every tongue—while every eye beaming the glance of tenderness, bespeaks within, a soul of friendship; and that friendship which like a meridian sun, warms the soul of all who approach its genial ray.—There the virtues concentrate—here the graces play—until yon elevated sentinel, in dictatorial tone, strikes once aloud for every Muse; then fair Ethelinda, Eleonora, Aphelia, the two Elizas and their amiable sisters, move on to join nature in silent repose.

### HEROISM OF A PEASANT.

THE following generous action has always struck me extremely; there is somewhat even of sublime in it.

A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Verona, except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer, or porter, I forget which; and who, with his whole family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction. They were discovered from the banks, stretching forth their hands, screaming and imploring succour, while fragments of this remaining arch were continually dropping into the water.

In this extreme danger, a nobleman, who was present, a count of Pulverini, I think, held out a purse of one hundred sequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take boat, and deliver this unhappy family. But the risk was so great of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, or of being dashed against the fragments of the bridge, or of being crucified by the falling stones, that not one, in the vast number of spectators, had courage enough to attempt such an exploit.

A peasant, passing along, was informed of the proposed reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he, by strength of oars, gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile; and the whole family safely descended, by means of a rope.

"Courage!" cried he, "now you are safe."

By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and family to shore.

"Brave fellow!" exclaimed the count, handing the purse to him, "here is the promised recompense."

"I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant, "my labour is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife, and children. Give the purse to this poor family, which has lost all."

### APOSTROPHE TO IDLENESS.

IDLENESS, thou bane of every estimable quality, thou pander of every vice! in what colours of infamy oughtest thou to be painted, and how dangerous is it to indulge thy carresses! Beneath thy enervating blandishments every corruption springs up, and every virtue is obscured. It is thou that sinkest the love of honourable performance in the bed of inglorious ease. It is thou that holdst out the oblivious draught of what duty calls to perform; and when once thy cup is tasted to intoxication, farewell every hope of fame, farewell every wish for dis-

inction. Bound in thy fetters, talents, whether natural or acquired, are useless; and even the brightest virtues become tainted by folly, or contaminated by perverse passions. I have seen proud lords of nature stoop to thy bewitchings, until they encumbered the very earth on which they dwelt, and only lived to disgrace themselves and burthen the community.

#### THE FASHIONS.

LONDON, FEB. 12, 1804. A most elegant article for Ladies' Gowns has made its appearance in the higher circles; it is called the Union Poplin, and combines the lustre and consistency of the Irish poplins, with the softness of the finest muslin.

#### ANECDOTES.

A BARRISTER, as remarkable for pleasantry as a good appetite, on hearing it remarked what a quantity of ham he had eaten at breakfast, observed, that he had been only taking *extracts* from Bacon's *Abridgement*.

A MAN whose name was *Cotton*, having a dispute with a neighbour, they agreed to decide the business by their fists; and the former being vanquished, a punning spectator observed, "*Cotton is Worsted*."

A WHITE man meeting an Indian, asked him, "Whose Indian are you?" To which the copper-faced genius replied, "I am God Almighty's Indian, whose are you?"

### THESPIAN DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### THEATRICAL REGISTER.

FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1804.

*Clandestine Marriage*, and *Mrs. Wiggins*.

MONDAY, MARCH 5.

*Rival Queens*, and *Mrs. Wiggins*.

The contemptible thing, called *Mrs. Wiggins*, was this evening laid aside; and we think it merits no further exertion to preserve it from oblivion.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7.

*The Stranger*, *KOTZEBUE*, and *The Wags of Windsor*.

The interesting and justly celebrated drama, called, "*The Stranger*," by *KOTZEBUE*, was this evening presented to a respectable audience. This play will always be a favourite, with those whose hearts are warmed by pity and compassion, whose souls expand with benevolence and friendship. To the four and peevish misanthrope, or the "*cold, repulsive sceptic*," it will never be pleasing.

"Not be woe cannot weep, but he who can,

"Shows the great soul, and proves himself a man."

To speak of the merits of any one performer in particular, would perhaps be doing injustice to all the rest. The whole performance was spirited, and we thought, uncommonly correct.

*The Stranger*, by Mr. BARRETT, and Mrs. Haller, by Mrs. POWELL, excited the warmest applause, signified, not by the clapping of hands, but by the melting eye, the sure undoubted token of a sympathizing heart.

We do not recollect to have seen Mr. DICKENSON before in the character of *Solomon*, or Mr. WILSON in that of "*his son Peter*." They both appeared to be perfectly at home, and contributed largely to keep "all in good humour."

The play was succeeded by "*The Wags of Windsor*," which we are willing, without hesitation, to pronounce the most entertaining after-piece we have seen this season. *Deputy Bull*, *Looney Macduller*, *John Lump*, and *Caleb Quotem*, met with their proper representatives; and it would be difficult to determine which excited the most ribibility.

Mrs. JONES was very pleasing in *Plebe*, and justly received approbation. *Grace Gaylove* is a character well suited to the person and talents of Mrs. DARLEY; and had the author seen her performance, his utmost wishes must have been gratified.

ALTAMONT.

#### THEATRICALS EXTRAORDINARY.

THE celebrated play of "*How to grow Rich*," which has lately drawn such crowded audiences at the *Lottery Theatre*, in London, is now getting up, and will positively be performed on the 15th of May, for the benefit of *Piscataqua Bridge*, and will be repeated on the 24th, for the benefit of *South Hadley Canal*—Being a piece of general interest, it justly commands public attention.—The inviting musical entertainment of "*Just in Time*," is also nearly ready for representation. Among its numerous and pleasing airs, the two favourite Songs to the tunes of *Eight and Ten Thousand Dollars*, will be performed with astonishing richness of harmony and execution.—The Theatre being the property of Fortune, she has appointed GILBERT & DEAN, to be Masters of the Ceremonies, and the "SILVER TICKETS" are issued (exclusively) at their Office, State-street.—Ladies and Gentlemen of taste, desirous of enjoying this incomparable entertainment, ought to secure places immediately, as most of them are already engaged.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

H. G. W.'s Verses have merit; but we think if he were to give them a revival before they are presented to the public, he might improve them; especially we would direct his attention to the 4th, 9th and 13th stanzas.

"Tacitus," on Ingenuity, accepted.

Verses to "Miss H. W.," too incorrect for insertion.

"Peter Punctilio," shall appear.

Eliza's favours will shortly grace our Miscellany.

Several humorous pieces have been received—their appearance shall speak our thanks to the friendly communicators.

We are obliged to the Correspondent who has sent the commencement of the history of Maria Arnold, but the Novel Department is already so well supplied with materials, it would be a very long time before it could appear—we therefore beg leave to decline it.

### VARIETY.

#### PROGRESS OF LITERATURE.

THE "Philadelphia Company of Bookfellers," thinking that the growing interests of Literature in this country have for some time required a vehicle to communicate literary information, as well of Books already published, as of those contemplated to be put to the press, have commenced a Paper, entitled "*The Library, or Philadelphia Literary Reporter*," wherein it is their intention to give notice of the volumes they publish, and of those for which they solicit subscriptions. This paper will be delivered gratis to the Patrons of Literature, applying therefor and paying the postage.—Perhaps, it is to be wished, that other Companies of Bookfellers in the United States would follow this example; literary men would then be informed where they might obtain those volumes which they want. It may be proper to add, that it would be an useful extension of this plan to publish a catalogue of the new foreign publications of merit, which are imported into the country.—The above paper may be seen at this Office, and those who wish to receive it, by leaving their names, shall be forwarded to the publisher at Philadelphia.

#### PENMANSHIP.

Mr. H. Dean, Preceptor of a School at Salem, advertises, "that he has carried into complete effect a practical system of Penmanship; and has the satisfaction to announce that FORTY different hands are now taught, and can be correctly acquired in his School."

MELANCHOLY.—The news of the loss of the U. S. frigate *Philadelphia*, Capt. Bainbridge, has reached town, and the crew, consisting of 350 men, it is feared, will all be made prisoners by the Tripolitans! While in chase of a Tripolitan cruiser, off Tripoli, she struck on a rock

and after four hours manly resistance, was obliged to strike to the gun boats.

CHARITY.—Mr. Bowen's Columbian Museum will be open on *Monday Evening* next, for the benefit of the poor at this inclement season. *Laudable and praise worthy.*

#### MARRIED.

In this town, Mr. Samuel Hiclbom, jun. to Miss Mary Dall—Mr. John Fish, to Miss Jane Wasket—Mr. Joshua Barrett, to Miss Ann Barrett—Mr. Samuel P. Tufts, to Miss Mary F. Prince—Mr. Amos Green, to Miss Elizabeth Foster—Mr. David Walker, to Miss Betsey Gill.

#### DEATHS.

In this town, Mr. John Green, *Æt.* 53, a very useful and active citizen.—Mr. James Summers, *Æt.* 30.—Mrs. Ann Orcutt, *Æt.* 72.—Mr. Abraham Bachus, *Æt.* 29.—Mrs. Elizabeth Greenleaf, 69.—Mr. Joseph Bassett, *Æt.* 53.—Mrs. Mary Coffin, *Æt.* 77; and 6 others. Total 13.

### POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE,  
STANZAS,

Inscribed to Mrs. JONES, on her performing the character of "*Emma*," in the new Comedy of the "*Marriage Promise*."

SWEET EMMA, how dear to delight

Are the *wild notes* of minds we admire!

How jocund thou seem'st o'er the fight,

Yet by softness and sense can'st inspire!

Thou Nature's own colors can'st blend;

Truth tempers thy feeling—thy glee;

And thy *pathos*—thy *frolic* contend,

Whose the myrtle-wreath chaplet shall be.

When thou trip'st, the arch inmate of MIRTH,

Wit points thy illustrative mien;

In each beam, dimpled JOY has his birth,

In each step, his blithe gambols are seen.

When thou plead'st for thy mother, thy HEART

Breathes so tender and touching a tone,

Its throbs to our bosoms impart

Each sorrow, which harrows thy own.

In thy song, bland EUPHONY is wooed,

With as fond and enamored a grace,

As NARCISSUS once doatingly viewed

The lov'd stream, which reflected his face.

Thus thy charms, while they rivals appear,

Like confederate sisters, beguile;

As thy EYE, while it melts with a tear,

Acquires a new lustre to smile.

Thus too, the chaste MORAL, that flows

From thy carrol, its magic refines;

As the ice-drop embosoms the rose,

To spangle the bud it enshrines.

LAVINIA.

[As genius has not only the faculty of enlightening, but likewise of dazzling us by its uncommon splendour, it is the part of just criticism, to endeavour to prevent our being led into errors by mistaking its fascinating glare instead of its useful light. In the writings of the respectable author of the *NIGHT THOUGHTS*, where obscure diction amidst affected antithesis and brilliant point is but too frequently found, are many awful monitions expressed in such clear language as to merit the highest commendations. A specimen is presented in the following lines, of what is conceived to be truly

#### ELEGANT.

"HOW deep implanted on the breast of man  
The dread of DEATH? I sing its sovereign cure.  
Why start at DEATH? where is he? DEATH arriv'd,  
Is past—not come or gone, he's never be.  
Frè *Lope*, sensation fails; black-boding man  
Receives not suffers DEATH a tremendous blow.  
The knell, the shroud, the mattock and the grave,  
The deep damp vault, the darkness and the worm  
These are the bug-bears of a winter's eve,  
The terrors of the *Living* not the *Dead*."

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

To ———

THE moon full majesty display'd,  
Resting sublime on azure throne;  
Nature in wintry garb array'd,  
In drefs of spangled ermine shone,  
The stream as if by magic bound,  
Appear'd condensed, a silver plain;  
Where skim'd in many a sportive round,  
On skates up-borne, the stripling swain.

The loud laugh burst upon the ear,  
And shouts of triumph fill'd the vale;  
Blithe sounds that spoke nor care nor fear,  
Swell'd on the bosom of the gale.

The air though keen, was pure and still,  
The spirits danced their nimble round;  
While now and then some pause to fill,  
We caught the sleigh-bells cheerful sound.

methinks I now the scene review,  
"Dear happy hours, return," I cry;  
Surely the scene is known to you,  
For you beheld it, you were by.

With you more happiness I've known,  
More real pleasure have enjoy'd,  
In a few hours which now are flown,  
Than a whole dreary life beside.

Your presence cheers the wintry gloom,  
And makes e'en summer's sun more clear;  
For with you Truth and Friendship come,  
And sacred Honour hovers near.

AURA.

[At so rigorous a season as the present, the EDITORS flatter themselves no apology will be necessary, for calling the attention of every reader of sensibility, by the following lines, to the cheerless situation of those who are pinched with cold and penury.]

DARK is the night and loud the wind,  
The snow in heavy flakes descends;  
And, like the friendship of mankind,  
Beneath each blast the cottage bends.

An aching head and anxious heart,  
The levities of rhyme disdain,  
Can sounds tranquillity impart  
To age and penury and pain?

Almighty Father! stretch thine arm,  
In mercy o'er yon trembling shed;  
That home has lost each humble charm,  
For health and peace and hope are fled.

IMPROMPTU.

In admiration of the downy luxuriance faintly shadowing  
the lower hemisphere of an heavenly countenance.

SAINT Thomas Aquinas all angels supposes  
With beards are provided as well as with noses;  
Yet no text hath been found to confirm what he saith,  
And make it an item of orthodox faith.—  
Sure to help a lame Saint o'er a stile is no sin!  
"You'll find chapter and verse, Tom, on Caroline's chin.

## THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL  
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XXVIII—ANNE to ELINOR.

SARAH's Journal from the time she left Mrs. BELLAMY's,  
to the period of her meeting her Brother.

CONTINUED.

THE servant opened the door. I perceived there  
were several persons in the room. "Ma'am," said the  
girl, "Mrs. Darnley is below and wishes to speak to

you." "Who," cried Mrs. Bellamy, "Darnley, did you  
say? What does she want here?" "I came," said I, ad-  
vancing into the room, "to request the payment of the  
money."—"Money, woman! what money? I believe  
if there is any account to settle, it is vastly in my favour;  
did I not pay your journey from London? and did you  
not board in my family three months?" "Was not that  
your engagement?" I asked. "Don't talk to me of en-  
gagements, creature, you have broken every engagement  
you ever entered into. Did you not agree to remain with  
me and take the care of my grand-daughter, and yet  
you took yourself off without assigning any reason, with-  
out giving me even the smallest notice; putting me to the  
expense and inconvenience of hiring a French maid for  
the child. But I know all your tricks; your going out  
when I was not at home; your private assignations with  
the men. Yes, and I know who you went away with too; the  
Marquis did not so suddenly leave Mrs. O'Donnell's that  
evening, and be absent two or three hours, for nothing,  
after he had engaged himself to sup and spend the evening  
there with Lord Linden. Your husband shall know all  
your fine pranks, I promise you. I have written to him;  
poor man! I dare say he has thought you a pattern of  
virtue, but I have undeceived him."

"And what have you dared to write?" said I, with  
some degree of spirit. "Pretty innocent," said she, taunt-  
ingly, "you have done nothing I suppose, to make a hus-  
band *born mad*;—you are all purity, but indeed I wonder  
I demean myself by talking to you; go, pray walk off  
and let me hear no more of you."

Ann, I do protest to you, conscious as I was of not de-  
serving this treatment, of never having swerved from  
my duty as a wife, my innocence would not support me  
under this torrent of abuse; I felt my heart sick with-  
in me, and I caught by the back of a chair to avoid  
sinking, (for she had insolently kept me standing, while  
she spoke to me.) Poor little Caroline, who was in the  
room, had been sidling towards me from the moment of  
my entering; she now took hold of my hand and said  
"Sit down, Mrs. Darnley." "Sit down, indeed," said the  
unfeeling Bellamy. "I say, walk down; come away  
Caroline, I won't have you speak to the impudent——,"  
and she called me a name, my beloved Ann, which my  
pen refuses to trace upon my paper. Fluttered as my  
spirits were, and—and—why should I conceal it? I had  
not broken my fast that day.—Awakened resentment,  
struggling sensibility, joined to want of food, overcame  
me and I fell.—My insensibility was not of long con-  
tinuance; the first thing I was sensible of, was, that Mrs.  
O'Donnell was supporting my head against her bosom,  
and Caroline's little hand was bathing my temples with  
Hungary water.—"Poor thing," said one of the visitors, in  
a voice so gentle and tender, that though I knew she  
was a woman of despicable character, I felt grateful; and  
if looks could speak, I thanked her, for the soothing ac-  
cent. "endeavoured to rise. "Lean on me," said the  
same person, offering her arm. "Give her a glass of  
wine," said Mrs. O'Donnell. Caroline flew to the side-  
board.—"Let the wine alone," said Mrs. Bellamy, "she  
has had enough already, I can see that, she is drunk, it is  
not the first time I have seen her in these kind of fits—  
come," continued she, addressing me, "you had better  
make the best of your way home; bed is the fittest  
place for you; if you had been in your senses you  
would never have presumed to come here dunning me  
for money; there Molly, take the creature down stairs;  
give her a little small beer, and as soon as she can walk  
without staggering, let her go about her business; for  
my part, I wonder how she got here."—I would have  
spoken, I would have given some answer to this opprobri-  
ous language, but the tears flowed almost to suffocation.  
I raised my clasped hands to Heaven, and my sobs en-

creased with such violence, that I feared I should have  
an hysterical fit. "Take her away, take her away," vocif-  
erated the old woman, "she has got quite in her tragedy  
airs."—I found that to speak was impossible, so leaning  
on the arm of Molly, I bowed my head in resignation to  
my fate, and left the room.—The servant had some feel-  
ings of humanity, she took me into the back parlour,  
and procured me from the kitchen, a cup of tea and a  
slice of bread and butter. I took them, and felt refresh-  
ed. While I was drinking the tea, Caroline came in, "I  
am sorry," said she, "Grandma has been so cross to you;  
Mamma sends you this, and says if you will call on her  
to-morrow, she will do something for you."—The dona-  
tion sent, was half a guinea.—Ann, my soul revolted, but  
necessity was strong, and reflecting that more than four  
times that sum was owing to me, I took the money, and  
having in some measure recovered myself, returned to  
my lodging.

Is it possible, that woman can have been so base, as  
wilfully to calumniate a being who never injured her?  
can she have written to Darnley such an infamous false-  
hood? and will he believe her? I know not how she can  
have learnt how to direct to him, unless she has noticed  
his address on my letters at any time whilst I was with  
her. You too, my dear Ann, will hear the shocking tale,  
I have no doubt; but you will not believe it—I know  
you will not. Oh! my poor heart, how it aches. I will  
try to rest—nay, forlorn and desolate as I am, I shall rest,  
for I can lay my throbbing head on the pillow and say,  
"I am persecuted, but I am innocent," at least of the hu-  
milating degrading crimes of which my enemy accuses  
me; and for the errors to which human nature is prone,  
I can say in perfect confidence, "Father! Father of All! for-  
give me, as from my inmost soul I forgive others."—Yes, I  
am not so wretched as I might be, I can sleep in peace.

Several letters have passed between me and Mrs. Ryan,  
the lady with whom I am about to engage as companion.  
She tells me, she does not expect to be home these ten  
days yet, but I may go to her house in the country and  
wait for her. This permission is very agreeable to me  
as I am here very much distressed. You are certain that  
I have never been to Mrs. O'Donnell for assistance, and  
the half guinea she sent me is exhausted.—My terror of  
again encountering the vulgar abuse of that savage Bella-  
my, is so great, that I think I could suffer almost the ex-  
treme of hunger, rather than solicit her again, for what  
is indubitably my right. I shall be obliged to leave part  
of my scanty wardrobe with the woman with whom I  
have lodged; I have no other means of satisfying her  
demands: she has set her mind upon the lace you gave  
me, but that she shall not have.

I have settled every thing with this harpy of a land-  
lady, and my stock of apparel is now reduced very low;  
she has promised, if I send her the money I owe, within a  
month, that I shall have my clothes again. To-morrow,  
I set out for the country; Mr. Manton will convey me  
in a post chaise. I shall not feel right until I see the la-  
dy of the mansion. I catch myself frequently painting  
in imagination, her person, her manners, her style of con-  
versation, &c. I have drawn twenty different pictures,  
and it is ten to one if either of them bears the smallest re-  
semblance to the original.

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Ezekiel R. D. Jr.

# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 17, 1864.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE PASSENGER—No. XXII.

DURING the conversation mentioned in the last number, some company came in, who soon entered into the spirit of the debate, and a short time discovered that every person present had suffered from the neglect of duty and the insolence of servants. Some such accounts were given of impositions suffered from this class, that the landlady's provocation subsided, and it was succeeded by an apparent exultation, in comparing the impudence of which she complained, with the various abuses which had been sustained by others. The company present was composed of such as were, or had been housekeepers, and every individual had a charge to prefer. It was not long before the numerous complaints, produced queries from one to the other, of this nature, "And why did not you do so and so?" To this question, one general answer was given, though varied in expression, which amounted to this,—that employers were bound by law to fulfil their engagements to servants, but that servants were under no obligation to fulfil their part of the obligation, and that nothing was left in the power of the employer, but to suffer and keep changing.

Mr. BLUNT, who had been silently listening to the conversation, now improved the first opportunity of advocating the cause of the absent party.—Why Ladies, said he, you must extend equal rights to all citizens, is it not right that you should have the liberty of dismissing a servant when you are dissatisfied? And on their part, is it not right that they should leave a place in which they are dissatisfied? And when they leave this place, is it not right that they should receive their wages? It was acknowledged on all hands that these were reciprocal rights; but, said one of the ladies, permit me to ask you some questions, respecting rights. Is it right that in a compact between two persons, the law should bind one party to the fulfilment of their duty, and leave the other to neglect their obligations, without the smallest injunction to fulfil it? Is it right that I should employ a person to perform certain duties, and be obliged to pay that person for lying in a state of intoxication, at a time when the performance of those duties is most wanted? Is it right that in the midst of the most busy domestic occupations, I should be abruptly deserted without notice, and insulted without ceremony? Is it right that instead of decent behaviour, for which I contract, my children are to be instructed in the most profane language in my absence? Is it right that I should be made to suffer, for the most gentle endeavours to correct these base habits? Is it right that there should be no power in the State for correcting these evils, nor any person appointed whose duty it is to hear and redress them? Is it right that the same contemptible being, who is capable of these and many other infamous practices, should go directly to another family with the fairest professions, and there conduct in the same manner, without their receiving a communication of the truth? Is it right that this game should be played throughout the whole city, without one public effort toward a due regulation of the conduct of those on whom the people rely for domestic assistance? Or, is it right that they who engage to give such assistance, and who have no other means of support, should be thus permitted to cultivate every vice, whereby to poison the springs of morality?

Mr. BLUNT replied, that he could not advocate such instances of misconduct, nor could he deny that they existed, for he had witnessed them; but, said he, it is not easy to correct them I believe, without infringing on the rights of individuals.

Why, said one of the ladies, are not these instances of gross infringement on my rights? and why is it to be suffered, if there be so much delicacy respecting rights? Let the mutual rights be supported, and the errors will cease. But how is this to be done? said another.

To the question I replied, that this was a subject, upon which a gentleman in the stage had lately given his opinion of a reform; and his propositions appeared so reasonable, that I did not doubt the company would acknowledge their usefulness and practicability. This produced a request that I would describe them. I readily accepted the invitation and related the remarks of the Doctor upon this topic, as given in No. 8, of the Passenger. The company were so well pleased with the system, that they unanimously agreed to use their endeavours to have it brought into immediate operation; and Mr. BLUNT as readily engaged to arrange the particulars; knowing, as he said, that if the ladies undertook and pursued it with energy, nothing could prevent their ultimate success; which he observed would be attended with a benefit, not only to themselves and employers in general, but to the very persons against whom such heavy complaints were now justly exhibited.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

IN looking over a late London publication in which the enclosed was found, and at the time being afflicted in the same way, I discovered beauties that perhaps any other in a different situation would pass over unnoticed: if however, you discover any thing in it worthy to entitle it to a corner in your esteemed Magazine, you will give it a place, and oblige your constant reader and a customer,

## MEDITATION

ON THE

### DEATH OF A BELOVED CHILD,

BY A PARENT.

"Some messenger of God my door bids pass'd,  
From earth returning, saw the beauteous flower;  
Transported, gathered it, and in his hand  
Bore it to heaven, rejoicing!"

LOVELY babe! how art thou changed! a little while ago I beheld thee healthy, sprightly, and active; affording thy parents a pleasing prospect of continuance with them, and that thou wouldst live to gladden their hearts, to employ their affectionate attentions, to alleviate their sorrows, to sweeten their cares, and to attend them to their peaceful abode, the grave. Thou hast been but a transient sojourner in this vale of tears; thou didst taste at an early period, of the sorrows attendant on existence, and thou hast now felt the bitterness of death. Often have I seen thee seated on the knee, and solacing thyself at the breast; have beheld thy smiles, heard thy engaging, though inarticulate voice; have witnessed those artless and undissembled, yet sufficiently distinct and evident tokens of joy, on my return after a short absence, with the liveliest emotions, and such as only a parent can feel. Thy early malady and thy occasional pains excited my tenderest sympathy; and thy late improving health increased my satisfaction, and brightened my prospect, a prospect now, alas! completely blasted. But in what an affecting state have I since beheld thee! thy parched frame, thy melancholy moans, thy bedimmed eyes, thy distorted countenance, thy painful efforts to breathe, are deeply imprinted on my memory. Could neither prayers, nor tears, nor parental solicitude avail any thing? Alas!

they were all fruitless. It was the will of heaven that thou shouldst stay with us no longer.

Now thou liest a stiffened corpse! thine eye looketh upon me no longer! How cold are those lips I have so often kissed! how dim those eyes that used to sparkle, and have so often brightened mine. The rose on thy cheeks is exchanged for the lily; and the crimson fluid which once circulated in thy veins, is now become stagnant. No more must I see thee smile, stretch out thine arms, solace thyself with nature's fluid, behold thy playful-gesticulations, or receive thine endearing embraces. All thy senses are closed; thy little life is gone! I sigh, but thou dost not hear; the tears start from my eyes, and bedew my cheeks, but thou regardest them not! The yearnings of thy mother, at whose breast I have seen thee so often cling with such affectionate endearments, do not move thee at all! Thou seemest as insensible as the shroud that enwraps thee, or the coffin in which thou art now laid! O death! how ruthless, how relentless art thou, to tear equally unmoved, the infant from the breast, and the mother from helpless infancy! One painful scene yet remains. Such is the present condition of your being, and such is the alloy of domestic felicity that "there comes a period in the life of man, in which he is reduced to the deplorable necessity of saying, with regard to the object of his fond affection; bury my dead out of my sight." Yes, I must see thee shut up in thy coffin, excluded from light and air. I must behold thee conveyed out of that house, into which thou must no more re-enter; that house, in which thy playfulness has so often enlivened the social circle; where we have so often, by turns, shared thy caresses. I must accompany thee to the grave, and see thy remains committed to the earth. Here I must leave thee. Here I must bid thee a long farewell. Here thou must repose in silence and inactivity, "until the heavens be no more." Thy parents must behold thee no more "on earth, nor thou them. Imagination lingers, and beholds thy fair form defaced, thy bones disjointed, and thy delicate frame entirely disorganized, and undistinguished from the contiguous and surrounding dust. Intrusive ignorance exclaims, Good, God! why this spoliation! why subject a machine so curiously wrought, and so nicely proportioned, to such mutilation and debasement? But it is enough, that all his dispensations are directed by infinite and unerring reason, though impervious to short-sighted man. Submissively bowing therefore to the determinations of Providence, "we shut up the grave, and for a short time quit these receptacles of death. Farewell! ye mouldering remains of a much-loved child. It is the cold consolation of the hopeless to add, we shall shortly return, and be laid beside thee."

By the premature departure, thou art deprived of parental instruction; cut off from the common sources of knowledge; and prevented from living to enlighten thy species by thy wisdom, or improve them by thy example. Thy parents have lost the pleasure attending parental care; viewing the gradual unfolding of thine infant powers, and observing thy progressive advance to maturity. They are bereaved of the hope of witnessing thy filial piety, and solicitous attention, in sickness and the decline of life, when thine assistance might have smoothed the brow of care, afforded them the most heartfelt satisfaction, and made their descent to the grave more easy. In thee the order of nature seems inverted, and "thou, who shouldst have been to us as posterity, art in the place of an ancestor."

But the decisions of heaven "are as wise and benevolent, as they are often times inscrutable; and I would by no means indulge a querulous humour, nor suffer an irreverend or discontented thought of God to harbour for a moment in my breast. If thou art taken away from life and its enjoyments, thou art also delivered from its pains, its sorrows, and its vices. Thou art assuredly "taken away from the evil to come." Thy little bark has safely reached the harbour, where thou art secure from every tempest, by which, those whom thou hast left behind, may be long and violently tossed, perhaps overwhelmed. If thy parents are deprived of the pleasure



Beholding thy hopeful youth, and thy virtuous maturity, and have lost the satisfaction of bestowing their attentions, and the hope of receiving thine; they will no more see thy tender frame pained, parched, agitated, convulsed; they will no more hear thy moans, see the deadly film becloud thine eye, or anxiously watch thy departing breath. And what would be more distressing to them still, they will never behold thee the victim of folly or seduction; nor sorrow for any aberrations of conduct in thee; nor fear respecting thy final destiny. If thou hast not lived to be an honour and a benefit to them, thou wilt bring on them no reproach; and they will never be reduced to the sad necessity, a necessity, alas! to which many hapless parents are brought, of blushing to own thy name, and of acknowledging thy confanguinity. [To be concluded next week.]

### BIOGRAPHY.

GEORGE BUCHANAN,

FAMOUS as a man of learning in general, and as an excellent latin scholar in particular, was born in the parish of Killerne, in Scotland, in the month of February, 1506. His parents must have been in sufficiently easy circumstances, since they were able to educate him at the University of Paris. He passed through a great variety of scenes, having first borne arms as a common soldier, in a French corps in Scotland; he thence became an Instructor, in the College of St. Barbe, and was at one time named Principal of a College, in the University of St. Andrew. He lived ten years abroad, with the Earl of Cassilis, and was afterwards appointed Preceptor to a son of James the fifth. Being forced to leave his country for his satire on the Franciscans, he resided three years in Bourdeaux. From France he proceeded to Portugal in consequence of the invitation of King John the third. He was there thrown into the Inquisition, and remained in it about eighteen months; upon his liberation, he went first to England, next to France, and in 1554, to Italy, with Marshal Brissac, in whose family he continued five or six years. He came back to Scotland in 1563, and visited France two years afterwards, to superintend the printing his translation of the Psalms. After this last visit to the continent, he was Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, Director of the Chancery, Member of the Privy Council, and Keeper of the Privy Seal. He died in Sept. 1582.

Some able discussion has taken place of late years, tending on the one side, to fix upon him the charge of ingratitude towards some of the Royal Family of Scotland, in his history of that country; and on the other to vindicate his memory from that accusation. It is agreed by all, that he lived in habits of friendship with the most distinguished characters of his age; and that his works, which are numerous, contain indisputable proofs of his extraordinary genius and learning. Before the year 1715, editions of them had been published at London, Edinburgh, Paris, Amsterdam, Leyden, Frankfurt, Utrecht, Leipzig, Lyons, and Geneva. An anecdote reported by the biographer of Gustavus Adolphus, will serve to shew in what estimation his poetry was held. That monarch, having forced a town to surrender, after an obstinate siege, in order to tranquilize the minds of the citizens, entered first himself without a single attendant, and, going into a bookseller's shop, enquired for a copy of Buchanan's Poems.

One of his editors has remarked, "that he was so great a master of the elegance of the latin language, that he became an author, rather than an imitator, so that the blood of every Roman poet seems to have flowed in his veins." Nothing farther will be wanting to confirm the favourable opinion which was formed of his talents at an early period after the publication of his works, than the judgment of several modern writers of eminence, whose names will be prefixed to the quotation of their words. Bishop Burnet—"In his immortal Poems, he shews so well how he could imitate all the Roman Poets, in their several ways of writing, that he who compares them will be often tempted to prefer the copy to the original. There is a beauty and a life, an exactness as well as a liberty, which cannot be imitated and scarce enough commended. His style is so natural and nervous, and his reflections are so judicious, that he is justly reckoned the greatest and best of our modern authors." Doct Samuel Johnson—"The name of Buchanan has as fair a claim to immortality as

can be conferred by modern Latinity; and perhaps a fairer than the instability of vernacular languages admits." Doct. Robertson—"The happy genius of Buchanan, equally formed to excel in prose and verse; more various, more original, and more elegant, than that of almost any other modern who writes latin, reflects, with regard to this particular, the greatest lustre on his country." Doct. Stuart—"His Psalms, in which he has employed so many kinds of verse, display admirably the extent and versatility of his mind, the quickness and abundance of his fancy, and the power and acuteness of his judgment. Foreign nations, as well as his own countrymen, were filled with the utmost admiration of Buchanan." Doct. Beattie—"The latin Poems of Buchanan, have been long and universally known and admired."

### USEFUL.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### LETTER FROM A BROTHER TO A SISTER.

Dear Sister,

YOUR own reflection will suggest the importance of improving the present blessings of your situation of youth.—Health, unincumbered with the increasing cares of life, and attended with good examples, to the improvement of the mind, which is of the utmost consequence to our being.—Acquire those precepts which extend the intellectual faculty and exalt its sentiments.—Attend to the improvement of those qualities of the heart which will endear you to your acquaintance—draw about you the smile of complaisance and render you happy in yourself, when the fleeting charms of the present season may cease to please.—As we ought not to live entirely for ourselves, but for the good of those with whom we are connected, and of society in general, the happiness of which depends on the benevolent exertions of each of its members; I hope you will not fail to consider the relation in which you stand, and the duty you owe to promote the greatest general good of mankind, as well as that of your more immediate acquaintance. There is a noble pleasure in imparting happiness to others, and it amply repays all the pain; for, besides the consoling reflection of having advanced the interest of the community, it meliorates the affections of the heart, and recurs happiness to one's own breast. The present is the most valuable period in your life—it is of importance that you embrace it, and devote yourself to the acquisition of those accomplishments which will insure your future happiness—the time may come, when the cares of a family, or adverse fortune, which Heaven avert! may preclude the possibility.

You are favoured with a mind susceptible of truth—you have the advantages of opportunity, of precept, and example; nothing will add a greater zest to your own happiness, or secure the affection of your friends like the product of so happy a period rightly improved.—You will find in the exercise a gratification of refined and durable pleasure, with the approbation of all your virtuous acquaintance.

Your last epistle gave me much pleasure—I wish you to write often, it will be a good exercise, and add much to the happiness of your affectionate brother, A.

#### EXTRAORDINARY CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

A YOUNG lady, in the last stage of consumption, was lately restored to health by the following extraordinary and accidental remedy:—She had been long attended by the faculty, but derived no benefit from their assistance, and considered herself verging to the end of existence, when she retired, during last summer, to the vale of Taunton Dean, in Somersetshire, with intention to wait, in solitude, the hour of approaching dissolution. Whilst in that situation, it was her custom to rise as early as her malady would permit, and contemplate the beauties of nature from her chamber window, from which she observed a dog belonging to the house, with scarcely any flesh on its bones, owing to disease, constantly go and

lick the dew off a camomile-bed in the garden; in doing which the animal was noticed to alter its appearance, to recover strength, and finally, look plump and well. The singularity of the circumstance impressed strongly on the lady's mind, and induced her to try what effect might be produced from following the example of the quadruped. She accordingly procured the dew from the same bed of camomile, drank a small quantity each morning, and after continuing to do so for some time, experienced a wonderful relief; her appetite became regular, she found a return of spirits, and in the end, was completely cured. : : : Lond. Pap. Jan. 17, 1804.

### AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### RULES FOR GENTEEL BEHAVIOUR,

RUMBLY OFFERED TO THE CONSIDERATION OF ALL CANDIDATES FOR HIGH OFFICES.

WHEN you enter a room, and one of the family offers to take your hat or cane, be sure to refuse; but hasten to the best mahogany table, which the good lady of the house has carefully polished and kept clean, and throw your hat upon it in such a position as to shake out a plenty of powder upon the table; this will vex the mistress of the family a little; but no matter, it will show that she had genteel company.

As soon as you are seated, begin to talk to a gentleman, if one is present, if not, to a lady, about the Constitution, and the federal and anti-federal parties, and never cease until you leave the house. This will oblige the ladies, when a gentleman is present, to sit like statues, or to be very unpolite in chattering by themselves. If there is a favourite lady in the room, seize the first opportunity of seating yourself by her—leave any other lady alone, to get a chair next the favourite; for you are in company to consult your inclinations entirely.

Then whisper if you please about private matters—laugh and grin by yourselves whenever you have occasion—and make the company think you are vastly happy. When you become tired of your seat, rise before the company and put your hands into your pockets; this will have a wonderful effect upon the spirits of the company, and probably upon your own. When you are to leave a house with half a dozen ladies, wait for the ladies to walk out first. This precedence is due to the sex; and it is vastly polite to let the ladies stumble down a dozen steps alone, in a dark night, while the gentlemen bring up the rear. Besides, this gives the gentlemen an opportunity of showing their attention and anxiety, by pushing through the croud at the door, brushing off the ladies' hats, tearing their gowns, and perhaps oversetting two or three of them upon the pavement. When you are in the heat of argument with any person, thrust your fingers into your hair—no position of the fingers is so expressive of the meditation and profound thought. Witness a print of Mr. Pope. Never listen to what your antagonist says—but speak whenever you find any thing to say—interrupt him when he begins to reply—for replies are useless when you are always right, and your opponent always wrong.

PETER PUNCTILIO.

#### ANECDOTE OF MADAME DE GUERCHEVILLE.

HENRY IV. of France was very much in love with this beautiful and excellent woman. She declined his addresses; and yet so much power has virtue upon minds that are not totally abandoned to vice, that he made her first lady of the bed-chamber to his new queen, observing to her, that if he knew a woman of more honour than herself in all his kingdom, he should have given her the preference. Henry, one day, hunting on purpose in the neighbourhood of her chateau, sent her word that he would sup and take a bed at her house. She replied that she would take all possible care that his majesty was

received as he ought to be. The king, pleased with this answer, came to Roche-Guion in the evening, and found Madame de Guercheville, beautiful as an angel, and very elegantly dressed, in waiting for him, at the foot of the great stair-case, and surrounded by all her servants. She took a candle from one of them, and conducted the king to the best room in the house, when, after having made him a most respectful courtesy, she retired, as the king supposed, to give the necessary orders. Soon afterwards supper was served, but the lady did not make her appearance at it. Henry sent after her, and was told she had just entered her coach, and was gone out. On hearing this, the king immediately sent to know the reason why she had quitted her house. She replied by the messenger, "A king should always be the master wherever he is: with respect to myself, I always wish to be free wherever I am." Henry rose early the next morning, and retired to Paris, vexed, yet pleased, at his disappointment.

#### A COMICAL INCIDENT.

AT the time of the dreadful plague in London in 1665, in the midst of the calamitous scene which was then exhibited, an incident happened of the comic kind. A bag-piper, who happened to be excessively overcome with liquor, fell down in the street, and there lay asleep. In this condition he was found early the next morning; and being supposed to be a person who had died of the plague, was accordingly taken up, thrown into a cart, and carried away among some dead bodies. At last the honest piper awaked out of his sleep, and it being about day break, and he musically disposed, not knowing his situation, began very briskly to play up a tune, which so surprised the fellows that drove the cart, who could not see distinctly, that they betook themselves to their heels in a great fright, and swore they had taken up the devil in the disguise of a dead man.

#### ANECDOTES.

A GENTLEMAN who had raised himself into notice by obtaining a large prize, (says a London paper) was extremely anxious to acquire the character of being thought a man of taste: and amongst the different methods he practised to adopt it, was that of giving private concerts very frequently to his friends.—Though he knew not a note of music, he was fond of standing by the performers, and appearing to understand every thing they played. When observing one with a violin under his arm he angrily demanded why he did not play? The man pointed to the book before him saying there were so many bars of rest—"Rest," he exclaimed, "what do you mean? I pay you to play, not rest!"

THE present cold weather has made a considerable improvement in the *Female Tattlers*. They have now actually gone so far as to "*Re-cover arms!*"

### THE SPIAN DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### THEATRICAL REGISTER.

FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1804.

*Cheap Living*, by REYNOLDS, and the *Mountaineers*, with *Interlude*, &c. for the Benefit of Mr. TAYLOR.

MR. TAYLOR being about to embark for England, this evening was granted by the Manager for his benefit, when he appeared as *Osavian*, in the *Mountaineers*, and bid farewell to the American stage. The performers, we are told, generously rendered him their services free of expense.

With the pleasing comedy of *Cheap Living*, all were pleased; and we are happy to say, that a numerous and respectable audience more than realized the expectations which they had formed of entertainment from the bills of the evening.

MONDAY, MARCH 12.

*Maid of Bristol*, J. BOADEN, and *Wags of Windsor*, 3d time.

The *Maid of Bristol* is a piece in three insipid acts, and was played this evening, for the first (and we trust the last) time in Boston, to a thin house. Its brevity appears to be its greatest recommendation; and the author certainly deserves credit for the two acts which he did not write. *Mrs. Wiggins* and the *Maid of Bristol* were banished by a

London audience from their stage; and we applaud their taste. We hope such fugitives from justice will not find an asylum in America.

Mrs. DARLEY did all that a performer could do towards making the part of *Stella* pleasing.—Mr. DARLEY was pretty well in *Dr. Cranium*; and Mr. WILSON, in *Clod*, contributed largely towards keeping the audience awake.—In our humble opinion, Mr. BERNARD does not shine in the character of a sailor.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14.

*Cheap Living*, second time, and *Paul and Virginia*.

A comedy so lively and amusing as *Cheap Living*, and so well performed as it was this evening, ought to have attracted a larger audience than it did. We believe none who were present regretted their attendance.

The part of *Sir Edward* is admirably fitted to the powers and figure of Mrs. JONES; and she performed it with a spirit and excellence, which gained the applause of the many, and the admiration of all. We have seldom been more pleased than with Mrs. J. in this character. *Sponge* had an able and diverting supporter in Mr. BERNARD. Mrs. POWELL was reputable in *Elinor*; as were Messrs. DICKENSON and JONES in *Old and Young Woodland*, and Mr. WILSON in *Scatter*. HORATIO.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Several valuable Communications, recently received, shall soon grace our columns.

"*Lavinia*," will oblige us by a continuation of her valued and highly esteemed favours.

ERRATUM.—In the Address on the Anniversary of WASHINGTON'S birth, in the stanza set to music, line fourth, for pow'rs, read how'rs.

### VARIETY.

#### INTELLIGENCE.

##### WEEKLY SUMMARY—FOR THE PRESENT WEEK.

At the request of many of our Patrons, we shall in future, present a brief statement of the news of the day.

EUROPE.—Accounts to the 14th ult do not present any thing of moment. The invasion of Great Britain by the French, still occupies the attention of both nations, and it is said would certainly be attempted by the 6th of March.—The Emperor of Russia has prohibited the exportation of corn and of all kinds of grain from his dominions.—A tremendous gale of wind, rain and hail, was felt in England the latter end of November, accompanied with dreadful peals of thunder and vivid lightning. "At one period the lightning was so quick that the whole mount Edgecumbe appeared as if on fire."—A sheep was lately killed in England, which weighed 255 lb.—Considerable disturbance took place in Constantinople, Dec. 3, by the sudden approach of two discontented Pachas, at the head of a large army; but the march of the Janissaries, occasioned them to retreat, and tranquillity was restored.—Accounts from Malaga state, that the Epidemic, which had carried off between 7 and 8000 persons, had ceased.—Letters from Vienna mention, that a close alliance between the Imperial Cabinets was on the point of conclusion.—Some disturbances have taken place in La Vendee, and twenty of the Brigands killed.—The King of Spain, it is said, was struck with an apoplectic fit, the 9th of Dec. and was in danger.—The Emperor of Russia has made application to the French government for the evacuation of Hanover.—Secret negotiations are going on between England and Spain.

WEST-INDIES.—A dreadful massacre took place at Aux Cayes on the night of the 21st January, and many lives destroyed—and it was reported at Aux Cayes, that the blacks had massacred all the white inhabitants in the Cape but six, and all but three or four in Port Republican.—The negroes have substituted for St. Domingo, *Hyti*, the name which the Island originally bore.

DOMESTIC.—A gold mine was discovered in North Carolina, in July last,—and the amount already obtained, is estimated at between twelve and fifteen thousand dollars.—The State of New-Jersey has abolished

Slavery: the Legislature of that state has enacted that all persons born of slaves, after the 4th of July next, shall become free.—Great mischief has been done lately, by mad dogs, on Long-Island, N. Y.—The expenses of Light Houses last year were 49,000 dollars—as new ones are contemplated it will be greater this year.—The report respecting the State Prison in New-York, assures us of improvements. The manufactures of Shoes and Nails are carried on with great success.—A ferry boat was upset in New-York, the 2d inst. and seven persons drowned.—A passage has been forced through between Sandy-Hook and the New-Jersey Highlands; and the depth of water, in this new passage, it is said at low tide, is 7 feet.—A stable and three horses, were destroyed by fire, at Philadelphia, on Saturday last, occasioned by having a candle in the stable.—A cat-fish was lately brought from the Ohio to Philadelphia, for the purpose of being presented to the largest and heaviest landlord in the city. Mr. George Brown was the fortunate person, who weighed 180 pounds more than any other; he received the fish, and regaled 40 guests with the same.—It is with regret we notice in a Charleston paper of the 20th ult. the sale of 329 blacks, just arrived from Africa.—A Bennington paper relates the following singular phenomenon: "On Friday evening last a child was born in Stephentown, state of New-York, in the family of Mr. R. Babcock, of Mary his wife; it was a female, with two heads and necks perfectly formed; the trunk of the body single, with four arms.—The two heads each received sustenance, and lived about an hour, one expiring apparently a few minutes before the other."—The Bank of the United States is organizing a Branch to be established in the city of New-Orleans.—The Senate of the United States have requested the President to make certain communications on the subject of the existing war with Tripoli.—Congress, it is expected, will not adjourn until April.—Two hundred troops are to be sent from the city of Washington, for Louisiana.—New-York was alarmed by fire on Sunday morning last, and which destroyed four buildings, occupied as stores and dwelling houses.

#### MARRIED.

At Roxbury, Mr. John Champney, to Miss Lydia Howe; Mr. Stephen Brigham, to Miss Lucy White; Mr. Eliza Whitney, jun. to Miss Sally Heath. At Stamford, Mr. Charles W. Apthorp, of this town, to Miss Elizabeth C. Davenport.

In this town, by the Rev. Dr. Eliot, Mr. Arculus Norcross, of Brookline, to Miss Sally Parker, of this town.—Mr. Ammi Cutter, to Mrs. Hannah Champney.—Mr. Stephen Rhoades, to Miss Mary Hatch, of Charlestown. Mr. Joseph Raymond, to Miss Elizabeth Farmer.—Mr. Jonathan Fletcher, to Mrs. Priscilla Harvey.

#### DIED.

At Roxbury Miss Lucy Davis, *Æt.* 21.—At Jaffer, N. H. Miss Nancy T. Lincoln, *Æt.* 9, only daughter of Dr. Luke Lincoln. "She was on a visit at the house of Joseph Thorndike, Esq. her grandfather. The family were all absent, attending a funeral, in the neighborhood, except two small boys, one 12 and the other 14 years of age, who were at the barn; by some unknown and unfortunate accident, her clothes caught fire, and she was immediately enveloped in flames. No person being in the house to assist her, she found her way out of doors, and her cries of distress were heard by one of the neighboring women, who found her a number of rods from the house and afforded her the first assistance, but, by this time, all her clothes had been consumed on her body. Every exertion was made, with the aid of three physicians, for her relief, but to no effect. She survived about 14 hours, in the utmost distress, when the Messenger of Death executed his commission."

At Montville, an infant child of Mr. Delbear. The mother tied it in a chair, and placed it before the fire, while she went to the well for some water, but during her absence the child by some means rocked the chair over, which fell towards the fire, and the helpless infant being fastened was held across the firestick, with its face over the blaze—it was burnt in a shocking manner, and lived about nine hours.

In this town Mr. Daniel Gealey, *Æt.* 43; Mr. Andrew Johnnot, *Æt.* 69; Capt. Enoch Rust, *Æt.* 79.

A list of the Prizes in Atkinson Academy Lottery, may be seen at Gilbert & Dean's Lottery Office, State-street.

## POETRY.

## THE WISH.

"WHAT will you then," requires a youthful friend:  
"Your days without a fair companion end?  
Is Nature quite excluded from your breast?  
Has the dull stoic all your soul possess'd?"

Thus I reply—"Tis plain, the flame of love  
At first was kindled in the world above;  
And when th' Almighty robb'd our father's side,  
And shap'd the crooked bone into a bride,  
Into the wound he cast love's pleasing pow'r,  
As a just balance to the loss he bore.  
Wherefore as heav'n the tender passion gave,  
Ere my life clos'd a female friend I'd have:  
But with due caution I would choose my wife,  
Since, when the knot is ty'd, 'tis ty'd for life.  
And such a nymph as this should fix my choice,  
And O! that Heav'n would hear a stripling's voice.

Whether the virgin was extremely fair,  
Exact her features, and genteel her air,  
Whether her shape was exquisitely fine,  
Whether her years were just the same as mine:  
Should be my last concern.—Beauty 'tis true,  
At first may dazzle the spectator's view:  
But soon the lovely varnish glides away,  
Or grows unheeded, if it chance to stay.  
I would not once desire that I might say,  
I'm worth my thousands, on my marriage day:  
This looks as if the shining heaps of pelf  
Were what I married, and not her herself:  
And riches, though to mighty sums increas'd,  
Would never make the near relation blest.  
No; first I would examine, if her mind  
To tread religion's sacred paths inclin'd;  
Whether her soul was sworn a foe to sin,  
And whether pure devotion burnt within:  
If this companion to my youth was given,  
How would she guide my erring steps to heav'n:  
Whether her temper match'd with mine or not,  
Should be the next thing that engag'd my thought;  
For I could never dream of real bliss,  
If she dragg'd that way, and I dragg'd this;  
But if her mind was moulded to my own,  
Easy and smooth the thread of life would run,  
Then if severe afflictions prov'd our lot,  
By mutual comforts all would be forg'd;  
And the worst troubles that assail us here,  
Would lose their sting, when honey dwelt so near:  
But should unclouded sunshine bless our days,  
How largely would our happiness increase?  
Pleasures that seem'd but trifles in our eyes,  
Would with new gust, and rich advantage rise:  
And as my vessel pass'd the sea of life,  
Blest with so pious, and so kind a wife,  
Not one rude breath of wind should stop my way,  
Nor one small wave disturb the peaceful sea.

## SELECTED.

OUR life is at best a long gloomy day,  
Hope at morn blows the blossom of joy,  
But the blast of misfortune soon sweeps it away,  
Or possession compels us to cloy.  
The full flowing bowl may inspire us to brave  
Rude winter's pestiferous breath;  
But when shall bright morn arise in the grave,  
And burst the dark prison of death?  
The snow will soon melt and the summer return,  
And the lambskins will bask in the fold;  
But when shall each breast with benevolence burn,  
And charity blush to be cold?

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE C. T. FOX, TO MRS. A—  
ON THE WRITER'S BIRTH-DAY.

OF years I have now half a century past,  
Yet not one of the fifty so blest as the last:  
How it happens my troubles thus daily should cease,  
And my happiness fill with my years should increase;  
'Tis defiance to Nature's more general laws,  
You, alone can explain, who ALONE are the cause.

## SOLUTION OF THE RIDDLE, IN PAGE 75.

IN the opposite contrasts your riddle I find,  
A collection of wonders in *Water* combin'd.

## THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL.

IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XXVIII.—ANNE to ELINOR.

SARAH's Journal from the time she left Mrs. BELLAMY's,  
to the period of her meeting her Brother.

CONTINUED.

THE mansion where I now am, is more like the family seat of an opulent nobleman, than the dwelling of a private gentleman. I enquired of the housekeeper, (who is the only servant except the housemaid and gardener, who is at present at home,) if this house, had been long the family mansion? She replied, that it was the seat of her lady's father; that she was an only child, consequently an heiress. The park and grounds are delightful, and kept in very excellent order. I understand that there is a fine library, but this was locked; however, I found a few novels and poems in one of the bedchambers, and flimsy as the materials which compose the generality of novels are, they have afforded me some hours amusement, and drawn me from myself; a comfort grateful to the unhappy by whatever means procured.

After the turbulence, the mean and sordid scenes, and depraved companions with whom it has within these four last months been my lot to mix, the quiet and conveniences I here enjoy, seem a cordial to my depressed spirits. I can collect my thoughts; I can read, or work, for I found the housekeeper engaged in making up some very fine linen, which she said was for a gentleman in the neighborhood, and I have taken some of it to help her; employment is always necessary to my comfort, and never more so than at present. Where the mind is painfully occupied, the hands should never be a moment idle. If the imagination is active, and ardent, it naturally partakes in the occupation of the fingers, and fancy will wander from our own selfish concerns to the work, from the work to those for whom we are executing it, painting as she goes, persons, places, and events, in which, though we are no wise connected, we find a kind of pleasing amusement in depicting to ourselves.—I often wander for hours in the park and gardens, and I say within myself, these are scenes congenial to my soul; here is quiet, order, neatness; the eye glances round and still gleams in its wanderings, some charm, some soothing sensation which it conveys to the heart, to soften, cheer, and elevate it. Yet believe me, dear Ann, I have never felt the most distant wish to possess such a house, such a park, or gardens; no! I am well assured, many are the vexations accompanying wealth; many the inconveniences to which the possessors must submit, as a tax for the luxuries they are permitted to enjoy; a decent competence best suits my disposition; a neat dwelling removed from the noise, hurry, and dissipation, of the gay, thoughtless and commercial world; my income sufficient to supply all my comforts, and some few of the elegancies of life, with means to make those friends, whose talents or merit might render them dear to me, heart-welcome to share my abode and table whenever it might suit their inclination; and just so near a capital town, as might enable me by way of enhancing the sweets of retirement, sometimes to mingle in its amusements. Such a state would be the height of my ambition. I have not mentioned the power of assisting the poor, because they who with an hundred pounds a year, cannot find the heart to give relief, would I am sure, find themselves equally reluctant, though their annual income should be five thousand.—Nor is it by money alone, their wants are to be alleviated; a woman benevolently inclined, may, from the overplus of her family provisions, from the refuse of her wardrobe, make many a poor child comfortable; but where the one is permitted to be wasted by the improvident servants, and the other is thrown carelessly away, or is heedlessly destroyed, (when a few hours work might convert them into respectable and useful garments,) even a large fortune will not allow of much liberality.

You perceive my Ann, by the style of my letter, that my spirits are greatly composed since I wrote last. To-morrow Mrs. Ryan is expected home; I understand she brings company with her; two chambers are prepared; my apartment is a very neat chamber, with a large light closet, containing all the dressing apparatus; it joins the one that I understand is Mrs. Ryan's; a small but very

convenient writing desk, containing paper, &c. with a well assorted box of colours, crayons, drawing paper, and all the implements for drawing, were placed in it; but as my lady was not here to put me in possession of them, I have not presumed to use any of them, though the housekeeper told me they were designed for me. If I should be so happy as to find this lady agreeable, and the situation such as I can remain in until my salary shall enable me to pay what debts I have contracted, and return to England with respectability, I shall esteem myself fortunate. It is late in the evening—before this time to-morrow night I shall have seen this formidable woman. Yes, it is a truth, that I have thought on her so much, formed so many conjectures concerning her, that the very anticipation of the meeting, sets my heart a beating. The window at which I am writing, looks upon a beautiful pond, over which impending willows hang, darkening with their thick foliage the translucent element on the side on which they grow; the moon is nearly at the full, her bright rays peeping between the pendant umbrage, seems to sprinkle here and there large orient pearls, and now the freshening breeze wafting aside a ponderous bough, her whole face flashed upon the liquid mirror, a stream of burnished silver, scarce seen before it was gone. So it has been with my life; a shade hung over, even its earliest part; as I advanced, a few rare gems were scattered in my path, and now and then a sudden flash of pleasure enlivened my bosom; but ah! how scanty was the portion, hardly felt, hardly realized, before they vanished.—To-morrow—well, patience—a few hours more and I shall feel easier.

\*\*\*\*\*  
Wretched! unhappy! oh my dear Ann, I am surely the very game of fortune.—What a plot have I escaped.—This Marquis with all his pretended generosity, is a mean designing wretch. But I am away, I am my own mistress—I have a home under the roof of an honest though very poor woman, and in a way to purchase the immediate necessities of life—namely, food to support it. But let me be a little methodical.—You may one day see this, and I would not have my Ann think it was written by a maniac; you may one day see it—yes I hope you will soon see it, and, if my aching head, and debilitated frame prognosticate aright, a very short period will put an end to my sufferings; my heart is broken—my very soul is bowed to the grave—I have wept the fountains of my eyes dry, and now they burn and shoot, while my heart that lately swelled and struggled even to agony, seems like an icicle in my bosom, as torpid and as cold.

The whole day in which I expected the return of Mrs. Ryan, was past in a state of anxiety which I have not power to describe. Every unusual noise I heard, alarmed me, until I had wrought myself into such a state of trepidation, that the rustling of a leaf, or foot of the housemaid in the adjoining apartment, pursuing her usual avocations, made me gasp for breath.—At length about an hour after sun set, the sound of carriages, and a confused mixture of voices, horses' feet and running up and down stairs, convinced me the dreaded, yet wished for time was arrived. In about half an hour a footman came up with Mrs. Ryan's compliments and would be glad if I would walk down. I followed trembling; he opened the door of the parlour; I entered, when the first object that met my eyes, was the Marquis of H—, and on the sofa near him, Jeffy Romain!—Had I broken unexpected into a nest of vipers, I could not have been more appalled—I know not what I said, but I believe I gave a loud and terrified exclamation; my limbs refused their office; I caught at the door; but my sight forsook me, and I fell. [To be continued.]

## A GREAT ODDS!

The difference between rising every morning at 6 o'clock and at 8; in the course of 40 years (supposing a person to go to bed at the same time he otherwise would) amounts to 29600 hours or 3 years, 121 days, and 16 hours, which will afford 8 hours a day for exactly ten years, so that it is the same as if ten years of life (a weighty consideration) were added, in which we may command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds, and the dispatch of business. This calculation is made without any regard to billexile.

PUBLISHED BY GILBERT & DEAN.

## BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 24, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THE GOSSIP—No. XLV.

*Necte, tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores  
Necte, Amarylli, modo: et, Veneris, disc, vincula necte.*

*Sparge molam, et fragiles inunde bitumine lauros.  
Daphnis me malus urit; ego hanc in Daphnide laurum.*

SUPERSTITION, in regard to dreams, signs and performing particular rites at particular seasons of the year, or on particular days and hours, has, I believe, from the earliest ages, more or less predominated in the minds of weak or ignorant people; but on no occasion is a strong desire to pry into futurity more evident, than in that period of life when young women are expecting advances from the opposite sex, in order to form a tender and sacred connection, and be as it is generally termed, settled for life. And if some youth catch the attention of a fair damsel, who unfeelingly shews no intention or inclination to return her regard, how various are the schemes she will employ to discover whether any more fortunate girl possesses his heart, or whether she has herself any hope of ever softening the obdurate youth in her own favour. On All-hallows'-eve, the hempseed must be sown; when a friend is married, a piece of the bride cake stuck full of pins, taken from the bride's clothes, must be put under the head; the appearance of the new moon is watched with anxious solicitude, and the springing of a roasting chestnut from the fire into the lap of a suspected rival, will make the cheek adorned with the ruddy glow of health, assume instantaneously the pallid hue of death. But it would be needless folly to enumerate the many charms and incantations practised by these impatient fair ones. Alas! my dear girls, this eagerness defeats its own purpose, and too often renders you subjects for ridicule. I have been led into these remarks, by a quaint old saying, which a letter lately received has brought to my mind, that, "On leap year, maids and widows may go a courting." Now I wish to debate the point a little, whether a thing indecorous at other times, can be deemed proper, merely from the circumstance of one day more being added to the year? I am an utter enemy to all kinds of disguise and affectation, and I think that woman inexcusable, who, when honourably addressed by a worthy man, keeps him in suspense from the mistaken idea of delicacy; such conduct, so far from proceeding from so charming a motive, is often the offspring of those contemptible arts, *Prudery or Coquetry*. But though unnecessary reserve favours of affectation, uncollected and intrusive love appears in a young woman, as too nearly bordering on boldness and want of modesty, and cannot fail of acting as a repellant, rather than an attractor. I am willing to allow that there are situations (though they very rarely occur) when a woman may be permitted to communicate the sentiments she experiences towards a worthy person of the opposite sex, to the object whose virtues had inspired her regard. If fortune, or situation in life, has made her so much the superior of the person she esteems worthy to share her rank and fortune, that he would never indulge the most distant hope of being accepted, a woman may, with the utmost delicacy, give him to understand that if he aspired, he would not be treated with disdain. But there must be an uncommon share of merit in the object, to excuse such a breach of female propriety. And it is only a woman of sense and refine-

ment, who could make such an overture, without disgusting, where she wished to charm. If she is esteemed with respectful tenderness by the man of her choice, a very few words, even a look, or an action of attentive kindness, will serve to open his eyes to her partiality. But if he should unfortunately discover a disinclination, a coldness, an impenetrable blindness and misapprehension of her meaning, she must have thrown aside all respect due to herself and sex, who could condescend to solicit, what should ever be a free-will offering of the heart; what will not be compelled, and cannot be purchased.

Having thus freely expressed my sentiments on this head, I shall give the impatient Miss MEANRIGHT's letter to the public. It will most likely meet the eye of the gentleman alluded to. If he has any serious design of making a matrimonial overture, the inclination the young lady discovers to receive it favourably will surely encourage him to speak out; but if he has only visited in the family as a friend, or paid her only the attentions, politeness, and friendly esteem dictated (which I do assure her may very probably be the case); he will still remain silent; and in that case, I earnestly recommend it to her to remain silent too. Where there is no disparity of rank or fortune, no disagreeing parents to raise obstacles to their union, there cannot be a shadow of an excuse to offer, for her obtrusively forcing herself upon him; let that very timidity of which she complains, be a lesson to her, and teach her to reflect, that what is rather a superfluous quality in a man, should ever be the leading trait in the character of a modest young woman. Her complaint of the peculiarities of her Aunt's temper and opinion is frivolous and ungrateful; there can be no motive for an elder relative to warn a thoughtless young creature of the dangers of encouraging the visits of profligate, or, to say no worse of them, idle young men; who spend their mornings and evenings in lounging from one house to another, and talking nonsense to giddy girls, (who they see are foolish enough to be pleased with it) merely from want of other occupation. I say, when an elder relative, on such occasions, points out the folly and danger of such associates; it can be only a tender solicitude to promote the welfare and happiness of their young friends can prompt them to take that trouble. Miss MEANRIGHT should remember, that her Aunt, from age and situation in regard to her, has a right to demand from a niece, uniform respect; and if she has infirmities of mind or body, they should excite only compassion, and be by her buried in eternal silence.

Haverhill, Feb. 26, 1804.

Mr. GOSSIP,

AS the present is leap year, and there has been considerable said about the right of the ladies to make the first advances, I am induced to state my case to you, and request your advice in what manner to conduct. I am the only surviving child of six, and left by my parents to the care of an antiquated maiden aunt, who is so strongly attached to all the various whims and oddities peculiar to her character, that my life is rendered truly unpleasant and distressing.

I am obliged when at home alone with her, which is generally the case, to hear her ex-communications on the folly and dissipation of the times; to listen to her warnings against the arts and designs of the young rakes, as she is pleased to designate them, and her hopes that if I should ever marry, it may be to one whose morality and propriety of conduct has stood the test of a long trial. As I am entirely dependant upon her, I am obliged to bear with all her capricious whims and oddities; nor dare I offend her for fear of incurring her severe and

lasting displeasure. It is now about a twelvemonth since I first formed an acquaintance with a young gentleman, who I am willing to believe is of an unexceptionable character; whose manners are pleasing, and with whom if united, I think, I could enjoy lasting happiness. He has paid me a steady attention during that time; but has never made any proposals to me of a serious nature, but I am convinced that if he could conquer an extreme degree of timidity which he has acquired, he would have made known his intentions previous to this.

My aunt has noticed his attentions also, and is pleased to say, he is just the character she should wish to see me united to; yet in spite of these favourable circumstances, he defers an explanation.

I would request you, therefore, to give me some advice upon the affair, and whether I had not better introduce the subject to him, in order to have it settled.

I am, with much impatience,

POLLY MEANRIGHT.

## MEDITATION

ON THE

## DEATH OF A BELOVED CHILD,

BY A PARENT.

[Concluded from page 82.]

I WEEP for thee, and have not power to restrain the falling tear. I consecrate it, without a blush, to thy memory. Thou wast lovely in my eyes, and that Being who has taken away their desire with a stroke, will not be displeased at the pang it occasions. But it is not because I think thee unhappy, or God unjust; it is not because I feel any disposition to arraign the rectitude of his proceedings, to whose righteous dispensations I would be completely resigned. The very propensity in a creature of yesterday, with a spark, a mere spark of intelligence, to indulge the insufferable arrogance of calling in question the decisions of infinite effulgence, would shock me. It is because an object of my affection, an affection not unlawful, because not immoderate, is taken from me, whose endearments, like tendrils, were entwined about my heart. I ask, is it beneath the man, the parent, or the christian to feel in such a case? And if not, can it be wrong to weep? Unfeeling apathy says, yes; and they who never have been in a similar situation, and are strangers to such a feeling, call it weakness; as if a tender sensibility were a crime, or stupidity a virtue! Is not the pleasure arising from agreeable social connections, the most exquisite of earthly felicity? And was not man made a social being, that he might enjoy and communicate it? If then, the formation and continuance of these relations were intended to afford, and do actually afford this satisfaction, the dissolution of them must, of course, occasion a pungency of pain, in proportion as the social principle is found to exist. Why has the author of nature endowed man with the capacity for sympathy, and formed him for the finer sensibilities of the soul? Why has he opened for him only; of all the variety of animated creatures, avenues by which he may give vent to them in tears? Doubtless, in aid of virtue, to heighten social endearments, to draw man more closely to man, and incite to more active exertions, in relieving the wants, in contributing to the happiness, and performing the duties he owes to his species, and particularly to the domestic circle: in a word, to humanize, to refine, to endear. Sure the passions of love and grief cannot be pronounced unnatural and unbecoming, when not carried to excess; and that only is to be accounted excess, which breaks out in murmurs against the divine administration, or disqualifies for the duties we owe to survivors. Our Lord has himself sanctified the tears of friendship by his own, and the tears of affection cannot be less acceptable. Let him then, who can, hug himself on account of his insensibility in such a case, and if he please, call it greatness of soul. I envy him not his feelings, which, to me, display more of the indications of the mere animal, than of the social being. What consolation remains for thy mourning parents, to solace them while bemoaning their loss? That thy early departure



will, in a way to infinite intelligence and goodness be thy everlasting gain. That thou art "past all storms, eased of all pains," and free'd from all evils. That thou art secure from every tempest, whom no rude blast can ever reach, nor wayward passion agitate. That thou art transplanted into a more genial clime, and become an inhabitant of that world, where thy embryo powers will more rapidly revolve. That thy parents will never more feel pain, by any thing thou wilt suffer: and they hope that their disembodied spirits will, in due time, come where thine is gone; and that, when the resurrection morn arrives, they will see thee again re-fashioned, improved, beautified, refined, and made immortal. It would have appeared a more affecting circumstance, hadst thou been bereaved of thy parents at such an age, and left an helpless and friendless orphan, in an ensnaring and evil world; thus deprived of parental attention, vigilance, and direction. They would have left thee behind them in the midst of such perils, with more anxiety and perturbation than they now feel, in committing thee to the grave. Should they be speedily called to follow thee, they may have occasion to feel much solicitude for those they may leave behind, when they being gone before, will be an event of pleasing contemplation. Yes, my child! the rational, scriptural hope of seeing, of meeting, of embracing, of felicitating thee in heaven; the prospect of mutual congratulations, of a renewal of affections and endearments, that will be refined, unabating, and endless, is our greatest consolation, and, in defiance of our present sensations, alleviates our griefs. "Hail! that triumphant morn, when death shall be swallowed up forever; when you with ourselves, and the multitude of the blessed that surround us, shall rise again; when the trumpet shall sound, and they who sleep in the dust shall awake; when corruption shall put on incorruption, and the mortal shall put on immortality! The grave, the sacred repository of thy remains, faithful to its trust, shall resign its charge at the voice of Christ; and we shall meet again and separate no more. We shall not again witness the affecting scene of thine expiring agonies. The cruel hand of death will not be able there to reach thee, and tear thee from our embraces. Thou shalt flourish in eternal health and vigour, and be with us, forever with the Lord." What is the lesson thy death affords to thy parents? Undoubtedly a very instructive one:—that they are still on that journey which thou hadst so speedily finished;—that they are only probationers of that world into which thou art happily arrived, and should therefore eagerly press forward; that they have yet to pass that bourne, which no traveller ever repassed, and should steadily keep it in view; but, in order that they may obtain that admittance into paradise, which thou hast found, they must "hold out to the end":—that the time of their "departure may be at hand," and therefore it is needful to relax their hold, as much as may be, of objects and enjoyments of uncertain continuance, and from which, willing or unwilling, a separation is inevitable; that the grave that encloses thee, will in a little time open for them; when they will be as infensible to all that is passing in the world as thou art, and where also, it can administer as little to their pleasure, as it now does to thine. May they from thy decease, be more solicitous to prepare for theirs!—May the loss of thee be borne with christian resignation, and prepare them for any other deprivations the righteous governor of the world may appoint! And, as thy arrival in a peaceful and happy world, gives them an additional interest in it, may it be a stimulus to redoubled exertions to share it with thee, and enjoy that reciprocity, and refinement of endearments, which death has, indeed, interrupted, but not destroyed! May they love less a world so empty, so vain, so inconstant; and sigh for enlargement and perfection!

#### WALKING IN SLEEP.

AMONG the inexplicable phenomena of nature, may be reckoned dreaming and walking in sleep, or the involuntary performance of actions, while asleep, which apparently require volition and reflection.

"I have seen a *somnambule*, (says VOLTAIRE) but he contented himself with rising, dressing, bowing and dancing a minuet, which he performed very well. After this, he undressed, went to bed again, and continued to sleep."

In the French Encyclopædia is an account still more astonishing. A young collegian rose while asleep, in order to compose a sermon. He wrote it correctly, read it over from beginning to end, or at last appeared to read it, made corrections, erased lines and substituted others; restored a word forgotten, to its place, &c. He composed music, noted it correctly, after having ruled his paper with his cane, and placed the words under the notes, without making any mistake.

#### HISTORY.

##### THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

CÆSAR, at the persuasion of Decimus Brutus, though once determined to remain at home, had changed his mind, and was already in the streets, being carried to the Senate in his litter. Soon after he had left his own house, a slave came thither in haste, desired protection, and said he had a secret of the greatest moment to impart. He had probably overheard the conspirators, or had observed that they were armed; but not being aware how pressing the time was, he suffered himself to be detained until Cæsar's return. Others, probably, had observed circumstances which led to a discovery of the plot, and Cæsar had a billet to this effect given to him as he passed in the streets; he was intreated by the person who gave it, instantly to read it; and he endeavoured to do so, but was prevented by the multitudes who crowded around him with numberless applications: and he still carried this paper in his hand when he entered the Senate.

Brutus and most of the conspirators had taken their places a little while before the arrival of Cæsar, and continued to be alarmed by many circumstances which tended to shake their resolution. Porcia, in the same moments, being in great agitation, exposed herself to public notice. She listened with anxiety to every noise in the streets; she dispatched, without any pretence of business, continual messages towards the place where the Senate was assembled; she asked every person who came from that quarter if they observed what her husband was doing. Her spirits at last sunk under the effect of such violent emotions; she fainted away, and was carried for dead into her apartment. A message came to Brutus in the Senate with this account. He was much affected but kept his place. Popilius Lænas, who a little before seemed, from the expression he had dropped, to have got notice of their design, appeared to be in earnest conversation with Cæsar, as he alighted from his carriage. This left the conspirators no longer in doubt that they were discovered; and they made signs to each other, that it would be better to die by their own hands than to fall into the power of their enemy. But they saw of a sudden the countenance of Lænas change into a smile, and perceived that his conversation with Cæsar could not relate to such a business as theirs.

Cæsar's chair of state had been placed near to the pedestal of Pompey's statue. Numbers of the conspirators had seated themselves around it. Trebonius, under pretence of business, had taken Anthony aside at the entrance of the theatre. Cimber, who, with others of the conspirators, met Cæsar in the portico, presented him with a petition in favour of his brother, who had been excepted from the late indemnity; and in urging the prayer of this petition, attended the Dictator to his place. Having there received a denial from Cæsar, uttered with some expressions of impatience at being so much importuned, he took hold of his robe, as if to press the intreaty. Nay, said Cæsar, *this is violence*. While he spoke these words, Cimber flung back the gown from his shoulders; and this being the signal agreed upon, called out to strike.—Casca aimed the first blow. Cæsar started from his place, and in the first moment of surprise, pushed Cimber with one arm, and laid hold of Casca with the other. But he soon perceived that resistance was vain; and while the swords of the conspirators clashed with each other, in their way to his body, he wrapped himself up in his gown, and fell without any further struggle. It was observed, in the superstition of the times, that in falling, the blood which sprung from his wounds sprinkled the pedestal of Pompey's statue. And thus having employed the greatest abilities to subdue his fellow citizens, with whom it would have been a much greater honour to have been able to live on terms of equality, he fell, in the height of

his security, a sacrifice to their just indignation; a striking example of what the arrogant have to fear, in trifling with the feelings of a free people, and at the same time a lesson of jealousy and of cruelty to tyrants, or an admonition not to spare, in the exercise of their power, those whom they may have insulted by usurping it. When the body lay breathless on the ground, Cassius called out that there lay the worst of men. Brutus called upon the Senate to judge of the transaction which had passed before them, and was proceeding to state the motives of those who were concerned in it, when the members, who had for a moment stood in silent amazement, rose on a sudden, and began to separate in great consternation. All those who had come to the Senate in the train of Cæsar, his Lictors, the ordinary officers of State, citizens and foreigners, with many servants and dependants of every sort, had been instantly seized with a panic; and as if the swords of the conspirators were drawn against themselves, had already rushed into the streets, and carried terror and confusion wherever they went. The Senators themselves now followed. No man had presence of mind to give any account of what had happened, but repeated the cry that was usual on great alarms, for all persons to withdraw, and shut up their habitations and shops.—This cry was communicated from one to another in the streets. The people imagining that a general massacre was somewhere begun, shut up and barred all their doors as in the dead of night, and every one prepared to defend his own habitation.

#### AMUSING.

##### WOMAN; AN APOLOGUE.

A BEAUTIFUL woman and her husband were once lost in a wood, in the middle of a very dark night. On all sides they heard nothing but the shrill whistle of robbers, or the long cries of wolves; the sky too was tempestuous. The female became at once motionless through fear.

"What will become of us?" cried she clinging round her husband.

"Let us continue our journey, my love," he replied coolly.

"But, good Heavens! the robbers?"

"Well, then, let us return."

"Oh, that's worse! the wild beasts?"

"What would you have then?"

"Leave this place."

"We can only do that, my love, by going forward or returning; choose which."

The female then shut her eyes, stopped her ears, and suffered herself to be conducted by her husband.

Such is the lot of woman. Nature has pointed out our respective distinctions, and the difference of our employments by the difference of our conformation. A taller stature, a more solid and less flexible organization, indicate the honourable duties of man. Here the laws of nature and society accord.

"Woman and man," says Rousseau, "are made for each other, but their mutual dependence is not equal. Men depend upon women by their desires; women upon men by their desires and their wants."

Women were created to be the companions of man, to please him, to solace him in his miseries, to console him in his sorrows, and not to partake with him the fatigues of war, of the sciences, and of government. Warlike women, learned women, and women who are politicians, equally abandon the circle which nature and institutions have traced round their sex; they convert themselves into men. They renounce the empire which they inevitably exercised by their weakness to run vainly after the more equivocal empire of force. We hear of women that have fought, written, and governed with success. What does this prove? The exception does not destroy the rule. And, besides, where is the feeling and amiable woman who would exchange the ineffable happiness of being loved for the unsubstantial pleasures of fame?—Where is the man who would have preferred Joan of Arc to the mild and timid Agnes Sorel? We admire the masculine mind of Elizabeth; but we love Mary, queen of Scots.

##### DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

LOVE is like the devil, because it torments us; like heaven, because it raps the soul in bliss; like salt, because it is relishing; like pepper, because it often sets one

on fire; like sugar because it is sweet; like a rope, because it is often the death of a man; like a prison, because it makes one miserable; like wine, because it makes us happy; like a man, because it is here to day and gone to-morrow; like a woman, because there is no getting rid of it; like a beacon, because it guides one to the wished for port; like a will o' the wisp, because it often leads one into a bog; like a fierce courser, because it often runs away with one; like a little poney, because it ambles nicely with one; like the bite of a mad dog, or like the kiss of a pretty woman, because they both make a man run mad; like a goose, because it is silly; like a rabbit, because there is nothing like it. In a word, it is like a ghost, because it is like every thing, and like nothing; often talked about, but never seen, touched, or understood.

## THE SPIAN DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THEATRICAL REGISTER.

FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1804.

*John Bull*, eighth time, and *La Force Noire*.

MONDAY, MARCH 19.

*Voice of Nature*, ninth time, and *Blue Beard*.

THE popular dramatic entertainment of *Blue Beard* was this evening presented, for the first time this season, with much scenic elegance, and considerable strength of character. It has long been considered as one of the best afterpieces of the serious kind, which have been introduced on our stage, and still preserves its rank, though no longer under the protection of novelty. From the splendid manner in which it was performed to night, it was particularly interesting.

The scene of the illuminated garden was strikingly magnificent. So many variegated lamps, presenting a brilliant mixture of the colours of the rainbow, artfully arranged, was a pleasing spectacle, and had an effect approaching nearly to magic.—The procession was managed in a manner, which made it no inconsiderable part of the entertainment.

But its greatest attractions were the *Fatima* and *Irene* of Mrs. DARLEY and Mrs. JONES. These characters, as their fair representatives were perfectly at home in them, exhibited a fascinating group of nature, truth, and elegance. That of the pensive, modest, amiable *Fatima* was equally suited to Mrs. DARLEY, as that of the lively, giddy, thoughtless *Irene* to Mrs. JONES. Their dresses, which were light and airy in the Turkish style, displayed much elegance, and added to the effect of good acting.

Mr. DICKENSON did *Ibrahim* justice;—and Mr. PRIGMORE performed *Abamelique* in a manner that exceeded our expectations.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21.

*Tale of Mystery*, fifth, and *Blue Beard*, second time.

*Blue Beard* was repeated this evening with equal interest. Some of the beautiful scenic decorations were pleasingly and judiciously varied.

### COMMUNICATION.

THE following negative remarks on Mrs. SIDDONS' acting, will remind the judicious reader of faults which he has but too often witnessed, and which it were to be wished might not only be corrected indifferently, but altogether.

—“She studies her author attentively, conceives justly, and describes with a firm consciousness of propriety. She is *sparing* in her action; because nature (at least English nature) does not act much; but it is proper, picturesque, graceful and dignified; it arises immediately from the sentiments and feelings, and is not seen to prepare itself before it begins. No studied trick or *start* can be predicted; no forced tremulation, where the vacancy of the eye declares the absence of passion, can be seen; no *laborious strainings* at false climax, in which the tired voice reiterates one high tone, beyond which it cannot reach, can be heard; no artificial *beavings* of the breath, so *disgraceful*, when the affectation is perceptible; none of those arts,

by which the actress is seen, and not the character, can be found in Mrs. SIDDONS. So natural are her gradations and transitions, so classical and correct her speech and deportment, and so exceedingly affecting and pathetic are her voice, form and features, that there is no conveying an idea of the pleasure she communicates, by words. She must be seen to be admired. What is still more delightful, she is an *original*: she copies no one living or dead, but acts from nature and herself.” N.

## WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER.

BOSTON, MARCH 24, 1804.

### FOREIGN.

INTELLIGENCE from India states, that on the 29th of August, the British troops carried the fort of Baroach, after a smart resistance from the Arabs.—On the 4th of Sept. Fort Alyghur was captured by the English; and on the 9th, Firogabad was taken. On the 11th, opposite to Delhi, 68 pieces of cannon, and 61 tumbrils of ammunition were taken or destroyed. The English say, of the Europeans of their army 197 were taken, killed and wounded, and 288 natives in the English service, besides the loss of 173 horses. But the battle of Affye upon the Nullah, not far from the Katina, was decisive of victory. This action was under Maj. Gen. Wellesley, against Scindiah's main army. The battle was fought on the 23d of Sept. In it, according to the returns, 162 of the Europeans, in the English service, were killed, and 428 wounded. Of the natives in the British service, 371 were killed, and 1138 wounded. The British lost 305 horses, and the natives 111.—Calcutta papers inform, that on the 2d of Sept. Gen. Macdowall, Governor of Columbo, declared by Proclamation, that the province of Matura had submitted. Hengewelle had been well defended, and many boats and habitations burnt. The disturbances at Cozel, and several other places, had been quieted.—London papers to the 16th of Feb. have been received. Nothing particular had taken place since our former accounts, between the two great powers of Europe.—The King of Great-Britain is seriously indisposed with the dropsy in the chest.—A fever of a deadly and malignant nature, rages in the town of New-Castle.—The Austrian Minister at Paris, has been presented by the First Consul with a gold snuff box, encircled with diamonds, valued at 1009 louis d'ors.

WEST-INDIES.—It is reported from Gonaives, that the black Gen. Saline, has issued a Proclamation, commanding the extirpation, by massacre, of every white in the Island.—The British are besieging Curacao; Martinique is in a state of blockade. An English schooner of 16 guns, blockading that port, blew up on the 9th of Feb. and the whole crew are said to be lost.

### DOMESTIC.

THE pile of Volta, consisting of 300 plates, has been erected by Dr. Trent of Virginia, for the purpose of administering the new and surprising influence, called Galvanism, in palfies, rheumatism, deafness, blindness, &c. &c. [§] *A Galvanic machine is now in operation in this town, and we are informed has already effected several important cures by its operation.*—The Middlesex Canal, from Merrimack River, to Boston, is completed, and will be in operation as soon as the ice is dissolved. This is the greatest public enterprize that ever was accomplished in the New-England States—and we hope the Proprietors will soon be remunerated for the very heavy expenses they have incurred in finishing this important Canal.—The New-York Humane Society has made a report which will be very acceptable to the friends of humanity. By their soup and fuel this society has been able to relieve 131 prisoners for debt; 15,206 quarts of soup have been provided, of which above 8,000 were given to the poor, and nearly 5,000 to the prisoners. The rest was disposed of to such as could purchase on easy terms. In 1803, the society received 688 dollars, and expended nearly that sum. They have seen the great utility of their plan, and invite that charity which will maintain it. This is not the only thing in which that city has given a good example.—The John Adams frigate is ordered to sail for the Mediterranean in 3 or 4 weeks.—Collections are making in several places for the sufferers by fire at Norfolk.—Great apprehensions exist, lest the freshets should be very destructive, from the great quantities of snow which have fallen.—

Several vessels have arrived at New Orleans with African slaves for sale.—A whale, about 40 feet long, has been taken up in Delaware Bay, as far as Reedy Island, near which it ran ashore, and was killed by some of the country people.—A fleece of wool taken from a sheep 13 months old at Easton, (Pen.) last summer, weighed thirteen pounds and a half. A sheep killed on the 25th ult. at the same place, weighed 120 wt. and the fat which came off of the caul, 12 wt.—A most atrocious murder was committed in Peddleton, (S. Carolina) on the 27th Jan. Miss Polly Young, a fine amiable young woman, on that morning left her father's house to go to a mill two miles distant, and was killed on her return by her father's negro fellow, in a manner too barbarous and indecent to detail. It is however certain it was one of the foulest murders ever known in this country. This monster of inhumanity and bloodshed, was fairly convicted of the crime, and has been executed.—A few weeks since a man named Wilkinson, shot himself at Steubenville, in the State of Ohio. What renders this remarkable is, that he was married on Thursday evening, and on Friday morning he perpetrated the horrid act, in the presence of his wife.—The Baltimore papers have cautioned the store keepers against parting with their dollars—adding, that if care is not taken to prevent their being collected up, every dollar will be shipped off to India!—A liquor thus compounded, will destroy caterpillars, ants, and other insects, namely, soap, flower of sulphur, and camphom, equal quantities, dissolved by a gentle heat in twenty times their united weight of water. Insects, sprinkled by this liquor, die immediately.

### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are highly obliged to “ATTICUS,” for his valuable Communications; one of which shall certainly appear next week. We presume to solicit further favours.

If the person who forwarded the history of MARIA ARNOLD, is willing to wait until we can do it with propriety, we will gladly publish it; but we cannot break off one narrative, to commence another.

Several lively and amusing anecdotes have been received, for which we are thankful. They shall appear as opportunity offers.

### MUSICAL EXHIBITION.

The Musical Franklin Society will have their annual exhibition on Monday evening, 26th instant, should the weather prove favourable, at the Rev. Dr. West's Meeting House, in Hollis-Street, the performances to commence at half past 6 o'clock. The money collected by contribution will be appropriated to the Funds of the Boston Female Asylum.

The numerous and judicious selections of Music, vocal and instrumental, to be performed on the occasion, added to the consideration of the benevolent purpose to which the profits are to be applied, will doubtless, excite the attention of the Ladies and Gentlemen of Boston, so justly celebrated for their liberality and taste. An appropriate Address will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. WEST.

### MARRIED.

At New-London, Mr. Joseph Miller, of Boston, to Miss Lydia C. ray.

### DIED.

At Canandaigua, (N. Y.) a young daughter of Mr. Webb Harwood, Aet. 3. Her parents had gone to Meeting, leaving two sons, one 17, the other 7, to take care of their sister. The eldest went to a neighbouring house, and was soon after alarmed by his brother, that his sister's clothes had taken fire. He ran to the house, but could neither hear nor see the child; he searched, and could not find her. In a little time, being joined by the neighbours, went in search of her out of the house; and no sooner had they began, than within a few steps of the door, near to a log, they found her lying dead, suffocated, it is supposed from appearances, by the fire and smoke of her clothes; and to add to the horrors of the scene, the hogs had torn the flesh off the face and one arm; the stomach and entrails bare!

In this town, Miss Maria Phillips, Aet. 17, daughter of Mr. Turner Phillips; Miss Mary Pierce, Aet. 70.—Mrs. Polly Robbins, Aet. 24, consort of Mr. Baruch B. R.

Yesterday, Mrs. Mary Ingraham, Aet. 64, widow of Capt. Joseph I. Her funeral will be to-morrow afternoon, at 5 o'clock, from her son-in-law's, (Capt. Ralph Bentley) opposite Rhodes's Ship-Yard; which the relations and friends are requested to attend.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## TO THE MOON.

HAIL lovely Cynthia, Empress of the night !  
 Who thro' my casement shed'st thy lucid beam ;  
 Diffusing all around thy silvery light,  
 And with pale lustre soft'ning every scene.  
 Whether in "clouded majesty," thou'rt seen,  
 Emerging from the shades which round thee press,  
 Or unobscured thou walk the blue serene,  
 Still will I hail thee in whatever drefs.  
 Still will thy rays give pleasure to my heart,  
 While recollection there shall hold her seat ;  
 And to my view again those hours impart,  
 When Happiness and I were wont to meet.  
 For thou hast seen when through this raptured breast  
 Each care was lost in pleasure's blissful sway ;  
 When every thought in Hope's bright garb was  
 And time on swiftest pinions flew away. [drest,  
 Blest with that presence which can sorrow chase,  
 Here, on this spot, where now I sit reclin'd ;  
 By thy mild light I view'd the lovely face,  
 And traced in that the virtues of the mind.  
 Flatt'ring illusion ! whither art thou gone !  
 Is joy then banish'd this devoted breast ?  
 No, the soft day of Comfort yet shall dawn,  
 And Friendship soothe my troubled soul to rest.

SOPHIA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## ODE,

Sung at the last Quarterly Charity Lecture, at the Old South Meeting-House.

JESUS! and shall it ever be !  
 A mortal man asham'd of thee ;  
 Asham'd of thee, whom Angel's praise,  
 Whose glories shine through endless days.  
 Asham'd of Jesus ! sooner far,  
 Let evening blush to own a star ;  
 He sheds the beams of light divine,  
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.  
 Asham'd of Jesus ! just as soon  
 Let midnight be asham'd of noon ;  
 'Tis midnight with my soul, 'till he,  
 Bright morning star, bid darkness flee.  
 Asham'd of Jesus ! that dear friend,  
 On whom my hopes of heav'n depend ?  
 No ; when I blush, be this my shame,  
 That I no more revere his name.  
 Asham'd of Jesus ! yes I may,  
 When I've no guilt to wash away,  
 No tear to wipe—no good to crave,  
 No fears to quell—no soul to save.  
 'Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
 'Till then, I boast a Saviour slain ;  
 And oh ! may this my glory be,  
 That Christ ! is not asham'd of me.  
 His institutions would I prize,  
 Take up my cross, the shame despise,  
 Dare to defend his noble cause,  
 And yield obedience to his laws.

[The following lines are inserted, as much on account of their poetical merit, as of the ingenious and natural description of a certain SOMETHING, which we shall, for the present leave our fair readers in particular, to guess.]

## AN ENIGMA.

When first o'er Psyche's angel breast  
 Love's infant wings undreaded play'd,  
 Of either parent's grace possess'd,  
 My birth their secret flame betray'd.  
 No limbs my ætry charms obscure,  
 No bone my elin frame sustains ;  
 Yet blood I boast, as warm, as pure,  
 As that which throbs in Hebe's veins.

I sleep with Beauty, watch with Fear,  
 I rise in timid youth's defence ;  
 My gentle warmth alone can rear  
 The snow-drop buds of innocence.  
 Without a tongue, a voice, or sound,  
 My eloquence o'er all prevails ;  
 I still in every clime am found  
 To tell my parents tend'rest tales.  
 Love's sunshine, beam'd from brightest eyes,  
 Lest cheers his votary's painful duty,  
 Than my auspicious light, which flies  
 Like meteors o'er the heav'n of beauty.

## THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## SINCERITY ; A NOVEL

## IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

## LETTER XXVIII—ANNE to ELINOR.

SARAH's Journal from the time she left Mrs. BELLAMY's, to the period of her meeting her Brother.

CONTINUED.

THE momentary suspension of my faculties, could hardly be called a swoon ; the multitude of painful ideas which pressed impetuously upon my brain ; upon seeing the woman who had been the bane of my domestic peace associated with the man who had presumed openly to make overtures derogatory to my honour, struck me with horror ; I seemed petrified, I could neither see nor hear distinctly, and to have articulated a single syllable, would have been impossible, and I remained above half an hour a mere passive machine in the hands of the house-keeper, and a young woman, who I afterwards found was waiting maid to the infamous Romaine, alias Ryan ; when I had recovered sufficiently to speak—"Tell me," said I, "in whose house I am."—"Do you not guess?" said the house-keeper, with a laughing smile, impossible to describe, and shocking to behold—"I fear I can," I replied, "but why was I brought here?"—"Nay," she answered, laughing outright, in a most insolent manner : "as you came here voluntarily with my Lord's old confidential valet, I should suppose you might guess that too, without making such a fuss."—"La ! Ma'am," said the young woman, in an affecting lisping tone, "perhaps the lady feels a little jealous or so, at seeing my lady, who is very handsome for farten, so familiar with the Marquis ; but dearest me, Miss, they have been separated above six months ; to be sure my lady did take a *tourer* to the continent with him some little time ago, but my Lord and she had a few words,—"She was going on with disgusting familiarity and volubility ;—when I interrupted her—"you are mistaken, as the to cause of my agitation ; I was surprised—I am distressed—but you cannot comprehend why I should be either the one or the other."—"Oh dearest me, I'm sure I don't want to inquire into nobody's secrets, you know your own business best, as the saying is, there nobody knows where the shoe pinches, so well as they that wear it."—"Well, Mrs. Flimsey," said the house-keeper, "will you go down and have some tea. Miss Beetham seems quite recovered, and if she wants any thing, she will ring, and Betty, the housemaid will answer her bell—shall I send you up some tea Mem?" continued she, turning towards me—she affected respect. "I shall not want any thing to night," I replied. "I will go to bed and endeavour to rest."—I said this to be rid of their intrusive rudeness ; but the moment I found myself alone, I began to reflect seriously on my perilous situation ; I was neither romantic enough, or so much of a child as to imagine I could in a civilized country, be compelled to submit to treatment which would render me, in my own opinion, the most degraded and wretched of all beings ; but I was well aware should it be known that I had voluntarily resided at the seat of a young nobleman, remarkable for his gallantry, nearly a fortnight, my reputation would be inevitably ruined, and should I remain one night after I knew whose house it was, and that the master of it was at home, I should in a great degree deserve the obloquy which might be thrown upon me.

To leave the house this very night, was then my first concern, but how? I was twelve miles from Dublin, and had not a sixpence in the world—yet go I must—it was night—I was a stranger to the road—Yet, should I re-

main, something might happen to me, and I might lose my retreat.—I had been careful to leave such a state of weakness, that I might be able to find my associate would not have the time to leave the house before morning ; and I had, having left me with the avowed intention of going to bed immediately, would give that information, should any enquiry be made concerning me. I therefore determined to leave the place immediately ; and for that purpose, was preparing to change my clothes, which being white mullin, was by no means suited to the making a pedestrian journey ; when I discovered that my closet in which was my trunk containing every habiliment I possessed in the world, was locked, nor could I find the key any where ; I was afraid to ring for the maid, lest something might occur to prevent my putting my design into execution. So quitting the apartment, locking the door, and taking the key with me, and with only a shawl thrown over my shoulders, I went softly down the back stairs ; unbarred a door which opened into a retired part of the garden ; I passed unobserved through it into the park ; and from thence, without being interrogated, though several of the servants passed me, I reached the great road—I had enough of the fears inherent in my sex to feel extremely disagreeable at finding myself on the public road, leading to, and almost in the vicinity of a populous city, at ten o'clock at night. The sound of approaching boisterous travellers terrified me exceedingly, and I turned out of the road crossing a stile which led to a little coppice ; in which, by the light of the moon, which was now risen to a considerable height, I discovered a foot path, which I struck into and pursued, until I came in view of a neat cottage.—To continue my journey at this late hour, or to remain in the open fields all night, was equally repugnant to my feelings.—I resolved, therefore, to knock at the door, and request to repose in the cottage for the night.—I knocked several times before I obtained any answer ; at length a window opened, and a female voice enquired, "who is there?"—"I have lost my way," said I, "and intreat to be admitted into the house until morning."—"But who are you?"—"I am an inoffensive woman, whom an unfortunate circumstance has obliged to be out at this late hour ; but if you will let me in, and allow me to repose, I have no doubt but I can amply compensate you for your kindness."—"Well," said the voice, "I will ask Mistress, and if she has a mind to let you come in, I will open the door—but be you sure you be a woman," continued she, stretching her head out of the window to look at me, "because I think you looks monstrous like a ghost." Having assured the simple rustic that I was a living being, she went from the window, and in about five minutes came down and admitted me within the door, at the same time saying,—"Mistress says she does not much like letting strangers come in at night ; but seeing as how you be a woman, and alone, you may come up and lay down by me."—I perceived this simple wench as she was talking, to take hold of my shawl, my gown, and at last laid her hand upon my arm,—"Why you be warm flesh," said she, "I did verily think you might be a spirit after all, which way did you come? for farten you did not come through the coppice." When I assured her that I did, she was all astonished, and enquired if I saw nothing. I replied in the negative. She then told a tragical story of seduction, and murder of a child, the premature and horrid death of the mother, and finished with "Poor Katy O'Connor, she walks every night in the coppice near the place where she buried her baby ; sometimes in one shape, and sometimes in another ; but if any body offers to go near her, she sets up a dreadful howl and vanishes in a flash of fire. O! and by my conscience, I would not go through that coppice after night fall, for all the silver cups and spoons in my Lord's great house-yonder."

BOSTON, (MASSACHUSETTS.)

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## BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 31, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT &amp; DEAN,

AMONG the various inconsistencies and evils which are prevalent in the world, there is a common ridiculous and sometimes very injurious folly, which I shall denominate the art of misrepresentation or enlargement.

The tongue has such a magnifying propensity that a tale, or even report, however trivial its nature, or slender its foundation, in passing through a few different mouths, receives so many additions, that we may compare each communication to as many lens of a telescope, however with this difference—that while the latter shews objects only in their just form—the former has the power not only of enlarging, but embellishing them with all the varieties of imagination.

This evil is not the characteristic of either sex in particular, but will be found to pervade both male and female; though it is diverted by each into different channels.

That species of misrepresentation which carries with it the most injurious consequences, is, where the character or actions of any of our fellow creatures are concerned; and the darts of slander have frequently made deep incisions upon characters whose actions never merited accusation, or whose intentions never deserved calumny. Slander has been considered as belonging almost exclusively to females, but though it may be a vice not so prevalent among men, yet when it appears in that part of the community, it is frequently of a more destructive nature, and inflicts deeper, and more poisonous wounds; even in females it sometimes appears with all the venom of a viper, and has been known to make invidious attacks upon its unfortunate prey, and to consign the reputation of its victim to infamy and ruin. This however happily is not frequently the case, and though its dominion is so extensive and contagious, its fury is less malignant and its incursions less fatal—it often occasions mischief without premeditation, and unintentionally injures.

But the misrepresentation or exaggeration I now wish to call the attention of your readers to, is rather an innocent and ridiculous folly, than an injurious evil.

By this art, a mere insignificant rumour has become important intelligence—riots are turned into terrible insurrections—and a few boats are magnified into an immense fleet—one person tells another, he thinks it probable such an armament *might* sail—he informs a third it *had*—the third, that such an invasion was consequently *likely* to take place—and so it goes on, until the invaders become nearly masters of the land, and the next accounts *must* undoubtedly tell us they have taken possession of the capital.

This science is brought to complete perfection by those who are fond of matrimonial intelligence, and of trumpeting abroad the expected conquests of hyacinth. As people of this class are very impatient to dispose of in marriage all but themselves, they will tell you the precise situations of courtships which do not exist, and the different progress each traveller has made on the road to the altar. If a gentleman walks with a lady on Sunday to church, it is hinted by one of the above mentioned society, that they *would* make a good match—On Monday it is whispered that *there are* symptoms of attention—Tuesday furnishes us with accounts that the parties are in a fair way to be united—courtship is publicly announced on Wednesday, and by Saturday we hear that the couple have actually been published, and that preparations are making for immediate marriage. A gentleman, if seen three times in company with the same female, is set down as already entangled in the silken chain of love, and can hardly walk the streets, or go into company, without being rallied upon his intended nuptials, and congratulated upon his approaching felicity. Thus truth, if ever in these cases she makes her appearance, instead of her own simple robe, is so disguised by the apparel of fiction, that she seldom can be discerned, and man is at a loss for information, because he has so much of it, he knows not what to reject.

In some countries, particular places are supposed to be more congenial to the dissemination of particular species of intelligence—Coffee Houses—Exchange—Parks—and even Barbers' Shops have promoted and generated political news; the latter places have been so noted in this respect, that the master of the ceremonies has been known, unintentionally, to cut his customer's throat while he has been intent upon relating the report of the day, and been enumerating with wonderful fecundity the number killed and wounded in a desperate engagement. On the other hand, amongst other places, dressing, drawing rooms, and particularly tea parties, are supposed to have a particular efficacy in the propagation of all kinds of private and domestic information, and it is only necessary to hint that the story was told you in confidence, to give it a more general publicity. What motives can induce so many of our fellow mortals to make themselves proficient in this science—I cannot divine. Can it be the benevolent wish of benefiting their companions—or is it to gratify themselves? Is it the result of deliberation, or rather is it not the offspring of thoughtlessness?

Before they continue its practice, let them consider its effects—and remember, that in all their actions they ought not only to abstain from injury, but use their endeavours for the promotion of good.

ATTICUS.

[The Editors, humbly hope they shall not subject themselves to the imputation of vanity, by giving publicity to the following letter (which they have just received) on the utility of Miscellaneous Publications, in which literary, diverting and moral subjects are occasionally discussed. If the writer has been too partial to their honest and persevering endeavours to merit the good opinion of their kind customers; they can only pledge themselves, that their redoubled diligence shall be employed to prevent, as far as possible, the public expectation from being disappointed.]

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT &amp; DEAN,

IT is a consoling circumstance, amidst "the evil days and evil tongues on which we have fallen," to find a paper published once a week, in which one is sure not to be disturbed by the acrimony of private scandal or the rancour of party malevolence. I am much pleased with the plan of your Magazine, as calculated to furnish, in proportion to its size, no inconsiderable share of instruction and amusement. To arrange the articles under distinct titles, as you have done, is judicious; and will serve to please readers of different ages and various modes of thinking. To continue your selections, with industry and discernment, without admitting any thing of an indelicate or immoral tendency, will be the means of procuring an extensive

patronage to, and ample remuneration of, your useful labours.

I hope we shall always maintain in this *new world* the noble cause of rational Liberty and pure Religion for which our venerable ancestors separated themselves from the *old*. Periodical publications, without involving political discussions, may tend much to the accomplishment of such important objects. We ought to learn to place a just value on our own situation—as people, when compared with that of other nations—and I am persuaded, there are multitudes who do not wish to exchange the plain habits and manners of New-England, for the more ostentatious fashions which prevail in other countries. Such characters will never abandon the principles, on which the unprecedented prosperity of the United States has been established. Many persons may be soothed and consoled by perusing short and cheap miscellaneous compilations, recommended by novelty, whose circumstances would deter them from undertaking to read more prolix and expensive works. Others, who have more leisure and information, will doubtless be willing to assist you, in rendering so acceptable, and, I may say, so essential a service to the community. With Variety for your colours, Taste for your watch-word, and Virtue for the point of re-union, you may rest assured, that a host of patrons of both sexes, will rally round the standard of your Magazine: and, among the rest, when you can find no better assistance, you may sometimes expect that of

A FEMALE VOLUNTEER.

Boston, March 26, 1804.

## THE TRUE AMBITION OF AN HONEST MIND.

WERE I to describe the blessings I desire in life, I would be happy in a few, but faithful friends. Might I choose my talent, it should rather be good sense, than learning. I would consult, in the choice of my house, convenience rather than state; and for my circumstances, desire a moderate but independent fortune.—Business—enough, to secure me from indolence, and leisure enough always to have an hour to spare. I would have no master, and I desire but few servants. I would not be led away by ambition, nor perplexed with disputes. I would enjoy the blessing of health, but would rather be beholden for it to a regular life and an easy mind, than to the school of Hippocrates. As to my passions, since we cannot be wholly divested of them, I would hate only those whose manners rendered them odious, and love only where I know I ought. Thus would I pass cheerfully through that portion of my life which cannot last always, and with resignation wait for that which will last forever.

## INSTRUCTING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## FEMALE READING.

Messrs. GILBERT &amp; DEAN,

PERMIT me through the medium of your Magazine, to address myself to the ladies, upon a subject which I am sorry to observe is much too generally neglected—I mean the choice of books.

It is admitted by all as a fact, that there is no way in which our time can be so well employed as in reading; but it is highly essential, that our choice of books be made with judgment and confined to those only, which tend to inform the judgment; to furnish the mind with useful and profitable sentiments; to enable us to bear our part in conversation with honour to ourselves and advantage to others.



Novels have been considered by not a few, and I believe their opinion to be correct, as by no means tending to the improvement of society or ourselves;—their general effect is only to amuse, to catch the imagination of the volatile and thoughtless reader, to represent life and manners as we shall never realize them, and to engross our time, without making us any compensation for its loss.

It is however a truth, though a melancholy one, that those kind of publications engross all the leisure time of a large proportion of the ladies, while those which are calculated to refine and improve the mind, to fit them to fill their places in life with respect, are totally neglected.

A new novel, or romance will immediately catch their attention, and afford more profit to the library from whence it issues, than perhaps all the other volumes it contains. Allow them to proceed in this course of reading for years or until they are advanced in life, and then I ask, if they have afforded them any new ideas or increased their stock of real knowledge. They are read with avidity, they please for a moment, but in a short time after they have finished them, they are forgot and another of the same kind, though gilded by the name of novelty, fought for.

It is expected of females that they possess qualities for rendering domestic life happy, (as it is presumed the greater part of them look forward to a settlement in life) but if they in their early days neglect one of the best means, (I mean that of reading books of information) they will find it very difficult in their after life to make up the deficiency. They need not confine themselves to dry and metaphysical subjects, but may peruse those, where they will find amusement and instruction blended together. If these hints tend to reform one individual, I shall be well paid for my time. W. T.

#### "WHAT IS MY BIBLE WORTH?"

WHEN I consider that it contains the most ancient and beautiful history of Kings and Prophets, and remarkable events—the word of the sweet Psalmist of Israel—the pious instructions of Solomon—the prophecies of holy men of God—the Gospel of Christ, and the way of Salvation by Him, and the sweet doctrines of the Apostles—O! the worth of it is beyond comparison—Nothing on earth can compare with it. *The Scriptures are able to make the wise unto salvation through faith in CHRIST JESUS, faith Paul: And nothing but Heaven can equal the worth of these divine writings.*

These reflections were suggested to me upon reading the following anecdote, which tends to prove that the book must indeed be invaluable which can give comfort to the repentant sinner in the hour of death.

A society of gentlemen, most of them possessed of a liberal education and polished manners, but who unhappily had been seduced from a belief in the sacred scriptures, used to assemble alternately at each other's houses, for the purpose of ridiculing revelation, and hardening one another in their infidelity. At last, they unanimously formed a resolution solemnly to burn the bible; and so to be troubled no more with a book which was so hostile to their principles, and disquieting to their consciences. The day fixed upon came; a large fire was prepared; a bible was laid upon the table, and a flowing bowl ready to drink its dirge. For the execution of their plan, they fixed upon a young gentleman of high birth, brilliant vivacity, and elegance of manners. He undertook the task; and, after a few enlivening glasses, amidst the applause of his jovial compeers, he approached the table, took up the bible, and was walking resolutely forward to put it in the fire; but happening to give it a look, all at once he was seized with trembling, paleness overspread his countenance, and his whole frame seemed convulsed: He returned to the table, and laying down the bible, said, with a strong asseveration, "We will not burn that book, until we get a better."

Soon after this, this same gay and lively young gentleman died, and on his death-bed was led to sincere repentance, deriving unshaken hopes of forgiveness, and of future blessedness from that book he was once going to burn.

### AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

A PERSON passing through the market, some time since, picked up the following curious production, which appears to have been written during the late war, by a girl, who had a sweetheart in the army. By inserting it in your paper, without correcting the orthography, you will perhaps afford diversion to some of your readers.

PETER PUNCTILIO.

Wrentham, June 9, 1777.

DEAR LOVE,

THESE lines are to inform you that I am well—hope you will write to me every time you can—I long to here from you—I am concern'd bout you—I was fraid you was ded—cause I did dreme bad dremes bout you last week—but I hope you'll be low well—I hered the foldiers were wicked—that they did fware and git drunk—and that there was great many bad girls in the army—dout forget you have a sole to save,—I'me fraid you've most forgot me—you must trust in him who is to save you as he did when you was wattring flax and slipt in over you led—Mother says she hopes you wont leve me though you dont come and see me—John come to see me once—Mother thinks I better stay with him—cause you dont come and see me—but you told me you woudnt go see any body else—I'me fraid you'll forgit what you promised when you furst com to see me—you must come home as soon as your time is out—else I will stay with John next time he comes—Father fines to liv with Mr. S—next winter—I shall lie all alone—dout let any body see this letter—I have not got any nuse to rite only my goard groes fast—I wish you was home *we* we could get cawcumber-nites—I'me going to card for Mr. F—n tomorrow—folks think Lieut. R—s boy will be a fool—Sister Mime has been living at D—m bove a month—She has had five Sparks since she has been there—Mother says she must behave well—and she shall be married first—now you are gone I'me fraid she will—I wish you woud rite me what you fine to do about it, I can get ready by the fall. Mr. F—n gives me half a dollar a day. Ive got a pare of shifts and fifteen gossins most grown up—So I remain your true friend till death. P—E H—N.

#### A FRAGMENT.

I DREAMT that Jupiter took me up to the skies, as he is said to have done formerly by Menippus the philosopher, in order that I might be convinced that the accusations, so generally brought against the equity of providence, were totally without foundation; and that the great author of the universe, notwithstanding the impious murmurs of his creatures, was perfectly just and consistent in the minutest of his decrees.

Having taken my station, as I fancied, at the feet of the Deity, the chrysal gates of the celestial region were thrown wide open, and by a particular order of Jupiter, the softest whisper address'd to him from earth was so distinctly heard, that, during the continuance of the various supplications, I never missed a single syllable.

The first who offered his prayers to Olympus was a man who had been ruined by being a security in a large sum of money for a very intimate friend. "This," says Jupiter, "is a fellow of unquestionable worth and integrity; through the whole course of his life he has paid so inflexible an attention to the dictates of virtue, that I do not believe I have any thing to charge him with, besides human infirmity. He thinks it hard, therefore, that I should suffer him to be plunged into distress, though this distress is nothing more than the natural consequence of his own indiscretion: for, instead of building his esteem upon the *bonesty* of the man by whose means he is thus unhappily stripped of his all, he founded his regard entirely upon the length of their acquaintance; and afflicted him, not because he was a person of probity and honour, but because he was a person with whom he had passed a great deal of his time. On this account he is justly punished for his folly; and though I intend to reward his virtues very amply in this world, yet I must permit him to be chastised *below*, that other worthy men may take warning by his example, and learn to shower their favours only upon those whom they know to be truly deserving."

The next person who offered up his petition was a merchant in the city, who prayed devoutly for a fair wind for a ship, which he had, richly laden, in the river, and intended for a very valuable market on the coast of Africa. "Now, here," resumed Jupiter, "is another very honest fellow, who will think himself particularly aggrieved if I decline to comply with his request; and yet, if I were to grant it a thousand others would inevitably be ruined, who are bound upon voyages which require quite a contrary wind. Your people of virtue imagine they should, in the minutest circumstance, be the particular care of Providence; and absurdly fancy that the attention of a being who has the *whole universe to govern and support*, shall be entirely engrossed by themselves. These people must, however, be informed, that I am the god of an extensive world, and not the immediate patron of any one man—of course, therefore, I shall never invert the order of things, to oblige a private person, though that person should be the very best of all my votaries—more particularly too, when, let his merits be what they will, my favour shall so incredibly exceed them in the end.

After the departure of the merchant, methought a whole kingdom came at once and begged of Jupiter to destroy a neighbouring nation, with whom they happened to be at war. "Here are precious creatures for you," said Jupiter, "and so I must sacrifice a country of 10 or 12 millions, merely because these conscientious votaries think proper to make the request: that is, in plain words, I must be their bully, and arm myself in passions that would disgrace the meanest of themselves, for the mighty honour of executing the purposes of their revenge." Upon this he turned his head aside in indignation, and bade me observe another body of people, rather larger than the former, who were singing hymns to his praise, and invoking his favour with all the energy of the most solemn adoration. "This," said he, "is the nation with whom my late set of votaries are at war; and, you hear, they are just praying in the same manner that I would be graciously pleased to destroy all their enemies. Now, which of these can I oblige? Their pretensions to my regard are alike insignificant—and they are quarrelling for a tract of country, in America, to which neither of them have the smallest right. To punish, therefore, their injustice to the poor Indians, and their insolence in thinking to make me an abettor of their contentions, I shall leave them entirely to themselves, and make each, by that means, the scourge of the other's crimes." Jupiter delivered these words in a tone so tremendous, that I awoke with affright. But I thought the vision conveyed no useless lesson, as it illustrated the vanity of human wishes, and taught an absolute resignation to the wisdom, the awful dispensations, and the justice of God.

Q. Z.

#### SERINA—A CHARACTER.

SERINA's form is surpass'd by none—Few would declare her *exquisitely beautiful*: no one would hesitate to pronounce her *handsome*. Her fine black eye, while it can command the most respectful deportment, can ameliorate into the softest expressions of friendship and compassion. In her presence, the libertine forgets the sentiments, that have made bankrupt his *morals* and his *honour*; he involuntarily pays to SERINA, that respect nature ever designed, for the most amiable and most beauteous of her fabrics—a *virtuous woman*. Though born and educated in a rank, where the disgusting smile of politeness, but poorly curtains the innumerable *littlest* of the great, yet is *duplicitly* a stranger to her breast. Her language ever expresses the feelings of her heart. Conversation is often brilliant with SERINA's wit, and abstractedly she can satirize folly, yet never did any one leave her presence with injured feelings. Are the *weaknesses* of her friends or acquaintance discussed; are they the consequence of juvenile imprudence; she kindly gives her compassion. Are they the consequence of improper education, or prejudiced sentiments, she sweetly pities what she accounts their misfortune.—Her lips never gave utterance to the voice of *scandal*, and when her neighbour's *face* is falling by *female affluity*, from censurable SERINA, the voice of extenuation alone, is heard.

The wretch that slurs in the piercing blast, unsolicited finds a friend in SERINA. Where misfortune heaves the sigh or flows the tear, her benignant hand administers to their misery; by the melody of her footings, their sorrows are hushed in forgetfulness.

The criterion of her inclinations are those of her father;—She never entertains a wish that bears not a perfect consonance to his will. All who know her, with her friendship; those who have it, prize it inestimably. "Happy the man, that maketh her his wife; happy the child that shall call her mother."

A. Z.

[From the Wonders of Nature and Art, by the Rev Thomas Smith, a new work published in London, 1803, vol. 2, p. 48.]

## AN AERIAL TOUR.

EAGLES not only seize upon lambs, kids, &c. but even children too, if they have an opportunity, as appears, from an instance given us by Sir Robert Shidbald, of an Eagle that took up a young child at a place called Houghton-Head, and carried it to its nest in Hoy, one of the Orkney Islands, four miles distant; but being immediately followed by four men in a boat, who knew where the nest was, they brought back the child unhurt.

## ANECDOTES.

A CERTAIN divine, in the county of Bristol, (England,) some time since, while he was delivering his sermon, perceived that the greatest part of the old people in the body seats, were, for some reasons or other (the reader may guess what) indulging themselves in a comfortable nap—and that the children in the gallery were indulging themselves in playing—to the no small disturbance of the congregation—Upon which the parson made a long pause—and looking up into the gallery, with a stern and solemn voice said, "boys be still—if you make such a noise up there, the old men below, cannot sleep."

A Gentleman travelling through a town in the county of Hampshire, stopped at an inn to take dinner. In the house were only the landlady, and her son. The mother left him to treat the guest, who handed him some fragments of roasted beef, and two glasses of wine. On his departure, the gentleman could not persuade the young rustic to take any compensation. His mother soon after returned and enquired, "Well, Jonathan, how much did you get for having the bones picked?" "Why mother, how much was it worth?" replied the son. "About twenty-five cents," she said. "I got it done cheaper than that mother," replied Jonathan, "I only gave the gentleman two glasses of wine!"

## ANECDOTE OF A MAN WHO ALWAYS SPOKE IN RHYME.

A MAN who scarcely ever gave an answer, without it was in rhyme, one day, went to the mill with his grist to get it ground, (at that time they did not grind) but he prevailed so far upon the miller, that he said he would, if he would make a rhyme to the purpose, without taking any time to think to which he made the following reply:

'Tis my request,  
To grind my grist  
A little bag of wheat;  
That I may fry,  
Before I die,  
A pancake for to eat.

## THESPIAN DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

"N'ling extenuate, nor sit down aught in malice."

THE two plays of Holcroft, which have been performed the last week, if not entitled to rank among his *first-rate* productions, by no mean sink to the level of his *lowest*. In representation they were assisted by almost all the talent of the whole company. The Theatre on Friday and Wednesday was considerably impoverished by the near approach of the benefit nights, which the town, very much to its honor, has never yet failed of supporting, in a manner, highly judicious and liberal. "*Heart and Soul*," however, on its first night, assembled a sparkling cluster in the lower boxes, and was performed to considerable acceptance. Some of the performers, at least, did not lose a leaf of their former garlands. The scene, which had the principle effect, was the accidental interview between "*Frank*," and "*Ella*," who, being masked, is not recognized by her husband. Mr. LEARNARD

and Mrs. JONES received loud and frequent applause. The other leading characters were well performed, tho' with some variations of merit.

Monday Evening, "*Duplicity*," for Mr. CAMPBELL's benefit—was played to a crowded house, with greater spirit and effect, than the former drama of the same author. There was evidently a number of rival exertions, which, without impairing individual portions of the piece, strengthened the impression of the whole. The play does not claim a very high rank, tho' a respectable one; and the performers have large claims to the praise, which the audience gave in lieu of the pleasure they received. The cast of *some* of the men might, however, have been considerably mended.

Mr. JONES, in "*Othello*," principally attracted the attention, though the part is not of a nature to excite the turbulent applause of the audience. The character is weighty and impressive, and is actuated by the noblest motives and views, while it puts on a visor to exhibit the deep-damning villain. Having exhausted *precept* on the votarist of dissipation, "*Othello*," pursuit is to reclaim him by *experience*:—He plunders him of his property, to restore him to wealth. He entices him to profligacy, to recall him to virtue; and thus drags him to the very precipice of ruin, to snatch him from the vortex below—This is "*The Friend in Disguise*," and the whole character, in all its shades, and features was sustained by Mr. JONES, with excellent discrimination, feeling, and expression. In the concluding scene, when he develops the mystery, which had encircled his purposes, he rises to an effort of power, which gives an inimitable point to the moral and interest of the whole play. The character, we believe, does not lay in his *usual* path of duty; but his performance of it evinces the verifiability, as well as the strength of his talents. IMPARTIALIS.

THE entertainments, &c. advertised for Mr. WILSON's benefit, have met with the highest approbation in the Theatres of New-York and Philadelphia—in which places, Mr. BERNARD has been highly and justly celebrated in the character of *Old Lizard*, and Mr. Wilson's abilities are well suited to the character of *Jack Lizard*. The general cast of the characters will render the play highly interesting.—DON JUAN, was performed on Monday evening last, to general acceptance; and we do not doubt, will be as universally applauded on Monday evening next.—The Interlude, will be a gratification to the audience. ALONZO.

## WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER.

## FOREIGN.

EUROPE.—Arrivals from Europe, bring London papers down to the 21st ult.—The King of England was still indisposed.—Preparations for the invasion of England, still go on. The English Squadron have continual skirmishes on the French coast.—It is reported that a disaffection has taken place in some of the French armies.—Gen. Angereau, with 40,000 men, has arrived at the Isle of Rhé, from the borders of Spain.—The French Government will be removed to Dunkirk, if the invasion takes place.—A French fleet was ready for sea at Toulon, with troops and officers, but its destination was unknown.—The Northern Courts are engaged upon commercial subjects, but whether beyond the regulations of trade is uncertain.—The artillery in the fortresses of Hamburg, in Hanover, has been ordered to be transported to France.—A contribution of 6 per cent on the income of landed property, and 4 on the fortunes or revenue of every inhabitant of Hanover, has been laid by the French government.—The Russian fleet in the Black Sea, amount to 12 ships of 64 guns, and seven frigates.—A small shock of an Earthquake was felt at Sicily, in Oct. last. The winter has been very severe at Norway, Stockholm, and Petersburg; the mercury was fixed at each place at its lowest point immovable.—There has been a great fire at Bayonne, which continued forty hours. Ten large stores, filled with brandy, tar, &c. were blazing at one time; and the flames are said to have ascended 200 feet in the air. Several lives were lost.—The northern lights have been very great at Bayonne, and many diseases prevalent.—It is remarkable, (says a Paris paper) that the month of January has passed entirely without ice. This winter is truly extraordinary for the mildness of its temperature; the lilies and roses of the Tuilleries, are

ready to open their buds; the country is six months advanced. We find record of a similar season in 1596, but it is remarked that there was much sickness in Paris that year.—A report has been circulated in London, for suspending the slave trade for the term of five years.—Doctor Horner of Zurich, and Tilefish, engaged in the Russian voyage of circumnavigation and discovery, left Teneriffe on the 28th of October, for Brazil. Tilefish had attempted to mount the peak of Teneriffe, but without success. He reports that he discovered several non-descript plants and animals. Sufficient time has been allowed for every enquiry.—Frederic Herneman, the German traveller, who visited the interior of Africa, at the expense of the London African company, is preparing to return to England.—Flour, bread, indian corn, and live stock, may be imported into Newfoundland, from the United States, in English vessels, until the 30th of Sept. next.

WEST-INDIES.—Capt. Treadwell, fr. Port-au-Prince, informs, that the British had failed in an attempt to form some commercial arrangements with the Commander in Chief; that the blacks are particularly friendly to Americans, and it is supposed have made some overtures to our Executive, for establishing a commercial intercourse with them.—Capt. Williams, arrived at Providence, from Martinique, informs, that a body of British troops had landed on the north end of the island, but were repulsed with loss.—It is reported that the British have got possession of the city of St. Domingo.

## DOMESTIC.

In the Senate of the United States, a bill has been twice read to remove the temporary seat of government to Baltimore.—Capt. Mentor, from Alicante, informs, that all the officers of the U. S. frigate Philadelphia, had been liberated; and that 15 or 20 of the crew had escaped from servitude, by getting possession of a boat, and putting to sea.—The U. S. brig Argus, sailed from Gibraltar, the 13th Feb. on a cruise for a Tripoline privateer, which was said to be out.—A Light House is ordered to be built at the mouth of the Mississippi, and another near Cape-Look-Out.—A valuable Chalybeate Spring has been discovered at Patterson, in New-Jersey.—A paper, to be printed in the French language, is about commencing at Charleston, (S. C.)—A cow was killed last week at Amherst, weighing 1029 lb. She had 121 lb. of tallow, exclusive of that on the quarters.—The Bridge across Connecticut River, between Hanover and Norwich, (Vt.) has fell, and was crushed to ruins.—A new and elegant house, at Wilmington, (D.) was consumed by fire, the 17th ult.—No knowledge is more justly urged upon this country, than that of Chemistry. The importance of preparing soils, has given this study a high recommendation.—Peach trees may be preserved from being injured by worms, caterpillars, &c. by the following method: Clear away the gum that issues out of the tree, affected by the worms; strew a little flour of brimstone round the root, and cover it with fine mould that it might not blow away, yet so that the sun can operate through and cause the brimstone to fumigate, which destroys the worms. One lb. of brimstone is sufficient for near 200 trees.—The sch. Jay, Smalley, for Boston, was one of the vessels consumed by the fire at Norfolk.—The Treasurer of the Boston Female Asylum, acknowledges the receipt of D. 226 33, collected at the annual exhibition of the Franklin Musical Society, on Monday evening last.—The business of filling up the Mill Pond, has been postponed to the meeting in May.—Yesterday we had a heavy storm of rain, accompanied with several severe claps of thunder; and the lightning uncommonly vivid.

## MARRIED.

In this town, Mr. Samuel Lyon, to Miss Olive Beard, of Wilmington.—Mr. Solomon Williams, to Miss Elizabeth Pool.

## DEATHS.

At Bourdeaux, John J. Waldo, Esq. of this town, Aet. 34. At sea, Mr. Samuel Blanchard, Aet. 23. At Salem, Col. Samuel Carlton, Aet. 73.  
In this town, Mr. Caleb Beal, Aet. 38; Mrs. Joanna Amie, Aet. 67; Mrs. Maria Barker, wife of Mr. Christopher Barker—Mrs. Alice Brazier, Aet. 79—and eight others, including 4 from the Almshouse. Total 12.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

STANZAS—BY A LADY.

DEAR is the joy the miser knows,  
Counting his heaps of sordid ore:  
With joy the sailor's heart overflows,  
Who hails his long left native shore;  
But stronger joy CONSTANTIA proves,  
Converting with the friend she loves.  
The exile feels excess of pain,  
Departing from his much lov'd home:  
Sharp anguish he who wears a chain,  
Sharp he who pines in dungeon's gloom;  
But keener pain CONSTANTIA proves,  
Divided from the friend she loves.  
Pure pleasure has the shepherd swain,  
Who fees his flocks and herds increase;  
And rustic nymph counting the gains,  
Arising from the well wrought fleece;  
Purer delight CONSTANTIA proves,  
In meeting with the friend she loves.  
The wretch desponds who sees his wealth  
Buried beneath the stormy seas:  
Sad, he desponds who feels his health,  
With every day and hour decrease:  
CONSTANTIA more despondence proves,  
In parting with the friend she loves.  
All we can think of pleasure here,  
All that gives anguish, fear, dismay,  
CONSTANTIA feels when he is near,  
CONSTANTIA knows when he's away:  
Each pain each pleasure which she proves,  
Spring only from the friend she loves.

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

AS now the shades of eve embrown  
The scenes where pensive poets rove;  
From care remote, from envy's frown,  
The joys of inward calm I prove.  
What holy strains around me swell!  
No wildly rude tumultuous sound;  
They fix the soul with magic spell:  
Soft let me tread this favour'd ground.  
Sweet is the gale that breathes the spring,  
Sweet through the vale yon winding stream,  
Sweet is the note love's warblers sing,  
But sweeter Friendship's soothing theme.

## THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE, IN CORNWALL.

A WELL their is in the West country,  
And a clearer one never was seen;  
There is not a wife in the West country,  
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.  
An oak and an elm tree stand behind,  
And beside does an ash tree grow,  
And a willow from the bank above  
Droops to the water below.  
A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne,  
Pleasant it was to his eye;  
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,  
And there was not a cloud in the sky.  
He drank of the water so cool and clear,  
For thirsty and hot was he:  
And he sat down upon the bank,  
Under the willow tree.  
There came a man from the neighboring town  
At the Well to fill his pail;  
On the well side he rested it,  
And bade the stranger hail.  
"Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,  
"For if thou hast a wife,  
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day  
That ever thou didst in thy life:  
"Or has your good woman, if one you have,  
In Cornwall ever been?  
For an'if she have, I'll venture my life,  
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"  
The stranger he made reply;  
"But that my draught should be better for that,  
I pray you answer me why?"  
"St. Keyne," quoth the countryman, "many a  
Drank of this chrysal Well, [time.  
And before the angel summoned her,  
She laid on the water a spell.  
"If the husband of this gifted Well  
Shall drink before his wife,  
A happy man thenceforth is he,  
For he shall be master for life;  
"But if the wife should drink of it first,  
God help the husband then!"  
The stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne,  
And he drank of the waters again.  
"You drank of the Well, I warrant, betimes?"  
He to the countryman said;  
But the countryman smil'd as the stranger spoke,  
And sheepishly shook his head:  
"I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,  
And left my wife in the porch;  
But I faith she had been wiser than me,  
For she took a bottle to church."

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT &amp; DEAN,

BE pleased to insert in your useful and amusing Magazine, the following solution of the Enigma in your last number, and oblige, your humble servant,

A COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER.

SO correct your Enigma 'tis readily guess'd,  
And, without saying more, by a *Bliss* is express'd.

## THE NOVELIST.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL.

IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XXVIII—ANNE to ELINOR.

SARAH'S JOURNAL—CONTINUED.

UPON the mention of "my Lord's great house," I perceived, it would be necessary for me to recommence my journey early in the morning, as it was more than probable that this girl had seen me there, if she went thither often, as I spent much of my time in the park and grounds, and was consequently in the way of being seen by the rustics who were daily passing through them, to the mansion. I questioned her as to her knowledge of the family, and learnt that this was a poultry and dairy house, belonging to his lordship, and was kept by her mistress who was a widow, and had been a domestic in the family many years. I learnt also, from this communicative creature, that this estate had belonged to the Marquis's mother; that she was lately dead, that from this mother his immense wealth had proceeded; and I immediately concluded, that this was the lady of whom the house-keeper had spoken, when I imagined she was speaking of Mrs. Ryan.—At the first appearance of day, therefore, I arose; awoke my companion, who had been for several hours in a profound state of insensibility, and taking a sash which I had worn round my waist the day before, I presented it to her, telling her, I had no money; but I hoped that would satisfy her for the trouble I had given her.—She took it with delighted eagerness; it was bright lilac, and though the faint beams of day hardly allowed her to be a judge of the colour, she saw enough to be wonderfully pleased.—"Won't you have some breakfast?" said she, holding up the ribbon with her arm, raised above her head, to admire its length—"I will take a draught of milk," I replied, "if you can give it me without offending your mistress." We descended the stairs together; she brought me a basin of milk, and a slice of bread: I took them with thankfulness, and saying I should soon find my way home, bade the credulous good natured creature adieu, and pursued my solitary way toward the city. I had wandered so far from the great road that the day was considerably advanced before I regained sight of it; and the moment I reached it, I again experienced the fear of being known, and on some pretext or other, obliged to go back to the mansion of the Marquis. Thus wandering, sometimes in the road, sometimes in by paths which seemed to tend to the same point, avoiding every passenger with the care and trepidation of a condemned criminal; the wearisome day passed on, and just at its close, I found myself at the

entrance of the city; having from fear and ignorance travelled several miles more than I otherwise should have had occasion to do; my limbs were fatigued, my feet sore, my spirits depressed, and my stomach faint; for the bread and milk taken at the cottage in the morning, was all the sustenance I had that day received.—Harassed and desponding as my mind was, I am not heroine enough to say I forgot my bodily sufferings in the more poignant mental misery. I wept, my dear Ann, for very hunger and weariness, and every other feeling was for the time absorbed in the reflection that I had no where to repose my head, nor wherewithal to satisfy my appetite.—At length I reached the house where I had lodged, previous to my making this unfortunate journey, and tapped at the door. The woman herself came to it. "So—so you are returned," said she, with an impertinent sneer, "and pray what has brought you back in this trim?" "Let me come in," said I, faintly, "I am fatigued almost to death, I have walked twelve or fourteen miles to day." "And pray what is that to me?" said she fiercely, "you did not pay so well when you was here before, as to think I will put myself out of the way to take you in again."—"Is my room occupied by any other?"—"Your room, quotha, pray which room is that? the one you left your trumpery in has been let to a gentlewoman this week past; one who can pay her way as she goes; none of your *has been unfortunate ladies*, but a right amiable lady with plenty of guineas in her purse."—"Have you sold my clothes?" I asked timidly. "Clothes! what clothes? the few rags you left in your trunk? no, since you chose to take all the best of your things with you when you went away, you may now take the rest; I'm sure I shan't keep them; so when you have got a lodging you may send for them." "But I can get no lodging; I have no money; let me only come in for to night," exclaimed I frantically. "I tell you I have no room for you," said she, in a calm, deliberate accent, "what would the woman have? there's plenty of lodgings to be had for such as you, but I never harbours nobody of suspicious character, after I knows em. You runn'd away from your husband in England—and then you runn'd away from your fine Madam Bellamy—and now I suppose you have runn'd away from the old man that you went into the country with, after all your lying backwards and forwards about going to wait on, or be companion to a lady; pretty stories for them that choose to believe them; but I knows you better than to be flamm'd so; you is too proud to wait on any body, and as to a companion, lord help us, I wonders what lady would bemean themselves to company with you.—Well, what does the woman stand for? I tells you you can't come in."—She then shut the door, and left me standing on the step, holding by a slight railing, which was on one side. I slowly descended the steps, and going a few paces from the inhospitable door, sat down on some old timber which lay in the street—I shed no tears—my heart did not beat with violence.—I leaned my head on my hands, resting my elbows on my knees, and a torpid coldness pervaded every sense.—I heard human voices, but they spoke not to me.—I raised my eyes; a small shop before me displayed some reds, two or three polonies and some cheddle; but they were not for me.—I saw lights pass into the chambers of the surrounding houses, indicating that the inhabitants were retiring to rest.—Alas, thought I, there is no place of rest for me. To describe my feelings at this moment, this horrid moment; I could neither weep, think, nor pray.—My hand relaxed their support—my head sunk; I reclined myself on the timber, and a sleep, like that of death seemed stealing over me.—At that moment I felt a warm hand touch mine. "Are you asleep?" said a soft, female voice. I raised myself, but could not articulate a word; my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth.—"My neighbour," said the same voice, assisting me to rise upon my feet, "tells me you want a lodging, she is full, I have a room that is empty—come home with me, you have had a long walk to day—come, we shall not disagree about the price." So gently leading forward as she spoke, without my being able to speak or resist her offered kindness, the good creature brought me to her home, gave me some wine—why, helped to undress and put me into bed, and telling me if I wanted any thing in the night, to knock against the wainscoat, placed a light in the chimney, and left me. [To be continued.]

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## BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 7, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
THE GOSSIP—No. LVII.*Ignorant fucus pecus a praeceptis arcent.*

A FEW evenings since, making an accidental visit to a friend, I was shewn into an unoccupied parlour, to wait until some of the family were informed of my arrival, it being the space of ten minutes before any one joined me, I had an opportunity of overhearing a discourse in an adjoining room, (the door of which stood ajar) between several young ladies who were disputing about the most elegant or striking attitudes, the most becoming methods of entering a room, of sitting, walking, dressing, &c. All seemed to wish to be attractive; and the words fascinating, engaging, bewitching, with now and then an exclamation of horrid! frightful! disgusting! finished almost every sentence; at length a soft gentle voice said: "I never think about such things; when I dress myself, I always try to appear neat, because Mamma has told me, a woman perfectly neat is ever an agreeable object. In entering a room, I strive equally to avoid rudeness or formality; but as I never was allowed to practice the one, or affect the other, it would be quite unnatural were I to do either. In reading, I hold my book in the most easy position, and am generally more occupied in its contents than in studying any particular attitude; but, indeed, I have so much to do with my needle, and in assisting in the family concerns, that I have no time for such frivolousness." "Well, there is enough sermonizing," said a sharp voice, in a flippant tone, interrupting the fair teacher, "I do declare, Julia, you are enough to give one the vapours." Here my friend entered, and I heard no more of this girlish prattle.

After I got home, my mind reverted to the subject of female grace, and the situations in which they appear most amiable and interesting. The sentiments of Julia appeared in perfect unison with my own. I wished that they were more universally adopted. A woman never is so engaging, in my opinion, as when she acts from the impulse of nature under the guidance of a good and rational education, and when genuine politeness and suavity of manners are the result of a gentle disposition, an enlightened understanding, and an innocent good heart. Nor are they ever more fascinating than when engaged in the execution of some useful or ingenious work. An idle woman is a disgrace not only to herself and sex, but to human nature in general. There are so many ways in which even women of the most elevated rank can employ themselves, without derogating from the dignity of their situation, that my very soul recoils when I see the mistress and mother of a family, standing as it were a cypher in creation; trusting her domestic concerns to hirelings, suffering the docile minds of her offspring to imbibe their first ideas, from the vulgar and illiterate beings to whose care they are entrusted, and with whom they in general associate; and living only to eat, drink, dress, dance, play cards, and sleep.

The ancient writers whenever they meant to represent a woman as a pattern of excellence, worthy her sex's imitation, mention her industry. Homer is particular in this circumstance; Andromache is represented as executing fine needlework; Penelope is employed in weaving a funeral web for her aged father. The Princess of Phaeacia, assists her attendant damsels in washing her robes, and when he describes the fascinating nymph Calypso, as found by Hermes, when he is sent to demand

the dismissal of Ulysses from her island, to render the portrait perfectly beautiful, she is represented at work. I do not know a pleasanter picture of a cheerful industrious female, than is contained in the following lines of the *Odyssæ*, as translated by Pope.

*—Le found*  
The fair hair'd nymph with every busy action'd,  
She sat and sung, the rocks resound her lays,  
The cave was lightened with a rising blaze;  
'Cedar, and frankincense, an od'rous pile,  
Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the isle;  
While she with work and song, the time divides,  
And through the loom the golden shuttle guides.

And this is not spoken of as any thing extraordinary, but as the customary method in which women even of the highest degree, employed their time. Nor is it only the ancient poets who represent their heroines thus; historians whenever they mention any celebrated female character, do not forget to record their industry, and love of domestic economy. Lucretia, the chaste wife of Collatinus, was found by her husband and his friends at an hour when other women of her age and rank were indulging in amusement and dissipation, spinning in the midst of her damsels and portioning out and inspecting their work. Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, employed herself at her needle while her children received their lessons in the same apartment; that while she performed her duty by inspecting their education, she might fill up every moment profitably. In later times we find examples equally praise worthy; Lady Jane Grey, though one of the most learned women of her time, was skilled, we are told, in all kinds of fine needlework; and though from her rank and splendid fortune, she might have indulged with impunity in ease and pleasure, sensible, that to lose the time in sloth and indolence was highly criminal in a rational being; she was indefatigable in every laudable or useful pursuit. Catherine of Arragon, first Queen to Henry the eighth of England, when Campegius, the Pope's legate, visited her in her private apartment, in order to converse with her concerning the divorce for which Henry had sued, was found busily employed at her needle accompanied only by her favourite woman.

These are only a few examples, selected from a variety of the same kind, recorded in histories, and one would be led to think every woman who wished to be considered as perfectly amiable would make a point of being ever, sedulously and usefully employed. Amusement is not only allowable but absolutely necessary in youth, and there are times and seasons when it may be safely indulged in; but a person naturally or habitually industrious, may skilfully vary their employments in such a manner, as to combine both usefulness and pleasure in one. I do not know a more delightful sight than a family of females seated round the table or a fire at work, while one or other in turn reads to amuse the rest: then when their several avocations are suspended by the introduction of that social meal so celebrated by Cowper, and "the cups which cheer but not inebriate," pass gaily round, how much pleasanter would the conversation be, consisting of remarks on the work they have been perusing; drawing on friendly and interesting disputation; giving opportunity for lively sallies of wit, or grave moral reflections;—than the frothy nothings, the scandalous anecdote, or ill-natured innuendo, which too generally form the chat of the tea table.—But

while the mothers will not set the example, what can be expected from the children?—Oh! that idleness in all but mostly in females, was deemed disreputable.—And that she should not only be thought most worthy, but most fashionable, who could produce at the end of the year, most proofs of her application and industry.

ERRATA.—In the motto to the last number, line 3d, for "inunde," read *incende*, and in the last line, for "*Laurus*," read *Laurum*.

## PRAISE OF MARRIAGE.

AS man is a sociable creature, not made for solitude but conversation, marriage is a noble institution, and a little useful society from whence many advantages arise. The sorrows of life are lessened by this division, and the comforts of it increased by communication. Marriage is, or should be, the most perfect state of friendship. Mutual interest produces mutual assistance. It is owing to this institution, that families have been raised and formed. All parentage and proximity proceed from hence; and in a happy marriage, where both parties behave well in their respective stations, the honey-moon increases to years of bliss. Long possession, rivets the affection; and nothing but parting, can be a material affliction. No age nor infirmity can unhinge a matrimonial esteem. The many good qualities, services, and obliging usage of each other, are so lodged in the memory, as to make life a continual scene of courtship, and the husband to carry always the lover about him.

On the contrary, when I see quarrels and disagreements in this state, I am concerned for the desolation which the divided house will certainly come into. How moving is the sight of an innocent offspring, in such a family of discord, with a tenderness of nature pleading for both, not knowing which side to take, and tied up by duty and filial affection from acting against either! What instruction can children receive in such confusion? And how pernicious to posterity such evil example? It is a matter of the greatest surprise, that a man who aims at character and reputation, that in the affairs of life will keep his word to preserve his credit, should forfeit all honour and integrity at home, and have no regard to the solemn engagements made to a wife.

It was a well judged action of a Prince I have read of, who took an officer's commission from him, questioning his courage, upon an information that he beat his wife. The paw of the lion or bear, which deals slaughter to every one else, is a nursing arm to the female. But such rough discipline is chiefly confined to the vulgar and underbred part of mankind. The beau monde content themselves with silent hatred and indifference.

Strangeness and ceremony, separate beds and apartments, kept mistresses, &c. are the genteel exercises of their aversion. In short, no man can be a fine gentleman, who is not a man of honour; and no man can be a man of honour, that makes a bad husband.

A WELL WISHER.

## HISTORY.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE MOUNTAIN—OR, MOUNTAIN RAM.

[Communicated by Mr. D. M'GILLIVRAY, of Canada: a painting of which is in the *Columbian Gallery*, New-York, executed by E. SAVAGE.]

IN the Fall of 1800, I was on an excursion on horse-back, through the plains that are situated between the Saskatchewan and Missouri rivers, along the rocky mountains, accompanied by Mr. Thompson, a gentleman in the N. W. Company's employ, five Canadians, and an Indian guide. Returning back to the north, we followed the course of the Bow River, into the heart of the mountains, with a view of examining them—and on the 30th November, at noon, we halted at the foot of the first ridge to prize our horses, and ascertain our latitude. At a little distance ahead, appeared a herd of small animals, which we took to be a species of the deer in that



country very numerous. While Mr. Thompson was taking his meridian altitude, I went forward with the Indian to have a shot, and on a nearer approach, was very much surprised to find (instead of deer) a herd of about twenty animals, that were utterly unknown to me; pleased with this discovery, I advanced very cautiously, keeping myself concealed from their view, to the distance of about 60 yards; here I halted, and was examining them with all the curiosity natural for a man to feel, on seeing any unusual appearance, when the Indian, impatient at my delay, and fearful of discovery, fired his gun, and killed a female on the spot. The herd, alarmed by the report of the gun, took to flight, and made for the rocks; angry at the Indian's impatience, I pursued them with eagerness—he followed; and in the course of the afternoon we killed four more, two of which were young ones. I had the satisfaction to shoot a large male, whose motions appeared to guide the flight of the rest; his superior size, and enormous horns, made him the particular object of my pursuit, and I have preserved his skin, with a view of presenting it to the Royal Society of London. During the winter, I had frequent opportunities of hunting this tribe, which has enabled me to make a few observations on it, that may be of advantage to Naturalists, in ascertaining the genus, or species of the animal.

The dimensions of the above male, taken on the spot, where he was killed, namely, longitude 115, 30 West, and latitude 50 North, are as follows:—length from the nose, to the root of the tail, 5 feet; length of the tail 4 inches; circumference round the body, 4 1-2 feet; he stands 3 3-4 feet high; length of the horn, 3 1-2 feet; and girth at the head 1 1-4 feet. The horn is of the circular kind, proceeding in a triangle from the head like that of the ram; in short, this animal appears to be a compound of the deer and the sheep, having the body and hair of the former, with the head and horns of the latter. The Crees, or Knistinaux, distinguish this animal by the name of MY-ATTIC, or the UGLY REIN DEER. The Slave Nations, comprehending *Blood Indians*, *Picicans* and *Black-foot* Indians, call it EMA KI-CA-NOW, which also means a species of the Deer—but the Canadians who accompanied me, at first sight, named it *le bœlier des montagnes* (the mountain Ram). It is only to be met with in the rocky mountains, and it generally frequents the highest regions, which produces any vegetation, though sometimes it descends to feed at the bottom of the valleys, from whence at the least alarm, it returns to the most inaccessible precipices, where the hunter can seldom follow it. His appearance, though rather clumsy, is expressive of active strength; and the nimbleness of his motion is surprising—he bounds from one rock to another, with as much facility as the Goat, and makes his way through places quite impracticable to any other animal in that country, without wings. I know no animal which encourages pursuit so much as this—in his flight he frequently turns back and stares at the hunter with a kind of stupid curiosity, which is often fatal to him—This ought perhaps to be ascribed to his ignorance of man—the mountains being so horribly desolate, that they are but little frequented, except it be by some straggling war parties of the natives.

The Mountain Ram, or Sheep, though not numerous, are to be met with in considerable numbers, in some parts of the mountains, from latitude 54 Southward. I have on several occasions, seen herds of 20 or 30, but generally not more than 2 or 3 of them together; frequently I have been entertained with a view of one of them, looking over the brink of a precipice, several hundred yards above my head, scarcely appearing bigger than a Crow, and bidding defiance to all approach. These frightful situations are quite natural to them; they run up declivities of hard snow or rough ice, with facility.—Pursuing them in these situations, I have been obliged to cut steps with my knife, where they passed without difficulty. Sometimes you think their progress is stopped by a chasm, or projecting rock, but if you attempt too near an approach, at one bound they are out of your reach. The female does not differ materially from the male, except that her size is much less, and she has only a small black straight horn, like that of the Goat; the colour and texture of the hair, are the same in both, and they are all distinguished by the white rump and dark tail.—In other respects, the female greatly resembles the Sheep, in her general figure, and particularly in the timid, good-natured cast of the countenance. In winter they frequent the Southern declivities of the moun-

tains, to enjoy the sun-shine—the lower regions and the valleys, at that season, being covered with a great depth of snow.—The flesh of the female, and of the young male, is a great delicacy—for my own part, I think much more delicate than any other kind of Venison; and the Indians who live entirely on animal food, and must be epicures in the choice of flesh, agree, that the flesh of the MY-ATTIC, is the sweetest in the forest.

#### NEWS PAPERS.

THE following account of the various publications in the world, is given in a German paper: "There is but one paper published in Portugal, and that only appears three times a week; it is conducted by a German, who takes care to exclude only the French News, while he admits those of Madrid, Hamburg, and London. In China there is only one Gazette a week, but it is a folio volume: it contains no Foreign News, but merely the history of the events in the country. There is no joking in it about truth, for in 1726, one of the writers having thought proper, to insert some false intelligence, &c. &c. was condemned to lose his head. The Emperor himself sometimes contributes to this paper. In 1798, the present emperor inserted a Funeral Oration, which he composed upon his predecessor. It is a singular circumstance that some accounts once appeared in it, which it was thought improper to make known. That particular number was immediately suppressed, and the people were forbid ever to speak of it in future.

There is a paper published in the Persian Language at Delhi, the capital of the Great Mogul. Some curious persons have preserved copies of the paper of the 18th February, 1798, which is five French ells in length.—The intelligence contained in it is of the most absurd nature, such as that "the men who had the care of the oxen and horses have taken leave of his Highness the Great Mogul for want of payment, and have sent their cattle to pasture, &c. &c."—The English, who ought to love a paper so many yards in length, have, however, instituted another paper in the East Indies.

#### REMARKABLE.

##### EXTRAORDINARY HERMITAGE.

"AT a distance of a league from Freyburg, in Upper Saxony, in a wilderness of woods and rocks, is a remarkable hermitage, consisting of a church, an oratory, a steeple, a hall, a dining room, a kitchen, chamber, stairs, a cellar, a well, and other conveniences, all hewn out of a rock; even the chimney and steeple, notwithstanding the latter is fifty-four feet high. A work like this cannot fail of filling the mind of every spectator with astonishment; but when it is known that this work was wholly performed by only one man and a boy, the astonishment will be greatly increased.—Nature indeed had provided a chrysal spring, but the artist, by means of several channels, conveyed the water from the rock into small reservoirs; and he also fetched from different parts of the mountain, earth sufficient to make a small kitchen garden. Every one must be pleased at the sight of this surprising curiosity; nor is it possible to suppress a sigh for the fate of its unhappy and ingenious architect; who in the year 1703, in conveying back some young people, who had attended the consecration of his little church, was unhappily drowned in the River Seine, which runs near his hermitage, and on which, by the help of a small boat, he used every week to fetch provisions and other necessaries from the cities."

##### REMARKABLE CRIPPLE.

THERE is now living in the parish of Ednam, the birth place of the immortal poet Thomson, a young man eighteen years of age, who was born without legs or knees, and his thighs defective. His father was a day labourer, but has been dead for some years. He sits upon a table in the cottage through the day, and when the weather is fair, his mother carries him into a field, where he reads and enjoys the air. He has taught himself to read, to write a legible hand, to play on the flute, to draw with a pencil, although one of his arms he cannot lift to his breast, and he attempts poetry. He is, notwithstanding the want of exercise, very healthy, always cheerful and contented, though his support entirely depends on the wages of his younger brother, who is a servant to a respectable farmer at Ednam. He is very grateful to any person who lends him books, drawings to copy, or pays the least attention to him.

#### AMUSING.

##### THE MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

*Ex uno, &c. omnes.*

"STOICISM," says Bruyère, "is a conceit, and idle notion, like Plato's Republic. The Stoics affect to smile at poverty, to be insensible of injuries, ingratitude and the loss of property, parents and friends; to regard death as a matter of indifference, which should neither render us sorrowful nor glad; to be subdued neither by pleasure nor by affliction; to be assailed by fire or the sword without uttering the faintest sigh, or shedding a single tear: and this phantom of virtue, and imaginary constancy, they have been pleased to honour with the appellation of wisdom. They have left man in possession of all his faults, without attempting to correct one. Instead of drawing a frightful or ridiculous representation of his vices, which might enable him to correct them, they have traced out to him an idea of perfection and heroism of which his nature is not susceptible." The philosophers of our time have endeavoured to revive this chimera of the Stoics. They conceive that they are naturally, and of themselves, independent of all occurrences and all misfortunes. The attacks of sickness or disease they despise. Heaven and earth might come together without involving them in the common destruction: they would stand erect amid the ruins of the universe. Do not believe them. Who has a stronger mind than Leon? He laughs at every thing, and fears nothing. By nature, by study and by experience, he is superior to any event, however extraordinary. One night, while we were walking together in his garden, and the moon was shining in full lustre, I said to him, "I am persuaded, Leon, notwithstanding your strength of mind, that you would be mightily surprised if this orb above our heads were to assume a threatening aspect, and we saw it on the point of falling to crush us."—"Not at all," replied he, "for though this globe is in truth the next neighbor to ours, there is still so immense a distance between us, that although it were possible for the moon to fall, she would be so long on the road, that we should have time enough to perceive her descent, and avoid the impending danger."—"But suppose, my good friend, she should fall instantaneously, and without stopping on her way, should not you, in that case, be terribly frightened?"—"No," replied he coolly, "I know that the globe which we inhabit is much larger than that of the moon; and though she should fall in the manner you mention, the idea of its alighting upon our heads, would not for a moment give me any uneasiness. She would find room enough for her purpose, I warrant you, without doing us the smallest injury. Suppose, for instance, she were to fall in the Indian Seas, what should we have to apprehend?" "It would cause a terrible earthquake, at least," observed I, with a smile. "Not so terrible as you imagine," rejoined the modern Zeno, and thus our conversation ended. Soon afterwards Leon entered his closet, and began to write a letter. On a sudden I heard a violent exclamation, which appeared to proceed from my friend's apartment. I hastened to the spot, and perceived the courageous philosopher starting up from his chair in extreme agitation, which he had overturned in the act of rising. "The devil," he faintly and tremulously articulated, "has this moment appeared to me." I found it was nothing more than a large spider, that, dropping suddenly on the letter he was writing, had thrown him into this strange disorder. He soon came to himself again, and, recollecting what he had been saying to me on the subject of the moon, he attributed the fright that this poor innocent spider had occasioned him, to the violent antipathy he felt to such nasty creatures. I could hardly refrain from bursting into a fit of laughter, at his weakness; but in compassion to the nerves of this determined stoic, I left him as soon as possible, not a little amused at the accident which had convinced me, that he who could stand undaunted amid "the roar of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds," was yet so frightened to death by an harmless insect; and was liable to the same weaknesses and alarms which are felt by women and children, and which are scarcely pardonable even in them.

##### GREATNESS OF SOUL.

AN anecdote, in "A Tour in Corsica," will illustrate the prediction, that true greatness of soul may be found as well in the lower as the highest grades of life.—"The leader of a gang of banditti, who had long been famous

for his exploits, was at length taken and committed to the care of a soldier, from whom he contrived to escape. The soldier was tried and condemned to death. At the place of execution, a man came up to the commanding officer, and said, "Sir, I am a stranger to you, but you shall soon know who I am—I have heard one of your soldiers is to die for having suffered a prisoner to escape; he is not at all to blame, besides, the prisoner shall be restored to you—behold him here—I am the man—I cannot bear that an innocent man should be punished for me, and I come to die myself."—"No," cried the French Officer, who felt the sublimity of the action as he ought, "thou shalt not die, and the soldier shall be set at liberty. Endeavour to reap the fruits of thy generosity—Thou *deservest to be henceforth an honest man.*"

## WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER.

BOSTON, APRIL 7, 1804.

EUROPE—Capt. Swain, who failed from Bayonne, the 29th Feb. brings the following information: That "Gen. Moreau is arrested; also, La Fayette, Latour Maubourg, the Prince of Peace, and several Bishops, Archbishops, and others. Pichegru and George were to have assassinated or seized the First Consul; Moreau was to have assumed the command—but his knavery was discovered. We are assured Pichegru is taken. It is said the gates of the Thuilleries were gained, and powder had been introduced into the gardens in wine casks." By the above it appears a new or pretended plot has been discovered at Paris. Capt. S. understood the discovery and arrests took place about the 22d of Feb. that an account of them had been published in the newspapers, and that they were subjects of conversation at Bayonne.—The Italian Republic, have addressed Bonaparte with increasing gratitude; as well as the Pope, for the influence of the First Consul upon Germany.—Bonaparte attended the Theatre on the 2d Feb. but the first scene of the comedy of Trefor was considerably advanced when he appeared in his box. The audience demanded that the piece should re-commence, which was eagerly complied with.—The Post Office of England, it is said, is as productive as the whole revenue of Sweden.—Among the books printed the last year in England, were 21 of Law, 69 of Physic, and 7 of Divinity.—For the improvement of his subjects, the Emperor of Russia expended in two years and a half, 200,000 dollars for useful books.—Among the literary publications of France, is a translation of the *Æneid*, by De Lill. It is in 13,000 verses upon the *Æneid*, which has 10,000.—A table of the course of the population of France, in the 10th year, has been published. The amount of the births, marriages and deaths, is also given. In 108 departments only, there were 240,143 marriages; of deaths 904,692; 52 of which lived beyond 100 years.

WEST-INDIES—Accounts from Surinam state, that an attempt was made by Capt. Mackenzie, and 50 men belonging to an English cruiser in the roads, to cut out the Commodore's ship out of the harbour; but the expedition failed, and some of the men were taken prisoners.—The Generals and Chiefs of the armies of Hayti, (civevant St. Domingo) have proclaimed John J. Dessalines, Governor General, for life, with the powers of making war and peace, and nominating his successor.—The British forces employed in the attack on Curacao, by the last accounts, were about to raise the siege of that place.—Tranquillity prevails at Nassau. The French have not yet made an attack on that place.—Two rich Jamaica ships, bound to England, were lately captured by French cruisers, and carried into St. Jago. [The commerce of the United States is suffering by depredations from the cruizers in the West Indies.]

DOMESTIC—Government have received official accounts of the loss of the frigate Philadelphia. The Tripolitans, not knowing how to manage the Philadelphia after her capture, have offered to sell her to some Maltese merchants.—A bill has passed the House of Representatives of the United States, further to protect the commerce and seamen of the U. S. against the Barbary Powers. Its general contents state, an additional duty of two per centum on all imported Goods, after the 30th of June next: the proceeds of which, to be denominated "the Mediterranean Fund."—It authorizes the President to build or purchase two vessels of war, to carry not more than 16 guns each, and also to hire

or accept on loan in the Mediterranean sea, as many gun boats as he may think proper. The fourth section of the act, appropriates one million of dollars for defraying the expenses; which sum the President is authorized to borrow, at six per cent interest.—The ship America, from Jamaica, has arrived at New-Orleans, with 88 passengers, and 200,000 dollars in specie.—Light Houses are to be erected on St. Simon's Island (Geo.) at New Bedford, and New-Haven.—A boat has been accidentally burnt in the Mississippi, in which were a woman and her three children, who all perished!—The Committee who received donations for the sufferers by the fire at Portsmouth, (N. H.) have published an address, acknowledging the debt of gratitude to those who have generously contributed to the relief of the distressed sufferers. The donations amount to 45,000 dollars.

Beaufort College, in South-Carolina, is now in operation. To gain admission into the first class of this seminary, "it is necessary that the student be able to translate the six first books of the *Æneid* of Virgil, four Orationes of Cicero, and the Four Evangelists in Greek, and to be advanced in Arithmetic as far as Decimal Fractions."—During the late snow, at Reading, (P.) 1000 sleighs brought 45,000 bushels of wheat into that town.—An ewe was buried in North Providence, for 21 days, in the late snow storms, and was taken out alive.—The corporation of Baltimore, have appropriated 13,000 dollars for lighting the city for the present year.—The statement of votes for Governor, by accounts received up to this morning, are for Mr. Strong, 11,687; Mr. Sullivan, 8,140.—The expenses of the Board of Health of this town, for the last year was 2780 dollars.—The Meeting for the consideration of the new plan of Town and County Government, stands adjourned to Monday next.—Congress rose the 26th ult. and will meet again the 1st Monday of November. During the last session, 61 acts were passed.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We return our grateful thanks to the gentleman who favoured us with the "Ode to the Poppy," for that and many other favours with which he has honoured us.

We beg leave to decline the history of "Jack Oakum," it is not the kind we wish to present to our readers; its length, and its language, both conspire to render it inadmissible.

A beautifully simple Ballad, with some moral reflections, communicated by "Loisa," shall soon appear.

When our poetical *Hermit* can produce a specimen of those *Turtle Doves* who have *hands to join in happy hands*, we will print his stanzas. They must be a rare species of bird only to be found in his hermitage, at the season when the fields and trees is pleasant; and when doves as well as other birds are most inclined to declare their *Pasbio*.

The story of *Morpheus* is very old; as likewise is the Shadow which accompanies it—therefore declined.

The anecdote of the Liar reproved, being wit of the old school, also declined.

We would advise "Lineaus," to wait until there is some appearance of Spring, before he prints his lines; as at present the season is as frigid as the breast of the fair one he complains of.

N. A's pathetic Lines shall appear.

Those Gentlemen who have received Subscription Papers for the publication of Col. HUMPHREY'S Miscellaneous Works, (the copy-right of which was generously given to GILBERT & DEAN) will please return them as soon as convenient; as the subscribers' names will be published in the volume.

## BE UP AND DOING.

AFTER the 23d inst. the price of tickets in *South-Hadley Canal Lottery* will be D. 5 50—those therefore, who intend to be candidates for the many valuable prizes this Lottery contains, had better apply in season.—Tickets and quarters for sale by GILBERT & DEAN, who have also tickets in the Piscataqua Bridge Lottery, highest prize 8000 dollars. *Now is the time to make your Fortune.*

An Apprentice to the Printing Business wanted as above.

## MARRIED,

In this town, Mr. Benjamin Ayres, of New-York, to Mrs. Eunice Viall.—Mr. John S. Capt. to Miss Langdon.—Mr. Samuel D. Hallowell, to Miss Susannah Bruce.—Mr. Nathaniel Ingeroll, to Miss Eliza Babcock.—Mr. Robert Allen, to Miss Mary Bent.—Mr. Jonas Meriam, to Miss Betsy Eaton.—Mr. Samuel Stoddard, to Miss Mary Sanders.—Mr. John Dill to Miss Rebecca Ames. In Charlestown, Mr. John Daggett, of Roxbury, to Miss Sophia Miller.

## DIED,

In England, Lady Warren. Her clothes unfortunately took fire, and before it could be extinguished, she was burnt in a shocking manner, which terminated in her decease a short time after.

There were 30 deaths at New York, for the week, ending the 24th ult. Two by the small pox, and ten of consumption. We frequently notice the latter disease to carry off double to that of any other.

At Norfolk, Mr. Charles Carline, many years a Painter, Vendue Master, and Cryer, in that Borough. In this humble station, he so contrived matters in bustling through the world, as to gain its general good opinion, for he was true in principle, strictly upright in all his dealings, and he *set up and knocked down* a great many things while here, and was always going! going!—until death took the word from him, and cried—GONE!

At Havana, Mr. Amasa Davis, jun. mer. of this town. In Charlestown, Mrs. Susannah Woodward, aged 40, wife of Capt. David W.

In this town, John White, Esq. *Æt.* 85.—On Tuesday evening last, after a short illness, Mrs. Sarah Coverly, consort of Mr. Samuel Coverly, *Æt.* 49. As a wife, a mother, a sister and a friend, her worth, while living, can only be fully expressed by those who now feel the pang produced on the dissolution of those endearing ties by her sudden death. Uniform in the belief and practice of the religion of Jesus Christ, she contemplated the indications of an approaching change without the least dismay. Surrounded by her weeping friends—for them she was willing that her life might be prolonged; but to enjoy her Saviour, she was ready, at his choice to die. Her chamber was like a *Bethel*, and her pillow as that of the Patriarch Jacob's when he had a vision of heaven. In humble and joyful affection, she expressed her firm hope of eternal mercy through the mediation of the Redeemer; and as the hour of departure approached, was ready to say to the angelic Guardians, "Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! O, Grave, where is thy victory! O, Death, where is thy sting."

THEATRE—On Monday evening, for Mr. Jones's benefit, *King Richard the Third*, with the *Highland Reel*; with several favourite Songs, &c.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO MRS. DARLEY.

TO wake soft pity in the human breast,  
Command the tear of sympathy to fall,  
To snatch the soul from apathy's cold rest,  
And rouse each passion at thy magic call,  
DARLEY, is thine. Thee partial Nature gives,  
The good to charm—to awe the bold profane.  
In Beauty's mirror timid Virtue lives,  
And Loves and Graces mingle in her train.  
Virtue for thee her fairest wreath has wove,  
Of sweetest, purest, choicest flowers that grow;  
And Fame, well-pleas'd, receives the pledge of love,  
To deck, with meed deserv'd, thy modest brow.  
E'en haggard Envy softens at thy name, [fame.  
Nor darts her venom'd tongue, nor blasts thy rising

## CROSSES.

IF crosses in wedlock are not seen to please,  
The man that is married can have little ease;  
Then right hand and left hand at a wedding are giv'n,  
The cross first beginneth before God and Heav'n;  
One crosses the other by mutual consent,  
O'er the face—crosses the lips, with a kiss it is meant.  
No wonder if crosses continue for life—  
The man that loves most, will the most cross his wife."

## ODE TO THE POPPY.

[Mrs. O'Neil, of Shanes-Castle, in Ireland, a lady of the most beautiful appearance, elegant accomplishments, fascinating manners and cultivated talents, was the author of several charming pieces of poetry which have never been published. She was the friend and correspondent of Mrs. Charlotte Smith, distinguished in the annals of female literature, for her classical Sonnets and interesting Novels. We beg leave to present, to such of our readers as possess a delicate taste, a delicious regale in the ODE to the POPPY, which was sent by Mrs. O'Neil from Lisbon, to Mrs. Charlotte Smith in London, and inserted in one of the Novels of the latter. What can be more natural, than for the pallid VOTARY of SORROW, who seeks exemption from pain and finds it not, to celebrate the opiate qualities of that flaunting weed, in sounds more musically sad than those of the dying Swan? Such a tender strain of melancholy breathes through this little Poem, that, we trust, none of the readers of the description to which we have just alluded, will, without the keenest emotions of sensibility, contemplate through the medium of a sympathetic imagination the fair form of that lovely Lady, who described in such languid yet melodious notes, the debilitating hectic, which was rapidly gaining ground on the citadel of life, and to which she shortly afterwards fell a victim in the morning of her days. She died in Portugal, and was buried at Lisbon about the year 1796.]

NOT for the promise of the labour'd field,  
Not for the good the yellow harvests yield,  
I bend at Ceres' shrine;  
For dull to humid eyes appear,  
The golden glories of the year,  
Alas! a melancholy worship's mine!  
I hail the Goddess for her scarlet flow'r.  
Thou brilliant weed!  
That dost so far exceed,  
The richest gift gay Flora can bestow;  
Heedless I pass'd thee in life's morning hour,  
(Thou comforter of woe!)  
Till sorrow taught me to confess thy pow'r.  
In early days, when fancy cheats,  
A various wreath I wove  
Of laughing Spring's luxuriant sweets,  
To deck ungrateful Love;  
The Rose or Thorn my numbers crown'd;  
As Venus smil'd, or Venus frown'd,  
But Love and Joy, and all their train are flow'n,  
And I will sing of thee alone;  
Unless, perchance, the attributes of grief,  
The Cypress bud and Willow leaf,  
Their pale funeral foliage blend with thine.  
Hail, lovely blossom! thou can'st ease  
The wretched victims of disease;  
Can'st close those weary eyes in gentle sleep,  
Which never open but to weep!  
For, oh! thy potent charm,  
Can agonizing pain disarm;  
Expel imperious memory from her seat,  
And bid the throbbing heart forget to beat.  
Soul-soothing Plant! that can'st such blessings give,  
By thee the mourner bears to live,  
By thee the wretched die!  
Oh! ever friendly to despair,  
Might sorrow's pallid votary dare,  
Without a crime, that remedy implore  
Which bids the spirit from its bondage fly,  
I'd court thy palliative aid no more.  
No more I'd sue that thou should'st spread  
Thy spell around my aching head,  
But would conjure thee to impart  
Thy balm for a broken heart;  
And by thy soft Lethæan pow'r,  
(Injurable Flower!)  
Burst these terrestrial bonds and other regions try.

EPITAPH—ON A LAWYER.

THE Lord works wonders now and then,  
Here lies a Lawyer—AN HONEST MAN.

## THE NOVELIST.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL  
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.  
LETTER XXVIII—ANNE to ELINOR.

SARAH'S JOURNAL—CONCLUDED.

EXCESSIVE fatigue and complete dejection, had the same effect on my frame that a powerful opiate would have had. I fell into a profound sleep, nor did I awake until the sun darting his rays upon my face, chased the sweet oblivion of my senses; I opened my eyes and looking around me; was sometime before I could comprehend where I was, or how I came there. The room, the bed, every article of furniture, though clean, bespoke poverty. I closed my eyes again, and endeavoured to collect my thoughts; by degrees the torturing circumstances of the preceding day returned to my recollection; my heart which on my first awaking had beat violently, now subsided into something like tranquility; I felt a gentle emotion steal over it, it was gratitude to the good creature who had humanely snatched me from the horrors of passing the night on those timbers on which I had sunk supine and hopeless, and shielded me from the dreadful insults or casualties, to which such a situation exposed me; from gratitude to her my thoughts elevated themselves to the Divine power, whose immediate agent she was. The tears flowed plentifully, but they tranquilized my spirits, and I wished to arise and thank my protectress for her humanity. I left my bed and began to dress myself; but in a few moments a faintish sickness came over me, and I sunk again on the bed side. I now became sensible to the calls of hunger; they were imperious, and I endeavoured to finish putting on my clothes that I might solicit from my good hostess something to satisfy its cravings.

I imagine she must have heard me stir, for she came in and kindly enquiring how I had slept, assisted me to finish dressing myself; she led me into the next room where a comfortable breakfast was prepared, which I partook with an eagerness, and thought it tasted more exquisitely than any breakfast I had ever before enjoyed. When I had finished my meal, reflection and honesty told me it would be unjust to continue with the woman, whose appearance denoted her poverty, and partake of her store, which in all probability, was scanty enough for herself.—Yet what to do, or how to preface a discourse which I feared must end in my becoming an outcast, I was at an equal loss.—At length she seemingly, without design, led to the subject by remarking, that she believed I had lodged in that neighbourhood before; I replied in the affirmative. "Neighbour Conolly," said she, "has let her room to a mighty fine lady, who I suppose, will stay a good while; she has a sight of folks come after her, and I suppose pays handsomely for the use of the parlour; to be sure, I have not got a room entirely to yourself to offer, but if such a place as I can offer will do"—"Ah, my kind hearted woman," said I, laying my hand on her arm, "I have no means of paying you, even for my last night's lodging and this morning's refreshment." "Well, well, may be not now," said she hastily, "but you will have; you can work at your needle, I suppose?" "Yes, very well and very fast," said I, "either plain work, Dresden, or embroidery." "And you are willing to work, I hope?" she asked seriously.—"Indeed I am; only procure me employment, and you shall see I will not be idle," I replied with earnestness.—"Then depend on it, my good lady, we shall do very well; a woman who is honest and both able and willing to work, will never be suffered to want while there is one good Christian upon earth; but I say *honest*, she must be *honest* in thought, in word, in deed."—Spite of my uneasy situation, I could not help smiling at the woman's earnestness.—"I hope I am honest in thought, word, and deed," said I.—"I hope you are," she replied, gravely, "but you have been living with some very bad folks, that old ugly madam Bellamy, and her good for nothing daughter, won't fit company for an honest young woman; neighbour Conolly too, said some hard things of you last night, but I thought if you were ever so naught, that was no reason why you should die in the street, so I took you in; but now I must tell you I am willing to have you stay here, and I can get you work enough; but I must have no men folks coming after you, no walking out with old gentlemen, no advertising for places—

When we have had a hard day's work you and I will go and fetch a walk together, and a Sunday we'll go to church; I always goes to a little chapel two or three miles out of town, because the walk is good for one's health."—I readily subscribed to all these conditions, more pleased than offended, with her blunt sincerity—but she had not finished, "you must know," said she, there is a gentleman comes here very often; heaven bless him, he loves to come and see his poor old Peg. I lived in his father's family when he was a child, and though he has been very unfortunate, I love him as well as if he had been a rich lord or duke; but you must not see him; no, nor even know his name, for reasons that I know of—he don't come here very often, but for fear of his coming unexpectedly, you must live and work in the little bedroom; he never goes in there, and though the room is small and has a bed in it, it is lightsome and clean, though I say it."

"I have no objection to make to your proposal," said I, "I have only to remark, that I must write one letter to England; that letter you shall yourself put in the Post-Office, and if you will take the trouble, to enquire for the answer; and when that answer arrives, you shall see the contents. I will deal openly with you; I will inform you of my real situation, but at present, I am inadequate to the task of speaking much." And really, my dear Ann, I felt very ill; my head began to ache, and the fluttering at the heart to return, accompanied with excessive faintness. The good old woman, whose name was Peggy McLean, saw my situation, and helped me into the bed-room; smoothed the pillow, assisted me in lying down, covered me, and with the simple exclamation of "Poor thing," pronounced in a voice of compassion, left me, shutting the door softly after her.

I soon fell asleep; but it was neither sound nor refreshing; my fatiguing journey, the barbarous language of Mrs. Conolly, the anguish I endured when she flung the door upon me, were in this feverish slumber again repeated. I started; my flesh burned, my pulse throbb'd; extreme thirst urged me to rise, but the weight on my eyelids, and the strong inclination I felt to doze, prevented my attempting it. At noon, Peggy, or as I shall call her, Mrs. McLean, brought me a little broth; I could take but a few spoonfuls. "You are sick, child," said she, "I must have a Doctor to you." "No," said I, "it is only fatigue, I walked a long way yesterday, and was very warm; rest will restore me."—But rest now fled from me: I remained on the bed until towards evening, without forgetting myself a moment; I then arose, and took a little tea, but was unable to sit up. Retiring for the night, I asked Mrs. McLean where she slept? The good creature evaded my question, but on my repeating it, confessed she had no other bed, and had slept the preceding night on a rug upon the floor, in the next room. What an act of Christian charity was this, my Ann, that a woman should deprive herself of her own bed to put into it a poor wretch whom she had reason to suppose was lost to virtue, and who had no recommendation but her distress.

From that night until the expiration of the ten following days, I was confined by a fever, occasioned by being exposed so long in a state of inactivity to the night air, after having been heated by walking; but at length recovered strength enough to work, and obtained sufficient employment in tambouring and embroidering muslin, to supply me with the necessaries of life. I wrote to Darnley, but received no answer. I began to experience something like entire resignation to my fate; for I saw no way of again revisiting my dear native land, but by strict parsimony, endeavouring to save a sufficient sum to bear my expenses thither; but it would take a considerable time to save so much.

I was one evening sitting at work with Old Margaret, when a loud knock at the door made us start; she opened it, and I heard a sound of altercation; I drew near the stairs to listen—a voice I thought I knew, caught my ear; I descended half way down, and was convinced I had not been deceived; I rushed down the remaining steps and out at the door, and on recovering from a momentary insensibility, I found myself in the arms of my brother!

BOSTON, (MASSACHUSETTS.)

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## BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 14, 1804.

## ESSAY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT &amp; DEAN,

I HAVE almost embraced the opinion of many modern philosophers and begin to think that the present age of the world, restricting it to the most enlightened nations, approaches nearer to knowledge and happiness, than any former period.

Notwithstanding all the dangers, which at present threaten England, she appears in a more elegant attire, at the beginning of the nineteenth, than at any foregoing century. I know many are apt to fancy she was more virtuous when the eighteenth century first presented himself before her, and that the robes of religion and liberty were then more eminently attractive.

Though the ornament of liberty may have now lost a small portion of its graces, yet the lustre of science, commerce and manufactures eclipses every former exhibition, with their present brightness and glory. It is a more contested point whether the garb of religion has, upon the whole, lessened or added to its beauty. Its advocates say, it has driven away its greatest enemy, Superstition, and very much enlarged its authority—while, on the contrary it is urged, it has been imposed upon by Charity and Candour, who have let in false friends, and set up as her rival, one of her attendants—Morality. Without proving the merits of this cause, or displaying any more of the charms which Time has dignified and embellished, it will be sufficient to only ask this one simple question: Are the present generation of Englishmen happier, upon the grand scale, than their ancestors?—Tho' this question appears simple it is perhaps impossible, owing to the different opinions of what constitutes happiness, that it should be satisfactorily answered.

Ever since the invasion of Great Britain by the Romans, there may be retraced a gradual increase of civilization and its offspring—this has not been so regular as the growth of a plant or an animal, but, though the winters of despotism and barbarism may have put it back, and the diseases of war and revolution, retarded its growth, yet its progress is perceptible, and one century after another equally shows its augmentation as summer after summer, the increased magnitude of a tree. I am aware it will be alledged that kingdoms arrive at their zenith, as well as vegetation and animals at maturity. Some people have even asserted that England has now passed her meridian, and endeavour to prove that she is already on the decline. Though it may be her fate, as well as her ancestors to be again obscured in Heathen darkness, yet there is more stability in her foundation, as a civilized nation, than appeared in any of her predecessors; and when we contrast the progress of the arts and sciences, and the splendour with which they now appear—with their greatest altitude, under the Grecian and Egyptian Monarchies;—when we consider the many surprising discoveries of moderns, which were entirely unknown to the ancients, we shall be apt to say, it is almost impossible Europe should ever sink into oblivion. Independent of this, let us consider the solid basis of the Christian Religion, to this in a great measure Europe owes her eminent superiority, and Revelation leads us to hope and suppose, that its dominion instead of being diminished, shall increase until its blessings shall be generally diffused, and its benign influence shall pervade the whole earth.

As it must be universally allowed that man is imperfect, and made up of happiness and misery—we cannot expect, that while so much under the control of his passions, his situation can ever reach perfection, and he misimproves and abuses even those privileges which are conducive of comfort and happiness. Thus commerce, which is a mean of prosperity, produces riches, and from these, spring luxury, and all its attendant evils; yet because vice stalks abroad, and rears its hydra head, we are not to conclude that commerce is upon the whole, detrimental to a community. In Great Britain, affluence, and thereby luxury, is perhaps more prominent than in any past age, and we must allow, that in many cases, ease has been acquired at the expense of virtue; but this is not the case with the great bulk of that nation, the middling class of society;—they have acquired a general information, and a polish, which in comparison, was unknown to their predecessors: and an increase of mental improvement must be allowed as generally beneficial and advantageous to society. We will own that many fictitious wants have been created, but they have not increased in a greater proportion, than the means of satisfying them.

I have been induced to consider the state of Great Britain, in preference to other European Kingdoms, because she stands, taking every thing into view, higher on the scale of civilization, than any of her neighbours; indeed, in comparison with the general intelligence of her citizens, the mass of people, in some of what are called civilized countries, would shrink into ignorance, superstition and darkness.

This country may be called the offspring of Great Britain, and appears rather as a branch, than a distinct nation; however, it is a child, which no longer needs the support of its parent, and by its rapid progress in some particular acquirements, bids fair one day, to appear as her rival;—however, Literature makes but little advancement—accumulation of property, and political diffusions, seem to take the lead, and the latter in particular, instead of improving, has perverted the public taste. Let each individual aspire after knowledge, and never let it be said of America, that in proportion as commerce and riches have increased, the arts and sciences, have been stationary and dormant. ATTICUS.

## HISTORY.

[THE two following letters from PLINY the younger, to the historian TACITUS, relating many particulars of that dreadful eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which happened A. D. 79, in the first year of the reign of the Roman Emperor TITUS VESPASIAN, being the first eruption of that mountain of which history gives any distinct account—in which tremendous convulsion of nature, PLINY the naturalist lost his life.—We insert these letters for the amusement and information of the rationally curious: for many such minds there are, who would never think of looking into what they call a learned book, but yet read with avidity, any anecdote or remarkable circumstance taken from authentic history when offered to their notice.]

## TO TACITUS.

YOUR request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered forever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a mis-

fortune, which as it involved, at the same time, a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seem to promise him an everlasting remembrance; notwithstanding he has composed many and lasting works; yet I am persuaded, the mentioning of him in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to eternize his name. Happy I esteem those to be, whom Providence has distinguished with the abilities either of doing such actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read: but doubly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents; in the number of which, my Uncle, as his own writings, and your history, will evidently prove, may justly be ranked. It is with extreme willingness, therefore, I execute your commands, and should, indeed, have claimed the task, if you had not enjoined it.

He was at that time with the fleet under his command at *Brifenum*. On the 23d of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud, which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun, and after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, was retired to his study: He immediately arose, and went out upon an eminence, from whence he might more distinctly view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernable from what mountain the cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to ascend from *Mount Vesuvius*. I cannot give you a more exact description of its figure, than by resembling it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches, occasioned I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards, or the cloud itself being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in this manner: It appeared sometimes bright, and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders.

This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather chose to continue my studies; for, as it happened, he had given me an employment of that kind. As he was coming out of the house, he received a note from *Rebina*, the wife of *Bassus*, who was in the utmost alarm at the eminent danger which threatened her; for her villa being situated at the foot of *Mount Vesuvius*, there was no way of escape, but by sea; she earnestly entreated him therefore to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first design, and what he begun with a philosophical, he pursued with a heroic turn of mind. He ordered the galley to put to sea, and went himself on board, with an intention of assisting not only *Rebina*, but several others; for the villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful coast. When hastening to the place, from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind, as to be able to make and dictate his observations, upon the motion and figure of that dreadful scener.

He was now so nigh the mountain, that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the higher he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones, and black pieces of burning rock; they were likewise in danger, not only of being agitated by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain, and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should return back again; to which the pilot advising him, *Fortune*, said he, *be friends the brave, carry me to Pompeianus*. *Pompeianus* was then at *Stabiae*, separated by a gulph, which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms upon that shore.

He had already sent his baggage on board; for though he was not, at that time in actual danger, yet being within the view of it, and indeed, extremely near, if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea, as soon as the wind should change. It was favourable however, for carrying my uncle to *Pompeianus*, whom he



found in the greatest consternation; he embraced him with tenderness, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his spirits; and the more to dissipate his fears, he ordered, with an air of unconcern, the baths to be got ready, when after having bathed, he sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least, what is equally heroic, with all the appearance of it.

In the mean while, the eruption from *Mount Vesuvius* flamed out in several places with much violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him, it was only the burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames; after this he retired to rest and it is most certain, he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep; for being pretty fat, and breathing hard, those who attended without, actually heard him snore: The court which led to his apartment, being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer, it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out: it was thought proper therefore to awake him.

He got up and went to *Pomponianus*, and the rest of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to bed; they consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side, with frequent and violent concussions, or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction.

In this district they resolved for the fields, as the less dangerous situation of the two; a resolution, which, while the rest of the company were hurried into by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied up their heads with napkins, and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell around them; though it was now day every where else, with them it was darker than the most obscure night, excepting only what light proceeded from the fire and flames. They thought proper to go down farther upon the shore, to observe if they might safely put out to sea, but they found the waves still run extremely high and boisterous.

There my uncle, having drank a draught or two of cold water, threw himself down on a cloth which was spread for him; when immediately the flames, and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company, and obliged him to arise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead, suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapour, having always had weak lungs, and frequently subject to a difficulty of breathing.

As soon as it was light again, which was not until the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same posture that he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead. During all this time, my mother and I were at *Misenum*:—But as this has no connection with your history, so your enquiry went no farther than concerning my uncle's death; with that therefore, I will put an end to my letter; suffer me only to add, that I have faithfully related to you, what I was either an eye-witness of myself, or received immediately after the accident happened, and before there was time to vary the truth. You will chuse out of this Narrative such circumstances as shall be most suitable to your purpose; for there is a great difference between what is proper for a letter and an history, between writing to a friend and writing to the publick. Farewel.

*The other Letter shall appear next week.*

## BIOGRAPHY.

### SKETCHES OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

NO person makes a more distinguished figure in the history of England, than Oliver Cromwell. The revolution that he effected in the English government, will ever stand a monument of his matchless skill and valour.

This man was born in the year 1599, he descended from respectable ancestors; but his father's circumstances were far from affluent. However, as Oliver was an only son, he had a decent education, and was sent to the University at the age of seventeen, but his father dying after he had been there two years, he was called home by his mother, who had engaged in the brewing business.

His irregular conduct displeased her, and she caused him to engage in the study of law at London; here he paid less attention to his studies than his pleasures; he was famous for dissipation and vice. The study of law never pleased him, and upon a small estate being left him by a relation, he left it and retired into the country, where he became as remarkable for the strictness of his morals and religion, as he was before for dissipation. He was a zealous member of the church of England, until he paid his addresses, to a lady of different persuasion, when he gave the first instance of that duplicity, that ever after so strongly marked his character; he turned Puritan and married the lady.

He was a member of parliament and distinguished himself by a spirited opposition to every measure of the king. He did as much as any one towards bringing on the civil war, in which he served on the popular side and displayed such military skill, that he was raised to the rank of Lieut. General. In this station he brought the war to a termination by beheading the king, and obliging his son to flee the kingdom. The government was then vested in a parliament, but Cromwell still remained at the head of the army, which was ever ready to obey his commands and further his schemes; and when he grew displeased with the parliament, he dispersed them by his soldiers and governed alone.

Several insurrections were raised against his government, but they proved ineffectual, he quelled them all.

Possessing the power, Cromwell was desirous of the title of king; he repeatedly consulted his friends on the subject, who constantly opposed his wishes; even the army would not support him in his pretensions, and he was obliged to desist.

Towards the latter part of his life, he was so fearful of being assassinated, that he went constantly clothed with a coat of mail, and double armed.

He died on the 3d September, 1657, having a few hours before his death, named his son Richard his successor, and was buried in Westminster, with all the pomp and magnificence of a king.

But his bones rested not in peace. When Charles the second was restored to his throne, the body of Cromwell was taken from his tomb, and after being treated with the greatest indignity, thrown to rot on a dunghill.

*Dart. Gaz.*

## USEFUL.

### PENMANSHIP.

ON Friday last, Mr. DEAN had a public exhibition at his Writing School, which highly gratified those who attended it. The various specimens produced by the pupils were arranged round the school in convenient order, so as to afford the company a fair proof of what had been effected by his method of teaching. These specimens presented upwards of forty different hands, executed by scholars of both sexes, many of them with great taste and elegance, and producing a conviction of the excellence of his plan.—It is now less than a twelvemonth since Mr. DEAN began his school. Taking this single branch of education, he thoroughly investigated its principles; and, combining an indefatigable industry with a just knowledge of the art, he promises, by his success thus far, to put it upon a more improved footing than it has heretofore held in this place. Like others who have introduced improvements, he has had to combat prejudice; but, sure of his principles, he has surmounted every obstacle, and has the testimony of the public in his favour. *Salem Gaz.*

THE ARTS.—M. Peter Eltonhead, is about erecting a Cotton Manufactory, near Cannonsburgh, (Penn.) upon the most improved and extensive plan—consisting of carding machines, mules which will draw from 100 to 144 threads of the finest twist—water spinning frames, &c. It is hoped that so important a branch of manufactures, will meet with the support and encouragement of the citizens of this country, especially now, when cotton can be purchased at such reduced prices. The advantages that must result to the community from this establishment, must be considerable, as Mr. E. has had the advantages of seeing and working in the most extensive cotton manufactories in England, and is well acquainted with, and perfect master of the weaving of counterpanes, blankets, jeans, stripes, thicksets, dimities, ticking, &c.

It is also understood that the people of the country will be supplied with yarn, candle wick, &c. in exchange for cotton. The machinery will be in complete operation, in the course of next summer.—Mr. Joseph Cooper, of New-Jersey, has published a new method of refining Cider. "Having killed a bullock," says Mr. C, "and boiled the feed, more than common, and let the liquor stand until cold, I perceived it to be a thick jelly, resembling dissolved isinglass, and having some cider not fined, tried the above said jelly, by warming it until dissolved, then drew some of the cider I intended to try with it, and mixed both together gradually in a tub, and kept constantly stirring the mixture into two hogheads of cider, mixing the whole as well as possible by working it with a stick split in four parts, and put in at the bung-hole. I directed it to be racked off in ten days, which was done, and proved to be as fine as any cider I ever saw, and greatly improved in flavor."

## AMUSING.

### RESIGNATION TO THE CHANGES OF FORTUNE.

IN a late account of the city of Hamburg, it is remarked how strikingly the versatility of human affairs is displayed in the circumstances of the French Emigrants in that place; of whom it is impossible to speak without, astonishment and admiration, at the fortitude and resignation with which they bear, and cheerfully too, the sad vicissitudes of fortune: "A French Bishop is now in partnership with a person, whose business it is to reduce different kinds of vegetables; roots, and herbs into flour, to be used in bread, and otherwise for consumption on board ship, and is doing well—another Bishop has undertaken a tannery upon the plan of Seguin, the French Chemist, and also succeeds. A former General has turned Author, and now handles his pen as well as he once did his sword; his aid de-camp Baptiste, who distinguished himself so much at the celebrated battle of Jemappe, was very lately a paper hanger—a Marquis measures ladies for shoes—a Duke deals in candles; another of great rank is a silk dyer; and a distinguished officer serves as a waiter to a landlord, who had once been his Lieutenant. The son of a late Governor of a province, keeps a restoration house. A nobleman has joined one, who had formerly been his cook, in the same business. The heir of the great name of Fenelon keeps a public house. Dealers in small ware, dancing, music, language, fencing and school masters; brokers of every description, are innumerable. Let it not be omitted, that one if not more, is a dog-fancier—an employment it is not believed, left for the discovery of gallic genius!

### AUTHENTIC MEMOIR.

A GENTLEMAN had five daughters, all of whom he brought up in such a manner as was proper to render them useful and respectable characters in life.—These daughters as they came to years, married one after another, with the consent of their father. The first married a gentleman by the name of POOR—the second, a Mr. LITTLE—the third, a Mr. SHORT—the fourth a Mr. BROWN—and the fifth, a Mr. HOGG.—At the wedding of the latter, her sisters, with their husbands, were present. After the ceremonies of the wedding were over, a social conversation ensued, and the old gentleman made this remark to his guests: "I have taken great pains," (said he,) "to educate my five daughters in a manner that they might act well their part in life; and from their advantages and improvements, I fondly hoped that they would form connections that would do honour to my family; but I find that all my pains, care, and expectations in the result, have turned out nothing but POOR, LITTLE, SHORT, BROWN, HOGG!"

THE following humorous circumstance may be depended on as a fact:—A country fellow one Saturday morning coming through Goswell-Street Turnpike, on his way from Illington to Fleet Market, with an ass and a pair of hampers, refused to pay the toll; alledging, that as his beast was unloaded, he thought they had no right to it, &c. His passage was of course prevented by the Turnpike people, who told him that he himself might pass through with as much load as he pleased; but for the passage of the ass, loaded or unloaded, he must pay. "If that is the case," replied the countryman, "I will bid you defiance;" and being a stout fellow, immediately

snatched up the ale and hamper in his arms, and carried him through the Turnpike, to the no small diversion of a number of spectators who had stopped in consequence of the dispute.

## ANECDOTES.

A SAILOR landing at a sea-port town on a Sunday, observed a number of persons assembled together, and enquired where they were going. Being answered to church; Jack (who never went to church in his life) desired to join them, and was told to enter the first pew he saw open; the clerk's desk being open, the sailor walked in and took a seat by him, who, after the lesson, gave out a psalm, and began singing, joined by his vocal friends in the gallery. Jack finding only a small part of the congregation noisy, first knocked down the poor clerk, and then shouted out, "D—n your eyes there is a mutiny, and you are the rising leader."

AN Irishman went into a cooper's shop in town, and asked the master of the shop, if he would be so kind as to give him an empty barrel of flour, to make his hog a hen coop.

## THEATRE.

## MRS. DARLEY'S BENEFIT.

ON Monday evening next, we think cannot fail to attract the attention of the public. The entertainments are, the *Young Quaker*, and *The Soldiers of a Day*, with an interlude, called *the Affirm*. The numerous characters which this lady has personated for two seasons, and the universal admiration she has excited, we hope will induce people of real taste, not to withhold from unassuming merit its well-deserved reward.—The gentle ROSAMUNDA—the tender and affectionate ATHANASIA—the heart-broken OPHELIA—the artless DORINDA—the playful ROSALIND, are characters to which she, and she alone, has done justice, in our Theatre. DINAH PRIMROSE will, no doubt, add another to the catalogue, and increase the laurels that now encircle her brow.

GANYMED.

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, APRIL 14, 1804.

## FOREIGN.

EUROPE.—By the *Minerva*, Capt. Clements, London dates to the 9th ult. have been received. Their principal contents, (late—That Regnier, the Grand Judge, Minister of Justice, had made a communication to the First Consul, relative to a new conspiracy at Paris, as mentioned in the last Magazine. The report is of considerable length, and is dated on the 17th Feb. He states, that a correspondence had been some time maintained between Gen. Pichegru in London, and Gen. Moreau in France; that their agent and all his papers had been seized at Calais; that Georges, a sworn enemy to Bonaparte, sometime resident in England, had landed at a convenient spot between Dieppe and Treport, with eight of his brigands; that this was followed by the landing of Cosier St. Victor, and ten brigands; that in a third debarkation Gen. Pichegru, Lajollais, Armand, and Jean Marie, with some other brigands, had landed; that contrary winds prevented others from landing who were off the coast; that Georges and Pichegru had arrived in Paris, lodged together, and were surrounded by some thirty brigands, commanded by Georges; that they had had several interviews with Gen. Moreau; that Lajollais, the principal go-between, and Gen. Moreau, had been seized, and the effects and papers of Pichegru. He stated, that the purpose of this combination was a conspiracy against the life of the First Consul of France!—On the 8th of March, a report spread at Deal, that a counter revolutionary spirit had manifested itself in France.—The whole naval department in the Downs, was ordered to sea; most of which had failed. With respect to the invasion, so long threatened, time only must determine whether it will be attempted. Preparations are still going on in France; while on the other hand, the English do not relax in their measures of defence.—A fleet is stated to have sailed from Toulon, the 28th of Jan. supposed to consist of ten sail of the line. On the 23d of Jan. Lord Nelson was off the Cape of Roses, in a direct line in which the French fleet will steer, should it be destined for the Atlantic.

Great preparations are making in England, for a secret expedition against Boulogne, and some other ports of France. These preparations have been followed by an embargo; and the execution of a vigorous and decisive measure was at hand. The plan of the intended expedition, originated in Mr. Richard Phillips, who proposed to government to close up and permanently blockade the ports of France, Holland and Flanders, and to render them unnavigable and totally useless. Part of his plan is, by sinking at their entrances old ships of various burthens, filled with chalk or stones.—The gun boats in Boulogne, amount to about 1000. They are described as almost flat-bottomed, and drawing so little water, that they run almost in with the shore, where the British cannot possibly reach them.—An approaching change of affairs appears about taking place at Vienna; a great bustle prevails among the ministers of that court, and the troops were in motion.—Genoa, the capital of the Ligurian Republic, was closely blockaded by four frigates, the beginning of Jan.—The English are building 20 sail of the line with all possible expedition.—The British King, on the 9th of March, was fast recovering from his illness.—Provisions were very high at Paris, owing to the great demand for the troops.—On the 12th Feb. Madame Bonaparte went to the dock of the Invalids at Paris, and was received by the tumultuous cries of the workmen, demanding bread and their wages.—From the 13th to the 23d of Jan. scarcely a day passed without Malaga experiencing two or three shocks of an earthquake.—The Palace of Strelm, near St. Peterburg, was destroyed by fire, on the 8th of Jan.—On the 3d and 4th of March, the fall of Snow at Manchester, (Eng.) was very great; the Surveyors of the roads were obliged to cut through drifts of snow, three yards in depth!—The Rev. Mr. Hey, of Bristol, proposes making a missionary tour throughout the more interior parts of North America, to enquire into the state of religion, and to extend the gospel.—Wednesday, the 7th of March, was appointed as a day for acts of benevolence and public prayer, by the Batavian government.—A war between Great Britain and Algiers seems about to commence. The Dey has forced the British Consul to leave his territories.

WEST-INDIES.—From Cape Francois, to the 8th ult. we learn, that the whites have been massacred throughout the island except at the Cape, where it was expected they would share a similar fate. No whites were permitted to leave the Cape. St. Domingo still remained in the hands of the French. The Americans were very ill treated at the Cape, and scarcely a night passed without a robbery taking place.—It is the declared intention of those who now hold possession of Cape Francois, that in case the French should return in force against them, to destroy all the fortifications, and make their stand in the strong holds of the mountains.—The British evacuated Curacao, the 29th of Feb. leaving only a frigate to intercept vessels bound to that port.—The colours under which the vessels belonging to the present government of St. Domingo sail, are one half red, and one half blue.—The whole Island of Hispaniola, it is said, is now in possession of the blacks, under the command of Gen. Dessalines, First Consul for life!

## DOMESTIC.

DISPATCHES have been received from Commodore Preble, stating that the rightful sovereign of Tripoly, (Hamet Bashaw) is in force, having gained a decisive advantage over his brother, the usurper; and that he offers to cooperate with the force of the United States, on the conditions formerly proposed.—A letter from New-Orleans dated the 26th of Feb. says, "The French and Spaniards seem almost in a state of rebellion here, as they are committing depredations almost every day, and are continually robbing and murdering. Three attempts were made to burn the city last night. Our danger is such, that I have been three nights on patrol since my arrival, and, unless some other means are fallen on soon, I fear the consequence will be dreadful, as the French and Spaniards are determined to do some mischief shortly, and we have very few regular troops here to prevent them."

A most daring robbery was attempted at New-Orleans the 3d March, at the store of Mr. Johnson—but the thieves were fired upon by Mr. J. who wounded two of them in such a manner, as to cause their apprehension.

The Executive have received advices from Capt. Lewis, who is on this expedition towards the sources of the Mississippi and Missouri—he and his party were in good health. The public may promise themselves much information from this undertaking.—The records of West Florida, delivered some time ago, by the British Government, to our Minister in London, have arrived at Baltimore.—The Governor of New-Orleans, has given permission for the erection of a Bank, to be called the Louisiana Bank, with a Capital of 600,000 dollars, which may be increased by subscription to two millions.—The extreme sufferings of cattle in many places, (says a Walpole paper) for want of provision, has been very great, and multitudes have already perished. Similar accounts are received from the District of Maine.—On Sunday last, a gang of villains was detected at New-Boston, (N. H.) in the very act of counterfeiting Bank Bills. They had with them 15 or 20,000 dollars in bills of different descriptions; and the plates on which they were impressed. They were of the Beverly Bank, 30ds; N. Hampshire Bank, payable in Philadelphia, of 10 ds; Boston Union Bank, of 10; Salem Essex Bank of 8; and Portsmouth Bank of 4. Several have been committed to gaol, and others laid under heavy bonds.—Three persons were also arrested at Danvers, on Tuesday night last. Counterfeit bills of the Banks of Portland, Kennebeck, and Nantucket, and implements for carrying on the manufacture both of hard and paper money were found.—Besides these, three persons were arrested in this town on Wednesday last, on the same account.—A late Virginia paper observes, that the great fire ball which was seen in France last April, was discovered about the same time that the phenomenon of shooting stars was observed in various parts of the United States.—At Baltimore, inspection is not required of such casks of butter as are doable with pickle, provided the cask bears the owner's name.—In the Charleston (S. C.) Ordinance against fire, some arrangements deserve notice. Fifteen fire masters are provided, who shall provide for the City necessary implements. They are not obliged to serve more than one year in seven. A company of ax-men with a uniform is subject to the Fire Masters. These masters have competent jurisdiction to make any search which they think may be for the safety of the city. The men who are provided to play the engines, are always paid, and have a special reward for an early attendance. The enginemen have the care of the buckets, and the Fire Masters are directed to provide Cisterns, and to assist the Intendant and Wardens, and all who oppose them are liable to heavy fines. The respective fire companies have their badges. The Markets, Exchange, Court-House yard, Houses of Worship, and Burial grounds, are places of deposit for goods removed in time of fire, and a proper number of men under arms are appointed to guard them. No riding is allowed to interrupt the citizens at labour. Every house must be provided with buckets, and all houses covered with wood are to have scuttles and ladders. Public carts are provided, and the Fire Masters have exclusive controul over Engines.

## MARRIED.

At Washington, Richard Cutts, Esq. M. C. from this State, to Miss Paine, of Washington. In Baltimore, Capt. Lewis, of Boston, to Miss Eliza Hertick.

## DIED.

At Chelsea, (Eng.) March 4, 1804, a young woman, in child-birth. This unfortunate young creature concealed her situation to the last. The child was found in the privy. What heightens this melancholy tale is, that her seducer had abandoned her to want for several weeks, and to lengthen a miserable existence she was induced to pilfer from her employers. The verdict was, that the mother died by the visitation of God, and the child by accidental death.—"At Gouldsboro' (Me.) Mrs. Sarah Jones, Aet. 70, wife of Nathan J. Esq.—a woman of the mildest virtues, and most exemplary character; she lived the number of years allotted to mortality and faithfully sustained every duty incumbent on a child, a wife, a mother and a friend; and is gone, we trust, to receive the reward of such distinguished virtues."

In this town, Mrs. Mary Oliver, Aet. 60—Miss Sally Parks, Aet. 30—Mr. Robert Wier, jr. Aet. 36—Mr. Charles C. Orr, Aet. 25—Joseph W. Simonds, Aet. 3 son of Mr. Joshua S.—Mr. Rosa King, (drowned) of Brewster; Mrs. Abigail Smith, Aet. 43, wife of Mr. Ed. S.—George Washington Appleton, Aet. 7, son of Mr. Seth Danforth; and 3 children. Total 11.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

[THE distress which the inhabitants of Africa experience at the loss of their children, which are stolen from them—by the persons employed in the barbarous traffic of human flesh, is, perhaps, more thoroughly felt than described. But, as it is a subject to which every person has not attended, the author of the following lines hopes that, possibly he may excite some attention, (while he obtains indulgence) to an attempt to represent the anguish of a mother, whose son and daughter were taken from her by a ship's crew, belonging to a country, where the God of Justice and Mercy is owned and worshipped.]

"HELP! Oh, help! thou God of Christians!  
Save a mother from despair!  
Cruel white men steal my children!  
God of Christians hear my prayer!  
From my arms by force they're sever'd;  
Sailors drag them to the sea;  
Yonder ship at anchor riding,  
Swift will carry them away.  
There my son lies stripp'd and bleeding;  
Fast with thongs his hands are bound:  
See the tyrants how they scourge him;  
See his sides a reeking wound!  
See his little sister by him;  
Quaking, trembling, how she lies!  
Drops of blood her face besprinkle;  
Tears of anguish fill her eyes.  
Now they tear her brother from her,  
Down below the deck he's thrown  
Stiff with beating, thro' fear silent,  
Save a single death like groan.  
Hear the little creature begging:  
"Take me white men for your own!  
Spare! Oh, spare my darling brother!  
He's my mother's only son."  
See, upon the shore she's raving,  
Down she falls upon the sands:  
Now she tears her flesh with madness,  
Now, she prays with lifted hands.  
"I am young, and strong, and hardy,  
He's a sick and feeble boy;  
Take me, whip me, chain me, starve me,  
All my life I'll toil with joy.  
Christians, who's is the God you worship?  
Is he cruel, fierce, or good?  
Does he take delight in mercy?  
Or in spilling human blood?  
Ah my poor distracted mother!  
Hear her scream upon the shore:"—  
Down the savage captain struck her,  
Lifeless on the vessels floor.  
Up he falls he quickly hoisted,  
To the ocean bent his way;  
Headlong plung'd the raving mother,  
From a high rock, in the sea.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## To Miss——— ON A WATCH.

WHILE this gay toy attracts thy sight,  
Thy reason let it warn;  
And seize, my dear, that rapid time,  
That never must return.  
If idly lost, no art or care,  
The blessing can restore;  
And Heav'n exacts a strict account  
For every mispent hour.  
Short is our longest day of life,  
And soon its prospects end,  
Yet on that day's uncertain date,  
Eternal years depend.  
Yet equal to our being's aim,  
The space to virtue given;  
And every minute well improv'd  
Secures an age in heav'n.

G. F.

## SONNET,

Supposed to be addressed to Dr. CURRIE, of Liverpool, by the celebrated ROSCOE.

AS o'er the smooth expanse of summer's sky,  
Pass the light vapours that return no more;  
As on the margin of the breezy shore  
Waves after waves successive rise and die;  
Thus pass the transient race of human kind,  
That sweeping onward tow'rd's oblivion's gloom  
Yield unreluctant to their cheerless doom,  
Nor of existence leave a trace behind.  
Yet C\*\*\*\*\*, some there are of nobler aim,  
Who spurn th' inglorious lot; and feel within  
The gen'rous hope of well-deserved praise,  
Anxious, like thee, by deeds of just acclaim  
From Glory's shrine her greatest wreath to win,  
And bid their memory live to future days.

## THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL.

IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XIX—ANNE TO ELINOR.

London, Aug. 30, 1780.

I INFORMED you in my last, that Sarah had written to her husband, to announce to him her arrival in England; he returned no answer, and I began to think all connection between them was forever at an end; indeed, I did not much regret it, only as it respected her own ideas of propriety, which led her to wish to see him, that she might clear up all misconceptions, which, asperfed as her character has been, was absolutely necessary to be done; though, until she saw him, and knew exactly what had been said by that arch fiend Bellamy, or whether she had really written at all or not; to attempt an explanation before she was accused, was to acknowledge a consciousness of error. One thing I rather imagine appears enigmatical to you, the assertion of her being kept by O'Donnell; I will unravel the mystery. O'Donnell, still hampered by the effects of his wife's extravagance, and not choosing to appeal to a Court of Justice for a divorce from her, left a public exposition of his conduct, in regard to her before marriage, might point him out as an object of contempt and ridicule, was content to live within the rules of the prison; and being a man of considerable ability, and literary knowledge, gains a very decent subsistence, by writing, selecting and correcting a Periodical Publication, which is issued to the world by a principal bookseller. Peggy McLean had lived with his parents, and O'Donnell retained a very strong affection for the worthy creature, who had indulged many a vagary of childhood, and concealed many a boyish fault, which might have exposed the culprit to a whipping if discovered. His lodging was near her's, and she washed and repaired his linen; this occasioned a frequent intercourse between them. The evening our poor Sarah was driven from the door of the unfeeling Conolly, O'Donnell, who had been to pay his ancient friend a visit, and was passing just as she was on the steps entreating admission, he heard the name of Bellamy and stopped; a few moments attention to the scene convinced him Sarah was in great distress, and from his knowledge of the persons she had been among, he thought it more than probable, she might be an innocent ill used woman. He saw her sink down upon the timber, and running hastily back to Peggy, thus addressed her:—"Good Peggy, go directly into the lane, there is a poor creature in distress. From what I have heard her say, she has no means of procuring a lodging, I know nothing more about her, she may have brought her misery on herself, but be that as it may, she must not lie in the street." "No, indeed, heaven forbid the should," said Peggy, "while Peg McLean has a mattress and a blanket, come, show me where she is, and tell me what will I say to her." "Speak to her as from yourself, for on no account must my name be mentioned to her, tell her you have a room you can let her have, take her home with you, treat her kindly, and you shall be no loser; but I will never see her, and again I charge you never mention my name to her." After Peggy had executed O'Donnell's benevolent commission, in the manner Mrs. Darnley, in her journal, has related, he tapped

at the door, and softly enquiring if her lodger was retired, hearing she was in bed, he ventured in, and informed the honest creature of what he had gleaned from her talkative and malignant neighbour, concluding with these words: "If she is virtuously inclined, she will be willing to work, and I have no doubt but she can have employment from some of the warehouses; when you have talked with her, if we find her what I think she is, I will mention her to the wife of my friend, the bookfeller, who, I am sure, will interest herself to get her work; but you see it would be highly improper, to let her know I have done any thing for her, knowing what she does of my wife, she would not, I am sure, receive the smallest favour from me; her delicacy and prudence, if she is possessed in any degree of those amiable qualities, would equally forbid it." How this plan was executed, we have been informed, and as O'Donnell frequently called to enquire after her, though he never saw her, Bellamy, who it seems had spies upon her, wrested these circumstances into a tale of dishonour, and retailed them in order to injure the woman whom he never could forgive, for daring to avow her detestation of vice in her presence.

September 7th.

I BROKE off abruptly, being told Mrs. Darnley wished me to come down, as there was a gentleman below who would not tell his business (though it concerned herself) to any but me. I obeyed the summons, and found an elderly person, whose appearance and manner evidenced the well bred man.—"I come, Madam," said he, "to ask a question of this lady; but it must be in your presence, and you must confirm or contradict her answers, as I have from report such an opinion of your integrity."—"Hold, Sir," said I, interrupting him, "whatever Mrs. Darnley asserts to those who know her, needs no other confirmation; her characteristic is sincerity, nor did I ever know her in the smallest degree to deviate from it."—"Well, Madam," he replied, "she has no doubt then, in the sincerity of her heart, related to you every occurrence which took place during her late residence in Dublin?"—"She has," "I am commissioned by Mr. Darnley, to enquire whether you, Madam, (turning to Sarah) were, during that period, acquainted with Mr. O'Donnell."—"I was," she replied, with a steady voice, though the glow of resentment crossed her cheek, as she remembered, how vilely, on his account, she had been traduced. "I received obligations from him which I can never repay, and the grateful remembrance of them are deeply engraven on my heart."—"You are candid, indeed, Madam," said he, with a look of astonishment. "He was your frequent visitor, during the latter part of your residence in Ireland?"—"He was frequently at the house where I lodged, but I never saw him until within a few days of my quitting that place—but why these interrogations, Sir? if Mr. Darnley wishes to find me innocent, he may easily trace me through every scene in which I was engaged during my absence from England. If he wishes to believe me guilty, he had better avoid all particular investigation of my conduct; I court, rather than shrink, from scrutiny, and letters addressed to—"—"Pardon me, dear Madam, Mr. Darnley, is in no condition to make this scrutiny, and could he behold you at this moment as I do, truth is so strongly marked in every line of your countenance, he would need no other confirmation of your innocence. He is ill, a fall, he got on board an Indian man, where he had dined with a number of other gentlemen, and partook too freely of the juice of the grape, has brought on a fever."

Sarah arose from her seat. "I will go," said she, "lead me to him Sir; I will go, and perform my duty in attending him; if, when he recovers, he bids me leave him, I can return again, to the only friend fortune has left me, and she will not refuse to receive me." She held out her hand to me; the tears gushed from her eyes, and hastily throwing on her bonnet and cloak, the gentleman led her to a coach, leaving me a card where I might find her, and they drove off.

I have heard from her every day since; Darnley yet continues ill; but is, I believe, now out of danger. I am to see her to day, and will write again soon. ANN.

BOSTON, (MASSACHUSETTS.)

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## BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 21, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THE GOSSIP—No. LVIII.

*Sperne voluptates; nocet emptæ dolore voluptas.*

## TO THE GOSSIP.

MR. GOSSIP,

WE all must allow that marriage is a noble institution; that in many cases the sorrows of life are lessened by this union, and the comforts of it inconceivably increased; that it is, or should be, the most perfect state of friendship, is equally true—but is this found to be the case in every circumstance? can we not, by casting our eyes round in the small circle of our acquaintance, find its operation directly contrary?—I need, Sir, look no farther than my own home, to see the unhappiness sometimes attendant on wedlock.

It is but a few years since, I entered into this state, the commencement of which, was pleasant to be sure—from the then flattering prospects, I was led to believe that ease and contentment are the inseparable companions of matrimony;—but I am sorely disappointed.—The affection of my husband, instead of being increased by long possession, has grown cold and indifferent—he spends but few hours at home, and my time passes heavily away.—This affliction is increased by a recent event. We have lately moved into a neighbourhood, the male part of which, are the consummate votaries of idleness and dissipation—he, having a relish for this, has become a member of the club; and midnight generally sends him staggering to his home. I cannot refrain, Mr. GOSSIP, from giving you a short account of the proceedings of this club. It is composed principally of married men; men who have respectable families to support; they meet each day (the Sabbath excepted) at eleven o'clock, at a certain place not far from his home; here, for one hour, the overflowing bowl passes merrily around. Elated beyond conception, by the exhalations of *Sir Richard Whiteface*, and losing all appetite for the most useful and salutary meal in the day, by a too free indulgence of sensual gratifications—nothing is to be done, but a walk on 'change or elsewhere, entrusting their business to inconsiderate and heedless boys; and their children, to the impulses of their own inclinations, who, from the examples set them, must be not inconsiderably advanced in the broad road to ruin.—We find them assembled again in the afternoon at the same place, where they generally tarry until late at night; as this place of resort is not allowed to be opened on the Lord's Day, we frequently observe them collect round the door, and nine times out of ten, the afternoon of this sacred day is spent in lounging here, or in the neighbouring streets.

Such, Mr. GOSSIP, is the general character of the neighbourhood into which I have lately moved. It is painful to say it, but it is true.—How preferable would it be, were these men to attend more closely to the domestic concerns of their families, and be more assiduous to discharge with fidelity and dispatch, the respective vocations to which they are called; and instead of leaving their children, which must have become vicious from unpardonable negligence, and excessive indulgences, to the government of others, attend themselves, and save them from impending ruin, by inculcating virtuous examples, and impressing on their youthful minds the glorious religion of our blessed Saviour.

Pardon me for so long intruding on your patience. Permit me only to observe, that instead of finding the marriage state to be a happy one, I find it diametrically opposite—yes, a wretched one.

If you can administer relief to my depressed situation by your friendly advice, I doubt not you will readily grant it in your next number. NANCY.

Boston, April 11th, 1804.

NO! unfortunate woman! there is no relief for you; the man who has once indulged in the soul-subduing

cup of ebriety, is seldom, if ever, recalled to a sense of interest, honour, conjugal or paternal affection. The companions of Ulysses, we are told, when by the magic power of Circe, and partaking of the intoxicating beverage prepared for them by her, they were transformed into swine; having one friend who had resisted her solicitations, and who having by the assistance of Hermes discovered a wonderful herb that would at once dissipate the effects of the fascinating draught, and administering it to his companions soon restored them to rationality, and delivered them from the power of the Sorceress. But where is the friend who can draw a man from the fascinations, a love of intoxicating spirituous liquors throws over the soul? When that dangerous propensity once predominates, no reason, no friendship, no motive whatever, can break the spell or dissipate the enchantment. But while I lament from my soul, that many amiable women are made wretched, and their innocent offspring left to all the miseries of want; while the men who should protect and support them, are wasting their substance in drinking, gaming, and low company; I must be allowed to add, that it too often happens, that were effects traced to their original causes, the wives themselves would be found greatly to blame. They have not, perhaps, exerted themselves in the early part of their union, to make home the most agreeable place; his friends were not always made welcome, and a mistaken idea of neatness, has superseded the comfort of their husband, because the nice parlour must not be deranged, by the soil of a dirty shoe, or the house incommoded by the smell of tobacco smoke; the husband at first merely to avoid a sour look, or an unkind speech from his helpmate, will take his friends to a public house; where, having no restraint whatever, they unconsciously drink twice as much as they would at home; one pipe is smoked after another; cards are introduced as an auxiliary to help out amusement; the associates play to determine who shall pay the reckoning, which, though only a trifling sum in the course of an evening, yet to him who loses frequently, becomes at length, something very considerable. Though this habit of passing the evenings at a tavern, is at first moderately indulged, and the regular hour of retiring punctually attended to; yet by degrees he infringes it; the cards intice, the company, the liquor, combine to make him forget home, and on these occasions, the deluded woman, whose folly first drove her husband from her, now by tears, reproaches, and ill humour, makes him dread to return to the house whence love and peace is effectually banished.

Let me not be supposed by any one to be apologizing for those men who habituate themselves to the beastly and unfeeling custom of sitting for hours enveloped in clouds of smoke, guzzling strong liquors and talking nonsense or politics, each equally unintelligible to themselves and others, setting their own property, and frequently that of others on the hazard of a card or a die, sacrificing at once their time, their health, and peace. No! such practices are degrading to human nature; are a disgrace to rational beings, and a public dishonour to that religion, which almost every citizen does, or pretends to profess. I am no enemy to a cheerful glass, and think a pipe a social comfort, a composer—a companion, a kind of third person, when two friends are chatting together, by its puffs and whiffs filling up agreeably every pause in conversation.—But

then the glass and the pipe, both must surely possess most charms when enjoyed by a man's own fire side. Men who are all day engaged in business, require some relaxation in the evening, and however they may love their wives, a companion of their own sex is an agreeable augmentation of a family party; and women who know their own interest, will encourage a social intercourse among the friends, and neighbours of their husbands, even should it put them to the trouble of providing a bit of supper, or having their parlours cleaned a little oftener than they otherwise would.—And a man, possessing a good humoured, affectionate wife, thus indulgent to his inclinations, whose study is to make his home the pleasantest place to which he can resort; who will leave her to indulge in tavern excess, insulting her delicacy, and outraging her sensibility, by returning at unwarrantable hours, in a state of brutal intoxication, deserves neither wife, nor friend, nor home. His heart is depraved; his feelings are callous. He is impenetrable alike to the intreaties of affection, the threats of vengeance, or the admonitions of friendship; and on such a being, advice would be entirely thrown away.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## WHAT IS INGENUITY?

IT seems to be merely a dexterity at finding apt means to accomplish particular ends. Should the enquiry be, who is an ingenious mechanic? Several classes would immediately present themselves to the mind, all claiming with justice the epithet, but deserving it in different ways, according to the different objects, to which they had directed their attention. Where ornament had been the object, he, whose fortunate labours had been most productive of novelty, richness, beauty, and elegance in his decorations, would be esteemed most ingenious. Had the aim been the invention of machinery most proper to be employed for a particular purpose, he, whose machines answered that purpose in the best manner, in the shortest time, with the least labour, would justly be thought most ingenious. The ingenuity of some would appear in the number and variety of expedients they would be able to combine in the production of particular effects. While among those, whose object had been to produce certain effects by means the most inscrutable, he, who had buried his expedients in profoundest night and most effectually hid them from all conjecture of those who saw those effects produced, would with justice claim the palm of superior ingenuity.

The same distinction is claimed by the Savage, whose cruel genius has been able to sink the poor victim at the stake in deepest agony, and apply tortures the most exquisite and excruciating.

Who is an orator of superior ingenuity? He, who, to please; can assemble round his subject, the most enchanting images in the most enchanting manner; who in the most gentle and harmonious current of language can pour along the most delicious sentiments; who can most powerfully touch those strings of the human heart, which vibrate with most delight; he, who, to convince, can command the strongest reasons, the most unanswerable arguments; who, to persuade, can set the most powerful motives in the most powerful light; who, to torture an enemy, can make the deepest wound in his sensibility with language the most cutting, in a manner the most provoking; and



was, to astonish, can descend into the deepest night and thickest darkness of his subject, and by the lightning and glare of his genius exhibit amid the surrounding shades the most vast, the grandest images and conceptions in the most striking and awful point of light.

In logic, where the object in view is the investigation of truth, a man's ingenuity appears in his dexterity at finding intermediate ideas, by which the connexion and relation of ideas seemingly the most remote, may be discovered. If the object be to support a position not true, ingenuity most conspicuously appears in laying premises so artful or so remote, that every one is ready to grant them, and then drawing from them the most inevitable conclusions; or in being able from premises indisputably true to draw conclusions with so much art and subtilty, that though false, they seem to defy every effort of the human mind to point out, in what the fallacy consists.

These and innumerable other instances of ingenuity seem to warrant the description, we gave of it, in the beginning of these remarks. One limitation, however, must be added; that is, the mean or expedient must be such as the mind of the person using it suggested to him, not such as he has learnt from others, or he must use it, or come at it in a manner, peculiarly his own. For, (if we mistake not) the idea of originality always accompanies our idea of ingenuity.

If these observations be true, it must in general be pretty easy to judge of the degree of merit for ingenuity, to which any particular performance is entitled. But, weighed in these scales, many an exploit, thought to be very ingenious, would be found light as the moats that dance in the sunbeams. TACITUS.

## HISTORY.

## PLINY THE YOUNGER TO TACITUS.

## LETTER II.

THE letter which, in compliance with your request, I wrote to you concerning the death of my uncle, has raised, it seems, your curiosity to know what terrors and dangers attended me while I continued at *Misenum*; for there, I think, the account in my former broke off:

*Tho' my shock'd soul recoils, my tongue shall tell.*

My uncle having left us, I pursued the studies which prevented my going with him, till it was time to bathe. After which I went to supper, and from thence to bed, where my sleep was greatly broken and disturbed. There had been for many days before some shocks of an earthquake, which the less surprised us as they are extremely frequent in *Campania*; but they were so particularly violent that night, that they not only shook every thing about us, but seemed indeed to threaten total destruction. My mother flew to my chamber, where she found me rising, in order to awaken her. We went out into a small court belonging to the house, which separated the sea from the buildings. As I was at that time but eighteen years of age, I know not whether I should call my behaviour in this dangerous juncture, courage or rashness; but I took up *Livy* and amused myself with turning over that author, and even making extracts from him, as if all about me had been in full security. While we were in this posture, a friend of my uncle's, who was just come from *Spain* to pay him a visit, joined us, and observing me sitting by my mother with a book in my hand, greatly condemned her calmness, at the same time that he reproved me for my careless security; nevertheless I still went on with my author. Though it was now morning, the light was exceedingly faint and languid; the buildings all around us tottered, and though we stood upon open ground, yet as the place was narrow and confined, there was no remaining there without certain and great danger; we therefore resolved to quit the town. The people followed us in the utmost consternation, and (as to a mind distracted with terror, every suggestion seems more prudent than its own) pressed in great crowds about us in our way out. Being got at a convenient distance from the houses, we stood still, in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The

chariots which we had ordered to be drawn out, were so agitated backwards, and forwards, though in the open fields, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain at least, the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side, a black and dreadful cloud bursting with an igneous serpentine vapour, darted out a long train of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger. Upon this our *Spanish* friend, whom I mentioned above, addressing himself to my mother and me with great warmth and earnestness: *If your brother and your uncle, said he, is safe, be certainly wiser you may be so too; but if he perished, it was his desire, no doubt, that you might both survive him: why therefore do you delay your escape a moment? We could never think of our own safety, we said, while we were uncertain of his.*

Hereupon our friend left us, and withdrew from the danger with the utmost precipitation. Soon afterwards the cloud seemed to descend and cover the whole ocean; as indeed it entirely hid the Island of *Caprea*, and the promontory of *Misenum*. My mother strongly conjured me to make my escape at any rate, which, as I was young, I might easily do; as for herself, she said, her age and copulency rendered all attempts of that sort impossible; however, she should willingly meet death, if she could have the satisfaction of seeing, that she was not the occasion of mine. But I absolutely refused to leave her, and taking her by the hand, I led her on; she complied with great reluctance, and not without many reproaches to herself for retarding my flight.

The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I turned my head and observed behind us a thick smoke, which came rolling after us like a torrent. I proposed, while we had yet any light, to turn out of the high road, lest we should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowd that followed us. We had scarce stepped out of the path, when a darkness overspread us, not like that of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up, and all the lights extinct. Nothing then was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die from the very fear of dying, some lifting up their hands to the gods, but the greater part imagining, that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy both the gods and the world together.

Among these there were some who augmented the real terrors by imaginary ones, and made the frighted multitude falsely believe, that *Misenum* was actually in flames. At length a glimmering light appeared, which we imagined to be rather the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames (as in truth it was) than the return of day; however, the fire fell at a distance from us; then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap.

I might boast, that during all this scene of horror, not a sigh nor expression of fear escaped me, had not my support been founded in that miserable, though strong consolation, that all mankind were involved in the same calamity, and that I imagined I was perishing with the world itself. At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud or smoke, the real day returned, and even the sun appeared, though very faintly, and as when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes (which were extremely weakened) seemed changed, being covered over with white ashes, as with a deep snow.

We returned to *Misenum*, where we refreshed ourselves as well as we could, and passed an anxious night between hope and fear, though, indeed, with a much larger share of the latter; for the earthquake still continued, while several enthusiastic people run up and down, heightening their own and their friends' calamities, by terrible predictions. However, my mother, and I, notwithstanding the danger we had passed, and that which still threatened us, had no thoughts of leav-

ing the place, until we should receive some account of my uncle.

And now you will read this narrative without any view of inserting it in your history, of which it is, by no means, worthy; and, indeed, you must impute it to your own request, if it shall appear scarce to deserve even the trouble of a letter. Farewell.

## AMUSING.

## SENTIMENTAL FRAGMENT.

THE tear of the morning hangs on the thorn, and impearls the rose. In the day of my joy, my cheek was likened to the blushing beauty of that charming flower, and though it has since lost its vermillion, it still retains a partial similitude, for the tear is on it.—But alas! no cheering sun exiles sorry, and the Christal that stole forth in the morning from my eye-lid, holds its place at the midnight hour.—And is love, said I, the canker worm that has preyed on thy beauty; does that torturing passion make thee shed the careless tear?—No, Sir, replied Lucilla, love gave me all the choicest blessings, during five years: I rioted in them, and this world was a heaven to me.—William, it is true, is no more; but he died in the field of honour—he is recorded with those heroes who fought and fell for their country—I bathed his wounds—his last words blessed me—and his expiring sigh was breathed forth in my bosom. I wept the briny tears of honest sorrow—but I had my consolation—my William loved none but me, and he still lives, in the blessed image which he left me of himself—it was my duty, and soon became my sole delight to point out to the darling boy, the path in which his father trod, and to instil into his expanding mind an emulation of parental virtue—His young breast felt the glowing flame, and he was wont to weep when I led him to the grave which glory had dug for his father—but he too is taken from me—he sleeps beneath this turf which I adorn with flowers: here my fancy feeds my sorrow, and this sacred shrine of affection, I shall daily visit, until azyary nature conducts me to my husband and my child.

## LIGHT ARTICLES.

[From late LONDON PAPERS.]

ON Saturday last, a wine merchant was fined *five pounds*, for defrauding the revenue of *two pence*!

A GENTLEMAN lately died at Bath, leaving two daughters, each a fortune of £100,000. He amassed his immense fortune, by the purchase of paper dollars, at 2*l.* each, during the American war.

AN ox, in the possession of a respectable farmer in Ireland, lately died, at the very extraordinary age of 35 years! It was also of a most prodigious size.

A VEIN of coal, at Shrewsbury, produces to its proprietors, a net profit, of £3600 per week!

A BUTCHER's boy, on Saturday last, carrying his tray on his shoulder, accidentally struck it against a lady's head, and discomposed her wig. "The *deuce* take the tray," cried the lady in a passion. "Madam," said the lad gravely, "the *deuce* cannot take the tray."

MR. GRAY, author of an Elegy in a Church Yard, being naturally very timorous of fire, during his residence at college, provided himself with a rope-ladder, for the purpose of conveying himself out of the window in case of danger. Taking advantage of this, some of the collegians, under the favour of a dark night, placed a large tub of water under his window; when, after raising the alarm of fire, they had the pleasure of seeing the Bard of Pindus, immersed in other waters than those of Helicon!

A PERT illiterate young fellow, who had newly dashed into trade, one morning accosted a gentleman with "Any news to day, sir?" "Yes," said the other—"It seems the Senate of Hamburg have delivered up Napper Tandy to the British." "I rejoice to hear it," replied the speculator in muslins, "tis a fine island—'twill be a fine opening for trade."

DR. JOHNSON was one day in company with a very talkative lady, of whom he appeared to take very little notice. She, in pique, said to him, "Why, Doctor, I believe you prefer the company of men to that of ladies."—"Madam," replied he, "I am very fond of the company of ladies: I like their beauty; I like their delicacy; I like their vivacity; I like their silence."

A COUPLE of young ladies, having buried their father, (who was an old humourist, and had such an aversion to matrimony, that he would not allow them to marry, however advantageous might be the offer) conversing on his character, the eldest observed, "he is dead at last, and now we will marry!" "Well, said the youngest, I am for a rich husband, and Mr. C. shall be my man." "Hold, sister, (said the other) don't let us be too hasty in the choice of our husbands; let us marry those whom the powers above have destined for us; for our marriages are registered in heaven's book." "I am sorry for that, dear sister, (replied the youngest) for I am afraid father will tear out the leaf."

#### THE BEAUTY OF TRUTH AND INTEGRITY EXEMPLIFIED IN TWO HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

"SANJAR, the son of Melchale-Selgiucides, was one of the princes most renowned for his justice, throughout all the east. His valour has been equally the praise of every historian. On his return from a furious battle, in which he had been the conqueror, he once entered his capital in triumph, followed by a victorious army and met by a joyous and grateful people."

"Near the wayside, there stood a magnificent building, the roof of which was crowned by a dome, standing on forty columns. As the troops were to file off at the foot of this dome, a poor boy, the better to witness the sight, had seated himself on its summit. The sultan, as he passed along, looked at the dome, and mistook the boy for a bird. Actuated by a momentary feeling of vanity, he thought to display an instance of his dexterity at the bow, for which he was remarkable, in the face of his people; and, accordingly, taking aim at the object on the dome, let fly an arrow, with considerable force. The arrow pierced the boy. He fell headlong to the ground, and presently expired. What was the astonishment, or rather, what was the sorrow and despair of the prince, when he beheld this sad consequence of his folly! He alighted immediately from his horse, and raised the body of the youth, giving way, at the same time, to expressions of the severest grief. He sent directly for the child's father, whom, leading into his tent, where no third person was present, he thus addressed:

"You behold in me, the murderer of your child. I might vindicate myself, by representing that I had no design to kill him; but my crime, by being involuntary on my part, is not the less afflictive to you: it loads you with the heaviest calamity a father can suffer. You know the law: if, agreeably with the liberty it gives, you permit me to compute the blood of your unfortunate son, here is gold; but if, as the law also authorizes, you require blood for blood, here is my sabre: I have taken care that you may retire from my tent without discovery."

"The father, struck with the worthy conduct of his prince, refused to take either the gold or the sabre."

"JOHN, King of France, being taken prisoner by Edward, commonly called the Black-prince,\* was brought to London, and confined in the Savoy-prison. After some time, terms were agreed upon, the fulfilment of which was to be followed by his peaceable re-establishment on his throne. On these conditions he was suffered to return to France; but finding that his nobles would not consent to the demands of the King of England, he voluntarily came back to his prison, there to abide the issue of the negotiation. When his courtiers endeavoured to dissuade him from this step, and insinuated that he might very excusably employ chicanery to elude the execution of a disadvantageous treaty, he replied: "Were truth banished from all the rest of the world, it ought still to be found in the breasts of kings." On his landing in England, he was re-conveyed to the Savoy, where he was soon after attacked by sickness to which he fell a prey."

\* Edward the first prince of Wales, and son of Edward the Third, king of England. He was called the Black-prince on account of his black armour.

THE following advertisement of a cow lost, is copied verbatim, from a paper published a few years since.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

Boston May 70th, 1784.

THEIR was a Cow desmished last Friday, colour

of a lite red Cow, pretty much a short tail, not so long as other cow's tails, she is a tall long slim Cow, not so fat as some Cows, she is not so poor as some. This will convince any of the publick if seen such a creature, Sir or Gentleman of honour, whoever seen or find him, turn him to Bosson, to Mr. York Ruggles, seven tar lane, he will warn whoever bring him will be a great price, the cow was bought up in the country, he was brough through Bosson four months ago, also more the cow he had four white legs, and four red legs.

P. S. He has got lite red eyes, he is gote tall slime hornes, a little cut of the ends, He is not less than seven years old, he has got one year long and he is got one year short, and a slit in one of them, and a piece clipped of other. YORK RUGGLES.

#### WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, APRIL 21, 1804.

#### FOREIGN.

THERE has been no late arrivals from Europe. Numerous villages in the interior of Sumatra, have been depopulated by the small pox—in others, part of the people fled from the contagion, into the woods, where they fell a prey to the wild beasts. Vaccination has been introduced into the island, but there was great difficulty in persuading the natives to submit to the operation. A very severe shock of an earthquake, was felt at the Hague, the latter end of January. It was also felt at Rotterdam, and several other places. At Massins, the chandeliers of the Reformed Church were in motion during the time of divine service, so as to be frequently removed between two and three feet from their usual position. The Scotch Society, for propagating the Gospel, intend to send new missionaries to China. Professor Scssé, the celebrated Botanist, who had been absent eight years, at the head of a party of naturalists, has returned to Spain. He has been over all the Spanish possessions in North America, and the islands on the coast. It is said he has enriched botany with 2500 species of unknown plants, and has also discovered 80 fishes not yet described.

WEST-INDIES.—Information from Aux Cayes, to the 21st March state, that the Brigands have massacred nearly all the white inhabitants of that place and Jeremie. On the 18th of March, a British fleet was at the mouth of Surinam river, with troops, and had demanded the surrender of the colony; that the Governor had refused to submit, and expressed his determination to defend the place as long as possible. From Havana, to the 31st ult. we learn, that the French Gen. Lavolet, demanded \$40,000 from the governor of Havana, for the payment of French troops—but it was refused. The French General then said he should not be accountable for the conduct of his people—in consequence of which, the Spanish troops were put under arms, with orders to take up and confine every foreigner without distinction. There has been no rain for a long time at Demarara, and the country had, through carelessness, been set on fire in several places, and much damage had been done, and great anxiety created. On the 17th ult. an English letter of marque, having been taken by the French, and carried into Guadeloupe, was afterwards cut out by the English. Previous to the French quitting her, they applied a match to the Magazine; and after getting a little distance from the harbour, was blown up with a terrible explosion. Two other English vessels have been carried into Guadeloupe.

#### DOMESTIC.

Commodore Preble, writes, under date of Jan. 4th the following:—"I have just returned from a cruise on Tripoli, where on the 23d December I captured a vessel with the Bashaw's presents to the grand Signior, accompanied by several officers of distinction. I trust this capture will give us considerable advantages in negotiating a peace." The squadron fitting out for the Mediterranean, consists of the following Frigates; the United States, President, Congress, Constellation, and John Adams, to be commanded by Capt. S. Barron, F. Barron, Rodgers, Campbell, and Lt. Chauncey. A letter from New Orleans, dated the 11th March, says, "The regiment of Louisiana, has received orders to hold themselves in readiness to depart on the 15th, for Bensacola, where they are transporting all their stores and ammunition." About 30 sail of

Americans were at St. Jago, March 7th as prizes! From Bennington, in Vermont, we learn that on the 4th of April, the crust on the snow at that place, was so hard as to bear horses and loaded sleds. A barn full of hay, grain, &c. was destroyed by lightning the 31st ult. at Pennington, (N. J.) A riot took place at Petersburg, (Virg.) the 25th ult. but no lives were lost. A Maj. Stillwell, of New-Jersey, lately put a period to his existence, by holding the hilt of a sword against the wall, and running upon the point! Robert Humes, and John Heyer, two boys, neither of them exceeding 12 years, have been convicted at New-York for stealing!

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are infinitely indebted to the candid friend who interests himself in the success of our Magazine. We beg leave to assure him that his fears are groundless; and that we shall ever be careful to steer a direct course, avoiding equally the devouring rocks of *Scylla*, or the foaming whirlpool of *Charybdis*. We wish to reach our desired haven in security; that is, to insure to ourselves the favour of all our Patrons, whether male or female; without purchasing the applause of one, by sacrificing the good opinion of another.

Many of our friends regret the long cessation of The Passenger, and hope he will soon again resume his pen. We join with them in wishing, should ill health be the cause of his silence, it will be speedily removed, and our Miscellany be again enriched with his favours.

Peter Punctilio's favours are received; also a moral Allegory, and several entertaining anecdotes.

Lines on the death of A. S. shall appear.

GILBERT & DEAN, have just received from the American Type Foundry at Philadelphia, a new and elegant assortment of TYPES—and shall be happy to execute all kinds of ornamental and other work, in a neat and workmanlike manner.

#### ADVENTURERS, ATTEND!

AFTER the 23d inst. the price of tickets in South Hadley Canal Lottery, will be \$5 50. Those who wish to obtain the tickets at the present price, are informed that GILBERT & DEAN will keep their Lottery Office open until 10 o'clock, on Monday evening next. WHIST—a word in your ear—if the Goddess of Fortune should "strew her GOLDEN SAND on another's floor, blaine no one." Also for sale, tickets and quarters in Piscataqua Bridge, and Anoskeag Canal Lotteries—\$8000 is the highest prize in the former, and \$5000 in the latter.

G. & D. give personal attendance. April 21.

#### MARRIED.

At Slieverne, (I.) Mr. Wm. Houghton, Et. 74, to Mrs. Bridget Burke, Et. 73. She is his fourth wife, and he her third husband. The person who acted as bridegroom, was 85!

At Providence, Mr. Joseph W. Bruce, to Miss Cecile C. Le Mercier, both of Boston. At Roxbury, by the Rev. Mr. Gray, Mr. Stephen Harrington, to Mrs. Nancy Bruce.

In this town, Mr. Andrew Hadley, to Miss Polly Webb, of Exeter.

#### DIED.

At Baltimore, Mr. C. Keetér. He was at work in a Soap and Candle Manufactory, and in attempting to throw some lye into one of the boilers, his foot slipped, and he fell head foremost into the boiler; and by much exertion, was taken out. The skin came off all parts of his body. At Philadelphia, the 3d inst. Dorothy Dusan, Et. 105. She had suffered her toe-nails to grow until some of them had nearly encompassed her foot. At Cambridge, Mr. Moses Titcomb, Senior Sophister, Et. 21, son of Joseph Titcomb, Esq. of Portland. [Character in our next if not anticipated.]

In this town, Mr. John Luckin, Et. 35—Miss Margaret Crease, Et. 71; Mr. Joshua Horne, Et. 28; Mr. Timothy O'Brien, drowned in the mill pond.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THE WREATH OF FRIENDSHIP.

NO ! I'll no more at Fate complain,  
 No more in sighs consume my breath ;  
 For though she forged a galling chain,  
 She round it twin'd a roseate wreath.  
 Dear wreath, by Friendship's fingers twin'd,  
 How fragrant sweet thy perfumes are,  
 What balm thou shed'st upon the mind,  
 Forbidding entrance to despair.  
 How oft I've thought this waking dream,  
 Existence felt, but not enjoy'd,  
 Might seek a balm in Lethe's stream,  
 To fill the heart's dull aching void.  
 But from thee, Friendship, I can find,  
 Delights by cheerful fancy drest ;  
 Thy hyacinths my temples bind,  
 Thy roses blossom in my breast.  
 Each gloomy thought is put to flight,  
 Friendship ! thy touch with magic art,  
 Has kindled every chaste delight,  
 And wak'd to joy my torpid heart.  
 Upon my bosom ever bloom,  
 Thou lovely, fragrant, roseate wreath ;  
 Pour on my soul thy rich perfume,  
 Nor wither 'till thou'rt nipp'd by death.  
 When I shall fade, may Friendship's tear  
 Like dew upon my grave be shed,  
 Soft may it fall upon my bier,  
 And consecrate my lowly bed.  
 And when e'en thou shalt not survive  
 The slow but certain scythe of time ;  
 Oh ! may the wreath again revive,  
 And flourish in some happier clime.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## TO PATIENCE.

CELESTIAL maid ! of placid mien,  
 O deign my humble cot to grace ;  
 With looks compos'd, and brow serene,  
 Come, and each anxious thought displace.  
 Teach me my wayward fate to bear,  
 With mild obedience to its will ;  
 Life's varied ills submissive share,  
 And bid the murmuring heart be still.  
 And when "woes cluster," round my head,  
 And Hope's last trembling gleam expires ;  
 When Comfort's soothing aid has fled,  
 And Pleasure's magic form retires ;  
 Then, with thy meek, thy gentle sway,  
 Instruct me how to meet the storm ;  
 Calmly to tread the devious way,  
 Tho' lurid clouds the sky deform.  
 Thou can'st repel Misfortune's dart,  
 And point it harmless to the ground ;  
 Or blunt it ere it reach the heart,  
 And ere it rankles, close the wound.  
 Then come, thy friendly hand extend,  
 And smooth the thorny path of woe,  
 Check the repining sigh, and lend  
 That inward peace thy smiles bestow.

ELIZA.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## INVOCATION TO HOPE.

COME, sweet sorrow-soothing Hope,  
 Come, and bid my sorrows cease !  
 Haste ; with dread disquiet cope,  
 And give my soul its wonted peace.

Thy smile can soothe the brow of care,  
 And give the troubled spirit rest ;  
 Can light the gloom of black despair,  
 And make e'en Love's pale victim blest.  
 Inspir'd by thy reviving light,  
 I see Truth's banner wave unfurl'd ;  
 Philanthropy with love unite,  
 To harmonize a warring world.  
 Then come, sweet Hope, and bless my sight,  
 Come, and bid my sorrows cease !  
 Illume my soul's dark dreary night,  
 And give my burning bosom peace !

## THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## SINCERITY—A NOVEL.

## IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

## LETTER XXIX—ANN TO ELINOR.

London, Sept. 18th, 1780.

COMFORT seems again to dawn on our good Sarah ; her tender assiduity, her care, and unremitting watchfulness, have been the means in the hands of an all powerful God, of restoring Darnley to health. They also have awakened in his heart a degree of that affection he once professed so ardently to feel for her, and it certainly is more likely to be permanent, since what he experienced for her at the time of their union, was the effervescence of youthful passion ; but the present sentiment is softened by gratitude, and founded on esteem. The old gentleman who came to inform Sarah of her husband's illness, is a Mr. Vaughan, a half pay officer, who has a wife and several children to maintain ; and a very confined income to do it with ; he was in service at the commencement of the war, but receiving a wound, returned home, and his health has since been in so precarious a state, as to prevent his again joining his regiment, which continued still abroad. To increase the means of living, they let part of their house to several respectable gentlemen, who boarded with them at an easy rate, and experienced that kind of style and manner of conducting the family, table, &c. as is peculiarly agreeable to men of good education and polished manners. Here Darnley has boarded for some time past, being recommended to the family by an elderly person, who writes in the counting house with him, and who had some little knowledge of his character, and knew from good authority how foolishly he had trifled away his happiness, and involved himself in debts, by being subject to the dominion of an unprincipled woman. Mr. Vaughan, though advanced considerably in life, is uncommonly attractive in his manners ; his education has been liberal ; his understanding is far above mediocrity, and having seen a great deal of the world ; was qualified for giving counsel to the thoughtless and inexperienced. He soon gained Darnley's confidence ; he imparted to this new friend, the doubts which had arisen in his mind concerning his wife's conduct, during her absence from him ; shewed him the letter Bellamy had written to him, and which accused poor Sarah of almost every vice. Vaughan enquired if he ever had any reason to suspect her while she was with him ; what her general conduct and principles were, and learnt that though volatile and improvident in many things, she cherished the strictest principles of virtue and religion, and utter abhorrence of vice ; that while herself by look, by word, or action, never in her gayest and most thoughtless moments transgressed the laws of female propriety, she was ever ready to overlook the faults of others ; pity their errors and relieve their distresses, though the natural consequence of those errors. He concluded, that it was not very probable that such a woman would become all at once abandoned to vice and profligacy. This he frequently urged, and advised him to write to his wife, send her money to discharge her debts, and invite her home. Darnley was inclined to do this, and would actually have put his design in execution, when he received her letter, written the day after her being received into the dwelling of Peggy McLean, but the very day in which he formed this resolution, another diabolical epistle arrived ; not from Mrs. Bellamy as before, but from the infamous Jessy Romain, alias Ryan ; who, though unacquainted with the place of his residence, rather than not have a chance to traduce his

innocent wife, directed her letter to a coffee house in the city, where she knew, if he was in London, he would certainly find it, as he seldom passed a day without calling there. This letter contained an account that might have staggered the faith of almost any one. Sarah was represented as having resided several weeks at the Marquis of H—'s, and eloping from him one night to Dublin, in company with a married man, by whom she had been ever since supported.

The consequence was, that when Sarah wrote to inform him of her arrival in England, he flew into a violent paroxysm of rage, and swore he would never see her again. All Mr. Vaughan's arguments were vain. But when from his fall, he found a long and painful confinement would most likely be the consequence, nay, perhaps the loss of life would follow, the good man renewed his solicitations that he would see and be reconciled to his wife. Darnley said faintly, "If I could but think her innocent, and yet if she is, Mr. Vaughan, how can I expect her to pardon my neglect of her. If she is innocent, I have used her shamefully—cruelly." Mr. Vaughan found the heat of his passion was subsided, and imagined he would be even glad to find she had been traduced ; he therefore resolved himself to see her, to question her concerning the subject of the information officiously given by Ryan and Bellamy, and draw his conclusions from the manner in which she should receive and reply to his questions. Her frankness charmed him, and the readiness, even to eagerness which she shewed to go immediately and attend her husband, prejudiced him highly in her favour.

Their meeting was singular, yet affecting.—"I have brought," said Mr. Vaughan, opening the curtains of the sick man's bed—"I have brought Mrs. Darnley to nurse you."—"Who, Sarah ?" said he, "where is she ?"—"I am here, Mr. Darnley," cried our friend, advancing and putting forth her hand.—"I am grieved for your accident, and wish it may be in my power, by performing every kind office, to alleviate your sufferings and accelerate your recovery."—"Did you come voluntarily ?" said he, "was it affection prompted ?"—"I came voluntarily, George," she replied gravely, "I never was, never can be, a professor ; you must judge of my motives from my conduct ; actions speak louder than words."—"Oh," said he emphatically, "were I to be judged by my actions—" She laid her hand on his which lay outside of the bed, and looking at him with an impression of kindness, "We have both erred," said she, "but let us not now talk of it ; time past cannot be recalled, but it remains with ourselves to make the future either happy or miserable ; for the present let us think only of your getting well."—"Do you wish it, Sarah ?"—"How unavailing the question, Darnley, if I do not wish it, I would not avow such an indifference, and if I say I do, you may suspect me of dissimulation."—"No, Sarah, I believe you would not assert what you did not feel. You ever were sincere."—"I am so now when I tell you I ardently wish your recovery."

When Darnley was well enough to sit up, Vaughan thought as there was every reason to suppose a reconciliation and reunion would take place between him and his wife, it was to be wished that reunion might be rendered permanent ; he therefore proposed to Darnley that he would write to the Marquis of H—, and to O'Donnel, as an indifferent person who had heard these reports, and wished to know the truth, as it was of infinite consequence that Mrs. Darnley's character should either be effectually cleared, or at any rate the truth should be fully known ; to this he assented, and Mr. Vaughan wrote immediately.—Darnley awaits the answer of these letters with anxiety ; I am equally impatient with him, but my impatience proceeds from a wish to witness the triumph of my beloved Sarah, and in the pleasure that event would confer, I am sure you will partake.

Yours,

ANN.

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# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 28, 1864.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE PASSENGER—No. XXIII.

*Truth, Reason, Candour, boldly she defies,  
And strength of lungs her want of sense supplies.*

MOST persons, who have been conversant with any of the refinements in language, have noticed deficiencies in many cases, where definite ideas are sought to be expressed, without circumbentation. When these defects relate to some of the most common occurrences of life, the coining of a new word, which shall convey the precise idea required, may be of general utility. In a debate upon any subject, where the parties stand upon equal ground, each giving reasons for his opinions, and supporting his assertions by facts, we say they are *debating, arguing, or disputing* certain points; the conversation is called a *debate, an argument, or dispute*, and the terms are all perfectly understood to convey the meaning which we wish to communicate. But, when parties are engaged in a contest, in which one founds his arguments on fact, and defends his opinions by reason, and the other spurns both fact and reason, stunning his antagonist with the thunder of insolence, misleading the hearer, by false statements, and drowning common sense in a flood of folly,—this unequal controversy cannot be explained by either of the terms before mentioned, nor can it be understood by the application of any other in our language. To apply the term *argument* to such a conversation would be preposterous, for only one of the parties condescends to use any of the principles of argument, and no one can argue alone. I therefore propose to distinguish such dialogues as consist on one part, only of contrariant vociferation, by the epithet of ARGUBAWLS.

This term will readily convey the definite idea, that one party attempts to hold an argument, on just argumentative principles, while the other only bawls or vociferates, without reason or decency. To give the term its necessary range, derivatives may be formed, which will give it rank with as many parts of speech as extensive use may require; thus

The SUBSTANTIVE.

*I heard an Argubawl.*

The VERB.

*They Argubawled the question.*

The PARTICIPLE.

*They were Argubawling.*

The ADJECTIVE.

*An Argubawling controversy.*

The ADVERB.

*They contended Argubawlingly.*

The benevolence and the wisdom of nature have been exemplified in those instances, where the power of a certain sense has been increased, in consequence of the total loss of another; for example, the being who has been deprived of sight, has a touch more exquisite, than he who possesses the use of his eyes; and so in many other cases. The Argubawler seems to have taken nature for his guide in this particular, for he diligently supplies noise and insolence in abundance, for all deficiencies of sense and reason; but this difference exists in the comparison,—that nature, for one benefit lost, supplies another, but he, for good lost, furnishes an evil.

If it had never been my lot to contend with a person

of the above description, it is probable that I should not have paid much attention to a contest between SERENA and SNARLETTA, (the sisters mentioned in a former number) which was a genuine Argubawl, and proved the fair SNARLETTA, to be such a character as above described, and such as I have frequently been obliged to endure, in attempts at rational argument, while my antagonist set truth, reason, and civility at defiance.

MISS SNARLETTA having received an invitation to spend some weeks in the country, had chosen for the occasion a pattern for a new gown, and was about sending for the mantua-maker. Now, sister, said SERENA, don't go to the *extremity* of the fashion, in the making of that gown, as you did with your last. What's that to any body? said she, the gown is my own, I suppose; and I may have it made as I please, I suppose, without being controlled by any one—I'm not a child I'd have you to know. The other calmly replied—Sister, I do not attempt to control you; I only offer my advice as a friend, and can give you sufficient reasons for that advice; in the first place—here she was interrupted with—I don't want your advice, nor your reasons, nor never wish to hear them. You are always against every thing that suits me, and always tell about your reasons—the very last time that I spent an afternoon out, you tried to hinder me from going, but I would go, and did go—so what good did you do? None, said SERENA, but my advice would have done you good, if you would have taken it—for you would undoubtedly have escaped the fit of sickness which you have endured in consequence of that day's visit in the rain. Oh yes, Madam! said the tartar, you can hinder people from being sick, can you? Then I recommend it to you to open shop and advertise for keeping folks well, you'll have plenty of business to advise other people without troubling yourself about me. In this strain she continued until she had nearly exhausted herself in the highest pitch of a full toned treble.

The mother hearing the altercation, entered the room, and enquired what was the matter. Oh, said SNARLETTA, here's a new doctor come to town, to keep us all from being sick.—That's the doctor, (pointing to her sister) you must take *her* advice and you will never want medicine. The mother, turning to SERENA, enquired what it meant. Why, said she, I took the liberty of advising my sister not to go to the extent of the fashion with the gown she is about making, and would have offered my reasons; but instead of hearing them, she has wandered as far as possible from the subject, and now dubs me the new doctor, merely for telling her that if she had taken my advice she would probably have escaped her late sickness.

I had heard sufficient to give me a thorough disgust at the conduct of the handsome SNARLETTA, and retired to contemplate the causes and consequences of this fatal perverseness of temper.

Submission, is undoubtedly one of the first principles, to be implanted in the young mind, if we are desirous that mind should be endowed with amiable qualities. Early submission to parental authority, prepares the mind for submission to reason in its state of maturity; Obedience to the commands of a parent, on the principle that the parent has the *right* to command, has not that salutary influence on the mind, which is produced by obedience, on the principle that the commands are reasonable. Hence an evident propriety in avoiding as far as possible, all injunctions which are in their nature

unreasonable, or which may appear so to the child; nor is it of less consequence that the child be satisfied with reasons for the directions given to them, whenever he becomes capable of comprehending the import of the word reason.

It is too generally the custom with parents, to refuse giving reasons, even when the child asks for them; instead of this, they ought very frequently to be given, without solicitation. The natural tendency of the course I recommend, will be, to initiate the child sometimes, to justify his conduct to himself and to others, on rational principles, and to guard him against those habits which will not admit such justification.

A due command of the passions, is another particular, on which must depend, in a very great measure, the happiness of the individual, and of those with whom he is connected. But as the present reigning taste, is for rearing *smart* children, who shall subdue all before them, it would be vain as unfashionable, to preach in favour of cultivating a passive disposition.

### AN ADDRESS TO YOUNG MARRIED MEN.

YOU are now entered upon that important theatre of life, on which you are to act a part of its variegated scenes, either in a manner that will insure your present and eternal happiness, or to the disgrace, infamy and final ruin of yourselves, and the pleasing hopes of your fond indulgent parents, whose parental wing hath been extended over you from your infant years, and whose concern for you will cease but with their lives; whose nurturing hand hath thus raised you to a state of manhood, to be the hope and joy of their declining years, and whose weeping eyes still stream with the tears of anxiety on your account.—Suffer one, then, I entreat you, (one who has in his more youthful years, known the supreme pleasures and sweet enjoyments of that tender connection) suffer me, I say, to conjure you by every consideration you hold dear to yourselves, and the lovely partner of your bosom, to make a right choice of the good and evil things set before you; for now is the time with you, when a choice of your future mode of life, will intrude upon you, and probably the decision you now make will be lasting; a decision that will place you together with the amiable partner of your joys, either on the pinnacle of connubial bliss, or sink her with you, (O, awful thought) into the depths of hopeless misery. Think not that you are now addressed by cold unfeeling age, which had long forgotten the days of his youth, and which did not consider that the young in their very nature, are prone to error—but be assured, my young friends, that one of youthful years addresses you, who knows by the lamented loss of them, how much you ought to prize the present precious moments allotted you, and which you are now enjoying, and is still mercifully continued to you by the immediate hand of Providential Heaven.—Let not a state of ease and indifference by any means possess your minds, nor content yourselves with the vain thought, that you may now, as in the days of your former life, indulge yourselves in wantonness, in pride, and vanity; but remember to recollect yourselves, now in the summer of your lives, that the charge you have voluntarily taken upon you is a sacred, and most important charge to you; the darling object of your soul looks for protection, happiness and support; on you they lean with a depending arm; to you their tender minds retreat on every alarm; and shall man, base man, betray and neglect them, those dearest pledges of heaven's fond regard? Sooner may I behold the secret shaft of death, to cut the tender thread of your existence, and in pity to gentle bosoms, kindly hide you in the peaceful grave. Consider too, that perhaps a few fleeting years may commit to you care a tender and beloved offspring. O, speak the joy that will then suddenly seize your raptured bosoms, and in grateful praise, let ardent thanks return to heaven, whose liberal bounties will be best requited by a con-



scientific discharge of your several duties to them in their tender and infant years.

"*Delightful task, to rear the tender thought,  
"To teach the young idea how to shoot;  
"To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
"To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix  
"The generous purpose in the glowing breast;  
"O speak the joy, ye, whom the sudden tear  
"Surprises often, while you look around,  
"And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss."*

The more you feel a sense of this necessary duty actuate your minds, the greater will be the pleasure and consolation in the discharge of this indispensable and all-important duty. Say not with Felix, when he thus reasoned with righteousness, and the duties revealed in his own conscience unto him: "Go thy way for this time, when I have a more convenient season, I will call for thee." Always remember, that delays are dangerous, and the oftener that divine spark within us is hid or disregarded, the more feeble your efforts will be to recover one lost moment, or bring back to your view that slighted path which would lead and guide you to the realms of peace. While thus the pen flows from a heart that feels for your welfare, and the prosperity of your rising families, suffer me to quere with you a little farther. How do you spend your precious evening hours, beloved youth; you who are the hopes of the present generation; you on whom the busy cares of a fluctuating world will soon devolve? do you seek your happiness beneath your own sacred roof, in sweet retirement, in pleasing converse and enjoyment with the beloved friend of your bosom? for there, only, I can tell you, it is to be found. In vain will you expect to meet it amidst the circles of the gay and careless, whose wanton hours are wasted and lost in cruel riot; these may amuse the flattered mind a moment, but the pangs of remorse, will cancel all their joys and leave you to the bitter reflections of causing the tears of distressed innocence to flow for your guilt. Hark! then, I beseech you, by every tie of affection and duty, to the amiable companions of your lives, and by the injured innocence of your little prattlings, twining around your knees, and where one sense of your past folly may be awakened, there resolve in future, to devote the remainder of your fleeting hours to the more immediate calls of your domestic duties. Herein will you find that sweet harmony of thought, that inward rapture and peace of mind which will result from a conscientious discharge of well known duty, both to yourselves, your hoping families, and to your God.

#### AMUSING.

##### PRIDE HUMBLLED.

A YOUNG lady of rank and fortune went out to walk in her father's woods. "Pray madam," said the grey-headed steward, "may I humbly entreat that you will not go far from home; you may meet with strangers who are ignorant of your quality." "Give your advice," answered she, "when desired, I admit of no instructions from servants." She walked on with satisfaction, enjoying a clear sky and cool breeze. Fatigue seized her; regardless of high birth, she sat down on a smooth place at the side of a high road, expecting some equipage to pass, the owner of which would be proud to convey her home. After long waiting, the first thing she saw was an empty chaise, conducted by one who had formerly served her father as a postillion. "You are far from home, Madam, will you give me leave to set you down at my old master's?"—"Prithee fellow, be not officious." Night was fast approaching, when she was accosted by a countryman on horseback. "Mistress, will you get up behind me, dobbin is sure footed, you shall be set down where you will, if not far off, or much out of my way."—"Mistress," exclaimed she, "how dare you presume—"—"No offence," said the young man, and rode away humming a song, "I love Sue."

"It was night, the clouds gathered, the leaves of the trees rustled; and the young woman was terrified with what she took for strange sounds. There came an old man driving an empty dung cart. "Fried," said she, in an humble accent, "will you let me go with you."

Pride is the most galling burden a person can walk under. Prudence saves from many a misfortune; Pride is the cause of many. P. PUNCTILLIO.

#### CURIOUS AMUSEMENTS AT MALTA.

AMONG the many festivals observed by the Maltese in honour of their saints, none is celebrated with such gaiety as the anniversary of St. Paul, on the 29th of June. Early on the morning of that day, all the inhabitants of Malta, who can possibly go, repair to Citta Vecchia, to offer homage to the saint, the patron and protector of their island; and visit the grotto in which he resided for three months after his shipwreck on their shore. The nobility and gentry ride in carriages, each of which carries four persons, and is drawn by a mule. There are between two and three hundred of these vehicles in Malta, clumsily built, but well calculated for the steep and uneven roads of the country. The peasantry, both men and women, either walk, or ride on mules or asses. The country lasses are dressed out in their gayest attire, which they conceal beneath a black silk petticoat from the waist downwards, and by a similar petticoat, with which they cover the head and upper part of the body, leaving only the face to be seen. This curious dress is not peculiar to the lower order alone: every description of women at Malta, who appear in public, are habited in the same manner; except on some very particular occasions, when the ladies adopt either the French or English fashions. On this day the swains vie with the fair ones in the neatness of their apparel, which consists of a satin jacket, of whatever colour fancy dictates, ornamented with silver buttons, which hang pendulous by links; a white pair of trowsers, neatly fringed at the bottom; a cloth cap, of a conical form, which falls to either side of the head; fancy coloured stockings; shoes calculated for dancing, the upper part of which are covered with large silver buckles, that reach from the instep to the toes. By six o'clock all the people are assembled in the Old City, where a grand procession commences, composed of the Bishop and the clergy, with all the insignia of the Holy Order. The procession being over, masses are read in the different chapels: but divine service is performed in a superior style at St. Paul's Cathedral. The Bishop, decorated in his robes, and crowned with the valuable mitre, (which, by some chance, escaped the plundering grasp of the French), officiates, and preaches a sermon in the Italian language, adapted to the occasion. The music and singing is so enchanting, that it inspires every breast with devotion. After having offered up their prayers, and invoked their saint and patron to pour down his benign influence on them, the people proceed about eleven o'clock in crowds to a beautiful valley, which is situated in the centre of the island, and is called Boschetto, from the number of orange-trees, fig-trees, &c. with which it is shaded. Thither each peasant family previously sends an excellent dinner, made up of such delicacies as the country affords. On their arrival, each little party forms a circle under the shade of a fig or orange tree; where they feast on those luxuries which their honest industry allows them to indulge in once a year. Here the simple and innocent fair ones, divesting themselves of those sable coverings with which they were hitherto enveloped, display all their finery and charms. The fluctuating fashions of the great have no influence on the mode of their dress, which has been handed down unaltered for many generations, from the mothers to their daughters. A very long waist, with a stomacher ornamented with embroidery and tinsel, is the most striking part of it. The hair is combed smoothly back from the forehead, which makes their countenances appear open and ingenuous.

While the people are regaling themselves, the avenues which intersect this delightful grove are crowded with the nobility and gentry, who go here on that day to enjoy the shady bowers of Boschetto, and witness the happiness that reigns on every countenance. The sound of music is now heard in different directions. Round each performer a crowd assembles, where four young men dance in active movements to the sprightly Maltese airs. The girls do not join in this amusement; they look on, and give frequent nods of approbation to their lovers. When one of the party becomes fatigued, he is relieved by another; and thus the dance is continued for hours: but the tunes are often varied. It is curious to observe how these sports contribute to expand the heart, and excite the liberality of those who partake of them. The spectator, as well as the dancer, in the enthusiasm of his pleasure, will frequently run up to the musician, and interrupt his performance, by

slipping a small piece of money into his hand. While some amuse themselves by dancing, or by looking at the dancers, the attention of others is arrested by poetic swains, who, like those described in one of Virgil's eclogues, are singing the praises of their mistresses in alternate verses. Of the merit of the poetry, an Englishman can form no judgment, being totally ignorant of the language in which it is delivered; and which is that corrupt species of Arabic spoken by all the common people. The music to which the verses are sung, is wild, original, and inharmonious. The manner of their performance is thus:—Two rustics, standing at a distance from each other, place their hands behind their ears: one begins, and sings his verse, which is answered by the other: it becomes a contest for pre-eminence: he whose fund of verses is first exhausted, loses the victory: his competitor is then crowned with flowers and orange branches, amidst the acclamations of the enraptured multitude. The fashionable part of this assembly having passed an hour or two in contemplating this happy scene of rural festivity, returns to Citta Vecchia, where they spend the remainder of the day with the parties they have formed.

The curious observer, who sits on an impending rock, and views the prospect below him, thinks he sees one of those charming fairy scenes, so elegantly painted in romances, realized. A Maltese female is so partial to the amusements of Boschetto, that, before she gives her hand to her lover, he must solemnly promise to take her thither every year on the return of this festival.

The day being nearly spent in this innocent manner, free from those acts of riot and drunkenness so common in other countries at public meetings, the people come back to the Old City, where races of asses, mules, and horses, close the scene. This, by way of a farce, is the most laughable part: a road leading from the country to the city forms the race course, which is lined with crowds of females. On a balcony, near the winning post, are placed staffs with silken colours flying: these are presented by the Bishop to the victors, of which they make a dress for the ensuing anniversary. The ass race first begins: this animal is of an uncommon size, and peculiar beauty, at Malta. As many competitors may enter the lists as have asses: at a signal given, they start nearly a mile from the winning post; and when they arrive at about an hundred yards from the goal, the crowd on the road is so great, that they cannot advance a step farther. The friends of each ass gather round him; some pull him forward by the ears, others push him behind; some try to carry him to the winning post, while others of the opposite party endeavour to oppose his progress. At length some fortunate party, amidst opposition, shouting, bustle, and confusion, carries off the prize, to the no small amusement of every one present. The second ass gets a prize of an inferior quality. The mule and horse races are conducted after the same manner. Night by this time comes on apace, and every one returns home well pleased with the amusements of the day, which affords a topic of conversation for a week after.

#### ANECDOTES.

[Translated from the French, for the Magazine.]

A MAN having fallen into a deep pit, one passing by discovered him. "Poor man," said he, "how did you fall in?"—"How does it concern you?" replied the other;—"pray assist me to get out again."

ANTALCIDAS said, the way to make friends was, to say to others the most agreeable things, and to do for them the most useful.

ALEXANDER, examining at Ephesus, his portrait painted by Apelles, did not praise it so much as the excellence of the work deserved; but the horse of this prince seeing the horse painted, immediately neighed. "In truth, my Lord," said Apelles, "the horse seems to be a better judge of painting than his master."

ARGEUS, hearing several men praise a certain woman of the city, said to them, "The greatest eulogy that can be made of women is, not to speak of them at all: a virtuous woman ought to be known only by her husband."

DEMOSTHENES being asked by what means he had made such progress in eloquence, replied, "By consuming more oil than wine."

## RESOLVE TO BE HAPPY AND YOU ARE SO.

"WHAT path of life would you pursue?" said Poseidippus, morose, and out of humour with his condition. "In public you are perplexed with business and contention: At home you are tired with cares: In the country you are fatigued with labour: At sea you are exposed to danger: In a foreign land, if rich you are fearful; if poor, neglected: Have you a wife? expect sorrow. Unmarried? your life is irksome: Children will make you anxious: Childless, your life is lonely: Youth is foolish, and grey-hairs feeble. Upon the whole, the wise man would chuse either not to have existed, or to have died the moment of his birth." "Chuse any path of life," replies the cheerful Metrodorus: "In the forum are profits, and wise debates: At home relaxation: In the country, the bounty of nature: The sea-faring life is gainful: In a foreign land, if wealthy, you are respected; if poor, nobody knows it: Are you married? your house is cheerful: Unmarried? you live without care: Children afford delight: Childless, you have no sorrow: Youth is vigorous; and old age venerable. The wise man, therefore, would not chuse but to have existed."

Social dispositions produce all those amiable and endearing connections that alleviate the sorrows of human life, adorn our nature, and render us happy.

[It would seem by the following card, which we copy from a Baltimore paper, that the capricious dame, called *Fashion*, has been playing some pranks with the boots of the beaux in that city, which are as yet unknown to us. We republish the article for the purpose of cautioning our readers against alarm, in case they should see a pair of toes, such as described, entering our city from the southward.] G. U. S. A CARD.

MR. DOBBIN,

SIR—I beg leave through the medium of your paper, to apologize to the proprietor of a new-fashioned pair of Boots, the toes of which my carriage ran over last evening in Market-street; the gentleman himself standing some distance up Gay-street, was not observed until it was impossible to prevent the accident.

N. B. Gentlemen wearing those Boots, should be cautious how they extend their toes across the streets, as they may be the means of upsetting carriages and dislocating limbs.

## ANECDOTES OF CHESTERFIELD AND VOLTAIRE.

THE late Lord Chesterfield, happened to be at a route in France, where Voltaire happened to be one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed gazing about the brilliant circle of the ladies. Voltaire accosted him, "My Lord, I know you are a judge, which are the most beautiful, the English or the French ladies?" "Upon my word," replied his Lordship, with his usual presence of mind, "I am no connoisseur of paintings." Sometime afterwards, Voltaire, being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's route with Lord Chesterfield; a lady in the company, prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and engrossed his whole conversation. Chesterfield came up, tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Sir, take care you are not captivated." "My Lord," replied the French wit, "I scorn to be taken by an English bottom under French colours."

## HISTORY.

THE following may interest the reflections of some, and gratify the curiosity of others, who observe the lapse of time, or the incidents which take place through a certain number of years.

This week marks a century since a Newspaper was published in America.

The *Boston News-Letter*, we find, was emitted from the press—April 24th, 1704.

Andrew Bradford of Philadelphia, published the *American Weekly Mercury*, Dec. 22d, 1719.

The third was the *Boston Gazette*, first numbers by J. Franklin, and then S. Kneeland.—The Franklins published another paper, called, the *American Courant*.

In the year 1774, there were only 25 published in various parts of America.

In 1801, more than one hundred and eighty.

File 6th vol. of *Massachusetts Hist. Coll.* and a most useful work of the Rev. S. Miller of New-York, called, a *Retrospect of the 18th Century*, to be sold by C. BANGHAM.

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, APRIL 28, 1804.

## FOREIGN.

EAST-INDIES.—The French squadron, under Admiral Lenois, have destroyed the English depot of pepper in Bencoolen; and the English have received possession of Pondicherry, and its dependencies, on the coast of Coromandel.—Madras papers to the 4th of December last, state, that Gen. Lake has gained an important victory near Cassoly, where he commanded in person. The official account state the British killed at 172, wounded 952—and between 4 and 500 horses killed, wounded and missing.—The American ship *Fanny*, is the first vessel that has passed through Bascas' Straights, lately discovered in lat. 40. S. and near the west coast of New-Holland.—About the middle of Dec. last, the French fleet from the Isle of France, bound for Batavia, passed into the Straights of Sunda.

AFRICA.—A small French squadron, it is stated, has taken Goree.

EUROPE.—London papers to the 15th ult. have been received by arrivals at this port. At that period, the Invasion had not been attempted.—The British King continued to recover his health.—Pichegru, it was said had been arrested—and Moreau was confined in the Temple. The commander of the Consular Guards, had also been arrested as an accomplice in the late conspiracy against the life of Bonaparte, and, after a summary trial, was immediately shot. Pichegru and Moreau, it was expected, would meet the same fate.—A British expedition had sailed for Boulogne, and a very heavy firing was heard after their arrival.—Earl Moira was to command an expedition against Holland.—The Embargo was taken off.—The French fleet, consisting of 14 sail of the line, which escaped from Toulon, it is said have arrived at Carthage.—It is said the Emperor of Russia intends to have the works of Tacitus translated into the Russian Language.

An arrival at New-York, furnishes papers one day later than the above, which state, That war with Spain was looked upon as inevitable—that Twenty-seven more officers of distinction had been arrested in France as implicated in the late conspiracy; and that amongst them were Generals Ferrino, Macdonald and Massena.—That the British King had so far recovered, as to be able to take his usual walk in the garden.

WEST-INDIES.—Martinique was closely blockaded by the British on the 28th March, and an attack was daily expected. The French were making active preparations and precautions of defence.—An English fleet with 1500 troops on board, have arrived at Barbadoes, destined, it was supposed, against Martinique and Surinam.—Accounts from St. Jago de Cuba, are of an alarming nature. Forty sail of Americans were there as prizes; and two or three are carried in every day.

## DOMESTIC.

SEVERAL vessels have been built at Pittsburg, (Ohio) and some others lay moored on Frankfort, which must be a very novel sight, considering it lays 1700 miles from the ocean, and was a few years since a wilderness.—Several shocks of an earthquake, was felt at Kaskaskias, (Ohio) on the 21st and 22d of February.—A very severe gale of wind, was experienced at New-York, on Saturday last, which did much damage among the shipping, wharves, &c. a brig stove to pieces, and a sch. ran ashore, and sunk at Robin's Reef.—South-Carolina are establishing free Schools through the State; and Turnpikes are progressing.—Richard Tomlinson, was found guilty at Lexington, (K.) for committing a rape on his own niece.—Three persons were drowned in Newport harbour, on the 17th inst. They were in a small boat catching fish, when it was upset by a sudden gust of wind.—The Board of Health of this town, have published their regulations for the present year. Hogsties must be licensed. Oysters are forbidden in the market from June to September, and Lobsters from July to September. Fresh fish are to be kept only over the salt water, and the places cleansed and the fish, before they are brought on shore, salmon and small fish excepted. Dung is to be kept only in small quantities; clothing from sickly places to be landed only by permission, and feathers. Graves are to be six feet deep, and shaked lime used under churches. No putrid sub-

stances or foul water are to be left in open air, and vaults to be emptied by permission. The surface of the mill pond is to be covered with water, and Scavengers with carts are to receive all the filth from dwelling houses.—By a careful attention to such simple rules, we shall be able to determine how far cleanliness can contribute to the health of our great cities.

## MARRIED.

At Charlestown, Mr. Amos Whittemore, of Me-notomy, to Miss Hannah Gardner.—At Bridgewater, Dr. Simeon Dunbar, to Miss Mary Perkins, eldest daughter of the Hon. Richard Perkins, Esq.

In this town, Mr. Jonathan Harrington, to Miss Lucy Hunnewell, second daughter of Jona. H. Esq.—Mr. Samuel Judd, to Miss Rachel Wendell, youngest daughter of Mr. Jacob W.

## DIED.

At Cambridge, on the 21st inst. Mr. Moses TITCOMB, Senior Sophister, *Æt.* 21, son of Joseph Titcomb, Esq. of Portland. Language is too impotent to delineate the worth of a departed friend. The intrinsic merits of this amiable young man, was conspicuous in every action. Possessed of every accomplishment that could dignify and adorn human nature, he formed the gentleman and philanthropist. A modest freedom of speech, a winning and engaging address, graceful and easy deportment, a vivacity that was regulated by reason, with a mind that was ever serene among the incidents of life, evinced the strength and purity of a heart, unsophisticated in the vices of the world, and its openness to every mild and generous action. For fervor of friendship, for a soul that melted at the tale of woe, few equalled, none surpassed him. Engaged in literary pursuits, he improved his intellectual powers in the search of truth and useful knowledge; he was soon to have received the honours of the University of which he was a member; but death has blasted the fond hopes of his parents, and marred their anticipated happiness. Spirit of TITCOMB, it is not for thee, it is for ourselves, for thy distressed friends that we mourn, translated to abodes of bliss, thy virtues will receive a perennial reward.

"Fain would my heart do justice to thy worth,  
But ah, unequal will my numbers prove;  
To sing in faithful strains thy spotless truth,  
Thy filial virtue and fraternal love.

If rectitude, the guardian of thy breast;  
If fondest love, if fervent prayers could save,  
Thy parents had not now by grief oppress  
Pour'd their lorn sorrows o'er thy early grave.  
Yet shall remembrance still delight to dwell,  
On the fair prospect of thy opening bloom;  
And oft in mournful strains shall pity tell,  
Thy ev'ry virtue, and thy sudden doom.

Oft will I visit the sequester'd spot,  
And o'er thee strew the fairest flow'rs of spring;  
There mourn with heartfelt pangs thy hapless lot,  
Then shall each gale thy requiem sing.  
Short was thy journey thro' this veil of tears,  
Painful thy exit from this world of care;  
But Heaven, beyond the opening cloud appears,  
And joy's eternal shall attend thee there."

In this town, Mrs. Hannah Davis, *Æt.* 24; Elizabeth *Æt.* 3, daughter of Col. Samuel Bradford.—Mr. Joseph Heller, *Æt.* 75.—Mrs. Mary Newell, *Æt.* 82, widow of the late Timothy N. Esq.—On board the ship Dispatch, on Thursday last, of the scurvy, Mr. Daniel Boyer, of Virginia.—yesterday Mr. Samuel Hill engraver, *Æt.* 38.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

MRS. ROWSON'S POEMS being in great forwardness; those of her friends who hold Subscription papers, are requested to return them to the office of GILBERT & DEAN, on or before the first of June, in order that a list of the Subscribers names may be prefixed to the work.

## A CARD.

OWING to the indisposition of one of our carriers, the last Number of the Magazine was not delivered in season at the South part of the town—which we hope our patrons will excuse.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## VERSES,

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, WHO DIED  
SUDDENLY; INSCRIBED TO HIS SURVIVING  
SISTERS, BY THEIR LATE BROTHER'S  
FRIEND.

—"Mors ultima linea rerum est."

COME, melancholy ever pensive maid,  
That lov'st to haunt the lone, sequestered shade.  
By Isis' murmuring stream, with thee I'll stray,  
And frame to notes of woe, the mournful lay.  
Lothario's dead! Oh! tell it with a tear;  
Weep, all ye muses, o'er Lothario's bier.  
He's gone, alas! and still his passing bell  
Seems to alarm me with its awful knell.  
Beware, it sounds, thou, who in manhood's prime  
Unheeded liv'st. Redeem, vain man! thy time.  
What, tho' gay health her joys around thee shed,  
Tho' blessings, only blessings crown thy head!  
These were Lothario's. But their fickle pow'r  
Could not ensure one short, one fleeting hour.  
Know, thou must die; nor can'st thou tell how soon:  
Thy sun perhaps may set, like his—ere noon.  
Oh! may the thought a pow'rful warning be,  
And knit my soul, my gracious God, to thee!

Lo! to my thoughts Maria's form appears,  
Bath'd in a flood of unavailing tears.  
By fits she starts, and in a phrenzy cries,  
• With thee, dear brother, thy Maria dies.  
• Capricious death! how cruel dost thou prove,  
• Thus to deprive me of a brother's love.  
With head reclin'd, all comfort she denies,  
Almost dissolv'd by tears, by grief, by sighs.  
I think I see thy sympathetic eye,  
Alicia, stranger to its wonted joy.  
Ah! see thee bending o'er thy brother's bier;  
Pay the last tribute of a pious tear.  
And, when retir'd, perceiv'd thy swollen cheek,  
The anxious feelings of a sister, speak.  
When floods of tears had given thee relief,  
Methinks I heard thee thus express thy grief:  
• Ah! where's he gone, my brother, all my joy,  
• Shall he no more Alicia's hours employ?  
Oh! sudden stroke! health sparkled in his eye,  
When, lo! he fell! oh! sad mortality!  
So the stout oak, with tow'ring branches stands,  
Th' admir'd pride of all the neighb'ring lands;  
When, lo! the pointed lightning quick descends,  
And from its roots the massy substance rends.

Weep not, my fair ones; Heaven (at whose decree  
Death stalks around in dreadful majesty)  
Can make afflictions, seeming evils, prove  
The noblest instances of boundless love.  
Ripe for the joys eternity bestows,  
Lothario from a world of trouble goes.  
Triumphant goes! cease then, no more complain;  
If aich Lothario's lot—to die is gain.

Cambridge, April 19, 1804.

AMICUS.

## THE DISTRESSED COTTAGERS.

FOR moments departed—ah! will they return,  
For past scenes of bliss unavailing we mourn;  
When ourselves and our little-one's blooming with  
Were objects of envy to indolent wealth; [health,  
When innocent sports at the close of each day,  
Could banish our cares and our sorrows away.  
Ah! when will sweet pastime revisit the plain,  
And joy and content smile around us again?  
Since toil can no longer subsistence supply,  
We depend upon aids, which to think of, we sigh—  
'Tis hard of the bounties of others to eat,  
The bread of our labour, if homely, is sweet;

But penury's blast such dread ravages makes,  
What charity offers, necessity takes.  
Ah! when will sweet pastime revisit the plain,  
And joy and content, smile around us again?  
But joy and content from our dwellings are fled,  
And want and disease are our inmates instead.  
With no gleam of hope our dark prospects to cheer,  
The herds on the waste, have a fate less severe;  
They crop the young blade and the sweetest of flow'r.  
But heaven is their guardian, and mankind is ours. [rs,  
When, when will sweet pastime revisit the plain,  
And joy and content smile around us again?

## THE HOPEFUL YOUTH.

A MAN who saw his son quite handy  
Toss off a glass of strong French brandy;  
Neddy, cried he, ah don't do so,  
For liquor is our greatest foe.  
But we are taught to love our foes,  
Quoth Ned, so fathe—where it goes.

## THE NOVELIST.

SINCERITY—A NOVEL  
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.  
LETTER XXX—ANN TO ELINOR.

London, Oct. 7th, 1780.

THE expected letters from Dublin have arrived, and have effectually removed every doubt from the mind of Darnley; his health is perfectly re-established, and next week they remove into Warwickshire; but I must inform you of the cause of this removal. I really hope my dear Sarah has her happiest days yet to come; and that they will commence the moment she is again comfortably settled in a home of her own.

Darnley, apparently delighted with the reconciliation which has taken place, seemed only uneasy that his income was so contracted as not to allow him to procure lodgings and attendants such as he thought becoming his wife. This vanity still predominates in him; but Sarah's taste for shew and expense is entirely quenched; and she sat about purchasing some plain furniture for two small rooms with that complacent cheerfulness which evinced her contented mind. But before they were settled, or had fixed on any apartments to remove to, a gentleman one morning called on Darnley, bringing a letter from the Marquis of H—, to this effect: "That the esteem Mrs. Darnley's conduct had impressed on his mind, had made him take an interest in whatever concerned her happiness; that he had been informed that misfortune had rendered their situation perplexing in regard to pecuniary circumstances, and being fully sensible that any offer of assistance in the form of benevolence would be rejected, he had taken the liberty to mention Mr. Darnley to a gentleman who wanted a steward to superintend his estates in England, which were extensive; he being obliged from a public employment to reside in Ireland, of which he was a native; that the steward would be expected to reside on the principal estate, which was in Warwickshire; that a neat house was provided for his family within a few miles of the town of Warwick; that the salary was three hundred pounds a year, and half a year would be paid in advance on his entering on the employment; which he might do immediately, should he accept the offer; that there was two rooms which had been fitted up at the mansion-house for an aged relation, who had ended her life there; and as the furniture of those rooms was entirely useless to the owner, Mrs. Darnley was requested to accept of it as it might answer until she could accommodate herself with something better."

This was the purport of the letter, but you must have seen it, to form a just idea of the delicacy which ran through the whole; the style was elegant, and every sentence expressed, that though addressed to her husband, it was expected to meet the eye of Sarah; that he considered her as a superior and highly respectable woman, and was at once studious to avoid wounding her delicacy or sensibility. The gentleman who brought the letter was empowered to engage with Darnley, and advance the money. It may readily be supposed that this was an offer not to be rejected by a man who, writing with the utmost assiduity in a merchant's counting house, could earn no more than seventy-five pounds a year, and whose taste for expense was ever hurrying

him into thoughtless extravagance; he closed with the proposed terms with eagerness; the gentleman paid him a hundred and fifty guineas, and informed him, that by Sir Richard Bourke's order, a post chaise would be ready to convey them to the estate, which is called Woodlands, on any day in the ensuing week they should be ready to go. It will be particularly pleasing to Sarah to reside in the country; and if there should be a few rational, well informed persons in her vicinity, I am certain she will feel no regret at being obliged to relinquish the gaiety of a town life. I hope Darnley will keep away from the town, as he will not be so certain to meet with companions, likely to draw him into his former follies in a country village, as in a populous town. Keep him from low and unprincipled associates, and the man will do well enough; but he is weak, easily persuaded by those who have no right to interfere in his concerns, to adopt any measures which may facilitate their own interested views; but so tenacious of the prerogative delegated by the Creator to his creature man, that the opinions of a wife would be treated with scorn; her advice neglected, and her injunctions laughed at. But however Sarah may have erred heretofore in her conduct in regard to economy, and in not endeavouring to conceal her indiffidence towards him; she at least ever has practiced, and will continue still, the needful virtue of PATIENCE. I say needful, because there is no passing through life with any degree of comfort without a pretty good share of it; and in the married state, I believe a double portion is absolutely necessary. I cannot speak from experience, as I have never entered the holy pale, and being now on the wrong side of thirty five, in all probability never shall, unless some spruce young squire of twenty one, (I would not marry one older) very rich and gallant should fancy me the *ninon* of the age and fall in love with me; but this is not very likely; it does not happen very often that men become seriously attached to women considerable older than themselves, though often that they are deeply enamoured of their fortunes. Now and then indeed, a woman appears, who, like the celebrated Madam Maintenon, maintains her sovereignty over the young, the wealthy, the noble, the learned; and is beloved and courted to the very verge of her grand climactic; but never was such a phenomenon known as such a woman being an old maid.—Prithee Ann, you say, a truce with your nonsense, and let me hear a little more of Mrs. Darnley.—In good truth, I have nothing more at present to tell you about her. Don't you know when a heroine is married, the Novel always ends—there is nothing worth relating in the every day incidents of a family circle; and why will not a reconciliation answer as well.—I wish with all my heart her future days may pass on so placidly as to have their whole history comprised in these three words, *health, peace, and competency*. Yes, and I would write to you though it were only to relate the sly tricks of my favourite puss, or the amiable qualities of my all accomplished Fiddle. Aye, and I know you would be glad to read a whole sheet of such trash, rather than I should remain silent. However, keep up your spirits, and when I hear from Mrs. Darnley, how she likes her new residence, &c. I will inform you—until when,

Adieu.

ANN.

## EVERY NEGLECT WILL BE FINED!

LOTTERY business conducted with fidelity and dispatch, by GILBERT & DEAN, at their Fortunate Lottery Office, No. 78, State-Street, and opposite the North corner of the Old State-House—who have for sale, tickets and parts, in *South Hadley Canal*, (price \$5-50) *Piscataqua Bridge*, (price \$5,) and *Amoskeag Canal* (price \$4,) Lotteries, the drawings to commence on the 24th May, 16th June, and 19th July. *South-Hadley* will be raised on the 24th May to \$6—those therefore, who do not wish to be fined for neglect, will call previously, and obtain the tickets at the present price.

N. B. G. & D. having a convenient Compting room, detached from the Printing office, and the access being easy and situated near Cornhill, would respectfully invite ladies' and gentlemen, to call and "try their fortune."

Letters, post paid, enclosing the cash, duly attended to.

PUBLISHED BY GILBERT &amp; DEAN.

# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 5, 1864.

## ESSAYS.

### REFLECTIONS ON LIFE.

*Beware what earth calls happiness, beware  
All joys, but joys that never can expire.*

EXPERIENCE daily evinces the truth of the position, that the world in which we are now placed is merely a temporary residence; during our continuance in which, numberless afflictive occurrences will arise to oppress and discourage us. Let us survey the world, and we shall be convinced, that all are, in one shape or another, attacked by the unwelcome shafts of adversity. In short, the present state is a state of warfare, and we must all expect to meet with dangers and difficulties in it. Adversity and disquietude are inseparable from it. It is the inevitable lot of human life, that these frames, the bodies we now inhabit, are speedily to return to their native element; that we are in a few fleeting days, weeks, months, or at most, years, to be withdrawn from the circles in which we now move, from the tenderest ties of friendship and of love. The aged parent, the tender child, the blooming youth, the affectionate friend, the fond husband, and the devoted wife, will all in a short time, escape from the stormy wind and tempest, must all drop, and die; for death regards neither situation nor circumstance. The avenue leading to the grave, is frequented alike by the humble and exalted; by the dependent rustic, and the titled countess. Youth and age, too, are alike subject to his dominion. Perhaps, reader, thou art standing upon the verge of the tomb; perhaps, the shuttle has passed the loom that wove thy winding-sheet; perhaps, in yonder shop lies rolled up, and ready to be severed off, the piece of cloth destined to be thy shroud. At all events, thou must soon be brought low. Before to-morrow's sun shall gild the saffron morn, the number of thy days may be told, the dart of death levelled at thy heart, and thou mayest no longer be an inhabitant of earth. Pause here, and think! reflect upon the uncertainty of your duration here below: and let this be an awful inducement to you to abhor evil, and do good.

In the present life, every thing partakes of uncertainty—in the one to which we are hastening, every thing is steadfast, unchanging, eternal.

*All, all on earth is shadow; all beyond  
Is substance.*

Upon earth there is nothing can make us substantially happy—when we imagine ourselves on the brink of felicity, the frail foundation gives way, and we are carried to the tomb.

Thus forewarned of the vicissitudes which attend humanity, parents of both sexes, you have a talent committed to your trust, to which is attached a high degree of responsibility: Consider this, and shew a becoming solicitude for the eternal and temporal welfare of your offspring: Cherish in their minds the first dawnings of religion, and, by your example and precepts, direct them to the performance and love of whatsoever things are pure and holy. But, children, if your parents should either be called hence, or inhumanly neglect your best interests, to pursue the uncertain treasures of the world, remember there is one whose will is Omnipotent, to whom you can confidently look for protection and support.

Oh, my fellow labourers in this working-day world! what can it present to your view worthy your supreme regard? Do you place confidence in your own strength? behold you are altogether weak: In riches? they take to themselves wings, and flee away: in honors and titles? they are but precarious baubles, inconstant as the passing breeze: in health? a long catalogue of diseases are at hand: in long life? Death is at the door: in the smiles of Fortune? they, alas! are converted into frowns: in the enjoyments of love and friendship? lovers and friends too frequently forsake us, and we are left solitary wanderers through the wilderness of life's strange history. Thus situated, then, shall we delay the period of repentance and reformation?

*Procrastination is the thief of time.*

Whilst we hesitate, we die; whilst we promise ourselves years, perhaps we have not days. Let us, therefore, assiduously labour to increase in knowledge, that our affection to the Deity may be deeply rooted and rational, and by continual intercourse with Him of prayer and praise, of dependence and confidence in dangers, of thankfulness and joy in prosperity, let us endeavour to keep Him constantly present to our minds, and to render all our conceptions of Him more distinct, lively, and intelligent; for thus only can we obtain an assurance of a bright reversion. To this happy state then let us labour to make our title indisputable, and in so doing, we shall lighten the burdens, and alleviate the sorrows, of life.

*Religion! Providence! and after state!  
Here is firm footing, here is solid rock;  
This can support us, all is sea besides;  
Sinks under us, bestorma, and then decours.  
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,  
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle sobriol.*

EDWIN.

### ON MASCULINE MANNERS IN THE FAIR SEX.

IT is my sincere wish, that any thing I may say on so delicate and critical a subject as the manners or dress of the ladies, will be received by them with that indulgence so natural to the female mind; regarding it as the result of an earnest desire of contributing to their instruction and amusement. I am, therefore, particularly anxious, that, if any fair lady should so far honor me as to peruse any of my *sage remarks*, she will allow, that, though I may fail in my purpose, I am at least engaged in a good cause; and cold I think must be the heart, that would not feel interested, when favoured with such encouragement, and engaged in so fair a service. In proportion, therefore, as I have the welfare and improvement of the most beautiful part of the creation at heart, in the same proportion, I feel hurt at any thing that can be construed to their disadvantage, or can in any degree be said to lessen the worth and dignity of the female character.

I have often thought it a pleasing subject of contemplation, to observe the contrast there is in what may be said to constitute the qualifications and endowments of the two sexes; which, however, so far from producing any variance between them, are most admirably calculated to harmonize and unite them together by the tenderest ties of love and affection. Nature, ever wise, and perfect in her operations, has bestowed on either sex, those endearing qualities which make them appear amiable in the eyes of each other; thus begetting that affectionate attachment which constitutes so large a portion of human happiness; and it is our own fault if we weaken their influence, by endeavouring to invent others; instead of improving those we have. This is certainly the case, when any one has so far lost sight of the distinction there is in the endowments of the two sexes, as to suppose that what they admire in the other, will appear to equal advantage in their own. Thus it is not uncommon to see the manly characters sink into the effeminacy of a modern *petit maitre*, or the charms of feminine beauty given up for the bold and masculine manners which appertain exclusively to the opposite sex.

Might I be allowed to hazard a conjecture, as to the qualities which appear most engaging in the eyes of the fair, I should conceive, that a manly deportment, a figure uniting strength and elegance, courage, generosity, contempt of danger, and other manly attributes, were qualities that had no small influence; one, possessing strength of body, and energy of mind, sufficient to protect the weaker sex from injury, and smooth the rugged paths of life. Thus we find that brave and gallant exploits have always been rewarded by the smiles of beauty; thereby conferring the sweetest reward their brave defenders could receive. How far this will apply to some of the characters of the present day, one may sometimes see supporting them-

selves on the arm of a lady, is a sad proof of my present purpose to discuss.

On the other hand, with regard to what principally confers those graces which render the fair sex so irresistibly charming, might I be allowed to judge of the sentiments of others by my own, I should say, that softness and delicacy of manners, unassuming beauty, unassuming worth, modesty happily blended with good-humour, formed some of the leading traits in the picture: that true feminine beauty, which may, perhaps, be more easily conceived than described; which is equally captivating and unassuming; because conscious of its own powers of charming, it seeks not by boldness, loudness, or any masculine appendage, to force itself into notice.

Thus the qualifications of the two sexes, though forming in themselves an evident contrast, serve to illustrate each other; conveying mutual admiration and delight: and even the weakness and timidity of the fair sex, so far from appearing unamiable, confers an additional interest to beauty, and rouses every manly feeling in its protection. To exchange, therefore, any thing that serves to heighten the charms of youth and beauty, for an unnatural affectation of masculine attainments, must, I think, proceed either from a disregard of endeavouring to gain the affection of others, or from a misconception wherein the power of doing it consists.

There is nothing perhaps, that we form our first conceptions of any person from more at first sight, or on a short acquaintance, than their dress, as composing the most ostensible trait of character on which we can ground an opinion; and it is perhaps a remark may hold good, that a person's real character is more fully depicted in the outward adorning of their person, than in the features of the countenance; since physiognomy, notwithstanding all that Lavater has said upon the subject, has been often known to deceive; but we never yet knew an instance of a penurious miser expensively equipped by a fashionable tailor; or a modern beau, clad in the habiliments of a wardrobe, bequeathed him by his grandfather. Seeing then the intimate connection which our outward appearance has with regard to the opinion of others, I cannot too earnestly recommend to my fair readers, to be extremely cautious how they give up either in manners, or outward appearance, any particle of their natural beauty and softness, for the assumption of acquirements, which, when assumed, are only as so many clouds upon the clear sunshine of female beauty.

These kind of innovations slide unthinkingly and imperceptibly upon us; and having in some measure, the all-prevailing name of fashion, to give them a more specious appearance, soon become familiar, and afterwards habitual; until what would have shocked our delicacy, and awakened our disgust, becomes first palatable—then pleasing—and thus the beauties of the female character—beauties, which, when preserved in native purity and excellence, would fire the ardor of youth, and thaw the ice of age,—are lost in an unnatural boldness and forwardness of deportment, which, though it may at first attract some notice, especially when aided by some degree of what is commonly called beauty, will never create that involuntary and lasting esteem, which is the surest basis of love.

*[To be concluded next week.]*

### FROM A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER, JUST ON THE POINT OF MARRIAGE.

YOUR situation, my beloved child, at the moment when I am about to resign you into the arms of another, is calculated to awaken every tender feeling, and to arouse all the delicious, yet anxious energies of maternal sensation; to recall to fond remembrance, the period, when I thought the throes I had just endured, amply repaid, by receiving you into this bosom. These arms have hitherto fondly cherished you; and, with a solicitude, which you cannot know, until you have passed through the same course of duties; I have watched over you, and directed your every step: have endeav-



cured, without intermission, to set you an example; to be as a pattern ever before your eyes, suited to excite in your young heart, an earnest desire of growing up to the same image: in the accomplishment of this, I have constantly aspired after greater degrees of perfection; and whatever may have been my infirmities in the execution of this most important office, I have succeeded in guiding your tender years through the age of inexperience, through the period of new sensations and lively sensibilities, until I am about to place you in the temple of Love and Honor.

It is a great alleviation of the anxiety, which, as your mother, I must experience on the present occasion, that you have enjoyed the full benefit of a virtuous education; of examples of every kind, which can prepare a young woman to be a treasure to her husband; you have a father, whose mild and beneficent exercise of authority must have taught you to wish, that your husband may possess all the prerogatives, which all laws, divine and human, have given him in the headship of his own house, and to remove far from you, every desire of degrading, much more of endeavouring to make him contemptible, by any efforts to usurp his place yourself.

It does not become your mother to say more, than that she has not been a disgrace to her connections.

As you have seen love and harmony reigning between your parents, and shedding their benign influence upon their offspring, so you have participated in the benefits arising therefrom: you have beheld affection and purity, the implantation of nature in the hearts of brothers and sisters towards each other, thus fostered, bring forth goodly fruit: in your brothers, decency in words and actions, gallant behaviour and generous protection towards their sisters, and all of the same sex: in your sisters, modesty and every sweet attractive grace. In such society, you have tasted the most cordial endearments that can be derived from the innocent intercommunity of the sexes, serving to confirm, instead of injuring, the deep root which nature has given to modesty in a female breast.

Thus the fond heart of your mother exults in the prospect of seeing her dear girl exchange her truly virgin charms for the "virgin majesty," of the nuptial state, as your favourite Milton has expressed it; an author, of whom Dr. Johnson (no way partial to him) says, that his whole works contain no idea that can pollute the reader's mind: even this, though it may be called negative, is great praise, considering the purposes to which poetry is too often applied.

What woman, in whom innate purity has been preserved, does not feel the inspiring influence of this great poet's applying the term *Virgin* to Eve, after her connection with Adam? We here see him joining the youthful bloom, sweetness and innocence of the maid, with the sedateness and benign gravity of the matron; combining sprightliness in the one with the solemnity of marriage vows in the other; the sweet simplicity and cheerfulness of the maid with dignity of character and sanctity of condition in the wife, and making chastity, like the thread of gold in tissue, run through the whole. How has he preserved consistency, whenever he adverts to this subject! Shewing, that he well understood,

*Whatever hypocrites austere talk  
Of purity and place and innocence,*

that the true idea of chastity can only be formed in the mind in the sacred band of marriage; that in this great ordinance of nature, the connection between one man and one woman, founded in affection, and inviolably adhered to, purity is carried to its proper pitch, chastity is placed upon its proper basis.

I have chosen to dwell chiefly on that, in which your honor and happiness must principally consist; in which you are made, as it were, the depository of the honor and happiness of your husband, of his family and your own, and of your posterity for generations to come, which would be disgraced by your unworthy conduct, as long as your name was remembered. Do not be alarmed at this weight of honor you are called to sustain; it shall be supported with ease, and the trust discharged with dignity, by my child, taught, as she has been, to respect herself and her father's house, and to reflect upon the claim her sex and society have upon her for example.

*\*Paradise Lost, B. ix. l. 270.*

To these powerful motives to duty, will now be superadded, the inexhaustible delight you will find, in constituting the chief earthly felicity, and ministering to the enjoyment, of the worthy man who has preferred you to all your sex; has confided to you the future comfort of his life; has chosen you to be the keeper of his honor, and the mother of his children.

I will not expatiate farther at present, than to express my firm persuasion, that if my life is spared, I shall see my daughter "shine as conspicuously" as a wife and mother, as she has done in the single state in her father's house. I.

#### MORAL.

##### THE SEASONS.

EVERY season of the year, like the life of man, is intermixed, more or less, with beauties and deformities; with storms and sunshines; with scenes both delightful and disagreeable. Spring, like youth, is the season of animation, sprightliness and music. Winter, like old age, has more of fear than of hopes, more of pains than of pleasures; its days and nights are tedious and joyless; its prospects are depressing and gloomy. In summer, as in ripening manhood, all is fervid, vigorous and productive. Autumn, like the mature age of man, is tranquil and sedate. It presents us first with loaded branches of ripened fruits; and then with fading beauties, falling leaves, nipping frosts, plaintive sounds, dying insects, growing tempests, unmelodious groves, naked hills and pillaged fields. In the fading verdure of the woods; in the decaying, falling leaves of every tree, both the young and the old may view themselves as in a mirror, and learn their frailty, and rapid progress to dissolution. But however our bodies fade, let our virtues flourish.

#### USEFUL.

##### AGRICULTURE

CANNOT but be improved by an attention to the daily discoveries in chemistry; these have taught us the food of plants, and the art of correcting the vices of soil so as to render it most fit for vegetation. The substances by which this is accomplished, are termed MANURES, and which are of course, varied according to the nature of the soil on which they were employed.

For *clayey soils* the best manure is marl, that which is most calcareous is, with limestone gravel most useful. Marl and dung are still more advantageous. Where these cannot be had, coarse sand, lime, coals, ashes, chips of wood, burned clay, brick dust, gravel, or even pebbles are useful, for all these improve the texture, and some of them supply carbon.

For *chalky soils* the best manure is clayey or sandy loam, they wanting argillaceous and sandy ingredients. For this clayey marl, and then clay mixed with lime, or calcareous or clayey loams.

For *gravelly loams*, marls whether argillaceous or calcareous, are proper; and if the gravel be calcareous, clay may be employed. For *ferruginous, loam, or til, and vitriolic soils*, the calcareous ingredient is required to neutralise the acid.

*Boggy soils* generally are helped with limestone gravel, or lime mixed with coarse sand or gravel, especially of a clayey nature; but if more sandy, lime or calcareous marl will answer well; in general they should be burned, to liberate the carbonaceous principle.

*Heathy soils* should, for the same reason, be burned, and limestone gravel should be added when the soil is clayey, and lime when it is gravelly.

By *paring and burning* the old sickly roots are destroyed and coal is formed; by which the carbonaceous principle is restored, which has been exhausted by too many crops.

*Gypsum* from its accelerating putrefaction is a most excellent manure, especially for clayey lands, and such as are dry and naturally suit clover, it should be strewed on the surface in February, when it converts the old grass into coal, and nourishes the young growth.

Besides the manures already mentioned, *charcoal* itself, and *snap boiler's waste* have been successfully used.

*Lime*, has been found a very good manure, but Mr. Tennant, discovered that lime procured from *magnesian limestone* was injurious to vegetation.

*\*Plaster of Paris.*

The fertilizing powers of *dung* proceed from its resolution into *soil* or animal earth, and from its yielding carbon and hydrogen. : : *Alex. Expositor.*

#### THE FASHIONS.

LONDON—FOR MARCH, 1844.

**FULL DRESSES.**—1. A round dress of Egyptian brown or puce coloured sarsnet. The body made quite plain, very low in the back and over the bosom. Sleeves of white satin trimmed with lace. Cap of white satin or muslin, trimmed with pink and black velvet; a bunch of heron feathers fixed on the left side. White shoes. Swansdown muff.

2. A robe of slate coloured sarsnet, with sleeves of lace and muslin, or worked muslin; a lace tucker drawn across the bosom. A turban of slate coloured satin to match the dress, ornamented with pearls or diamonds and heron feathers. White shoes.

3. A robe of white satin, trimmed with swansdown; white tippet. A Spanish hat of black velvet, turned up on one side, and ornamented with a black feather.

4. Round dress of white or coloured muslin, with a fur tippet. The hair dressed and ornamented with an elegant tiara and combs.

**HEAD DRESSES.**—1. A cap of white crape, trimmed round the front and to the top of the crown with white lace; a bunch of roses in front.—2. A hat of pink crape trimmed round the front, and ornamented with flowers.—3. A cap of buff satin, trimmed with pink and black velvet, and a deep lace border.—4. A cap of white crape, trimmed with white ribbon and a bunch of flowers.—5. A cap of buff satin with a large twist of white crape round the front, and a very long end up the left side; a bunch of roses in front.—6. A turban of yellow crape; the crown flat with a very large twist round the front, ornamented with pearls and yellow feathers.—7. A turban of blue crape and white satin ornamented with blue feathers.—8. A hat of Etruscan silk, ornamented with a willow feather.—9. A cap of white crape, ornamented with pink lilies. A lace border.

**OBSERVATIONS.**—The prevailing colours are Egyptian brown, buff and pink. The dresses still continue to be made very low, and lace is introduced into almost every part of them. Turbans are much worn. The hair when dressed without a turban, is in large bows, and ornamented with pearl or diamond combs. Large silk shawls of a new fabric in imitation of Leopard spot, are much worn for the opera and play. Black velvet pelices and spencers continue to form the walking dress.

#### AMUSING.

##### ADDRESS.

EVERY one has a peculiar *address*. The *address* of the young men consists in deceiving the women; the *address* of old men in being deceived by them. With a courtier, *address* is the art of convenient submission. With a woman, dissimulation; with a coquet, being now complying, now repulsive. With a man of intrigue, it is cunning, and with the ambitious man, policy. The *address* of a parasite, is shown in *accidentally* dropping in at the hour of dinner; and the *address* of most debtors is to *conceal their address* from their creditors! : : : *Lon. pap.*

##### ANECDOTE OF A PIEDMONTSE SOLDIER.

AT the siege of Turin, laid by the French army in 1640, a Sergeant in the Piedmontese guards, gave this singular instance of patriotism. He was on duty with a few soldiers, at the underworks of the citadel; the mine was filled, and their wanted but a saucisse, in order to blow up several grenadier companies, who had rendered themselves masters of the work, and made a lodgment upon it. The loss of the work would have hastened the surrender of the place. This sergeant, with resolution, ordered the men he commanded, to retreat; enjoined them to beseech in his name, the king his master, to protect his wife and children; struck a light, set fire to the powder, and thus perished for his country.

##### ANECDOTE OF A PUGILISTIC BARONET.

THE English are even at present, fond of boxing-matches, so much liked by the ancient Romans. A

Baronet, a great amateur of this art, has written a work in order to demonstrate its utility. He even taught it gratis to those who had an inclination to receive his lessons. A nobleman in the neighbourhood, happening to go and pay him a visit, and conversing with him about wrestling; the knight laid hold of him behind, and threw him over his head. The former, a little bruised by his fall, arose in a passion. "My Lord," said the Baronet, gravely, "I must have a great friendship for you; you are the only one to whom I have ever shewn that trick."

#### SAGACITY OF THE INDIAN RAT.

THIS sagacious animal knowing the enmity the dragon bears him, and knowing also the insufficiency of his own strength to resist him, not only defends himself, but conquers his enemy by the following stratagem. He makes two entrances to his cave, the one small, and proportioned to the bulk of his own body, the other wider at the surface, but which he draws narrower by degrees, until towards the end, it is but just wide enough to admit of his passing through. The use of this place is as follows: when the little animal finds himself pursued by that voracious beast, he flies to his cave, which he enters at the wide mouth, not doubting but that the dragon will follow him, who eager for his prey, the large aperture being sufficiently wide to admit his whole body, plunges in, but as it insensibly becomes narrower and narrower, the dragon who presses violently on, finds himself in the end so straitened as not to be able to advance or retreat. The rat as soon as he perceives this, sallies out of the narrow passage, and in the rear of the dragon, entering the wide one, revenges himself upon him, much at his leisure, converting him into a regale for his appetite and food for his resentment.

#### ANECDOTES.

A NOBLE lord having given a grand gala, his tailor made one among the company, whom his lordship walked up to, and accosted in the following manner: "My dear Sir, I recollect your face, but cannot remember your name;" to which address the tailor whispered an answer—"I MADE YOUR BREECHES." His lordship taking him by the hand, said aloud, "MAJOR BRIDGES, I am very glad to see you."

A FEW days ago, a sailor was travelling on the cross road near Brotherton, a hare made an attempt to cross the road, but was confounded by two carriages at the same time crossing, and ran so near the sailor, as enabled him to knock her down, which having done, he put it in his handkerchief, and travelled on; soon after met with an Honourable Baronet, particularly tenacious in the preservation of his game, who immediately called out to the sailor, "I say, man, is that your own hare?" and upon receiving no answer, the same question was twice repeated: at last the tar volunteered—"Blast your eyes, you lubber, do you suppose I wear a wig." : : : *Lon. Pap.*

#### WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, MAY 5, 1804.

#### FOREIGN.

EAST-INDIES.—The French ship *Geographe*, has arrived at the Cape of Good Hope. She has been three years in search of the celebrated *Peyrouse*. She found two men among the natives of New-Zealand, who had belonged to them, and were the only survivors out of the two ships, and have since died on board the *Geographe*.

THE U. S. Brig *Argus*, Lt. Hull, arrived at Alicante, from Genoa, informs, that the American vessels at that port, had been put in requisition to convey French troops on a secret expedition.—An article dated Madrid, the 8th Jan. says, "the Spanish Government have sent within these few days, some troops to America, destined, it is said, for Louisiana."—Letters from Russia, of the 4th of March, state, that the Emperor has expressed his readiness to accede to a treaty between Great-Britain, Turkey, and Russia, for the protection of the Ottoman Empire. He has accordingly sent orders to the fleet in the Black-Sea, to sail immediately with all the transports of troops belonging to it, to the Morea.—The Cabinet of Antiquities of France, has been robbed of some valuable articles; among which, is a crown of gold, having its circle formed of figures of saints, under arches, with a

Latin inscription, which shows it to have been the crown of Agilupus, a King of the Lombards, about the year 600.—Several accounts have reached us respecting the luminous meteor which was seen from all parts near London on Sunday night. A correspondent who saw it from Clapham Common, describes it as a large ball of fire emitted from a heavy and thick cloud, in about a second it extended in length perpendicularly, exhibiting three distinct balls, united by a stream of fire. The effect of that light was so luminous, that, from "darkness visible," instantaneously it appeared as light as day, when the sun is at meridian. To those East of Temple Bar it appeared to pass in a S. W. direction and unattended with any noise, though the glow of heat which it diffused was considerable, and was felt by all those who were in the streets at the time. To those West of the metropolis it seemed to assume an oval form, and to move in a different direction, with a tail like a comet. As far as we collected, it was seen from a considerable distance around the metropolis, and many women in Leicester-fields, St. James's and other squares where its effect was the most awful; some fell into strong hysterics, while many nervous persons prostrated themselves on the pavement, apprehending that "the great globe itself" was on the eve of being consumed. At Richmond, a rumbling noise was heard in the heavens, during its progress and all who saw it describe it as a sight awful, sublime, and beautiful in the extreme.

WEST INDIES.—On the 23d of April, the British had not attacked Surinam, but it was momentarily expected by the inhabitants.—Admiral Dacworth, with an additional reinforcement of ships and troops, had arrived at Barbadoes.—About the 3d of April, a Spanish Government Schooner, arrived at Nassau from Havana, to obtain permission of the Governor, for the French row at Havana, to pass unmolested by the cruisers of that Island, on their way to Europe.

#### DOMESTIC.

Capt. Holland, arrived at Philadelphia, sailed from Alicante the 28th Feb. when a packet was daily expected from Algiers, and it was believed would bring news of the release of Capt. Bainbridge and his officers, and crew, through the influence of the Dey, French agent, and Emperor of Russia.—Mr. Eaton, it is said, is to go out to Tripoli, to negotiate peace with that Regency; or to bring the war to a prompt issue.

Mr. Stewart, late American Consul at Maderia, has arrived at New-York.—The 12th inst. is appointed throughout the United States, as a celebration of the acquisition of Louisiana.—On the 2d of April, a strong and well built ship, was launched at Lime-stone, (Kentucky.)—Capt. Hildreth, of Charleston, on the 31st March, picked up, 70 miles from land, a sailor, in a small fishing canoe, without even an oar, and at the mercy of the waves. He had been three days without sustenance.—Mr. Jacob Perkins, of Newburyport, has invented a stereotype plate, which is said to afford complete security against counterfeiting and altering bank notes.—The uncommon weather of the past winter, and the great quantities of snow have not been without pernicious consequences. The waters of the Delaware were so swollen, as to overflow their banks, and do great injury. But all the violence of the waters, and the great bodies they brought with them, we are assured made no impression upon the works of the Schuylkill Bridge, which is yet unfinished. This success will encourage many attempts, in places in which such works have been judged impracticable.—The Library Society of Charleston, (S. C.) have sent Mr. Pale, some of the bones of the Mammoth, which were dug in Santee Canal, it appears that the animal to which they belonged, must have been something larger than that discovered in New-York. There are likewise some teeth which appear to be of the Buffalo, two broken bones, which appear to be human, and a fragment of a remarkable tooth or tusk, of some kind unknown. It therefore appears that our whole continent as well as Europe has undergone some violent changes, by which these various animals have been destroyed, and their bones buried in the earth—only those being preserved for our inspection which have been protected from decay by calcareous earth, generally in the form of shell-mart.—On the 5th of April, a dreadful tornado was experienced in the neighborhood of Augusta, (Geo.) and was the most severe of any ever before witnessed in the southern hemi-

sphere. In its ravages, 11 persons were killed, including men, women and children—and many severely wounded. Several horses were killed, and a piece of hewed timber, 45 feet in length, 14 by 12, was taken from its basis, and carried in a perpendicular direction of 20 feet. The hail stones measured from 9 to 10 inches in circumference. Several houses &c. were also destroyed.

On Sunday evening last, a thunder storm was felt at New-London, and the lightning struck the spire of the Presbyterian Church; which passed off by the electric rod, tearing up the ground in two directions the distance of three rods. The points of the conductor were torn off, and the vane partly melted. The explosion was tremendous.—On the 11th April, at Marlborough, two children, one seven, the other four years old, were playing in a chamber where a gun stood loaded—the eldest took the gun and discharged it; the contents lodged in the head of the youngest, and put a period to its existence.

Two young men shooting at a mark, with pistols, near Fredricktown, (M.) accidentally discharged the contents of one; in the bowels of a lad about 10 years old.—On the 26th of March, a house and store, were destroyed by fire at Knoxville, (T.) and in the flames, two promising children perished; one 8, and the other 10 years old.—On the 9th of April, James Wilson, a noted horse thief, escaped from the Jail at Georgetown, (S. C.) by cutting through one of the iron bars of a window, with a case knife, and let himself into the street, by a blanket tied to the window.

The North Meeting-House, in this town, which has been elegantly rebuilt in brick, was on Wednesday last, dedicated for the public worship of the Congregational Church, which has usually worshipped upon that spot. The former building was erected in 1714, was uncommonly large, and had double galleries. It was well known from the eminent talents of Dr. Andrew Eliot, who was the minister, and who deceased in 1778, and was succeeded by his worthy son, Dr. John Elliot, who still continues to be the minister of the Congregation. The prayer was made by the Rev. Dr. Lathrop, and the discourse pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Eliot, to a very numerous and respectable audience. Several pieces of excellent church music, closed the sacred exhibition.—Among the many important discoveries of the 18th century, may be noticed, that of GALVANISM. Two or three machines are already erected in the United States—and from the *Centinel*, we find several certificates published, by persons belonging to Boston and its vicinity, attesting to the benefits received from the one in this town, operating at No. 61, Cornhill. It will cure rheumatic and nervous complaints, king's evil, blindness, deafness, impediment in the speech, &c.

#### MARRIED.

At Dorchester, Mr. Edward Sharp, mer. of this town, to Miss. Mary Badlam, daughter of Gen. B.

In this town, Mr. Sullivan Ball, to Miss Mary Brown—Mr. John Sweetser, to Miss Charlotte Hollis.

#### DIED.

At Monticello, Mrs. Epps, second daughter of the President of the United States.—At Dorset, (Vt.) Miss Elizabeth Baldwin, *Æt.* 19. She arose in the morning in usual health, performed her day's work of spinning; and in the evening sat down with her mother at her knitting work, when she informed her of her feeling distressed; and before relief could be obtained, sunk lifeless on the floor.—At Cornwall, (C.) 17th April, by lightning, Mrs. Sarah Swift, wife of Gen. Herman S. *Æt.* 53.

In this town, Mrs. Margaret Hiller, wife of Joseph H. Esq.—Mrs. Lucy Helyer, *Æt.* 55, widow of *Æt.* to Mr. Joseph H.—Mr. Abijah Hills, *Æt.* 50.—Mr. Benjamin Eustis, *Æt.* 84—Hans Grain, Esq. formerly of Copenhagen.

#### VARIETY IS PLEASING!

TICKETS and Quarters in the following Lotteries, for sale by GILBERT & DEAN, viz.—*South H. de y Canal*, which commences drawing the 24th inst. w<sup>h</sup> n the tickets will be raised to 30—highest prize \$10,000 *Amsteag Canal*, begins the 12th of June, p<sup>o</sup> c<sup>o</sup> 84—highest prize \$5000, and only 6000 tickets.—*Piscataua Bridge*, begins 19th July, price \$5—highest prize 8000—10,000 tickets.—Reader, make haste, and lose not the precious opportunity to make your fortune.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THE ROBIN.

Returning Spring has deck'd the glade,  
 With every blooming vernal flower :  
 The feather'd songsters' cheerful notes,  
 Salute the heaven-descending power.  
 A Robin perch'd on yonder spray,  
 In sounds melodious pour'd his song :  
 The pleasing note, from ev'ry branch  
 Was echoed by the tuneful throng.  
 But ah ! too soon the bliss is past,  
 No more will life thy voice supply :  
 A sportsman passing, hears the sound,  
 Levels his gun, and bids thee die.  
 Forbear, thou cruel, thoughtless man,  
 Nor dare to wound the tender breast  
 Of that endearing, harmless bird,  
 Who shares with him the downy nest.  
 Her little heart will mourn his fate,  
 Will mourn the fate of him she lov'd ;  
 And pity thee, whose harden'd mind,  
 Could see his life depart unmov'd.  
 Alas ! sad pity pleads in vain,  
 His breast ne'er felt its softening power ;  
 He robs the innocent of life,  
 For the short pleasure of an hour.  
 Ye little warblers of the grove,  
 Whose notes sweet harmony dispense ;  
 Attend around this humble shade,  
 And mourn the fate of innocence.

SOPHIA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

WHILE spring revolves, and zephyrs sweep the grove,  
 While trees again with verdant green are hung,  
 And feather'd songsters warble forth their love,  
 Come, contemplation, aid my artless song.  
 Consider, man, the pleasures of thy state  
 The joys that on thy happy life attend ;  
 While many sink beneath affliction's weight,  
 Without the solace of one kind, dear friend.  
 While some are torn from wife and children dear,  
 To meet grim death in war's tempestuous rage,  
 And some are pinch'd with poverty severe,  
 Yet ease and quiet still thy life engage.  
 Yet O, vain man ! let not thy happy state,  
 Swell with vain pride and self conceit thy heart ;  
 Who knows the secrets which are hid in fate ?  
 Who knows where death may spread his vengeful dart ?  
 Rather to him thy grateful incense raise,  
 Who guides the seasons of the rolling year,  
 Let admiration swell thy soul to praise,  
 And on thy imperfections shed a tear.

G.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THE FATE OF POETS.

OLD, peevish, poor, we to the dust descend,  
 Without one vestige of a generous friend ;  
 But those who, living, would not spare us bread,  
 Illustrate, publish, and admire the dead :  
 What tho' in life our prospects are o'ercast,  
 All other human labours, ours outlast.  
 Yes, Pindar's Ode outlives the doric lyre ;  
 And stern Tyrtæus sets each nerve on fire ;  
 Warns the bold youth, " his country's wrongs to  
 " To rush undaunted on the reeking steel ; [feel,  
 " To war's embattled van his front oppose.  
 " Nor shrink one foot-step from a host of foes :  
 " But, breast to breast, repulse the warrior's shock,  
 " Cleave the broad shield, and give the shorten'd  
 His laurels, yet unfaded, Homer wears, [stroke."  
 Fresh from the havoc of three thousand years.

Forward to purchase an immortal name,  
 And hear their bounty fill the voice of fame ;  
 The days have been, when every rank of men  
 Were proud to patronize a classic pen.  
 But now the fit of patronage is past,  
 And spite and scorn the budding poet blast :  
 Oborn with age, deceitful hope and pain,  
 While mortal sickness shoots thro' every vein ;  
 By cares, infirmities and years oppress'd,  
 The long-toil'd intellect retires to rest.

## THE NOVELIST.

SINCERITY—A NOVEL  
 IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.  
 LETTER XXXI.—SARAH TO ANNE.

Woodland, Nov. 13th, 1780.

HAVING had time to look about me, and get a little settled, I have taken up my pen to tell you how I like my situation. I hardly know how to define my sentiments on the subject, but every thing is so much better than I think it ought to be, every circumstance considered ; that I am not satisfied. I cannot feel easy under a weight of obligation, and I very much suspect that the Marquis is at the bottom of all the elegancies so profusely provided in this place. Not that I am so vain or romantically ridiculous, as to imagine he has any sinister designs, or that he means to take the trouble of visiting me in this retirement, and by appearing suddenly before me when I thought him in Ireland, surprise me into an appearance of something very far from indifference. Though I am sensible this would be quite in the novel style, I believe such scenes very seldom take place in real life. But I think from some conversation which passed between Frederick and his Lordship, that his sensibility was hurt, by reflecting that he had made a virtuous woman the object of illicit pursuit, and he thought he never could make a sufficient reparation, for the persecution I had suffered. Mr. Darnley does not see, or feel, as I do upon this subject ; and it is a topic so delicate, that I cannot discuss it with him ; I will therefore describe to you the circumstances which give me uneasiness, and request your advice in what manner to conduct myself. When we arrived at the inn, at Warwick, a servant in livery opened the chaise door, for which he had been evidently waiting, and having enquired if it was not the gentleman and lady going to Woodland's, led the way to an apartment where the cloth was laid for supper ; two wax candles were burning on the table, and with marked respect the young man informed Mr. Darnley that his master had written to him to procure accommodations at the inn for that night, as he imagined the lady would be too much fatigued to proceed to the mansion house without repose ; then turning to me, he asked, if he should send the chambermaid that I might look at the chamber, for if I did not like it, I could have it changed. Darnley answered in the affirmative, and when the young man left the room, said, " this looks well, Sarah, it looks as if Sir Richard meant to have us respected." To me, it appeared more than well, for though I knew that a gentleman's steward was always reckoned as a respectable situation in life, upon an equality with the better, and looked up to by the lower class of tenants residing on the estate ; yet it was not often that the owner of the estate, interested himself in such trivial concerns as the comfort and convenience of the steward and his wife ; travelling especially, when never having seen or known the family. As I made these reflections, it first occurred to me, that Sir Richard Bourke was the ostensible employer, and the Marquis the directing hand, supplying all these superfluous attentions. Oh, vanity ! vanity ! thy name is woman ! said a wise man. Well, I acknowledge it is vain in me to suppose myself of so much consequence ; but trust me, Ann, however the suggestion may flatter myself-love, it is too humbling to my pride, to occasion any very agreeable emotions ; it is living in a state of perpetual obligation ; and that of all others is to me the most painful.

A plentiful and elegant supper, excellent wine, and the chat of the host, who is a facetious man, of great information, concerning the families, &c. of the gentlemen and nobility, made the time pass very agreeably to Mr. Darnley ; but I felt myself somewhat fatigued and retired early. In the morning, while I was breakfasting, the same young man who had spoken to us the night before, informed me, that Sir Richard had ordered the furniture to be removed from the large house, to the one they were to occupy ; which I found was denominated Woodland Cottage ; that he had in consequence of orders from the same quarter, engaged two female domestics, a cook and a chambermaid ; but if on trial I did not approve them, he had only engaged them for a month, and was to pay them their wages as soon as they had got others to supply their places. When breakfast was over, I expressed a desire to go immediately to my new home, and in a few

moments, a very neat, plain travelling chariot, drew up to the door. " Why do we not go in the post chaise Mr. Darnley ?" said I. " Because John informed me last night," he replied, " that this chariot and pair, are always kept at Woodlands, and is for the use of the steward's family." " It is certainly superfluous," said I, " a horse might have been necessary for you, but for my own part, I had rather walk at any time ; besides, I do not want a carriage at another person's expense." " But if it is customary for the steward to have the use of this chariot, why should we be particular in refusing such a convenience ?" said he hastily. " John told me also," he continued, " that he is to reside with us, and that Sir Richard had written to his agent in London, to make arrangements with me concerning him there, for he hoped he should give satisfaction. I forgot to tell you it was mentioned to me the day before I left town, and that fifty pound a year is added to our income on that account, as it was necessary that I should have a man to go on messages, &c. &c." I saw Mr. Darnley was too well pleased in having so many conveniences to refuse one of them ; so turned the conversation to the beauty of the country. It was a very fine morning, and you know even late in October, Autumn retains much of her beauty ; the rich and glowing tints which variegated the woods, the short grass imperaled by the exhalations which at this time of the year can hardly be denominated either dew or frost, eradicated by a clear, mild, though distant sun, inspires the mind with sensations though perhaps not quite so cheerful ; yet, in my opinion, more exquisitely delightful, than the gay exuberance of flaunting Spring. On our arrival at the mansion prepared for us, its neat and retired situation struck me very pleasantly. The woodbine and jessamine, which almost covered the front, had not entirely faded, as the house has a south aspect ; the garden is laid out with simplicity and taste ; and the part appropriated to kitchen purposes, contained every thing useful ; a large asparagus bed, plenty of artichokes, and some excellent wall fruit trees. The interior of the house is by far too expensively furnished ; all of which appear to me to be entirely new. A breakfast parlour with cottage chairs, pembroke and work tables ; a dining parlour with mahogany furniture ; a drawing room, elegant chintz furniture, sofa, curtains, &c. and two large glasses ; also, spare ornaments over the chimney. Three handsome bedchambers furnished with white dimity and chintz ; with china glass, kitchen utensils, &c. for every purpose ; in the cellar, a plentiful stock of ale, wine, &c. a cow for the family's use, was grazing in a pasture, near the house, and a poultry yard well stocked, completed the whole of the possessions of which it seems, I am instructed mistress. There is but one circumstance which in the least reconciles me to accepting these accommodations—which is a note which was laid on the table of the chamber, which I had selected for myself ; when I retired for the night, and which the chambermaid told me John had desired her to lay there. It was from Lady Bourke, and the following is a copy.

To Mrs. DARNLEY.

" Though Lady Bourke has not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Mrs. Darnley, she knows " and respects her character ; she begs Mrs. D. to " consider the furniture &c. which she will find at " Woodland Cottage, as her own ; and use it as such, " as long as the situation Mr. Darnley holds, may render a residence there agreeable. Lady B. hopes " Mrs. D. will find every accommodation, and enjoy " much happiness in her new habitation."

Lady Bourke, I understand, is an English woman ; I have written my acknowledgments to her, and hope I am not imprudent in partaking of the comforts thus unexpectedly provided for me.

I have now only to pray that Mr. Darnley may fill his station worthily ; that he may grow fond of domestic pleasure ; that he may meet with rational respectable associates ; and that my heart may be moulded to consider his happiness, its own, and lead me so to conduct myself, as never to give him wilful pain or offence. Add to this, should my dear Ann approve of my availing myself of the bounty of my new benefactors, and by coming to increase my pleasures by sharing them, convince me I do not act with impropriety, I think I shall be happier than ever I was in my life.

Adieu,

SARAH.

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## BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 12, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THE PASSENGER—No. XXIV.

*By appetite subdu'd—to sense a slave,  
With hasty steps, he seeks an early grave.*

IN a former number it was observed, that my landlady had a son. He spent but little time in the house, yet I amused myself with watching for some trait of his Ruling Passion. He was neither so good tempered, sensible or obliging, as his sister SERENA, nor so handsome, ignorant or peevish, as SNARLETTA.—His appearance seemed to rank him with that negative class of beings, who possess no character, no discriminating qualification, either good or bad. I had in imagination, moved him from square to square in life's chequer-board, but was still at a loss for his proper station; until I noticed the full indulgence with which he gratified his appetite at table.

He had been for some time, at periods, complaining of pains, vertigo, languor, tremors, &c. and his mother appeared to be alarmed for his health. Ignorant of the cause of his complaints, she was preparing something nice to suit his palate, when her brother, a shrewd old gentleman, happened to come in; she related to him her son's indisposition, and asked his advice. Instead of replying to what she had said, he asked what she was doing. She told him that she was making something which her son was very fond of, and she wished to indulge him, particularly when he was unwell. Do you remember, said he, that my leg was wounded by a ball, during our revolutionary war? Yes, perfectly well I remember it, said she. If, to cure that wound, I had shot another ball at the same leg, would you not have thought me a madman? Certainly, and so must every one; but why do you ask these questions, brother, instead of giving me your advice? Because, said he, you are acting a part similar to it. How so? Why by pampering an appetite, to cure a surfeit;—I some time since remarked to you, that your son was indulging his appetite to his destruction; you now begin to see the justice of my observation, by his complaints, which originate in the unrestrained gratification of his taste for high seasoned food in great quantities. In my opinion, no art has destroyed so many of the human species, as the art of cookery.—Look at the brutes, and observe how very few are their diseases, compared with those which man is heir to; but cook for them, as you do for your son, and be assured they would require as many physicians and apothecaries as we do, provided they would eat the food. That our diet be simple, and taken in small quantities, is absolutely necessary for the preservation of health. Repletion is the principal cause of a very great proportion of our common diseases, and abstinence is the proper remedy for them. Hence undoubtedly the reason why Nature wisely diminishes our appetite in sickness. So important has it been considered, to observe this particular in the economy of nature, that from the days of Moses to the present, it has been inwrought in our systems of religion as a duty. In the Jewish ritual, we find that frequent fastings and ablutions were enjoined to be religiously observed. Moses undoubtedly found them necessary to check the voracious appetites, and filthy habits, of a set of people who had been drudging at short allowance, in the kitchens of the Egyptians;

and those of his institutions would not be less salutary at the present period than they were then.—Here the same course is pointed out by common sense, by nature, and by the duties of religion, and yet you are pursuing measures directly contrary to all their dictates.

Your son's indisposition arises from overcharging his stomach; his sedentary occupation tends to encrease the evil; and you are promoting the cause. Instead of furnishing the means to gratify his appetite, you should endeavour to persuade him either entirely to abstain from food for some days, or to take but very little, and that of the simplest kind; wean him from his hot meat suppers, and gain so far upon his habits as to induce him to rise betimes, and take half an hour's exercise in walking on pleasant mornings, before the usual hour of business, and you will soon perceive, he will enjoy the beneficial effects.

Of all the means for preserving or restoring health, I pronounce abstinence to be the most effectual. What is generally understood by temperance is not the degree of caution I recommend by the term abstinence. Many people who consider themselves temperate, consume more than double the food which is requisite for preserving the best state of health, both of body and mind; sickness ensues, and they complain that temperance is no guard to the constitution.—Here the conversation was interrupted, and the old gentleman made no further remarks, except this—THAT MORE THAN HALF THE HUMAN RACE DIG THEIR GRAVES WITH THEIR TEETH.

## ON MASCULINE MANNERS IN THE FAIR SEX.

[Concluded from page 109.]

MANY instances, might I think, be adduced to prove, how easily things which would once have been seen, or even heard of with surprise, will become easy and familiar by use. Thus I conceive a fair nun, when parting with the beautiful ringlets which adorned her shoulders, preparatory to her quitting the gay scenes of the world for the glooms of a cloister, would have testified as much surprise at being told it was no more than would one day be the prevailing fashion of her sex, than a lady would now, to hear it would soon become common to appear in public without any hair at all! And thus perhaps the ladies of the last century would have been as much shocked to hear that a female had appeared nearly habited like a man, or that a tailor was become more indispensable than a staymaker, as a lady of the present day would be to hear, it was becoming fashionable to solicit the hand of a gentleman in marriage, or for a young lady to go to the parents of the object of her choice, to negotiate about settlements; a proceeding which would doubtless appear shocking to many, who nevertheless, if they continue in a progressive state of improvement, must arrive at it, or the character will not be complete.

For my own part, I am so strenuous an advocate for what, I conceive, forms the true loveliness of the sex, that it is not without regret I can see, even the slightest advances towards any thing which may bear such an interpretation; and something of this sort I cannot help feeling, when I see such charming female beauties as a pretty foot and ankle disguised by a leather boot, or a lady's bosom displaying the semblance *ad exteriorem* of a light horseman's jacket; ornaments which as they can only claim imitative merit, might be supplied I conceive (from the great opinion I have of the inventive genius of the ladies, in a branch which they are allowed to stand unrivalled in) by something which, from its superior taste and elegance, would prove itself to be *all their own*.

With regard to the first, it may no doubt be said they are a great convenience in walking; and I am far from wishing to deprive the ladies of any thing which contributes to their convenience. It may not however, be inapplicable, to apply on this subject what Cowper says in his beautiful poem, "The Task," where regretting he was deprived of the female companion of his walks, he remarks,

*"When Winter soaks the fields, then female feet,  
"Too weak to struggle with tenacious clay,  
"Are best at home—"*

From which I think may be inferred an opinion, he would have admired a lady sitting at her needle, or engaged in any other feminine employment, more than one wading through the dirt with the modern appendage of lady's boots. With respect to the semblance *en militaire* which has lately decorated the female bosom, more perhaps may be intended than is "dreamt of in our philosophy." As I before hinted, I can by no means suppose, from the fertility of the ladies' invention in articles of dress, they would borrow, in a department they are unrivalled in, was not something more designed, than mere outward ornament. On the first appearance of these female *breast works*, I considered them, though not in themselves affording much specific security, yet as denoting that the hearts they were intended to defend were in a complete state of defence: that before they could be taken, either by friend or foe, there were outworks which must first be subdued. The military complexion of the times too, I thought, might well warrant the fair sex, in using more than ordinary caution, since, scarce any lady could be addressed by a lover, who did not commence his attack with the additional advantages of a scarlet coat and feather, said to be peculiarly engaging in the eyes of the fair. In this view, I could not but consider it as highly politic; at the same time manifesting an amiable diffidence of themselves; as if, being conscious of the vulnerable nature of the part thus defended, they would put it out of the power of any one to say, they had not taken proper measures of security.

Though I at first considered these as natural suggestions, yet I found, on considering the subject a little more attentively, they would by no means hold good; since it appeared evident, that the fair bosoms which were so carefully secured from all attack in a morning's walk, were perhaps in the evening, at a route or place of public amusement (surely not less dangerous places) thrown open and defenceless—exposed to the rude examination of the first fop who chose to level his opera glass in that direction. It reminded me of an actor I remember to have seen, who, after having appeared in the course of the performance well armed with a helmet and plume of feathers, made his first appearance in the field of battle, bare headed. As I am however, at all times, anxious to do away any thing, which might be laid hold of, to the disadvantage of the female character, and thinking this might be interpreted as an evident inconsistency, I resolved to consider it further, and soon found no such imputation could attach in the present instance—since it appeared sufficiently plain, that neither of these opposites was without its peculiar signification: the one denoting, that the hearts of the British fair were *proof* against the lawless attacks of insolent invaders; and the other as intimating, they were ever open to the softer attacks of their brave and generous defenders.

Though these are motives, which surely call, rather for our admiration than censure, yet it may not be improper to remark, that the latter species of attack may prove the most dangerous of the two; as being more unsuspected, and consequently less guarded against. I would not, however, be supposed as recommending to my fair readers to put on their *armour* in the latter case; conceiving that there is a kind of protection, which would perhaps more avail them in attacks of this sort, than if clad in a coat of mail: it being, I think, certain, that the greatest security of



the sex lies, in preserving, on all occasions, the dignity of the female character, by that modesty and chastity of manners, which is equally distinguished from prudery or levity—without which it is impossible to confer that lustre on female beauty, which alone can render it irresistible. This I conceive to be the surest safeguard of her beauty, and, as Milton elegantly expresses it,

“*greater an awe  
About them as a guard angelic plac'd.*”

An awe, which will most assuredly sink the libertine and his abandoned purposes, into the confusion they deserve; and yet there is nothing so likely to increase the ardour of an honourable passion; or anything by which a young lady can so securely bind the affections of her lover.

To prove that this enchanting modesty of manners is one of the greatest incitements to love, I cannot help quoting a passage from the *Guardian*—where, writing to his friend Sir Harry Lizard, an account of a young lady he had met with, in order to make the youthful Baronet fall in love by his description, among other excellencies he mentions the following. “As to her youth,” says he, “I am reconciled to that, because she pretends to nothing above it; you don’t see in her that odious forwardness to I know not what, as in the assured countenances, naked bosoms, and confident glances of her contemporaries. I will vouch for her, that you will have her whole heart, if you can win it; she is in no familiarities with the fops, her fan has never been yet out of her own hand, and her brother’s face is the only man’s she ever looked in stedfastly.” A pattern well worthy the imitation of the fair; which, though not, perhaps, worthy to be classed among the *fashionables* of this improved age, will always charm, while there remains one genuine admirer of the real beauties and excellencies of the female character. : : *Ladies’ London Museum.*

#### BIOGRAPHY.

##### CATHARINA, COUNTESS DOWAGER OF SCHWARTZBURGH.

WAS a German lady, descended of a family renowned for valiant feats of arms, and which had already given an Emperor to Germany; on a particular occasion this lady made the formidable duke of Alva tremble by her bold and resolute conduct. As the emperor Charles the fifth, on his return, in the year 1547, from the battle of Muhlberg, to his camp in Sambia, passed through Thuringia; Catharina, countess dowager of Schwartzburg, born princess of Henneberg, obtained of him a letter of safeguard, that her subjects might have nothing to suffer from the Spanish army on its march through her territories. In return for which she bound herself to allow the Spanish troops, that were transported to Rudolstadt on the Saalbrücke, to supply themselves with bread, beer, and other provisions, at a reasonable price in that place. At the same time she took the precaution to have the bridge which stood close to the town demolished in all haste, and reconstructed over the river at a considerable distance; that the too great proximity of the city might be no temptation to her rapacious guests. The inhabitants too of all the places through which the army was to pass, were informed that they might send the chief of their valuables to the castle of Rudolstadt. Mean time, the Spanish general, attended by prince Henry of Brunswick and his sons approached the city, and invited themselves, by a messenger whom they dispatched before, to take their morning’s repast with the countess of Schwartzburg. So modest a request, made at the head of an army, was not to be rejected. The answer returned was, that they should be kindly supplied with what the house afforded; that his excellency might come, and be assured of a welcome reception. However, she did not neglect, at the same time, to remind the Spanish general of the safeguard, and to urge home to him a conscientious observance of it. A friendly reception and a well furnished table welcomed the arrival of the duke at the castle. He was obliged to confess that the Thuringian ladies had an excellent notion of cookery, and did honor to the laws of hospitality. But scarcely had they taken their seats, when a messenger out of breath called the countess from the hall. His tidings informed her, that the Spanish soldiers had used violence in some villages on the way, and had

driven off the cattle belonging to the peasants. Catharina was a true mother to her people; whatever the poorest of her subjects unjustly suffered, wounded her to the quick. Full of indignation at this breach of faith, yet not forsaken by her presence of mind, she ordered her whole retinue, to arm themselves immediately in private, and to bolt and bar all the gates of the castle; which done, she returned to the hall, and rejoined the princes who were still at table. Here she complained to them in the most moving terms, of the usage she had met with, and how badly the imperial word was kept. They told her laughing, that this was the custom in war, and that such trifling disorders of soldiers in marching through a place were not to be minded. “That we shall presently see,” replied she stoutly, “My poor subjects must have their own again, or by God!”—Raising her voice in a threatening tone—“Princes’ blood for oxens’ blood!” With this emphatical declaration she quitted the room, which, in a few moments, was filled with armed men; who, sword in hand, yet with great reverence, planting themselves behind the chairs of the princes, took place of the waiters. On the entrance of these fierce looking fellows, duke Alva directly changed color; and they all gazed at one another in silence and affright. Cut off from the army, surrounded by a resolute body of men, what had they to do, but to summon up their patience, and to appease the offended lady on the best terms they could? Henry of Brunswick was the first that collected his spirits; and smothered his feelings by bursting into a loud fit of laughter. Thus seizing the most reasonable way of coming off, by turning all that had passed into a subject of mirth; concluding with a pompous panegyric on the patriotic concern and the determined intrepidity she had shewn. He entreated her to make herself easy, and took it upon himself to bring the duke of Alva to consent to whatever should be found reasonable; which he immediately effected by inducing the latter to dispatch on the spot an order to the army to restore the cattle without delay to the persons from whom they had been stolen. On the return of the courier with a certificate that all damages were made good, the countess of Schwartzburg politely thanked her guests for the honor they had done her castle; and they, in return, very courteously took their leave. It was this transaction, no doubt, that procured for Catharina, Countess of Schwartzburg, the surname of the Heroic. She is likewise highly extolled for the active fortitude she displayed in promoting the reformation throughout her dominions, which had already been introduced by her husband, earl Henry the XXXVIIth, as well as for her resolute perseverance in putting down the monks and improving the instruction of the schools. Numbers of protestant preachers, who had sustained persecution on account of religion, fled to her for protection and support, which she granted them in the fullest extent. Among these was a certain Casper Augila, parish priest at Saalfeldt; who, in his younger years, had attended the emperor’s army to the Netherlands in quality of chaplain; and, because he there refused to baptize a cannon ball, was fastened to the mouth of a mortar by the licentious soldiers, to be shot into the air; a fate which he happily avoided only by the accident of the powder not catching fire. He was now for the second time in imminent danger of his life, and a price of 5000 florins was set upon his head, because, the emperor was enraged against him for having contumeliously attacked his interim from the pulpit. Catharina had him privately brought to her castle, on the petition of the people of Saalfeldt; where she kept him many months concealed, and caused him to be attended with the greatest assiduity, until the storm was blown over, and he could venture to appear in public. She died, universally honored and lamented, in the fifty-eighth year of her age, and the 29th of her reign. The church of Rudolstadt is in possession of her bones.

#### LITERARY.

##### SHAKESPEARE’S WORKS.

UNDER the patronage of subscription, the first Boston edition of SHAKESPEARE’S Plays, is at length completed by MUNROE & FRANCIS, in eight duodecimo volumes.—They have issued proposals for publishing by subscription, ROLLIN’S Ancient History, in 10 vols. 12mo. The excellence of this work is universally

known, and cannot be better delineated by us, than in the following extract from the printer’s address to the publick.

Mr. Rollin was a writer, who improved and adorned every subject of his pen. His graceful and captivating style seems to impart beauty to nature, and majesty to truth; and his history has, for such a series of years, withstood the attacks of subtle criticism, that it begins itself to claim respect for its antiquity, and excellence by prescription. For the extent of his knowledge, the grandeur and variety of his topics, and the happy talent of conveying pleasure with his instructions, M. Rollin has rarely been equalled. He sometimes carries you to the field of Mars, and terrifies you with sounds of battle, cries of desolation, and trophies of conquest. At other times he shows you the infant beginnings of art and science, the small cricles in which they moved, and gradually widens your view of their expanded improvements. Again, you are transported to the hall of the senate; you listen to its animated debates; grow acquainted with the intricacies of politics; are now exasperated at the tricks of corruption; and now glowing with the ardours of a real patriot.

All descriptions of readers will find their account in consulting the pages of Rollin. The poet may here kindle the lamp of his fancy, borrow figures for his imagery, and colours for his diction. The antiquarian may here examine mausoleums without perplexing himself with chronological fables. Here the recluse may visit distant countries without the dangers of travelling. The linguist may gather round him the lights of the learned, without digging the roots of Asiatick languages. Without toiling among Sanscrit and Arabick records, the civilian may learn the most important parts of eastern jurisprudence. And the divine here sees the connexion between sacred and profane history, observes customs which elucidate and verify the scriptures, and thence is able to establish their divine authority.

Whoever in fact wishes to form any acquaintance with principles of moral and political science; with the powers of the human mind in all stages of improvement; with the doctrines of philosophers; the arrangements of society; causes of national aggrandizement and degradation; and with the duties of life in their endless diversity,—will here be gratified and enlightened. Here the old are amused with the transactions of other years; the young made wise by the stimulus of noble example; and the existing generation excited to glory by contemplating some of the most beautiful pictures of moral excellence which were ever exhibited to the view of mankind.

#### USEFUL.

##### GERMAN RECIPE FOR A CONSUMPTION.

TAKE fresh nettles every day, (those of the finest green are the best) press out the juice and give the patient a table spoonful before rising in the morning, repeating the dose at noon and bed time, with a tea-cup of red Burgundy or port, after the juice. The diet of the patient to consist of soup or broth containing the expressed nettles, and good roast beef or mutton; he must not be allowed to eat anything sour, or highly seasoned. The remedy has long been used by a medical man of the first eminence in Germany.

#### AMUSING.

##### THE LAWYER AND BLACKSMITH.

A SHREWD son of Vulcan, applied some time since to an eccentric Attorney, in a neighbouring town, for his advice respecting some legal transactions, in which he was then engaged. The attorney with promptitude, which is generally excited by a prospect of gain, gave the desired information, and then, as the blacksmith was a neighbour of his, and had formerly been a domestick in his family, took the liberty to request his assistance in picking a lock of which he had lost the key. The blacksmith readily picked the lock, and shewed the attorney, by his desire, how he might do in future on a similar accident. By some unaccountable association of ideas, the picking of the lock brought up to view in the attorney’s mind, his want of a wife.—He told his neighbour, that during a long course of celibacy, he found it very uncomfortable living alone, and, that if he could find a woman like his

sister Betty. (an odd old maid vexed that her charms should bloom and wither untasted and unattempted,) he would even venture upon wedlock. He added, that he should be obliged to him, if he would look out, and endeavour to find a woman with the properties of the before named Betty, and give information of his search. The blacksmith promised him he would, and then departed. A few months after, this limb of the law exhibited an account of 12s. against the blacksmith, for his advice, and requested payment—it was refused—and the delinquent summoned soon after to appear before a justice, and answer to the suit of the attorney. The blacksmith appeared and exhibited the following account, which had been previously filed against the lawyer.

|                                                                                              |          |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Sept. 11, 1788. Mr. ——— to ———, Dr.                                                          |          |
| To picking a lock for him                                                                    | £ 0 3 0  |
| To shewing him how to pick one                                                               | 0 3 0    |
| To horse hire, time and trouble in a fruitless attempt to find a woman like his sister Betty | 0 6 0    |
|                                                                                              | £ 0 12 0 |

The attorney, abashed, confounded and mortified at this procedure, which exposed him to satire and ridicule, and the defendant threatening that he would carry the matter before the Court of Common Pleas, was glad to discontinue the action, give up the debt, and pay the costs of suit himself.

#### ANECDOTE OF SANTEUIL,

A CELEBRATED POET OF THE LAST CENTURY.

RETURNING one night to the Abbey of St. Victor, at eleven o'clock, the porter refused to open the door, saying, i.e. had positive orders to admit no one at that hour. After much altercation, Santeuil slipped a louis d'or under the door, and he obtained immediate admittance. As soon as he had got in, he pretended he had left a book upon a stone, upon which he had been sitting while he waited for the door opening. The porter, animated with the poet's generosity, ran to get the book, and Santeuil shut the door upon him. Master Peter, who was half naked, knocked in his turn, when Santeuil started the same difficulties as he had done, against admitting any one at that time of night, and that he would not disobey the prior. Aye, but master, said the porter, you know I let you in very civilly. And so I will you as civilly, said Santeuil, if you please—you know the piece—in or out is the word and I will dally no longer. The porter finding he was like to sleep in the street, half naked, and also run the risk of losing his place, slipped the piece of gold under the door again, saying "I thought a poet's money would not stay long with me," and purchased his admittance.

#### FIRE SOCIETIES.

THE following are the names of thirty-three Fire Societies in the town of Boston, and the years in which they were instituted; each consists of between thirty and fifty members, who provide themselves with from two to four fire buckets and bags, viz.

|                       |       |                              |          |
|-----------------------|-------|------------------------------|----------|
| Fire Society, instnu. | 1741. | Assistant, instnu.           | in 1788. |
| True-Heart, - - -     | 1744. | Alert, - - - - -             | 1787.    |
| Fire Society, - - -   | 1745. | Phoenix, - - - - -           | 1789.    |
| Fire Society, - - -   | 1752. | United, - - - - -            | 1789.    |
| Faithful, - - - - -   | 1758. | Franklin, - - - - -          | 1792.    |
| York, - - - - -       | 1760. | Federal, - - - - -           | 1792.    |
| Union, - - - - -      | 1762. | Charitable, - - - - -        | 1792.    |
| Sun Fire, - - - - -   | 1765. | Protection, - - - - -        | 1796.    |
| American, - - - - -   | 1766. | Eagle, - - - - -             | 1796.    |
| Assistant, - - - - -  | 1770. | Star, - - - - -              | 1796.    |
| Union, - - - - -      | 1772. | Massachusetts, - - - - -     | 1796.    |
| Friendly, - - - - -   | 1774. | True Heart & Club, - - - - - |          |
| Benevolent, - - - - - | 1780. | Alert Eagle, - - - - -       | 1799.    |
| Carpenters, - - - - - | 1783. | Washington, - - - - -        | 1799.    |
| Amicable, - - - - -   | 1785. | New-Century, - - - - -       | 1800.    |
| Brotherly, - - - - -  | 1786. | Fraternal, - - - - -         | 1801.    |
| New Relief, - - - - - | 1787. |                              |          |

#### ANECDOTE.

WHEN a lawyer, on his passage to Europe, was one day walking the deck, it having blown pretty hard the preceding day, a shark was playing by the ship. Having never seen such an object before, he called to one of the sailors to tell him what it was. "Why," replied the tar, "I don't know what name they know 'em by ashore, but here we call 'em sea-lawyers."

#### WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, MAY 12, 1804.  
FOREIGN.

EUROPE.—Several arrivals at this port, furnish London dates to the 29th March, 1804. Their principal contents state, that the Invasion had not been attempted, although preparations were still going on.—The late conspiracy in France, arrests much attention. Moreau was still in confinement in the same prison with Pichegru. He was to be tried before a special court and jury.—Georges had been taken in Paris, after a desperate resistance. Of the persons apprehended, were Generals Dumas, La Fayette, Mons. Roland, Madame Tallien, &c.—An offensive and defensive alliance was talked of, to continue during the war, and to embrace Austria, Russia, Turkey, Sweden, Denmark and Naples.—The French appeared meditating some important blow in the South of Italy.—The British King had recovered his health; and his physicians dismissed.—The ship Aurora, arrived at Cadiz from Lima, had \$1,800,000 on board; and on her passage, was boarded by 22 British, and 3 French cruisers.—A terrible storm has been experienced at Rotterdam and its environs, attended with hail, thunder and lightning; six or seven Churches were set on fire by the bursting of large balls of fire, which threatened destruction to the whole city.

Capt. Watts, arrived yesterday, brings London dates to the 4th April; but they contain no news.—The Invasion had not been attempted, though still threatened, and hourly expected.—Neither Moreau nor Pichegru had been tried; and very little evidence of any deep laid conspiracy had been adduced; so that the news of Bonaparte's reign having ceased, received by the way of Halifax, is untrue.—The Toulon fleet had not put to sea at the last dates.

WEST-INDIES.—Arrivals from Cape Francois, to the 13th of April, state, that the French people at the Cape, are in a most distressed situation, expecting every moment a general massacre; and none of them are suffered to leave the Island. A Danish schooner which sailed for St. Thomas, was overhauled by a brig and barge, and French passengers found on board: she was immediately carried to a small port to leeward of the Cape, and the captain, crew, and every soul on board, shot! No age or sex is spared from the outrage and inhumanity of the blacks. In general, the Americans, notwithstanding the professions of the blacks, are treated extremely ill. An American supercargo was kept three days in a dungeon, for going on shore after dark.

Upwards of 400 persons were killed at Port-au-Prince, in four days, in a horrible massacre which commenced on the 16th March.—Capt. Bartlett, arrived at Newburyport, from St. Pierre, sailed the 20th of April, and informs, that the Island could not be considered in a state of blockade, there being only a 74 gun ship, and a schooner, off that station.

#### DOMESTICK.

A rendezvous has been opened in Charleston, (S.C.) to obtain seamen for the Mediterranean squadron.—The New-York State Prison, was destroyed by fire, on the 7th inst.; supposed to have been purposely communicated by some of the prisoners, with a view of effecting their escape—but the great body of them were secured, and the militia called out to guard them.—At Richmond, (Virg.) while several persons were fishing in the falls of James' River, the water rose so sudden, and to such a prodigious height, that three or four persons were drowned; and others were obliged to remain on rocks, &c. for more than twenty four hours, before they were relieved. The water rose two feet in the course of one minute.—A nest of snakes, from three to eighteen inches in length, was lately discovered at Keene.—Upwards of three hundred were crowded together in a space of less than two feet square.—Mr. Jonathan Penny, of Sturbridge, on the 28th April, while ploughing in his field, turned up a human skull, and on further search, another was found, with other bones, sufficient to evince, that two human bodies were anciently interred in that place.—Dr. Warren, of this town, has published an ample vindication of the Physicians in their apprehensions from the filth left in docks and ponds, deposited under wharves, as destructive of life.—The following are Mr. Boylston's prize questions, for the present year,

published in the *Palladium* of yesterday.—1st. How does AIR act upon or influence animal bodies, in originating, and continuing respiration, maintaining organic motion; and preserving the exercise of the vital functions?—2d. Are there any anatomical, physiological, or pathological facts, already discovered, by which the nature of TETANUS TRAUMATICUS, or Locked Jaw, can be explained? If so, what are those facts, and what the best mode of preventing or curing the disease?—3d. What are the causes of the VARIETIES observed in DYSENTERY, and what the methods of treatment, adapted to the cure of those varieties?—Each Thesis or Dissertation on either of these subjects, must be transmitted (post paid) to Dr. E. A. HOLYOKE, at Salem, on or before the 20th day of Nov. 1804.—About one o'clock in the morning, on Wednesday last, at New-York, a shock of an earthquake was sensibly felt; the sky was serene and brilliant.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Several valuable Communications are received, and shall appear in course.

Henry Alfred's address to May, next week.

Owing to the arrangements of our new office, the poetry on "Misfortune," by "M\*\*\*," got mislaid—it is found, and shall appear in our next.

#### A CARD.

WE are sorry in being under the necessity of soliciting the attention of our Patrons on a subject which involves a material point in publishing the Magazine, viz. that of punctual payments. As it is not an advertising vehicle, ITS WHOLE SUPPORT MUST BE DERIVED FROM REGULAR REMITTANCES OF SUBSCRIPTION. The third semi-annual payment of \$1 became due on the 28th of April. There are many who commenced with the existence of the Magazine, and HAVE NOT paid a SINGLE CENT towards its support! But there are some who have been punctual in paying at the stated periods; and some who HAVE PAID IN ADVANCE—to whom we tender our most grateful acknowledgments and thanks.

ALL our books having been destroyed at the time the office was burned, we are unable to make personal application to many of our patrons—and are therefore compelled, thus publicly, to request their attention to pay up all arrears as early as possible. Those who STILL owe for binding the first volume, &c. will please also to notice this.

It shall still be our endeavour to give the readers of the Magazine every possible satisfaction. Therefore, FRIENDS, PATRONS and FELLOW CITIZENS, evince your approbation now, by giving solid and demonstrative proof, "THAT THE LABOURER IS WORTHY OF HIS HIRE."

#### MARRIED.

At Westminster, Uriel C. Hatch, Esq. of Cavenish, to Miss Narcissa Beach. At Milton, Mr. Stephen Horton, jun. to Miss Margaret M'Cloy, of this town.

In this town, Mr. John N. Welch, to Miss Sally H. Rand—Mr. Robert Duncan, to Miss Sally Brown—Mr. John Sullivan, merchant, to Miss Catharine Blair—On Thursday evening last, Mr. Jeremiah Fitch, to Miss Mary Rand.

#### DIED.

"On the N. W. Coast of America, on the 21st of May last, Capt. William Bowles, late Commander of the ship Mary, of this port: who for 17 years has been employed in that perilous trade.—Those who knew him, can say, he was an affectionate husband, a tender parent, a good citizen, and a friend to the friendless." In this town, Mr. Joseph Perkins, Aet. 52—Mrs. Mary Service, Aet. 52—Thomas, Aet. 11 months, son of Mr. J. D. Robins—Miss Mary Chandler, Aet. 3; and four Children under a year. Total 8.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT &amp; DEAN,

THE following lines were occasioned by the loss of a dear and much esteemed friend, who perished in a storm soon after his departure from Boston, on a voyage to India. The only recommendation which they have, is their being the effusion of a melancholy and afflicted heart. By inserting them, you will much oblige a friend.

N. A.

ALTHOUGH the ways of God seem dark to man,  
And clouds obscure his ever just decrees,  
Forgive me, Heaven, if I can't but mourn  
His dispensations on the boisterous seas.  
REMUS, my bosom friend, with sorrow sad,  
Lately embark'd upon the swelling waves;  
Purposing to direct his wat'ry course,  
To where the Indus heated Asia laves.  
When under sail, he gently wav'd his hand,  
As silent token of a long adieu;  
The winds convey'd him from the less'ning strand,  
And starting tears conceal'd him from my view.  
Ere long he'd brav'd the wide Atlantic main,  
Black storms arose, and tempests shook the deep:  
Ye winds! be silent, and ye waves, be calm,  
Beneath you REMUS rests, I live to weep.  
Cold is his clay; but colder still that heart,  
Which would not sacrifice one pious tear,  
To embalm the mem'ry of departed worth,  
Whom living, ever it has held most dear.  
Never, O never will his much lov'd form  
Effic'd from friendship's sacred tablet be:  
No, my lov'd REMUS, till recall'd from earth,  
The sigh will swell, the tear will flow for thee.

[THE sentiments expressed in the following lines were taken from the mouth of an African servant, in the city of Charleston, (S. C.) by a gentleman who heard him at prayer with a number of others of his own colour; and turned into metre by one who rejoices in the triumphs of redeeming grace.]

## THE NEGRO'S PRAYER.

BLEST be thy name, O God of grace!  
Who teachest me to sing;  
My heart and voice I'll tune to praise  
My Saviour and my King.  
Where darkness and the shade of death  
Th' untutor'd nations bind,  
There I first drew my vital breath,  
To all thy glories blind.  
Nor rising day, nor setting sun,  
Nor stars that gild the night,  
Nor streams, that thro' the vallies run,  
Nor mountain's tow'ring height,  
Nor all the wonders of thy hand,  
That shew creative skill,  
Could lead in that benighted land,  
To know or do thy will.  
No gospel there thy grace declares;  
No Saviour's love is shown;  
No preacher the glad tidings bears  
That make thy mercy known.  
O happy day! that brought me thence,  
To this enlightened shore,  
Where, loos'd from bonds of ignorance,  
I'm taught my God to adore.  
Here, slavery! thy soften'd chain  
And yoke I gladly bear;  
Thy burthens yield no grief or pain,  
Thy toils demand no tear.  
For here, blest Saviour! I have learn'd  
Thy truth and righteousness;  
Thy grace my mourning songs hath turn'd  
To hymns of joy and praise.

## EPIGRAM.

THE Jews, as we in sacred writ are told,  
To buy a God, gave Aaron all their gold;  
But Christians now, times are so monstrous odd,  
To heap up gold, will even sell their God!

On the public road in Kent, (Eng.) over an Inn-door,  
is a sign with the following lines.

I, JOHN Stubbs liveth here,  
Sells good Brandy, Gin and Beer,  
I mead my Borde a litel whyder  
To lette you nowe I sell good Syder.

## THE NOVELIST.

SINCERITY—A NOVEL  
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

IT appears from a number of letters which passed between Mrs. Darnley and her friend, that she continued to reside at Woodland Cottage for a period of seven or eight years; but as these letters contained no material incidents, it was thought better to suppress them, giving only an abstract of any occurrence of consequence for the reader to know, in order to the better understanding the subsequent letters.

Mrs. Darnley's father returned from India with a broken constitution, and but very little richer than when he left England. His affectionate daughter procured him apartments in a farm house so near that she could herself attend to his comfort; but this was an unfortunate circumstance for her. Mr. Osborne was a man of loose morals, and dissipated habits, and neither distress, or ill health, had in the least amended those defects. Though he could no longer practise the vices which he had ever indulged in without restraint, yet it seemed his chief pleasure to retrace scenes of past riot and debauchery; and his conversation was in general such that no delicate woman could wish to remain long in his company. Unhappily, this was a companion too congenial to the mind of Darnley, for him to avoid the contagion which such a character spreads around, and which, like the spotted pestilence, lays all waste and desolate. Peace, Virtue, Honour, fall sacrifices to its malignant influence. The voice of conscience is silenced, Religion totally neglected, and the most shocking depravity pervades the whole system. Though Mrs. Darnley was too delicate to make many complaints, of the irregular conduct of two persons with whom she was so nearly connected, yet her friend Ann, who frequently visited her, delivered her sentiments very freely upon the subject in her letters to Elinor. An extract from one of these, which appears to have been written in the third year of Sarah's residence at Woodlands, is particularly interesting, and therefore it is given here.

## Extract of a letter from ANN to ELINOR.

"I have, since I have been with my dear Sarah, this autumn, found her particularly gloomy and depressed. The cause is evident and needs no explanation. Darnley's circumstances are again embarrassed, and it is with the utmost difficulty she can obtain from him money for housekeeping; and whenever necessity obliges her to make a demand, he flies into such passions, that terrified, she will submit to every difficulty; nay, by running bills with those who will give her longest credit, and who must necessarily repay their courtesy by advancing the price, and thus by the demands being larger than he had expected, he seems to think he has reason on his side, when he scolds and complains at what he chooses to term extravagance. And here I must digress to remark, that in my opinion, the state of total dependence in which women in general are, must tend to weaken that affection, that confidence, which should subsist between married persons. I cannot imagine domestic happiness would be greatly increased, were wives released from that solicitude and anxiety which every woman of sensibility must feel, who is obliged to apply to her husband for every shilling she expends; a man who does not provide, that is, make the purchases necessary for his family, but simply commissions his wife to do it, is very ill able to judge how much money is requisite for the daily expenditure; and will content himself with merely calculating the great and most obvious articles, totally overlooking the thousand little minute which, though they make no show, cost nearly as much in the course of a year as things apparently of greater consequence. But to return to Sarah. She appeared to reap much satisfaction from my visit; for she is a good part of the time alone. As her father, and Darnley go frequently to Warwick and

stay several days together, I asked her if he had long accustomed himself to be thus estranged from home. She answered with a sigh, "Yes, that she did not possess the art of making his home agreeable to him, and to confess a truth, were it not for his reputation's sake, which suffered from the company he associated with, she was happier when he was away, than when he was at home." "We were not made," said she "to constitute each other's happiness; our minds, our habits, our pursuits are totally dissimilar, and though we are chained to the same oar, for the life of one of us, we have never as yet made the discovery of any circumstance that might lighten the weight of the fetter, or preventing its galling us even to the quick." This conversation passed one evening as we were walking out; we had gone farther from home than we had intended, and a shower beginning to fall pretty briskly, we looked around for some place of shelter, where we might stop until the rain ceased, or send home for a carriage. A neat looking cottage presented itself, almost hid in a tuft of willow trees; we hastened in, but the interior of the habitation did not agree with the appearance of comfort the outside had denoted. Every thing was mean and dirty; six or eight dirty ragged children were playing in the room, which seemed to answer for parlour, dining room, and kitchen, all in one; a miserable looking woman was nursing one child about eight months old, and another apparently of the same age, was crying in an old offensively filthy cradle. "You have a large family," said Mrs. Darnley, when asking leave to remain a few moments, she seated herself on one of the miserable stools which helped to furnish the apartment. "Ave, Heaven help me," said the woman, "more than is good, I don't know what is to become of us all next winter." "Where is your husband, good woman?" said I, "has he no trade, or can he get no employ?" "He work, Lord bless me, I should think the bread would choke him that he earn't; no! no! John can spend money fast enough, but he don't like the trouble of working for it." "Are those children twins?" asked Sarah. "No," she replied, petulently, "one is a little cross bastard, that is no child of mine." "A nurse child?" "Yes, it was put here to nurse thirteen months ago, but I never saw the colour of the woman's money since she brought it; and now she is gone nobody knows where. To be sure, I should have sent it to the parish long go, but Mr. Steward there, that lives at the cottage near the great house, came when I lived two miles off at the hut on the green, and gave me three guineas, and told me I might come and live in this house for nothing; so I came, and folks do say, if every one took care of their own, he ought to maintain the brat."—She was going on, but I perceived that Sarah changed colour; first crimson red, then ashly pale, then red again; therefore interrupted the woman's loquacity; but Sarah had heard enough to awaken curiosity. "Whom do you mean?" said she, "by Mr. Steward?" "Why Mr. What's-his-name there, Sir Richard's Steward; he brought a fine Madam they says, from Warwick, and she and an old woman lived three or four months in this here house, and here this boy was born, and here she stayed until she was tired of him, or he of her, and so she went off; I wish she had taken her brat with her."

## EVERY NEGLECT WILL BE FINED!

LOTTERY business conducted with fidelity and dispatch, by GILBERT & DEAN, at their Fortunate Lottery Office, No. 78, State-Street, and opposite the North corner of the Old State-House—who have for sale, tickets and parts, in South Hadley Canal, (price \$5.50) Piscataqua Bridge, (price \$5.) and Amoskeag Canal (price \$4.) Lotteries, the drawings to commence on the 24th May, 16th June, and 19th July. South-Hadley will be raised on the 24th May to \$6—those therefore, who do not wish to be fined for neglect, will call previously, and obtain the tickets at the present price.

N. B. G. & D. having a convenient Compting room, detached from the Printing office, and the access being easy and situated near Cornhill, would respectfully invite ladies' and gentlemen, to call and "try their fortune."

BOSTON, (MASSACHUSETTS.)  
PUBLISHED BY GILBERT & DEAN.

## BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 19, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THE GOSSIP—No. LVIII.

*Ira furor brevis est : animus regis, qui, nisi parit, Imperat : hunc franis, hunc tu compece catenis.*

EVERY station of life has its pains and its pleasures, but we are ever more ready to complain of being burthened with the former, than to acknowledge that we have our share of the latter. I here present my readers with two letters in the complaining style, the first represents an affectionate relative suffering very serious torment from the unkindness and mistaken resentment of one nearly allied to him by the ties of nature, and which will most likely afford an interesting subject for some future number of my paper. The second is such an original in every respect, that I cannot deny the author the pleasure of seeing himself in print.—But as the style, the subject, the writing, spelling, grammar, &c. are all in the highest degree *tramontane*, I can only hope that the letter may meet the eye of the fair enlaver, previous to his introduction to her; and if upon acquaintance his person and manners are in the smallest degree comparable to the specimen he has given us of his literary abilities, there can be but little doubt, but he will obtain from any woman of common discernment, a quick, and very decided answer; unless like TITIANNA, in the *Mid-Summer Night's Dream*, she became enamoured of a clown with an ass's head,

"And on the first view say, and swear, I love thee,  
"For thou art wise, as thou art beautiful."

## TO THE GOSSIP.

SIR,—NATURE and reason dictate that there should be a peculiar affection between brethren—an ardent concern for each other's welfare.—The loss of character, too, is irreparable. "A good name is far more precious than gold," and if reason could always guide us, many an individual, and even whole families might be rescued from ruin.—If we were as tender of another's reputation as we are of our own, how many wounds would be healed—and how many frailties might rest in oblivion!—Human nature we know is not perfect—we are too apt to give way to our passions—but he that knows how to suspend his judgment on subjects of a critical nature, has arrived (we may say) to the highest perfection of reason.

I have been led into the above remarks, from a recent impression which lays heavy on my mind; and wish your advice and instruction thereon; for coming from so enlightened and correct a source, may, perhaps, be the means of removing my present unpleasant sensations.—Know then, Mr. GOSSIP, that for some months past, a sister, a much beloved sister, took a solemn oath she would never again speak to me; and a mere trifle of dispute urged her to take up this resolution! My mind has been in torture ever since; and my stubborn temper, together with her being younger than myself, will not let me speak to her first. How shall I proceed? what shall I do to obtain a much desired reconciliation? My father and mother have done all in their power to relieve me, but she still persists in her resolution.—And what adds to the folly of us both, we had a large party last week; what I then endured, can never be forgotten. The company, from our fondness heretofore, perceived the existing coolness to each other, and enquired the cause! I can say no more—I leave you to judge of my feelings.

Yours,  
AN AFFLICTED BROTHER.

## TO THE GOSSIP.

SIR,  
Hearing you have offered to give your Advice to all who should ask it I now take the liberty of laying my

case before you I am sir an unfortunate youth Having twice ben disappointed in love I am now in the Eighteenth year of my age at the age of sixteen I was—Introduced to a young lady of Fortune for whom I had a Particular fondness for I was with her at different times—For about Eighteen months but on account of her ill health She was obliged to go into the country to live and has Ever since remain'd there and living so far distant That I have scarcely seen her since and therefore I thought I might as well as not give up all hopes of ever paying my address's to her—but not many—Months elaps'd however before my attention was drawn By a young lady whom I saw at Church and there was something in her looks that told me she was one after My own heart and the oftener I see her the more I Like'd her and finally I found myself in love with Her I enquired after her and found one of my Friends acquainted with her and only wated a favourable Opportunity of introducing me to her acquaintance.—But —Before that time arrived I found to my inexpressible sorrow and regret that a young man paid his—Addresses to her—and to be thus a second time cut of was really more than I know how to bare—and almost gave over the thoughts of looking out again—but I thought I would not yet despair And not a long time however elapsed before my—Attention was again attracted by a very handsome Female who frequently pass'd by our door I enquired—And find that she is a very amiable and promising young lady there is a number of young men that—Waits upon her abroad but none of them as yet pays their Addresses to her—I have not yet gain'd her Acquaintance and I hope the time is not far distant When that happy period will arrive—and now Mr gossip I will thank you to give me your—Advice without any reserve and you will Much oblige

Boston May 2d 1804

A LOVER

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## ON PROFANE CONVERSATION.

OF all the vices attached to mankind, I know of none more prevalent, and at the same time so little to be excused, as that of swearing and profaneness, especially when we find it prevailing in those whose situation in life, opportunities of improvement, and knowledge of what is right and wrong, would lead us to expect better things from them.

It is not like many other vices to be extenuated by the assertion that there is an advantage attending it, or that it is an addition to the appearance of a gentleman; it is entirely without excuse, and is only a shameful trick, easily acquired, and with difficulty laid aside; it is an offence to the ear of any person who has any reverence for serious things; and often severely wounds the feelings of those, in whose presence it is used; and we may with propriety say, that he is no gentleman, who makes it a part of his conversation.

Purity of conversation, ever has been, and ever will be, the prominent feature in a gentleman, and whoever lays claim to the character, must by all means in his power, endeavour to attain it; and there is no better method of accomplishing it, than by endeavouring to recollect ourselves, before we give vent to our feelings. A man who is in the habit of talking extremely fast, will let many things escape him, which, in his cooler moments of reflection, he will severely chastise himself for.

I have been insensibly led into these reflections, by observing the great degree of profaneness which prevails among the children of the present day. In walking the streets, we are frequently shocked at hearing the oaths and imprecations of those who are so young, as to be scarce able to articulate them plainly; and

were we to judge of their education at home, from their conduct abroad, we should reasonably suppose that they heard no other conversation there.

In such cases the blame is not to be attached so much to the children as the parents; and we do presume, they hear such language in the family, or they would not in so short a time, become such adepts at it.

They are an imitative set of beings, and 'tis of the highest importance they should have good examples set before them; if they have, they will not easily be induced to leave them. It is also essential that we should choose for them proper companions, as it is a just observation, that "one bad sheep will spoil a whole flock." If we can, as soon as our children are capable of feeling the want of society, associate them with those, whose manners are pleasing, and whose morals are good, we shall soon see them acquire such a fondness for their company, as to be in very little danger of their ever wishing to quit them; they will naturally feel a laudable degree of superiority over those whose conduct is governed by vice and profaneness, and be ashamed to be found in their company.

Parents should also endeavour to point out to their children, the difference between the two classes, and to inform them of the high estimation in which those are held, who, by an amiable conduct, endeavour to merit the esteem of those with whom they are connected.

Was this method to be pursued, we should not have so frequent occasion to blame the parent for the vices of their children, as we have at present.

S. H.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## ON THE PUERILE AMUSEMENTS AND INSIPID MANNERS OF YOUNG WOMEN IN GENERAL.

SOCIAL intercourse and mutual exchange of ideas, is, perhaps, one of the most refined pleasures of human life—it alleviates the many miseries incident to the lot of humanity, and stamps a threefold value on the blessings we enjoy.—The mind, when fatigued with the cares and anxieties of business, seeks in the social circle, that repose and enjoyment, necessary to give it strength and vigour for the employment of the ensuing day.—But even the social circle loses its charms when unadorned by the presence of the favourite fair; to them we are indebted for the sweet, the pleasing rapture we enjoy, when met for the purpose of innocent recreation or amusement.

To you, the fairest works of God, we look for that soft and pleasing attention, which soothes every ruder passion to rest. From you, we expect that sweet repast of rational conversation which is tinctured with reason and consistency; and not that puerile and childish entertainment, which would disgust even an ignorant.

But it is much to be lamented, that even in the society of the most respectable females, we are sometimes entertained with amusements and conversation, which would be unbecoming even to those who had not forsook the cradle or nursery.

I have been led into these observations, by a disappointment I experienced some few evenings since.—I received an invitation to join a party met for the purpose of passing an evening in mirth and sociability.—I accepted.—The preceding day was passed in folly anticipating the happiness I should enjoy in so agreeable



ble a company. The evening arrived—I went to the appointed place—and with pleasing rapture, beheld the assemblage of female beauty and innocence. But, alas, I was too soon induced almost to adopt the language of a favourite author;—“*Twas beauty and innocence alone, nor wit nor sense was there.*” Will you believe me, gentle reader, the first thing that was introduced for the amusement was Blind man’s Buff—to be played by children—no—but why do I say no, for none but children would engage in so insipid a scene. It was succeeded by a number of other plays equally insipid; but which, for the honour of the company, I shall omit.—Thus was the evening spent in puerile diversions, and senseless recreations, which might have otherwise been devoted to reason, improvement, and the advantage of all present.

Nor is this the only time I have had reason to complain; for when I have been in parties not inclined to so boisterous amusement, the conversation has been equally puerile; chit chat, that might have disgraced the nursery, has employed five or six beautiful interesting females for several hours.—Foolish and childish allusions to love and lovers—nonsensical disquisitions on the taste or beauty of a dress, and a multitude of other *nothings*, equally unimportant. My dear charming girls, I have been ready to say, you have no doubt been told that nature designed you for the solace of man—that with you he could unbend his mind from severer studies, and in your youthful prattle, find relaxation and amusement. All this is true, but you may believe me, Nature never designed you to be idiots; and it is ingratitude and profanity, when by neglect and folly, you render yourselves such. F.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

##### ALICE,

A FEMALE slave, and native of America. She was born in Philadelphia, of parents who came from Barbadoes, and lived in that city until she was ten years old, when her master removed her to Dunk’s Ferry, in which neighbourhood she continued to the end of her days. She remembered the ground on which Philadelphia stands, when it was a wilderness, and when the Indians (its chief inhabitants) hunted wild game in the woods, while the panther, the wolf, and the beasts of the forest were prowling about the wigwams and cabins in which they lived. Being a sensible intelligent woman, and having a good memory, which she retained to the last, she would often make judicious remarks on the population and improvements of the city and country; hence her conversation became peculiarly interesting, especially to the immediate descendants of the first settlers, of whose ancestors she often related acceptable anecdotes. She remembered William Penn, the proprietor of Pennsylvania, Thomas Story, James Logan, and several other distinguished characters of that day. During a short visit which she paid to Philadelphia last fall, many respectable persons called to see her, who were all pleased with her innocent cheerfulness, and that dignified deportment, for which (though a slave and uneducated) she was ever remarkable. In observing the increase of the city, she pointed out the house next to the episcopal church, to the southward, in Second-Street, as the first brick building that was erected in it; and it is more than probable she was right, for it bears evident marks of antiquity. The first church, she said, was a small frame that stood where the present building stands, the ceiling of which she could reach with her hands from the floor. She was a worthy member of the episcopal society, and attended their public worship as long as she lived. Indeed, she was so zealous to perform this duty in proper season, that she has often been met on horseback, in a full gallop, to church, at the age of 95 years. The veneration she had for the bible induced her to lament that she was not able to read it; but the deficiency was in part supplied by the kindness of many of her friends, who, at her request, would read it to her, when she would listen with great attention, and often make per-

inent remarks. She was temperate in her living, and so careful to keep to the truth, that her veracity was never questioned; her honesty also was unimpeached, for such was her master’s confidence in it, that she was trusted at all times to receive the ferrage money, for upwards of forty years. This extraordinary woman retained her hearing to the end of her life, but her sight began to fail gradually in her ninety-sixth year, without any other visible cause than from old age. At one hundred she became blind, so that she could not see the sun at noon day. Being habituated from her childhood to constant employment, her last master kindly excused her from her usual labour; but she could not be idle, for she afterwards devoted her time to fishing, at which she was very expert, and even at this late period, when her sight had so entirely left her, she would frequently row herself out into the middle of the stream, from which she seldom returned without a handsome supply of fish for her master’s table.—About the one hundred and second year of her age, her sight gradually returned, and improved so far, that she could perceive objects moving before her, though she could not distinguish persons. Before she died, her hair became perfectly white, and the last of her teeth dropt sound from her head at the age of 115 years. At this age she died, (1802) at Bristol, in Pennsylvania. . . . . *Eccentric Biography.*

#### HISTORY.

##### HUMAN SACRIFICES.

WE have already noticed, with pleasure, that the British Government in India, is actively and successfully engaged in discouraging the inhuman ceremonies amongst the Asiatics, which was wont to attend the death of a relative, and especially the voluntary immolation of widows on the funeral piles of their husband. The practice is so grafted on the barbarous superstition of the country, so woven with its religious doctrine, that although the interference of the English has rendered it less frequent, it will probably require a length of time, and strong military execution, wholly to prevent it.

The custom is at present confined to the Brahmins; and when an individual of this cast dies, his principal widow is deprived of her character and cast, and becomes infamous if she refuses to sacrifice herself; and she is further urged to suicide, by an opinion, which the priests zealously inculcate, that after they die in this manner, they enjoy the most exquisite happiness. They, however, are sometimes wanting in resolution; and to retain life, submit to the penalties which a barbarous custom has attached to it. In other cases, again, a sense of shame, and the upraidings of their relatives, have induced them to atone for this weakness by deaths of aggravated pain:—one of these instances is mentioned, if we mistake not, by Mr. Hastings, when a woman burnt herself with such horrid, yet heroic deliberation, that she was three days in consuming her legs and arms, &c. before the vital spark was destroyed.

At different places, the manner of performing this horrid ceremony varies. In Bengal, the funeral pile of the husband is constructed contiguous to a wall, with space enough between for a single person to walk as it is customary for the widow to walk three times round it, previous to the ceremony. A hole is made in the wall at the height of the pile, in which a beam is placed, upwards of twenty feet long, with a rope fixed to its end, for the purpose of making it osculate.

After the widow has performed her anulations, and taken off her jewels, which she distributes among her companions, she ascends the pile, and falls prostrate, embracing the body of her husband; the beam is then put in motion, and falls so heavily upon her as to break her back, and deprive her of the power of moving. The pile is then set on fire, and martial music, combined with the shouts of the people, completely drown the groans occasioned by her agony; while she is thus, in the most perfect sense of the expression, burned alive.

In Assam, when any of the Rajahs, Magistrates or principal men die, an immense cave is dug for his corpse, and his wives, servants, and elephants, are likewise entombed for his future state and convenience—provision, lamps, oil, &c. are buried with them; but as these cemeteries are never opened, it has not been ascertained how long the unfortunate women live; but it is probable that the damp, and want of air, shortly terminate their sufferings.

#### AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

##### SOLILOQUY.

“ALAS!” said a youth, wrapt in a reverie too oft permitted to entrance his mind, “Alas! the hour that made the hapless HORATIO acquainted with LORELLA. Till I had known her, the palpitations of my heart were easy, regular and still. No soft delirium had my soul e’er knew, infectious to my peace—all, all was still, “calm and delightful as a summer’s sea, when not a breath of wind flies o’er its surface.” These grateful calms, LORELLA, hast thou turn’d to clouds portending thunder! Yet I will not blame thee, for all unconscious was thy gentle bosom, of what effect thine eye, thy speech, yet more thine actions, might have on youthful breasts. And yet it seems thou shouldst have known, even as I have known, the magic music of your speech and hence, in mercy, but seldom given in utterance. And as thou know’st the full meridian sun too powerful is for human eyes to view, methinks thou also should’st have veil’d thine eyes in pity to enraptured gazers. Thy society, to me more fatal than thine eyes or speech, would I had never known, since I no sooner have acquired than I must leave it to tempt the boundless deep, to visit stranger climes, and there reside far from the friends I love, and all my soul holds dear!—Departing from my home—when my country’s shores shall gradually recede from view, and all the local objects that can remind me of it, or of those I leave behind have vanish’d from my sight, Oh, LORELLA, how will the lingering thought, still dwell on thee, and busy fancy, kindly officious to delude me, tell where thou art, thy occupation and thy thoughts, and sometimes be amused to hope thou think’st on me!—To leave thee, and return I know not when—to know where joy dwells, yet to fly the place—these are the pains at parting from LORELLA—these are the clouds which overcast a sun that else would shine most bright;—but fate ordains, and I submit.—Oh! radiant hope, friend of the unhappy, be thou my comforter—amuse me with anticipations of the hour when I shall view my country’s shores again, and she, whom I have singled from the world with smiling countenance, shall say, “Now I am ever thine.”—But oh, how distant seems that hour—seas and years must intervene—toils and fatigue, and dangers, all surmounted, before that happy time, if it ever is beheld by me. “Come patience—resolution come.”

H.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Meets. GILBERT & DEAN,

IN looking over a Magazine, I was pleased with the following amusing piece, which if you will publish in your Magazine, will, no doubt, please some of your numerous readers.

P. S.

##### SINGULAR STORY OF A VENTRILOQUIST.

FROM THE FRENCH.

A VENTRILOQUIST, it is now very well known, is a person, who, by drawing the air into the lungs, has the power of speaking inwardly, without any visible motion of the lips; and who, by means of this astonishing faculty, possesses a peculiar art of forming his speech, and modifying his voice, so as to make the sound proceed from any direction or distance he pleases.—The name, indeed, is derived from the Latin—*Venter*, the belly; and *loqui*, to speak.

This wonderful power was possessed in a most eminent degree, by Louis Brabant, the valet of Francis the 1st, who could not only emit a voice from any distance, or in any direction; but had also the art of counterfeiting any voice he had ever heard.

Of this extraordinary man, the following story is related; and as the period when he lived, the existence of

the quality was far from being generally known, it seems by no means incredible.

Our Ventriiloquist, who had fallen most desperately in love, with a young, beautiful, and rich heiress; but was rejected by the parents as an unsuitable match for their daughter.

The father happening to die, Louis waited on the widow, who was totally ignorant of his singular talent, pretending to console with her on her loss; when suddenly, in the open day, in her own house, and in the presence of several friends, she hears herself addressed, in a voice perfectly resembling that of her deceased husband, and seeming to proceed from above—"Give my daughter in marriage to Louis Brabant! he is a man of great fortune, and of an excellent character. I now suffer the torments of purgatory, for having refused her to him. If you obey this admonition, I shall soon be delivered from this place of torment. You will at the same time provide a worthy husband for your daughter, and procure everlasting repose for the soul of your poor husband."

The widow could not, for a moment, resist the dreadful summons; which had not the most distant appearance of proceeding from Louis Brabant, whose countenance exhibited no visible change, and whose lips were close and motionless during the delivery of it. She consents immediately to receive him for her son-in-law.—Louis's finances, were in a low situation; and the formalities attending the marriage contract, rendering it necessary for him to exhibit some shew of riches; nor must his real circumstances give the ghost the lie direct. Accordingly he goes to work on a fresh subject; one Cornu, an old and rich banker, at Lyons, who had accumulated immense wealth by usury and extortions, and was known to be haunted by remorse of conscience, on account of the manner in which he had acquired it.

Passing over preliminary steps, and preparations, behold, Louis Brabant, tête-à-tête with the old usurer, in his little back parlour at Lyons; preparing him for the ensuing operations, but artfully turning the conversation on religious subjects, the reality of demons and spectres, the pains of purgatory, and the never ceasing torments of hell. During an interval of silence between them, a voice is heard—which, to the astonished banker, seems that of his deceased father, complaining of his dreadful situation in purgatory; and calling on him instantly to deliver him from thence, by putting into the hands of the worthy Louis Brabant, then with him, a large sum of money, for the redemption of christians in slavery with the Turks, threatening him at the same time with eternal damnation, if he did not likewise take this method to expiate his own sins!—It may readily be supposed, that Louis Brabant affected a due degree of astonishment on the occasion, and that he further promoted the deception, by acknowledging his having devoted himself to the prosecution of the charitable design imputed to him by the ghost.—An old usurer, however, is naturally suspicious; accordingly the wary banker made an appointment with the ghost's delegate for the next day; when, to render any design of imposing on him utterly abortive, he took him into the open fields; where not a house, a tree, a bush, or even a pit was in sight, capable of screening any possible confederate.

This extraordinary caution, called forth all the powers of our ventriiloquist. Wherever the banker conducts him, at every step, his ears are saluted on all sides, with the complaints and groans, not only of his father, but of all his deceased relations, imploring him for the love of God, in the name of every saint in the calendar, to have mercy on his own soul and theirs, by effectually seconding with his purse, the holy intention of his righteous companion. Cornu could no longer resist the voice of Heaven, and accordingly carries his guest home with him, and pays him down ten thousand crowns; with which sum the honest ventriiloquist returns to Paris, and marries his mistress.

The catastrophe proved fatal to the old usurer; for, the secret being revealed, and reaching his ear, he was so greatly affected at the loss of his money, and the mortifying raileries of his neighbours, that he took to his bed and soon died.

#### DRESS.

"The perfection of dress is to be easy and clean. Nothing can be more ridiculous, than for any one to

make himself a slave to fine clothes. Such a one, and many such there are, would rather, remain as fast as a statue, from morning till night, than discompose a single hair or alter the position of a pin. Were we to recommend any particular pattern for dress, it would be that which is worn by the people called *Quakers*. They are always neat, clean, and often elegant; without anything superfluous. What others lay out upon tawdry laces, ruffles and ribbons, they bestow upon superior cleanliness. Finery is only the affectation of dress, and very often covers a great deal of dirt."

#### ANECDOTES.

AN actor, of some consideration, (said to be Mr. Cooke) and who has no aversion to "tipsy revelry," lately quitted a supper party of *bon vivants*, at Manchester; and after a scuffle, in which he broke a pane of a window opening to the street, was forced to make a precipitate exit. Shortly after, he popped his head into the broken pane, and exclaimed—"Gentlemen, I am through in vector, and humbly claim your assistance." A laugh ensued, and the hero of the scene, who had been used to the honour of the situation, retired in silence.

AT the ceremony of marriage, the Curate demanded a crown as his due.—"How dost thou prove from scripture," said the Quaker, "that thou oughtest to have from me such a share of earthly mummery?"—"Why," replied the Curate, "the person you have just been married to, is a woman of a good character; and Solomon in his proverbs, observes, that a virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." The Quaker paid the money.

#### WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, MAY 19, 1804.

#### FOREIGN.

EUROPE.—London dates, to April 7, by arrivals at this port, do not furnish any thing new, respecting the Invasion.—Several more persons have been arrested as being concerned in the late conspiracy against Bonaparte.—The most efficient measures were in continual operation for the prosecution of the war—and a report prevailed in England, of an engagement between the British and French fleets in the Mediterranean, in which it is said, Lord Nelson was killed. With respect to the result of the engagements, one account states that six French ships of the line were sunk; and another, the same number of English. The London "Courier," however, of the 6th April, says, "the report is not worthy of a moment's serious attention;" and "The Star," of the 7th, does not even mention it. The next arrival, will doubtless confirm or contradict this intelligence.—On the 13th Feb. 10,000 persons were ill of an inflammatory fever at Copenhagen, attributed to the cold and continued east winds.—A society of coiners were lately discovered in the department of Mont-Tonnere, (France), consisting of 366 persons, of whom 92 were women. In their caves, real bullion has been found, valued at half a million of livres; and base money to upwards of six millions. They surrendered, after six hours smart resistance, and said they had as much right to coin money as Bonaparte.

#### DOMESTICK.

GOVERNMENT has received dispatches from Commodore PREBLE, dated Malta, Jan. 17th, and 20th, 1804. in which he informs, that off Tripoly, he had captured a vessel, under Turkish colours, which had on board two Tripoline officers of distinction, some soldiers, and 42 male and female slaves belonging to the Bashaw of Tripoly, and his subjects, and about 1000 dollars Tripoline property.—That he meant to release such of the persons taken as proved to be Turks and Greeks, and retain the remainder; which he had offered in exchange for some of our countrymen prisoners in Tripoly.—That the Bashaw had indirectly made proposals for peace;—in which his willingness to restore the Philadelphia frigate for a schooner, and to ransom our countrymen for 500 dollars each, was expressed; on the further condition of receiving an annual stipend, equal to that which the Swedes, and Danes pay him.—That Commodore PREBLE objected to these propositions.—That in later proposals, the Bashaw offered to exchange Americans for Tripolitans, and to take for each of the remainder 400 dollars, without any annual tribute; and to exchange the Philadelphia for a schoo-

er; and that he should send a vessel to Col. LEAR to consult him, and in the mean time take the necessary steps for lessening the Bashaw's wishes.—[These expectations must have been greatly diminished, by the execution of an action, "the most daring, and perhaps attended with a success as brilliant as any recorded in naval history."—Commodore PREBLE ordered Lt. Decatur, with 70 men and officers, on board of a vessel of about 70 tons burthen, (which they had taken from the Tripolitans) to proceed to Tripoly, and bring off or destroy the Philadelphia frigate. They sailed in company with the brig Syren, who was to lay in the offing to cover their retreat. On the 16th Feb. Lt. Decatur entered the harbour of Tripoly, and immediately laid the frigate along side, although she was prepared for defence; and boarded and carried her in fifteen minutes, notwithstanding the fire of the batteries, armed vessels and gun boats of Tripoly! After subduing the crew, and finding it impossible to bring the frigate off, they set fire to her, and then rowed out of the harbour, notwithstanding a continual fire at them from the batteries, &c. The frigate burnt to the water's edge, and the bottom drifted on shore near the Bashaw's castle. She was completely refitted, and had between 2 and 300 men on board; and it is calculated about 20 of them suffered by the sword; but it is impossible to tell how many suffered by burning and drowning. The Americans did not lose a man.—Lt. Decatur, the more effectually to execute his commission, entered the harbour in the night, and passed for Maltese; and was even assisted by those on board the Philadelphia, in getting along side.—[The above is the substance of several letters received in town, announcing the event. We may soon expect the official account.]—The indefatigable vigilance and superior skill of Commodore PREBLE, and all the other officers and crews, are spoken of in high terms.—Much damage has been done by freshets this year.

At Esopuskil, (C.) the whole family of Mr. Chauncey Avery, consisting of his wife and seven children, were in one awful moment swept away by the freshet, and drowned; the eldest child was 12 years, and the youngest, 18 months old. Seven of the bodies were taken up the next day. The house stood upon a neck of land which projected into a creek; and the water was so rapid, as to force itself into a new channel, which inundated the house and every thing with it, rendering hopeless and impracticable, the saving of life or property.—On the 15th of April, at Peacham, (Ver.) a child of Mr. David Bladel, about 18 months old, playing at the trough, which conducts the water to an overshot mill, accidentally fell in—where it was carried about 40 feet; from thence over the wheel, 21 feet diameter, and thrown out at the tail of the mill. What makes it very remarkable, the child was taken up without any injury; and was soon after able to go about, as though no accident had occurred.—The inhabitants of this town, have at length come to a determination of filling up the Mill-Pond; which may, instead of a nuisance, furnish ground for the most valuable purposes, and admit canals of the greatest advantage.—Counterfeit ten dollar bills of Gloucester Bank, are in circulation. One was presented at this office on Thursday last, which was very badly executed.—Among the Fire Societies of Boston, published in our last, ought to have been added, The "Antient," instituted in 1803. This Society was among the first to assist the sufferers, when the Magazine-Office was destroyed by fire in January last.

#### MARRIED.

At Providence, Mr. John P. Clark, mer. of Boston, to Miss Mary Pitman, daughter of the Rev. John P. At Charlestown, Mr. David Jones, of this town, to Miss Nancy Trask.—At Concord, (Mass.) by the Rev. Mr. Ripley, Mr. Benj. Kimball, jun. of Concord, (N. H.) to Miss Rhoda Beaman.

In this town, on Thursday evening last, Mr. Benjamin Jennings, jun. to Miss Olive Binney.—Mr. James Patterson, to Miss Ann M. Love.—Mr. Michael Gallagher, to Miss Sally Clark.

#### DIED.

At Raynham, Mrs. Bethiah Carter, *Æt.* 39, wife of Mr. Stanley C. At Brookline, yesterday, Mr. Ziphean Thayer, *Æt.* 35. At Roxbury, yesterday, Mr. Nathaniel Davis, *Æt.* 62.

In this town, Mrs. Mary Lawrence, *Æt.* 73—Miss Ann Smith, *Æt.* 46, consort of Mr. Wm. P. Smith;—Mrs. Priscilla Chadbon, *Æt.* 24, and her daughter Fanny

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
MONTH OF MAY.

IN yonder grove the vernal morn  
Shoots forth a lucid ray;  
The glistening dew hangs on the thorn,  
Each songster hails the day.  
The spring bird too, with fluttering wings,  
Soars high in liquid air;  
And as he floats, melodious sings,  
To soothe the shepherd's care.  
The robin chants his wildest song,  
The linnet strains his throat;  
The cuckoo joins the feather'd throng,  
And adds a mournful note.  
The sun with mildest radiance spreads,  
His influence all around;  
Imbosom'd in the scented meads  
The modest snow-drop's found.  
The lovely pink, and blushing rose,  
Dispense a sweet perfume;  
Where Delia lives, the lily blows,  
In all its virgin bloom.  
Oh! would she share my humble lot,  
Far from the city's din;  
Content would cheer my lowly cot,  
And pleasure reign within.  
What tho' I have not wealth in store,  
In virtuous deeds, I've strove,  
Yet, Delia, I am far from poor,  
For I am rich in love.  
Hence, far away be ev'ry care,  
Let Cupid's train attend;  
The flame, that warms a faithful pair,  
Shall pure from heav'n descend.  
Then let each heart with rapture burn,  
To Heav'n our homage pay;  
For when sweet spring shall come in turn,  
We'll hail the month of May.

HENRY ALFRED.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## LINES

On the Death of A. S. who died October 16th, 1803,  
Æt. 23.

IT must be so!—Accomplished youth farewell,  
What tongue our sorrow, or thy joy can tell,  
Snatch'd from this world, so hastily away,  
To happier regions, and a brighter day!  
Long shall thy parents mourn for such a son,  
Whose virtue's radiant course so swiftly run,  
Whose noble genius might have claim'd a name,  
Blessed by posterity and hail'd by fame.  
Thy sprightly wit, what early charms improv'd!  
The muses came, beheld, admir'd, and lov'd;  
Maturer years had polish'd every thought,  
And spreading fancy to perfection brought.  
Vain hopes!—how soon from our enchanted eyes,  
The lovely youth is summoned to the skies;  
So blossoms soon display'd, as soon decay,  
And vernal flowers fade hastily away!  
While those of later growth, that bloom less fair,  
Flourish in summer's sun, and genial air. L.

VERSES INSCRIBED IN THE TEMPLE OF  
FRIENDSHIP.

THE STAR, whose radiant beams adorn  
With vivid light the rising morn,  
The season chang'd—with milder ray,  
Cheers the calm hour of parting day;  
So FRIENDSHIP, of the generous breast  
The earliest, and the latest guest,  
In youthful prime with ardour glows,  
And sweetens Life's serenest close.

Benignant pow'r! in this retreat,  
O deign to fix thy tranquil seat;  
Where, rais'd above the dusky vale,  
Thy favourites brighter suns shall hail;  
And, from Life's busy scenes remote,  
To thee their cheerful hours devote;  
Nor waste a transient thought, to know  
What cares disturb the crowd below!

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## MISFORTUNE.

ALAS! what misfortunes embitter our lives!  
A series of sorrow and pain!  
A new scene of ills with each hour arrives,  
Link'd in a perpetual chain.  
Tho' the morn be serene, and the bright azure skies  
Uncclouded appear to our view;  
Ere night, what dire storms may portentous arise,  
What destruction, alas! may ensue.—  
'Tis thus with fond man—his hopes are elate,  
The perspective enchanting appears,  
But, ah! what misfortunes envelope his fate!  
What darkness o'er shadows his years!  
In one fatal hour that promis'd success,  
Which he vainly imagin'd secure,  
May vanish;—and a scene of oppressive distress  
The sunshine of glory obscure.  
But yet these blest words consolation impart,  
"There is a just God above!"  
Then affliction erase from the sorrowing heart,  
And rely on his unbounded love.

M\*\*\*.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## WHIMSICAL ANECDOTE.

AT a certain time when the people of Marshfield were assembled, and had chose a hog-constable, the person who was chose applied to an acquaintance in the meeting, (who was very famous for making rhymes) to make one on his being elected, to which the man replied:

I think it strange,  
With my weak brains,  
The town should think it best,  
To call a vote,  
To choose a shote,  
To govern all the rest.

## THE NOVELIST.

SINCERITY—A NOVEL  
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

[Continuation of the extract from ANN'S Letter.]

MRS. DARNLEY could not support herself; and though it continued to rain, she arose, walked toward the window to hide her emotions, and proposed going. I did not attempt to prevail on her to stay, for I was sensible her being drenched through with rain would not to her be more dangerous or painful, than to endure the conversation of this woman. She hurried home without speaking, and went immediately to her own apartment, only saying as she passed up stairs, "Ann, change your clothes immediately, and have a glass of wine." "Will you do the same, my dear Sarah?" said I. She replied, "yes, certainly," and I saw her no more until supper time. Darnley was in the room when I went down; he was lolling on a sofa, and whistling in a thoughtless, unconcerned manner. He had just enquired for his wife; when, hearing her foot on the stairs, he started upon his feet, and going to the door to meet her, said peevishly, "Where the devil have you been all this evening? it is half an hour since you were called to supper, and it is quite cold."—"I came as quick as I could," said she, coldly, and taking her seat, helped me to a bit of chicken.—"You have been walking," said he, addressing himself to me.—"Yes, Mrs. Darnley and myself have been finely wet."—"That was unlucky."—"It may be unlucky," said Sarah, gravely, "as far as it concerns ourselves, but I trust it will prove most lucky to a helpless unprotected being, who, but for this shower, I should never perhaps have known was in existence."—"Come, none of your charity sermons," said he.—"I am not wishing to excite compassion, but awaken justice, Mr. Darnley. I must beg a candid unequivocal answer to a question, I am about to ask."—"Well, ask your question, and then I will choose whether I will answer it or not."—"Do you know any thing concerning a child put to nurse with the woman who lives at the white cottage?"—"What is that to you?" said he hastily; but his face crimsoned as he spoke, and his lips quivered.—"Do not put yourself in a passion, George," said she calmly, "I do not mean to have any disagreement about it; the child is neglected, and will either perish in its infancy, or grow up to be a burthen to itself and a nuisance to society, unless those whose duty it is to provide for its maintenance and education, snatch it from so deplorable a fate. I ask no questions,

I will not trouble you to make an excuse; if the child owes its being to you, give orders that it be brought home, and I will see it is properly taken care of; but let me entreat you not to add to the offence already committed against religion and morality, the unpardonable one of leaving your offspring to perish."—"D—n—t—n," said he, throwing down his knife and fork, "of all the plagues a man can have, a moralizing, sentimental, canting, hypocritical wife, is the worst.—What the devil business had you to be prying into matters that did not concern you? Such troublesome, curious, jealous women are the torment of men's lives."—"Will you send the child home?" said she endeavouring at composure.—"You may take the child, and its mother, and the nurse, and all her dirty brats, and go all to — together, so as I hear nothing more of you."—"Grant me patience, Heaven!" said she, rising hastily from table and rushing out of the room. When, will you believe it? He rang the bell very deliberately, and with the most perfect appearance of composure, bade the servant clear the table; then turning to me, said, as Sarah is so indisposed, I will not disturb her to night; perhaps you will like to take my place; then bidding the servant order a bed in one of the spare rooms to be got ready for him, he bade me good night.—How my dear Sarah spent the night, may be easily imagined—however, in the morning she gave orders for the child to be brought home; appointed a room as much out of the way as possible for a nursery, and hired a woman to take care of it.

[Editor's note continued.]

Sometime after this, Mrs. Darnley's father paid the debt of nature; her husband, from gaming, extravagance, and folly, of different kinds, offended his employer, and was dismissed from his situation. The Marquis was dead, and though he left to Mrs. Darnley a bequest of one hundred and fifty pounds a year, during her life, yet that was trifling compared to what Darnley had been accustomed to expend. They removed to Wales, and here her brother Frederic Lewis visited her. During this period, she was deprived of her friend Ann, and her mind became, to use her own expression, in a letter she addressed to her brother, "dead to love and joy," and alive only to a sensation of peace which arose from a conviction of having, to the utmost, performed her duty. She was now at an age when every impulse of the soul is in full vigour, especially, in a well regulated mind; for the senses at this time are more under the controul of reason; the heart selects its associates and pleasures with caution, and its choice is sanctioned by judgment.—But Sarah, with a mind formed for all the gentle delights of love, friendship, and domestic happiness, had not one object on which to lavish its tenderness. A short letter which she addressed to her brother on his return from a six years station in America, from whence he had brought an amiable wife and two lovely children, will give a better picture of her mind, situation and feelings, than any transcript could possibly do.

"HOW TO GROW RICH!"

ON Thursday next, the 5th class of South Hadley Canal Lottery, will commence drawing in this town, when the price of tickets will be \$6. Tickets, and quarters, for sale at Gilbert & Dean's Fortunate Lottery Office, No. 78, State-Street, who sold the prize of \$10,000, and many other valuable ones, in the 4th class. Also, for sale, Tickets and quarters in Amoskeag Canal, and Piscataqua Bridge Lotteries, the former contains only 6000 tickets, and \$5000 highest prize—the latter 10,000 and \$8000 the highest prize.—The Goddess of Fortune, has now many favours to bestow on her favourites, which must speedily be embraced, or her votaries will not be "Just in Time."

But few competitors there be,  
Sell capitals like G. & D.  
Fortune's fav'rites, you may see,  
Their tickets bought of G. & D.  
With dismal blanks are many seen,  
Who wish they'd dealt with G. & Dean.  
In short, if you would wealthy be,  
Haste! haste! and buy of G. & D.

BOSTON, (MASSACHUSETTS.)  
PUBLISHED BY GILBERT & DEAN.

# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 26, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE PASSENGER—No. XXV.

*Charm'd by his precepts—I could lend the listening ear,  
'Till nature, by attentive watchfulness o'erpow'r'd,  
No longer would permit the pillage of her rights.  
—But,—when I view the foul opprobrious deeds,  
Of this same specious, canting, oil-tongued hypocrite,  
With indignation fir'd, I am constrain'd to doubt  
If reason's boasting man is not of MILTON's tribe,  
Outcast from heav'n and moral rectitude.*

THE variations of character, which present themselves to the Passenger through life's journey, are so numerous, that like others of nature's productions, we find no two alike; yet each claims rank under some particular genus, species and tribe. Although it may be useless to attempt, like the Naturalist, to place individuals in their proper stations, it may not be entirely so, to make a general division, which shall diversify different species. If this attempt form distinctions, which are not apparent, it will be incomprehensible; if it descend to minutia, it will be perplexing; to avoid both, the arrangement may be thus made.

First, The GOOD, acknowledged to be such.

Second, The BAD, acknowledged to be such.

Third, The PLAUSIBLE, whose mellow voice breathes peace, benevolence, and love, but whose embrace is fatal to its victim.

Of the first class little need be said; their professions and their practices are so uniformly correspondent, that wherever they are known, this uniformity stamps their true character, and gives a bill at sight, on the respect, the affections, and the confidence, of their fellow men.

The second class are dangerous, but are only so to those who have eyes, but see not, and have ears, but will not understand. To the observing, they are harmless, as they proclaim themselves on first introduction, and, like the rattle snake, give due warning to all who will accept it.

To the third class I give that rank, because, of the base, they are the basest.

Instead of descending upon the diabolical principles, which govern the infamous lives of these ambushed serpents, I shall relate a short anecdote of one of them, to whom I was some years since introduced, by an amiable family where I met him. Since that period, this family has suffered the loss of its beloved and respected leader, and his widow has taken some instructive, but painful lessons, of the vileness of the human character, when under the domination of avarice.

There is a kind of instinctive or involuntary reverence paid to age, which may be considered a natural impulse; but when age appears adorned with a smile of beneficence, and the soul of goodness animates the countenance and conversation, this reverence becomes a voluntary tribute paid to mortality, in its nearest approaches to perfection. Such was the appearance of a man whom this family had respected and honoured, and to whom the widow now looked up, as to her first friend:—The settlement of the estate of course fell into his hands, and she took no other counsel but his, respecting any of the transactions. Some delicate cautions had been given her, by others, who knew the man from experience, but she considered those hints as attempts at detraction, which only inspired her with fuller con-

fidence—for who could be trusted with more security than a SAINT!

It so happened, that this moral lecturer found some heavy charges in his own books against the estate, which had not been known by the widow, or any one else. It so happened, that his trouble and expense in settling the business, were so immense, that he injured his own property exceedingly in the undertaking—of this she had sufficient testimony, for he told her so himself.

Many other circumstances happened, very unfavourable to the interest of the widow and children, and the estate was sold, the proceed of which, happened to be reduced to a very trifle. The house he bought himself, because he would give more than any one else, merely to serve her, as he told her. In the sequel it happened, that in the superabundance of his piety, he gave the house to an establishment for public charity, and left her and the children to the private charity of their friends.

When the romantic author finds it necessary or expedient to introduce among his images, the prince of the infernal territory, his majesty is always exhibited as endeavouring to conceal his cloven foot. For this ingenious device, those writers are undoubtedly indebted to the above mentioned class of human beings, whose practice has set the example. To hide infamous designs under fair professions, is the first pursuit of the specious; this requires much art, and this art is to be managed with address, only by the assistance of an abundance of those professions. Knowing that the cloven foot must sooner or later appear, they are under a necessity of diligent watchfulness, lest it betray them at too early a period. This may be the reason why a stream of sanctity is eternally flowing over the tongues of this princely race.

*Yet streams nor floods of sanctified pretence,  
Can wash a stain from spotted innocence.*

Until I lately met with the production of a humorous writer, I had been at a loss respecting the foot above mentioned, whether it were the right or left, but this uncertainty was removed, by his assurance that it is the LEFT.—Since receiving this intelligence, I have never heard any one making outrageous professions of goodness, but I have suspected him of being left footed.

I one day made this remark at a friend's table, where it not only produced mirth, but a fund of conversation. My friend observed, that as the prince of the left foot, was said to be the father of disguise, ALL who were in any measure his imitators, might be styled left footed. How many, said he, carry into company the appearance of perfect complacency, who present in the domestic circle, one unchanging scene of tyranny and usurpation. He then described a certain person, who, in company, was one of the most engaging characters he had met with, but at home, was ever out of humour; this he observed was a species of disguise, and of a base kind, for if a man has talents, to render himself agreeable, and exercises those talents only abroad, he attempts playing off an imposition upon the world, and is a left footed hypocrite. Then turning to his wife—and you my dear, said he, appeared this morning to limp a little I thought, but the complaint has gone off I hope. A sudden crimson overspread her face, and she immediately left the table. Ah, thought I, you have not thus made your exit, without some assistance of the left foot. The circumstance gave me some uneasiness, for I could not but think my friend indiscreet, and

his wife ridiculous; and as I had been the cause of her retreating thus suddenly, I could not suppress a sensation of regret, which felt like guilt, although it was not at all related thereto. Upon returning to my lodgings, those unpleasant reflections accompanied me, and insensibly led me into a meditation upon the trivial nature of the influences which generally govern mankind, frequently to the destruction of that happiness which it is our aim to possess, for which the pursuits of life are directed, and for the enjoyment of which, He who formed our natures, has calculated them.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### MORAL VISION.

AFTER a day spent in reflecting on the disappointments and vicissitudes of life, and studying to philosophize myself to all misfortunes, I mournfully retired to bed with the image impressed upon my mind, and gradually sunk into a slumber—when shortly appeared to my view, a number of terrific figures, grinning maliciously at a lovely female.—In horror at the sight she fled—they pursued; and though often touching her, never attained her completely. She was suddenly stopped by an high mountain, which appeared to her at first almost inaccessible; but fear giving her courage, she determined to ascend. I with some difficulty nearly reached it, when a venerable figure met her, and giving her his hand, assisted her to the top. Inspired by the firmness of his manner, and gratitude for delivering her from so many dangers, she knelt in submission at his feet.—He with a stern look, commanded her to arise, and prove herself worthy his protection.—“As you have now,” said he, “probably escaped all, could you consent to pass your time with me? Make but the resolution, and I will attend you wherever you go.” She arose, and taking his hand, was conducted by him to his habitation; a spot adorned with every beauty to charm, console, and improve the mind and heart. At beholding the pleasure which beamed in her countenance, he took her hand and with a smile, said, “you may yet be happy, for there are few, but very few, capable of feeling such beauties as these, for they are those of wisdom—improve the opportunity, be wise, and happiness will follow—and as there can be no sure and lasting happiness without the possession of self command, you must learn to conquer all passions; even in some degree, your love of life—view all and every thing with an impartial eye; consider nothing worth attaining without wisdom and virtue. Those objects which pursued you to the mountain, when you formed the noble resolution of ascending, were the Passions—though some of them had for a while beguiled you, yet in the end, like most of the world, they treacherously deceived and raised an army against you, which in an unexpected hour, overwhelmed you with afflict and horror. Though once deluded, I trust you will never be again, after entering this habitation.”

Then leading her forth, he continued—“This mountain, which you with a little struggle ascended, is *The Mountain of Virtue*; few indeed have ever attained the summit, there are some who have attempted it, but have always receded before it was accomplished; even you, who have gone through and surpassed so many difficulties, must not vainly suppose you have as yet attained it—no, though you have encountered many struggles, you must endure many more, before you at-



live at that blessed point of perfection. My name is TRUTH; without my assistance, you could never have completely ascended the *Mountain of Virtue*. Attend to my counsels and instructions, and you may one day possess the beauties you so much admire. This spot is the *Habitation of Wisdom*, where you are free from the cares and troubles of life, for the great point to happiness is, *Virtue and Wisdom*—After accomplishing the one, you will soon arrive at the other; and TRUTH will ever be your friend, and companion after it, for I am the friend of all who dwell here."

Then taking her by the hand, he led her around some of the charming spots of his habitation, contrasting the beauties of wisdom with those of gold. "Behold, my child," said he, "the power of *Wisdom over Gold*—Wisdom lifts our minds to another, and a better world, while it makes us happy and contented in this—we are taught to feel and reverence the wondrous works of the Deity, and consider the fleeting pleasures of this world as idle dreams, which we regard not. Fortune, on the contrary, a fickle goddess, that bewilders for a while with a false glitter that soon fades away, and leaves no trace of its former grandeur; fiends also of the worst nature, throng around her dwelling, which soon, ah! too soon, take possession even of those, who must have been formed for something better—and render them in time, dead to the great and noble virtues with which Heaven might have originally inspired them, and become the senseless forms of apathy. I need not tell you to beware of the same fate, for your path is already too far chosen to recede—continue to walk in it, and you will be able to defy all attacks, even those of the deepest, and blackest malignity, and soon feel "the calm unruffled sunshine of the breast." It must be your own voluntary act, in remaining here, for should you be compelled to it, you can never attain the great end for which you came, but might have fled to *Gold*, to ease your heart of its sorrows—then alas! you would have shortly sighed for those blessings which now encompass you—continue now as you have begun, and your own approving heart will cheer you even in the deepest solitude—it will console you in the downhill of life, and you will gradually descend to your grave, surrounded by glory—and when your mortal frame shall have sunk away, your name immortal shall be held up as the mirror of virtue."

The unhappy female then laying her hand on the shoulder of her friend, was on the point of answering him, when some noise awoke me, and they were snatched at once from my view. But I always thought, and trust I always shall continue to think, that the great alleviators of human misery, and completors of human happiness, are VIRTUE, TRUTH and WISDOM. A. L.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

##### ETHAN ALLEN,

WHOSE parents had emigrated from Connecticut, was born in Vermont; but with respect to the precise time, we are uncertain—But at the commencement of the disturbances in Vermont, about the year 1770, he took a most spirited and active part for the settlers, or, as they were then called, the *Green Mountain Boys*, in opposition to the government of N. York; and notwithstanding that, the government of that State had passed an act of outlawry against him, and at the same time, offered a reward of five hundred guineas (2331 dollars) to any one who should apprehend him; he was in all these struggles still successful, and not only proved a valuable friend to those whose cause he had espoused, but when called on to take the field, an intrepid soldier, and an able leader.

At the commencement of hostilities between America and Great Britain, in the year 1775, he took the command of a party of troops of his own raising, and on the night of the 7th of May, with less than two hundred men,

with small arms only, made himself master of the garrison of Ticonderoga; from thence he proceeded to Crown Point, which he took on the 14th of the same month; and very soon after the garrison of St. John's likewise yielded to him as conqueror, and here he also captured a sloop of war. This expedition, it may be remembered, was the first offensive operation on the part of the Americans against Great Britain, in the late revolutionary war. In the month of November following, Colonel Allen, with only a handful of men, made a desperate attempt on the island of Montreal; but having ventured too far, he was taken, put on board a prison ship, and soon afterwards sent over to England. During some part of the passage he was treated with great rigour, being kept in irons. Soon after his arrival there, he was committed as a prisoner to Pendennis castle, in Cornwall, where, for a considerable time, he suffered innumerable hardships. But at last, he was brought to N. York, where he was exchanged for the British Col. Campbell, and in the month of June, 1778, arrived in his native State, Vermont, to the great joy of his numerous friends, after enduring a captivity of nearly three years; and as a reward for his merit, and a token of confidence in his patriotism and fidelity, he was almost immediately after appointed to the command of the State militia. After this, however, he never appeared to be so warm a partizan as he had been before; nor do we recollect of having heard any thing more of his military exploits during the war.

Immediately after the peace, or perhaps, some time before that period, he seems to have directed his attention to the subject of Divinity; accordingly, we find him, in the year 1786, publishing his thoughts upon that subject in a work entitled, "Allen's Theology," or, "The Oracles of Reason." His principal object in this publication was, to throw the doctrine of Moses and the prophets into ridicule: but in this he was disappointed, as few would read the work, so that at its very first outset, it sunk into contempt.

His notions, with respect to religion, were somewhat singular. He believed, or affected to believe, with Pythagoras, that man after death, would transmute into beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, &c. and often used to inform his friends, that he himself expected to live again under the form of a large white horse.

But however whimsical his opinions were with respect to religion, those who were best acquainted with him, represent him as a man of strong natural parts, but not cultivated by education. He was likewise brave, humane, generous and affectionate. He died suddenly at his estate in Vermont, sometime in 1788.

#### MORAL AND USEFUL.

##### USEFULNESS OF SOLITUDE.

"O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,  
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!  
Who think it solitude to be alone."

YOUNG.

CHEERLESS and comfortless must be the life of a person who dreads to be alone—who prefers the most frivolous and insipid amusement, to calm and sober reflection. It has been deemed somewhat extraordinary that mankind in general know so little of themselves—that every person is more blind to his own failings, than to those of his neighbour. This, however, will not be found very remarkable when it is considered, that most men seek an acquaintance with every body else, rather than themselves. We willingly pass an hour in conversation with a neighbour—we notice all his errors, his blemishes, his weakness; and we do not hesitate to suggest a mode of reformation. But how seldom do we bestow this trouble on ourselves.—How loath are we to pass even a moment in solitude. How unwilling are we to search, into our own hearts. With what reluctance do we observe our own frailties and follies; and how slow, how criminally negligent are we in reforming ourselves. Man loves himself better than any body else; and yet, there is no one whose company he so much dreads. I have an acquaintance who would spend his time more satisfactorily even with his favorite dog, than with himself alone.—Whence this dread of solitude? Whence this aversion to reflection? Do we not too often find a solution of these questions, in the lines of the poet above quoted? MENTOR.

#### NEW INVENTION FOR STUCCOING ROOMS.

MR. Fuchel, of Ipswich, (Eng.) has obtained a patent for a water-proof Composition, in imitation of Portland stone, for stuccoing buildings, &c.

To three pecks of best pit-sand washed perfectly clean, dried and calcined, add 12 pounds of white lead, well dried, one peck and a half of dried whiting, and one pound of litharge of gold: These are to be well mixed and beaten together, with eight pints of linseed oil, and two pints of the spirits of turpentine, in a stone or wooden trough, or mortar, until the whole becomes of the consistency of putty. It is then fit for stuccoing. When required for washing only, add to the above mixture 20 pints of linseed oil and 10 pints of spirits of turpentine, and one pound of litharge of gold, the whole well mixed. The stuccoing is to be performed in the same manner as plastering, and requires two coats; observing however, not to lay on the second coat until the first is quite dry. Old walls must be prepared by cutting out the bad parts of the stone or brick, and replacing them with new. The washing is done in the manner of painting, and requires two coats; the second colouring not to be laid on until the first is perfectly dry. The stucco and wash have the properties of keeping out all damps and wet effectually.

#### AMUSING.

##### FROM THE PIC NIC.

OH, Mr. Pic Nic, was there ever such an unfortunate business as this? If ever I have any thing to do again with paintings, and washings, and cosmetics? But I am sure I am not to blame; for I'll swear I put in every thing that was set down in the printed book. You must know, Sir, I am own maid to the Dowager Lady Daub, and it is my place to fill up the wrinkles in her Ladyship's face as soon as they appear; and I am obliged to be on the alert, I assure you. In the discharge of this office, I have met with a terrible misfortune; but I told my lady, and I tell you, and I will say it again and again, it is not my fault. She should have been more cautious; for, previous to this affair, she had an awkward mishap, which I must relate to you. She saw in the papers an advertisement for a *depilatory*, or some such name, to remove superfluous hairs. This she accordingly rubbed round her mouth, and it did remove the hairs, I must confess; but the deuce a bit would they stir without taking all the flesh with them. It affected her eyes too; and obliged her, for some time, to use a black shade; which, with her large mouth, made her look for all the world like Harlequin in a pantomime. Mayhap you may know my sister Sall, Lord Cram's cook. She applied some of this stuff to her arm, and the hairs did disappear for a time; but they soon grew again with a vengeance; and should you see her arm now, a bear's paw, or a blacking-brush are white to it.

But, to return to my Lady; all this is nothing to what is ensuing, Mr. Pic Nic. You must know she had got hold of a book, called "Morda's Kettle; or the Art of restoring decayed Beauty;" which contains a recipe for an infallible cosmetic to produce a most beautiful complexion. Well, this we mixed up, and I am sure we put every thing in, and exactly according to the directions. I spread it over her face when she went to bed. However, there must be a mistake somewhere; for, on hastening to see her in the morning, what do you think I beheld? Sir, her whole face was a bright garter blue! Only think how shocking—I thought I should have dropped.—I could not help laughing, neither, she looked so comical. As for my lady, to be sure, she would have gone out of her wits, if I had not assured her, we should certainly be able to extract the colour with warm water. Warm water we tried; scalding water we tried; but my poor lady's face remained just the same. We were now on the point of giving up any further attempts, when the laundry maid proposed trying some stuff; muriatic acid, I think, she called it; which she employed to take stains out of linen. This we accordingly did, and I do believe should have completely succeeded, but that the acid was yellowish, which, mixing with the blue, produced a delicate pea-green. This is my lady's present colour, and here we stick. I never saw any thing like her, except the sign of the grasshopper, at the tea-shop in the city. We intend trying scalding water again, and you shall have an early account of the first boiling; but in the

mean time, for Heaven's sake, do give us your advice and assistance. For my part, I am almost afraid of applying the hot water, lest we may only change her to some other colour, which I should be very sorry to do, as I have rather a fancy for pea-green. This might certainly be the case. Lobsters and shrimps, you know, change colour when boiled, and so do lilac ribbands. This is an idea of my own.—But I hear my lady's bell; and, as I cannot at present attend to anybody in the world but her, I have only time to subscribe myself

*Yours, to command,*

TABITHA TOILET.

#### HINT TO OUR FAIR READERS.

THE inflammability of muslin dresses may be prevented by rinsing them out in allum water, made by dissolving the proportion of a hen's egg (or even less) in a quart of water.—That by this simple means, all danger of life will be prevented, any one may easily, by burning a rag of muslin, so rinsed and dried against another rag unprepared; and the first will burn gradually, and with difficulty, while the second will flame away instantaneously.

#### PARNASSUS.

"IN ancient times PARNASSUS was considered as hard of ascent, and its top appeared almost inaccessible.—But in modern times we seem to have made a beaten cart way over it, and who is so dull as not to travel it without difficulty or danger? HELICON was represented as a scanty fountain, and happy was the poet who could get an inspiring draught.—But now it has swelled into a river, and every ploughboy, in the field of science, waters his horses at the stream.—Ancient poets sung of a secret influence from the MUSES, which purged their mental vision, and discovered scenes fairer than Tempe to their view—but inspiration now descends in the form of a fog, and the beclouded fancy, which points a monster, while it talks of sketching nature, is admired for the boldness and wildness of its conceptions." : : : *Hive.*

#### ANECDOTES.

A BRAVE tar, with a wooden leg, who was on board Admiral Parker's fleet in the engagement with the Dutch, having the misfortune to have the other shot off, as his comrades were conveying him to the surgeon, notwithstanding the poignancy of his agonies, (being a man of humour) he could not suppress his joke, saying, "It was high time for him to leave off play, when his last pin was bowled down."

A DUEL was lately fought between two country Squires, on the plain of the satirical rencontre in "FOURLY AS IT FLIES," and after exchanging shots like *Cursor and Post Obit*, one second proposed their shaking hands, on which the other observed, there is no occasion, their hands have been shaking all the time.

#### \*WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, MAY 26, 1804.

#### FOREIGN.

EAST-INDIES.—Official particulars of the war in Ceylon, reached London, the 6th April. The fortune of war has changed in favour of the British.—In one instance, the Candian army was commanded by the King in person; and his palace at Rowanella, and 1100 houses were burnt. The magazines fell into the hands of the English. A French and Dutch expedition is reported to have proceeded against Ceylon.

AFRICA.—Capt. Miller arrived at this port, from the Isle de Loss, informs, that *Gorce*, which was lately taken possession of by the French, was retaken on the 9th March, by the British frigate *Inconstant*, Capt. Dickson, and a garrison of 350 men left to defend the place.

EUROPE.—Papers from England, to the evening of the 10th April, 1804, have been received; three days later than the accounts published in the last *Magazine*. They still continue to give further particulars and discoveries, relative to the conspiracy in France, which has excited so much attention.—The papers also state, that the Toulon fleet was still in port.—That a report is revived of Bonaparte having demanded of Denmark the exclusion of British ships from the Baltic and Dan-

ish ports.—That the French were about to evacuate Hanover, which was to be occupied by Prussian troops.—That a conspiracy of the French, at Malta, against the English, had been discovered, and the ring-leaders secured.—That dispatches were received at London, from the Continent, which are reported to contain a declaration of Bonaparte, to the Russian Court, stating, "that in case any Russian troops from the Baltic should land at Mecklenburg, Holstein, or any where else upon the German continent, the French troops would immediately occupy the Hanstowns; and if any Russian troops from the Black Sea should attempt to land on the Italian continent, French troops would occupy, not only the city of Naples, but every seaport in that kingdom."—Several Americans have been taken up in France, and imprisoned.

WEST-INDIES.—Accounts from Cape Francois, to the 30th ult. state the melancholy intelligence of a general massacre of the white inhabitants.—Martinique is considered no longer in a state of blockade by the British.—On the 30th April, the thunder was terrible at Bermuda; but not much damage was done.

#### DOMESTICK.

The official account of the gallant exploit in the Mediterranean, has been received from Commodore Preble. Its general import agrees with the account published in the last *Magazine*; and "we know of but few naval actions, which hold rank in design and execution, with that of the destruction of the Philadelphia frigate."—The American prisoners are coarsely treated at Tripoly; and three or four of the Philadelphia's crew have turned Mahometans; had taken up arms in defence of the Bashaw, and had already appeared in the Turkish habit, with their heads shaved, &c.—One of the Quarter-Masters of the Philadelphia, had obtained his freedom, for giving the Bashaw information that the ship was scuttled, and in fact every thing he knew that would be useful to the Bashaw.—An American ship, with 400 French troops on board, from Cuba, has arrived in Hampton Roads, in distress.—The Planet Venus, was distinctly seen, N. E. of the new moon, at two o'clock in the afternoon, in lat. 39, by a vessel arrived at New-York, on Saturday the 12th inst.—This planet was also observed in this town, at about the same time.—The Methodist general conference began in Baltimore, the 7th inst. There were 107 ministers present.—The Canker-rash prevails in the interior of New-Hampshire—several children have already fell victims to it.—The Newburyport "Female Charitable Society," have had a meeting, and \$202 collected for the institution. The number of orphans at present under the care of this Society is seven. "Associations of this kind, whose object is to rescue female orphan children from scenes of wretchedness and temptation, and to train them to piety, usefulness and respectability, cannot fail of exciting emotions of peculiar satisfaction in every human mind."

A proposal is suggested in the *Centinel*, for the construction of a bridge from *Wheeler's Point*, to *South-Boston*. It is to display a magnificent royal arch, elevated 65 feet above the water.—Mr. John W. Folsom is appointed Assistant Police Officer, for the town of Boston; much may be expected from the industry and attention of this gentleman, in executing the duties of his office.—Elisha Plumb, a boy, 14 years of age, hunting in the woods at Halifax, (Ver.) was induced from the barking of his dog at some distance, to see what was the matter; and under some large trees, discovered something black, which proved to be a large she bear. He lodged the contents of his gun in its head, which proved fatal. There were two smaller ones in the hole, which he also dispatched. This may be called heroism in a boy.—The sch. John, Burgess, of Falmouth, sailed from this port yesterday morning, for the Straights of Belle-Isle, but did not get far before the wind got round E. when they put back and anchored along side the fort. In the afternoon, 25 pounds powder they had on board, took fire, which blew out the stern, ripped up the quarter deck, and wounded the Captain and four of the crew, one badly. The crew have been sent to the Hospital.

At Brooklyn, (C.) Mr. Perrin May, merchant of Boston, to Miss Delia Scarborough, daughter of Jo-

#### MARRIED.

At Brooklyn, (C.) Mr. Perrin May, merchant of Boston, to Miss Delia Scarborough, daughter of Jo-

seph S. Esq.—At Charlestown, Richard Sullivan, Esq. to Miss Sarah Russell, daughter of the late Hon. Thomas R.

In this town, Mr. Spencer Clark, of Dedham, to Miss Mary Stimpson—Mr. Wm. Taylor, of Manchester, (E.) to Mrs. Elizabeth Eaton—Mr. Samuel White, to Miss Rachel Gillies—Mr. John Cogswell, to Mrs. Mary Cazneau—On Thursday evening last, Capt. Shubael Downes, to Mrs. Sally Walker.

#### LOVE, GRATITUDE AND PITY, WEEP AT ONCE.

DIED,]—At Mendon, on the 1st inst. the amiable, accomplished and much beloved Mrs. Sally Brunson, *Æt.* 23 years, wife of Mr. Wyllis Brunson, merchant of that place, and second daughter of Major Benjamin Godfrey, of Milford. On Friday, the 4th inst. her funeral was attended by the Rev. David Lang, Rev. Mr. Miller, Rev. Mr. Johnson, and a large assembly of people, who walked in solemn order to the Meeting-house, where a Sermon, suitable to the solemnity of the occasion, was delivered to a crowded audience, by the Rev. David Lang, of Milford; and several pieces of music perfectly adapted, were sung in a becoming manner. This young lady was of unspeakable value to her connections and friends, being possessed of every accomplishment that could adorn human nature; walking forward in the path of integrity, which a virtuous education had early marked; she performed her part in the busy scenes and pleasing offices of domestick life, in a manner worthy of imitation; perhaps kind nature had not ever been more bountiful, in furnishing a female character with the talents requisite for communicating happiness to the circle of her friends and particularly her nearest and most dear connections, than appeared in this much beloved youth; she was kind, benevolent, affectionate, and tender to the last degree; the purity and openness of her heart, her warmth of friendship, her pleasing and instructive conversation and society, her calm serenity of mind, even at the solemn hour of death; her engaging manners, admirable temper, and social disposition, produced those amiable and endearing connections that have a strong tendency to soothe and alleviate the sorrows of human life, adorn our nature, improve society, and render us happy.

*Where do such sense and sweetness so combine,  
So softly mingle and so brightly shine?*

By this striking instance of mortality, are broken the most tender ties of nature; her husband has been called in the morning of his happiness to part with her in whom was constituted the happiness of himself and family; the first fair object of his choice, and the unequalled friend and partner of his youthful joys; and her fond parents have received a trying and last farewell of the most brilliant and tender ornament of their family, in whom they beheld with the most pleasing satisfaction all those amiable qualifications which render dear to them the memory of their favourite child. But late they saw her in health, and agreeable prosperity, her lot seemed cast in pleasant places; and much usefulness was expected from her riper years.

At Concord, Miss Lucy Dole, *Æt.* 26.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Hannah Williams, *Æt.* 76.

In this town, George K. Barrett, *Æt.* 15 months, son of Mr. Wm. B. His death was occasioned by the bite of a dog the 2d of March—Mrs. Hannah Holbrook, *Æt.* 25, wife of Mr. Ed. H.—Mr. Elijah Corlew, *Æt.* 31—Mrs. Rebecca Howard, *Æt.* 36, wife of Mr. Edward H.; Mrs. Mary Flinn, *Æt.* 86—4 others and 4 children, Total 14.

On Thursday last, suddenly, of the quinsy, *Ann Richardson Thomas*, *Æt.* 6 years and two months, eldest child of Mr. T. K. Thomas. Her funeral will be this afternoon, at 5 o'clock, from her father's house, in Cole-Lane.

*"Soft be the turf that clothes thy breast,  
There choicest flowers their blossoms wave;  
For thou wast spotless as the blest,  
And thou shalt charm beyond the grave."*

#### SOUTH HADLEY LOTTERY.

IS now drawing at the Old State House, in this town, it will be completed in less time than was originally contemplated, owing to the few tickets on hand, for sale. Warranted undrawn tickets and quarters, at \$6, for sale by GILBERT & DEAN.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
LINES ON SPRING.

STERN rugged winter yields—at length retires;  
And smiling Spring comes dancing o'er the plains;  
With genial warmth each generous breast inspires,  
And frost and snow give place to gentle rains.  
The fields once more are cloth'd with pleasing green,  
The birds are heard to twitter on each spray;  
Bright Sol reflects his soul reviving beams;  
All nature pleas'd—puts on her best array.  
Not so with Man, his Spring glides swift away,  
His Summer passes never to return,  
His Autumn shorter than a Winter's day,  
His Spring is pass'd, alas! forever gone.  
Since then life's short! short as the passing year,  
Let us improve the seasons as they roll;  
Banish each doubt, dispel each rising fear,  
Reap the full harvest—reach the wish'd for goal.  
May 9th. MIRANDA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
TO TIME.

TIME, ah whither art thou flown?  
Are all my days of pleasure gone?  
Thy speed has far outstripp'd the wind,  
And thou hast nothing left behind,  
But fond regret.  
Traitor, from my form and face,  
Thou hast stol'n each youthful grace;  
Stolen the tresses' jetty dye,  
Quench'd the lustre of the eye;  
And harder yet,  
Thy frigid hand did not impart,  
Its icy coldness to my heart;  
But, grim tyrant, I beseech  
Thee, as thou passest on, to teach  
That, to forget.

The following piece of original and singular composition, was found amongst the papers of an old Dutchman in *Albany*. The manuscript has suffered considerably by the tooth of time, and from several marks of antiquity about it, it may safely be inferred that a century at least has elapsed since it was written. It is hardly necessary to inform the judicious reader, that this piece is no other than a billetdoux, or love epistle, sent by some swain in the country to the girl of his heart, who, it seems, had gone to reside some time in the city of *Albany*, that seat of politeness and hospitality. [MASS. SPY.]

## HANS' LETTER TO NOCHIE.

MINE Got vat wose does HANS se'feel  
Vile luvly NOCHIE is away  
Vat is de matter vat de deel  
Does make you so forever stay.  
I shleep none in de day nor nite  
Mit such impashuns I dose burn  
Zo when de shell drake wings her flite  
Boor Frow she mourns vor his return.  
Zo Owls mill hoot and cats mill mew  
Und dogs mill howl and horsches neigh  
Und shall not I more anguis shew  
While luvly NOCHIE is away.  
A shacket I has lately bot  
Und broken brooks so soft as silk  
Strip'd as your under petticoat  
Und wite as any bootermilk  
Make hase mine deer and quickly cum  
Mine Fader's goin to di you zee  
Und YACUP's got his fiddle home  
Und we shall have a daring bee.  
I fare zum Yankee yul of art  
More cunnin as de very deel  
Vil get away yourn little hart  
Zo as da mill our horsches steal.  
If any wan you hart shool plunder  
Mine horsches I'll to vaggun yoke  
Und chase him quickly by mine dunder  
I fly zo swift as any spook.

When YOUKE VANTTOOSEN my gude frend  
Shall come to zee you where you be  
Dese scarlet garters I shall zend  
O ty dem on and dink on me.

DR. BREWSTER was put out of commons for missing chapel, on which occasion, he made the following epigram:

To fast and pray we are by Heaven taught,  
O could I practise either as I ought!  
In both, alas! I err; my frailty's such  
I pray too little, and I fast too much.

The ingenuity of this epigram procured his immediate restoration. : : : Port Folio.

## THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
SINCERITY—A NOVEL  
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.  
SARAH TO FREDERIC.

YOU are returned to your native land, my dearest brother, and have brought with you love and peace; Heaven grant they may long, very long, be the inmates of your dwelling, the solace of your heart.

Many are the changes that have taken place, since last we met. Am I happier? you ask—perhaps I may be thought so—perhaps I am so, if absence of pain is pleasure; then the torpid state into which my heart is fallen is happiness.—I have suffered much, my brother, but my sufferings are ended. I seldom weep now—but then I as seldom smile; and my heart, which once would bound and flutter with indescribable sensation, now in dull and monotonous pulsations, receives and discharges the vital fluid in slow unvaried measure. Fredric, this is not happiness.

My father rests in the house appointed for all living. Here was a link dissolved in the great chain of my existence; but, though I felt the dissolution of so near a connexion awfully impressive, I could not regret one, whom I had never (since reason had the power to direct my judgment,) respected; whom I had long ceased to love. Oh! that parents would consider the consequences of setting bad examples to their children. You, my dear brother, have been as deeply wounded by the errors of the departed, as I have; and had you lived at home as much as I did, I greatly fear your principles would have been perverted, by the scenes which would unavoidably have passed beneath your observation. I was saved from so dreadful a misfortune, by my good aunt; she was austere in her manners, severe in her temper, and scrupulously particular in her opinions of female manners, and religious duty; but yet it is that aunt, unkind as in early life I used to think her, to whom I owe all that I ever knew of happiness. But this is a subject ungrateful to us both; I will drop it when I have made one remark.—You are now a parent, Frederic, and do not, I conjure you, forget that you are not only answerable to your Maker for your own conduct, but for the example you set your children; for it is more than probable, that their eternal, as well as temporal happiness will originate in you. Precept, my brother, will do nothing, unless backed by example; and what parent can hope or think, a child will be benefitted by correction, given by one who knows not how to correct himself.

The last time my heart felt acutely, was in the loss of my valued Ann.—I had a friend—Yes, that is an inexhaustible source; the tears still gush forth when I remember I have a friend no longer.—You will say, you are my friend.—I know you are, as much as any man can be the friend of a sister, when he has a wife and children whom he loves sincerely, ardently, and who deserve to be so beloved. Connubial love! domestic felicity! are ye then realities? alas, to me, ye have been like fairy tales, credited indeed in youth, but never experienced in any part of life. You enquire concerning our finances; we are neither rich nor poor; our circumstances are in unison with my feelings; no luxuries to enjoy, no pressing wants to lament. What you heard of the Marquis's legacy is true; in addition to which, Darnley has employment in the warehouse of a manufacturing company, to receive orders, and note them in a day book; for this he receives a stipend of sixty pounds per annum. We

occupy a very small house, more like a cottage than any thing else; about half a mile from the town; our whole establishment consists of one girl to do the drudgery, my little Charles, Mr. Darnley, and myself. Could you come and see me; methinks my heart would once more beat with pleasure, and would fortune permit me to embrace the wife of your choice, and your dear children, I should say, I knew what happiness was.

\*\*\*\*\*  
EDITOR'S NOTE.

[In another letter bearing date eighteen months after the preceding, we find the following paragraphs, evidently written after Mr. Lewis had visited her.]

"You are pleased with our situation, and with the little society that surrounds us. I am glad you are; I do not wonder at the approbation you express of the manners, conversation, and general character of our good curate, Mr. Hayley.—He is all that man ought to be; and since his residence among us, it seems as though I felt awakened to the joys of society. My brother, let my heart stand open to your view; I feel, had such a man been presented to my notice in early life, I should have experienced a different sentiment to what I have ever yet known.—Perhaps I do not properly comprehend what love is; at least such as the visionaries of romance describe it; I never yet saw the man who could make me defy the opinion of the world, slight the moral duties, and forget the respect due to myself.—But methinks for such a man as Hayley, I could suffer every temporal inconvenience—bear poverty, contempt, reproach.—Yes, all reproaches but those of my own heart but thinking him, as I do the first of human beings, I could never commit any action that would sink me in his esteem, or expose him to the contempt of the world. I ever thought and am now more fully convinced, that the woman who experiences the sentiment which alone is deserving the name of love in all its purity, can never be guilty of aught that would call a blush to her own cheek, or brand the object of her esteem with infamy.

"I am not hypocrite sufficient to offer an apology for the candid avowal of my sentiments in regard to Mr. Hayley.—They are not the impulse of a momentary passion, they are the result of reason and observation. I feel that his esteem is necessary to my peace of mind, and to obtain that esteem is so desirable an object, that it has aroused the sleeping faculties of my soul, and called them into action. I have now some pleasurable object in view; I pursue some daily amusement; I execute some little work of taste, or fancy; I practise a new air upon my guitar, or from my window sketch the outline of a landscape, or a group of sportive children, and have the hope of receiving approbation from one of whose judgment I have the highest opinion, and who I know, if he cannot praise with truth, will remain silent.—I offer no apology. No, why should I?—You require none, acquainted as you are with my strong sense of moral rectitude, of my full persuasion of a superintending Deity, and the certain rewards and punishments that await us in a future state, you cannot believe me depraved.—Knowing as you do the character of the person I esteem, you will dismiss all fear.—But mistake me not, it is neither affection to my husband, nor the dread of the world's censure, binds me to Darnley.—No, every moral tie he has himself, voluntarily and repeatedly broken; but I have never yet infringed my duty, I am his wife.—Love him, alas! I never did! never can.—Though had he taken the proper means to conciliate tenderness, my heart would have soon become his own; it was formed for unbounded tenderness, but its impulses never expanded; they were repelled by unkindness, and shrunk again within itself; safe in my own keeping, and my obedience to his wishes has ever been undeviating. But if I have found a source of happiness, which religion and honour does not disallow, why should I reject it, for one, who never studied my peace, but made self gratification his sole object? Ah, my brother, if I am to be a stranger to pleasure, till my ideas of it, are in unison with his, I shall remain unacquainted with it forever."

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# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 2, 1864.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE GOSSIP—No. LIX.

*Superanda omnia fortuna ferendo est.*

**FORGIVENESS** of injuries, and that benevolence and humility of spirit, which prompts to peace and good will, is so strongly recommended by all moral writers, both ancient and modern, and is so particularly made one of the principles of the christian religion, a glorious example of it, being set by our divine Master in the whole course of his exemplary life, but most eminently so, when in the agonies of an ignominious and excruciating death, he forgave and prayed for his persecutors and murderers; that it seems almost impossible that any one professing that religion, and possessed of a reasoning mind, should for a moment indulge an implacability of temper. For my own part, I could not sleep in peace, with a shadow of ill will dwelling on my mind towards any human being; and if at any time I have reason to think that any one has aught against me, if I have in the petulance of the moment spoken an unkind or hasty word, and by that means given them cause of offence, my mind is ill at ease until I see the cloud removed, and feel that I am again at peace with them; as to those of my own immediate family, their happiness is so positively necessary to my own, that, though I never forbear reproof when necessary, and as my feelings are quick, my language is in general forcible and plain; yet an unkind expression, a look of moody discontent, or a marked rudeness and inattention from those with whom I am intimately connected, will give me the most painful sensations; and if it proceeds from one highly esteemed, or tenderly beloved, the anguish I endure is indescribable—and I wander like a perturbed spirit, seeking peace and finding none, until I am again reconciled to my friend.

This conciliating disposition is so necessary to the universal harmony of society; our civil and religious interest, so much depends on it, and will be so greatly promoted by it, that it becomes an indispensable duty for every well disposed citizen of the world at large, to cultivate so beneficial a virtue; but more particularly is it the duty of every member of a family, who should ever be linked together by mutual affection, and a constant interchange of kind offices, as well as the ties of consanguinity and family connections.

Brothers and sisters, children of the same parents, how can you treat each other with unkindness? How can you nourish anger in your bosoms? Do you dare to sleep with unappeased hearts? are you sure you shall wake again? and should you not, how will you appear before the Judge of all? how say, Father, receive and pardon your offending child, when you have rushed into his presence with the passion most offensive to his divine nature in your heart?

EUGENIO and ADELAIDE, were brother and sister; they loved each other sincerely, but had foolishly given way to a familiarity of conversation, a kind of taunting raillery, which, though always began in sport, too frequently ended in anger. Adelaide was lively, fond of dress, gaiety and admiration. Eugenio was of a graver cast, but added a little to pedantry; and though eminently endowed with the natural and adventitious advantages of a brilliant understanding and a liberal education, was as eager for admiration as his lively and beautiful sister. This foible predominating alike in

both, was the point at which each aimed the shaft of ridicule; and they would sometimes carry their ill-natured raillery so far as to lose sight of good manners, as well as good nature; and the epithets, *coquette*, *pedant*, and others, equally irritating, frequently escaped their lips. These dissensions were at length so often repeated, that they embittered their own lives, and broke the peace of all with whom they were connected. It happened one day, that Adelaide had been walking in the mall, in a new fashioned bonnet of an eccentric make, and her other habiliments equally in the extreme of the mode. Her brother, who that day dined with a large party of gentlemen, came home rather elevated, and addressing her, half-jets, half earnest, said, "So Adelaide, you made a fine exhibition, in the park this morning, I hear."—"And pray who told you so, brother?"—"Mr. S.—" "Oh yes, I remember I met him, he joined me, and we took two turns in the mall." "He admired your tasty dress, did he not?" asked Eugenio, with a sneer.—"To be sure he did, every body admired it, it was the gaze and admiration of all the mall." "He was only laughing at your folly; he ridiculed your unbounded passion for dress, and your eccentric OUTRE style of decorating your person, until the whole table were convulsed with laughter"—Adelaide coloured deeply. "And did he dare do this before you, brother?" asked she, with a voice half choked with resentment.—Eugenio, who had not observed her emotion, answered slightly, "Yes, before me, why not? am I to get myself into a quarrel because men of sense are diverted with the folly of a vain woman; because that woman should happen to be my sister? I should have enough to do, Adelaide, if I did."—"Perhaps you joined in the ridicule."—"Very likely I did, we laughed at more women than one."—"Then from this moment," said she, rising and clasping her hands, "we are strangers to each other; no power on earth shall oblige me to treat you as a brother, or ever again exchange a word with you." She was rushing out of the room, when he caught her hand, and continuing his raillery, said, "Pretty dear, was it affronted, and did it pout up its lip, come kiss, and friends, and it shan't be laughed at."—"This may be sport to you," said she, indignantly, "but it has given my feelings a wound which I never can forget, and never will forgive. If I am a fool, Eugenio, I am your equal, if not your superior. For the man who could tamely hear his sister's foibles made the sport of licentious pedantic coxcombs, and could sink so low as to join in their scurrilous mirth, gives evident proofs of a weak understanding and a bad heart. Such a contemptible wretch are you, and as I hope for Heaven's mercy, I will never speak to you again."—Thunderstruck, Eugenio dropped the hand of his incensed sister; she flew to her chamber, and in private renewed the vow she had taken: which neither time nor the entreaty of conciliating friends, (for he was as far from seeking a reconciliation as herself) could ever lead her to break.

About six months after, she went on a visit to a relation in the country—but positively refused to speak to her brother, or even give him her hand at parting, though he condescended to hold out his. When she had been away about a month, an express arrived that her brother had been thrown from his horse and dangerously hurt, but raved incessantly after her, saying he could not die without her forgiveness. All her tenderness awakened; her beloved brother on a death bed, entreating her par-

don, roused her dormant affection, and sensibility, almost to frenzy; she travelled night and day, but alas, her brother was dead when she arrived! She rushed to the apartment; a woman, who had been long a domestic in the family, was sitting by the inanimate form of Eugenio. "Oh Miss Adelaide," said she, "you have much to answer for! your poor brother! the last word he said, was, 'Adelaide, my sister, speak to me! forgive me. Oh! my sister, my sister!'" Yes, Miss, he died with your name upon his lips."—Adelaide fainted, and when recalled to life, found all her joys buried in the grave with her lost brother. She sunk into a deep melancholy, and a few months after, a rapid decline brought on by painful reflection, put a period to her existence, and left her disconsolate parents childless. Her remorse was constant and acute, and her advice to all around her, to forgive, and live in harmony with each other, was delivered in the most pathetic manner, with her parting breath.

This story needs no comment. Oh! ye who live in dissention, put away the evil spirit from you, and let peace preside in your hearts and dwellings.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### LETTER OF ADVICE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

\*\*\*\*\*, April 26th.

My dear Sir,

YOU have now arrived to adult years, a few hints from one a little more experienced in life, will perhaps, not be unseasonable nor unprofitable; and as you are now told that this letter is dictated by motives of the purest nature, the writer cannot but flatter himself, that it warrants a claim to your serious perusal.

I now proceed to enumerate a few particulars, which I conceive to be of infinite moment to a young man just entering the stage of action; viz. conversation and carriage in life. 2d. The friendships that are necessary to form; 3dly, the right choice of books; 4thly, when promises are made, the necessity of performing the same; and lastly, that strict regularity necessary in your business, that may warrant success.

1st. Pure conversation in unison with a genteel carriage, ought to be most strenuously observed; for what sounds more grating to the ear of sound understanding, than an uncouth expression? and what more unpleasant, than levity of manners? A young man guilty of a breach of either of these, may do himself extreme injury, and render himself extremely obnoxious to polite circles; hence the necessity of being attentive to conversation and deportment in life.

2d. Friendships, that you may form, are also of great moment. When you contract a friendship for any one, you ought strictly to examine before you repose confidence; for rest assured, all are not worthy, (who may make strong pretensions to friendship,) to be enrolled as real confidants; and treachery in one to whom you may trust a secret, may be attended with mortification and chagrin; under those circumstances, I hope you will have many friends, but few confidants, and those of the first chop.

3dly. A wise selection of books, is as essential, as a right choice of friends; and equal judgment ought to be exercised in the choice of them. When you consult good authors, you are conversing with men of science, talents, and respectability; and from those authors of the first repute, you will be enabled to collect such materials as will ultimately redound to your advantage.



both as a citizen and man of business; and as you wish to be respectable on the one hand, and successful on the other, you may rest satisfied, that books will be of great advantage in purifying your conversation, correcting that levity of manners so conspicuous in the character of young beaux of the present day; of cultivating the mind and making it a receptacle of all that is good and ornamental in youth.

4thly. When promises are made, however trifling the subject that caused them, still, if in your power to perform them, you ought never to be guilty of a neglect of performance; for after promising to do a man a favour, however insignificant it may be, yet the man to whom the promise is made, will draw the inference, viz. that had it been of treble magnitude, it would have been neglected in the same way—and as the non-fulfilment of promises, (particularly those of consequence) are generally apt to draw forth illiberal expressions from the man so offended, I hope this will be sufficient inducement for you to pay proper regard to promises.

Lastly. A strict regularity in business is absolutely necessary to warrant success; this, my young friend, you cannot deny. Your time, your expenses, your amusements, your society, the principle of order must be equally carried, if you expect to meet with success; for if into any of those departments of life, you suffer disorder to enter, it will spread through all the rest. In vain, for instance, you propose to be orderly in the conduct of your affairs, if you be irregular in the distribution of your time; and in vain will be your attempt to regulate your expenses, if into your amusements, or society, disorder should happen to creep.—To close, I add, that order and regularity, industry and integrity, almost insure prosperity. With sentiments of deep concern for your future happiness, I remain your particular friend,

SINCERITY.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

##### THOMAS CAREW.

A COURTIER, much in favour of King Charles I. being one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber, and sewer in ordinary. He was the author of a masque called *Coelum Britannicum*, which was performed at Whitehall, in the banquetting house, on Shrove Tuesday night, the 18th of February, 1633. He was assisted in the contrivance by Mr. Iugo Jones, that famous architect; and all the songs were set by Mr. Henry Lawes, gentleman to the king's chapel, and one of the private music to king Charles I. It being written by the king's express command, our author placed this distich in the front, when printed.

*Non habet ingenium; Caesar sed jussit: habeo;  
Cur me posse negem, posse quod ille putat.*

He wrote besides, several poems, songs, and sonnets, which were received with good applause by the wits of the age, and are printed, with the foregoing masque. These poems have been several times reprinted; the fourth edition being reprinted in octavo, London, 1670. This masque is not mentioned by either Mr. Phillips, or Mr. Winstanley, because it was formerly, through a mistake, ascribed to Sir William Davenant.

Sir John Suckling, that gay wit, who delighted to rally the best poets, and spared not Ben Johnson himself, has thus played upon our author, in his *Sessions of Poets*.

*Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault,  
That would not well stand with a laureat;  
His muse was hide-bound, and the issue of 's brain,  
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.  
All that were there present did agree,  
That a laureat muse should be easy and free;  
Yet sure 'twas not that, but 'twas thought that his grace  
Consider'd he was well, he had a cup-bearer's place.*

But this is not to be taken for the real judgment of that excellent poet: and he was too good a judge of wit to be ignorant of Mr. Carew's worth, and his talent in poetry, and had he pleased he could have said as much in his commendation, as Sir William Davenant, in

those stanzas written to him, with part of which we shall conclude.

*Not but thy verses are as smooth and high,  
As glory, love, and wine, from wit can raise;  
But now the devil take such destiny:  
What should commend them turns to their dispraise.  
Thy wit's chief virtue it become its vice,  
For every beauty thou hast rais'd so high,  
That now coarse faces carry such a price,  
As must undo a lover that would buy.*

#### REMARKABLE.

##### INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

DONALD ARCHER, a grazier near Paisley in Scotland, had long kept a fine dog for the purpose of attending his cattle on the mountains, a service the animal performed with the utmost vigilance. The grazier having a young puppy given him by a friend, brought it home to his house, and was remarkably fond of it; whenever the puppy was caressed, the old sheep dog would snarl and appear greatly dissatisfied; and, when at times it came to eat with old Brutus, a dislike was evident, which at last made him leave the house; and notwithstanding every search was made after him by his master, he could not be found.

About four years after the dog had eloped, the grazier had been driving a herd of cattle to a neighboring fair, where he disposed of them, received his money, and was bent on returning home. He had proceeded near ten miles on his journey, when he was overtaken by a tempest of wind and rain, that raged with such violence as to cause him to look for a place of shelter. A smoke that came from some bushes convinced him that he was near a house, to which he thought it was prudent to go, that he might learn where he was, and procure refreshment; accordingly he crossed a path and came to a door, knocked, and demanded admission; the landlord, a surly looking fellow, gave him an invitation to enter and be seated in a room that wore but a very indifferent aspect. Our traveller was hardly before the fire, when he was saluted with every degree of surprise and kindness, by his former dog, old Brutus, who came wagging his tail, and demonstrating all the gladness he could express. Archer immediately knew the animal, and was astonished at so unexpectedly finding him so many miles from home.

After a short conversation with the landlord, he was called to a room, and left to take his repose. It is necessary to observe, that from the first moment of Archer's arrival, the dog had not left him a moment, but had even followed him into the chamber, where he placed himself under the bed, unperceived by the landlord. The door being shut, our traveller revolved in his mind the singular appearance of his old companion, his lonely situation, and the manners of those about the house; the whole of which tended to confirm his suspicion of being in a place of danger, and uncertainty. His reflections were soon interrupted by the approach of the dog, who came fawning from under the bed; and by several very extraordinary gestures, endeavoured to direct his attention to a particular corner of the room, where he proceeded and saw a sight that called up every sentiment of horror: the floor was stained with blood, that seemed to flow out of a closet which was secured by a lock, which he attempted to explore but could not open it. Not any longer doubting his situation, but considering himself, as the next victim of the wretches in whose society he had got, he resolved to sell his life as dear as possible; and to perish in the attempt or effect his deliverance. With this determination he pulled out his pistols, and softly opened the door, honest Brutus at his heels, with his shaggy hair erect, like the bristles of a boar, bent on destruction: he reached the bottom of the stairs with as much caution as possible, and listened with attention for a few minutes, when he heard a conversation, that was held by several persons, whom he had not seen when he first came into the house, which left him no room to doubt of their intentions. The villainous landlord was informing them, in a low tone, of the booty they would find in the possession of his guest, and the moment they were to murder him, for that purpose. Alarmed as Archer was, he immediately concluded that no time was to be lost in doing his best endeavours to save his life; he therefore, with-

out hesitation, burst in among them, and fired his pistol at the landlord, who fell from his seat; the rest of his gang were struck, while the grazier made for the door, let himself out and fled with rapidity, followed by the dog. A musket was discharged after him, but fortunately did not do any injury. With all the speed that danger could create, he ran, until the day light presented a house, and the main road at no great distance. To this house he immediately went, and related all that he had seen, to the landlord, who immediately called up a recruiting party, that were quartered upon him; the sergeant of which accompanied the grazier, in search of the house in the wood. On entering the house, they therefore began to explore the apartments, and found in the very closet, the appearance of which had led the grazier to attempt his escape, the murdered remains of a traveller, who has since been advertised through all the country. On coming into the lower room, the dog began to rake the earth near the fire place, with his feet, in such a manner as raised the curiosity of all present; the sergeant ordered the place to be dug up, when a trap door was discovered, which, on being opened, was found to contain the mangled bodies of many that had been murdered, with the landlord himself, who was not quite dead, though he had been shot through the neck by the grazier. The wretches, in their quick retreat, had thrown him in amongst those who had formerly fell victims to their cruelty, supposing him past recovery; he was, however, cured of his wounds and brought to justice, tried, found guilty, and executed.

#### AMUSING.

##### ACCOUNT OF TWO CURIOUS CLOCKS.

THESE clocks are in the form of chariots, in which are placed, in a fine attitude, a lady, leaning her right hand upon a part of the chariot; under which is a clock of curious workmanship, little larger than a shilling, that strikes and repeats, and goes eight days. Upon her fingers sits a bird, finely modelled, and set with diamonds and rubies, with its wings expanded in a flying posture, and actually flutters for a considerable time, on touching a diamond button below it. The body of the bird which contains part of the wheels, that in a manner gives life to it, is not the bigness of the sixteenth part of an inch.

The lady holds in her left hand a gold tube, not much thicker than a large pin, on the top of which is a small round box, to which a circular ornament set with diamonds, not larger than a sixpence, is fixed, which goes round near three hours, in a constant regular motion.

Over the lady's head, supported by a small fluted figure, is a double umbrella under the largest of which, is a bell, fixed at a considerable distance from the clock, and seems to have no connection with it, but from which a communication is secretly conveyed to a hammer, that regularly strikes the hours, and repeats the same at pleasure, by touching a diamond button fixed to the clock below.

At the feet of the lady is a gold dog; before which, from the point of the chariot, are two birds fixed on spiral springs, the wings and feathers of which are set with stones of various colours, and appear as if flying away with the chariot, which from another secret motion, is contrived to run in a straight, circular, or any other direction; a boy that lays hold of the chariot behind, seems also to push it forward. Above the umbrella are flowers and ornaments of pearls, rubies, and other stones, and terminates with a flying dragon set in the same manner.

The whole is of gold, most curiously executed, and embellished with diamonds, rubies, and pearls.

##### CITY OF BERNE.

A VERY curious circumstance, relative to the appellation of this city, came to the knowledge of the writer, on the spot. It is a fact sufficiently ascertained, that the late Government of Berne constantly maintained a Bear, with two or three cubs, in the dry ditch of the city; they could shelter themselves from inclement weather in an adjacent old building, where they had dens, and a keeper attended to feed them. The origin of this custom was thus related to him, as he was looking at the bears, by an old officer of the garrison. The first founders of the city disputed its nomination

(probably, Berthold would have called it *Bertholdium*—Egerdon, *Egerlonium*, &c.) at length, they determined on a hunting party in the woods, and agreed to name the new town after the first animal they should kill; this proved to be a Bear, or *Berne*, in the German language. In commemoration of this event, and in gratitude to the Bears who were extirpated, part of it being built of the wood they inhabited, the bears before mentioned were maintained; and the coins of the Canton of Berne are all stamped with the impression of a Bear.

#### VALUE AND SCARCITY OF BOOKS IN A. D. 1471.

SO very valuable were books a few centuries ago, that in the year 1471, when Louis XI. of France, wanting to borrow the works of the Arabian physician, RHASIS, from the Faculty of Medicine at Paris, he was compelled to deposit, by way of pledge, a large quantity of valuable plate, and was also obliged to procure a nobleman to join with him as security in a deed, by which he was bound to return it, under a very considerable penalty. About the commencement of the fourteenth century, there were only four classics in the Royal Library at Paris; there was one copy of *Cicero*, *Ovid Lucan*, and *Boethius*. So late as the reign of HENRY VI. it is ordered, by one of the statutes of St. Mary's, at Oxford, "That no Scholars shall occupy a book in the Library above one hour at most; so that others may not be hindered from the use of the same."

At 7s. sterling per line.

A MR. Dickenson, Provost of Dundee, in Scotland, died some years since, and by will left a guinea for a poet to write his epitaph; but the executors, with an intention to defraud the poet, agreed to meet and share the guinea among them, each contributing a line to the epitaph as follows:

1st exec. *Here lies Dickson, Provost of Dundee;*

2d. *Here lies Dickson—here lies he.*

The third was embarrassed for some time; but at length, willing to come in for his share of the guinea, vociferously bawled,

*Hallelujah, Hallelujah!*

THE determination of the blacks in St. Domingo, to support a kind policy, and to establish a good government, and a regular defence of their island, reminds us of *Zambo*, from Mrs. OPIE.

"MISSA, dey say, dat our black skin

Be ugly, ugly to de sight;

But surely if dey look vidin,

Missa, de negro's heart be vite.

"You cocoa nut no smoothe as silk,

But rough and ugly is de kind;

Ope it, sweet meet, and sweeter milk,

Vidin dat ugly coat ve find.

"Ah Missa! smiling in your tear,

I see you know vat I'd impart;

De cocoa husk de skin I wear,

De milk vidin de Zambo's heart."

#### ANECDOTES.

A BOY was sent with a five dollar bill to change; the person waiting, expressed some anxiety; the shop-keeper very politely told him, you must wait with patience, sir, until your *Change* comes.

#### PASSAGE TO SOUTH BOSTON.

"THE boat will be found at Hatch's wharf, Wheeler's point, from sun-rise until dark." This puts one in mind of an Irishman, who said to an auctioneer, "You are always going, going, never gone."

*Bid in.*

#### USEFUL.

#### RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE SILK MANUFACTORY.

[From KEYSER'S Travels.]

THE ancient Romans, for a long time, never dreamed that silk could be produced in their country; and the first silk ever seen in Greece, was after the conquest of Persia by Alexander the Great. From thence it was imported into Italy, but was sold at the rate of an equal weight of gold. The Persians being the only people of whom it was to be had, would not permit a

single egg or worm to be carried out of their country. Hence the ancient Greeks and Romans were so little acquainted with the nature of silk, that they imagined it grew like a vegetable. Holosericum, or a stuff made of silk only, was worn by none but ladies of the first rank. But men of the greatest quality, and even princes, were contented with subsericum, or a stuff made of half silk; so that Heliogabalus is remarked for being the first who wore holosericum. In the reign of the emperor Justinian, a trial was made for bringing silk-worms alive to Constantinople, but without success; however, two monks who had been employed in the affair, repeated the trial with silk-worms' eggs. The experiment succeeded so well, that to this Constantinopolitan colony, all the silk-worms and silk manufactures in Europe owe their existence and origin. Till the middle of the twelfth century, all the silken stuffs at Rome and other parts of Europe, were of Grecian manufacture. But Roger I. king of Sicily, about the year 1138, invading Greece with a fleet of vessels with two and three benches of oars, called galeae or sagittae, (from whence are derived the words galley and saique) and sacking and plundering Corinth, Thebes, and Athens, brought away to Palermo, among other prisoners, a great number of silk-weavers, to instruct his subjects in that art. From them, as Otto Frisingensis de gestis Frederici, lib. i. cap. 23, informs us, the Italians soon learned the method of manufacturing silk.

#### WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, JUNE 2, 1861.

#### FOREIGN.

EUROPE.—We are put in possession of English dates to the 16th April, six days later than before received. No events of magnitude had then taken place. The deep laid plot against Bonaparte's life, still occupied attention. Moreau had not been tried, and it was said Georges had destroyed himself in prison.—The preparations for the invasion of Great-Britain, had been interrupted by the conspiracy, but was now resumed with particular rapidity, and the attempt was expected to be shortly made.—The King of England, was alive and well, on the 16th April.—The American Ambassador, at Paris, had delivered a note, in reply to one addressed to him by M. Talleyrand, congratulating the French Government, on the escape of Bonaparte from assassination.—An encampment of 40,000 men, was immediately to take place at Utrecht.—An article from Paris, says, that 11,000 people are supported by charity in their own houses, 13,900 in the hospitals, and 1500 in the country, and yet the city swarms with beggars.

WEST-INDIES.—A terrible fire has happened at Demerara, which extended over an immense distance of country.—Martinique has been reinforced by some French troops.—The city of Domingo, was in possession of the French, the 5th ult. when all was tranquil.

#### DOMESTIC.

Lieutenants Decatur and Stuart, after having effected the destruction of the Tripoline frigate, (Philadelphia) were ordered on another expedition—and the next accounts from Commodore Preble, will doubtless state the object and success of it.—The Mediterranean squadron will soon sail from Hampton Roads.

Lt. Decatur, for his gallant conduct in destroying the Philadelphia frigate, has been promoted to a Captain.—Commodore Morris, late commander of the Mediterranean squadron, has been dismissed from service, by order of the President. A Court of Inquiry, composed of Capts. S. Barron, Campbell, and Cassin, have reported, as their opinion, "that he did not conduct himself with diligence, or activity, necessary to execute the important duties of his station, while in the Mediterranean.—The Book Fare, will be at New-York this month. The circulation of books is beyond all calculation in America.—Considerable damage has already been done this season, by thunder, lightning and hail.—About 6 miles from Baltimore, the hail was so great, as to destroy every species of vegetation; and notwithstanding a large quantity of rain fell, the hail lay in places three feet deep! and in some places the morning after the storm, it was one foot deep!—In Alstead, (N. H.) the lightning struck a rock of several tons weight, which killed five sheep.—Several horses, cows and hogs, have recently run mad at

Lexington, (Verg.) The symptoms of madness, operated very severely on a horse, who gnawed the cills of the stable in which he was confined; biting and pawing up the ground; sweating and foaming at the mouth, &c. Farmers and others ought to watch their animals, when symptoms of madness appear.

Valuable institutions will always command public favour. Three Sunday Schools have been opened in Philadelphia lately. They are designed not only to convey proper instructions to youth, but to prevent that misuse of time, which the neglect of domestic restraints and private instructions, as well as the irregular associations on public days, too often occasion. The restraints of domestic life, and the regular hours of public devotion, have proved the most successful means of promoting the best manners in society, and they combine at once the religion of the heart and life.—In a garden at Wilbraham, (Hampshire County) the last season, a single Bean, of spontaneous growth, produced ten hundred and seventy two plump Beans—and the vine was judged to be twenty rods long!—At the annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Churches in this Commonwealth, the Rev. SAMUEL PARKER, D. D. of this town, was unanimously elected Bishop thereof.

The Legislature of this State is now in session. The Rev. Mr. EMERSON is chosen Chaplain to the Senate, and the Rev. Dr. KIRKLAND to the House of Representatives.—Yesterday was the 10th anniversary of the *Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society*. The usual performances took place at the Chapel Church, before a brilliant assemblage of Ladies, which gave great satisfaction. The following were the principal performances: An Ode, written for the occasion, by a Lady, sung by Mrs. JONES, accompanied by the Band. Prayers and Lessons, by the Rev. Mr. CHANNING. Anniversary Ode, by several Gentlemen amateurs. An Address to the Society on the Principles of the Institution, by EDWARD GRAY, Esq.—The performances concluded with an original and appropriate Ode, "The Street was a Ruin," written by R. T. PAINE, jun. Esq. This lyric composition, which contemplated a scene of touching interest and simplicity, was admirably adapted to Music by Mrs. JONES, and sung by her in a style of taste and execution which has not only never been equalled in the most excellent vocal performances in this town, but was truly and literally beyond all praise of cursory criticism." [For this Ode, see next page.]—A collection of about \$150 was made for the benefit of the Society's funds.

Tomorrow evening being the quarterly Charity Lecture, at the *Old South Meeting-House*, a number of pieces of Sacred Music will be performed, by a select choir. Service to begin at 6 o'clock, P. M.

#### MARRIED.

At Rowley, Mr. Henry Cushing, of Providence, to Miss Ednah Jewett.—At Machias, Mr. Joseph Goodhue, to Miss Lydia Boynton; Mr. William Meserve, to Miss Pamela Burnham; Mr. John Sevey, jun. to Miss Esther Chase.

In this town, Mr. Samuel Wilson, to Miss Lydia Christie; Mr. John Davis, to Miss Thankful Read; Maj. Daniel Maynard, to Miss Susanna Stedman.

#### DIED.

At Bath county, (Virginia,) on the 24th of April, Henry Grymos. Under the influence of delirium, he broke his skull with a stone! and after having shattered it, he took out a piece about three inches long, and two broad! Concluding that this would not put a period to his existence, he thrust his fingers into his head, and tore out a considerable quantity of his brains! Instead of immediate death, he instantly returned to the full exercise of reason and walked home, the distance of a quarter of a mile, where he died the Thursday evening following. He appeared very penitent and rational until he expired, and in the mean time gave his friends the above statement of the melancholy transaction. The cause of his derangement is not certainly known, but is believed to be a disappointment in marriage.—Through the whole of his life he supported an unsullied character.

In this town, Mrs. Frances Dehon, Aet. 65—Mrs. Hannah Cutter, Aet. 27, wife of Mr. Nahum C.—Mrs. Eunice Butler, Aet. 69; wife of Mr. Alfred B.—Mr. Samuel Stratford, Aet. 55—Mr. Robert Newman, (sundridge) Aet. 52—Miss Eunice Fuller, Aet. 30; 4 others and 3 children. Total 13.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## SONNET TO \* \* \*

OH had I beauty, youth, and wealth ;  
 Were all the world calls precious, mine,  
 I'd only ask for life and health,  
 \* \* \*, to make those treasures thine.  
 For a few years with thee to stay,  
 To hear thy voice, to view thy face ;  
 Then like a vision fleet away,  
 And to a worthier, yield my place ;  
 Without one wish to linger here,  
 I'd sink to my eternal rest ;  
 For time would dry regret's fond tear  
 From off thine eye, while each new year  
 Would bring increase of pleasure to thy breast.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## SONNET TO PEACE.

OH visit, soothing Peace ! the thorny dale,  
 Where sad and slow my early steps are led ;  
 Far from the sunny paths which others tread,  
 While youth enlivens, and while joys prevail.  
 Then I no more shall vanish'd hopes bewail,  
 No more the fruitless tear shall love to shed ;  
 When pensive eve her cherish'd gloom has spread,  
 And day's bright tints, like my short pleasures fail !  
 But ah, lost Peace ! on thee I call in vain ;  
 When loud the angry winds of winter roll,  
 Can he who "bids the pelting storm" repose ?  
 The bitter storms of life have pierc'd my soul !  
 Yet earth one lonely spot of refuge shows,  
 The sheltering grave where Peace returns again.

## THE STREET WAS A RUIN.

AN ORIGINAL ODE,

Written by R. T. PAINE, jun. Esq.

Sung, (and music adapted) by Mrs. JONES, before the  
*Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society* yesterday.

THE Street was a Ruin, and Night's horrid glare  
 Illumin'd with terror, the face of Despair ;

While houseless, bewailing,  
 Mute Pity assailing,

A MOTHER's wild shrieks pierc'd the merciless air.  
 Beside her stood EDWARD, imploring each wind,  
 To wake his lov'd sister, who lingered behind ;

Awake, my poor MARY,

Oh ! fly to me, MARY,

In the arms of your EDWARD, a pillow you'll find.

In vain he call'd, for now the volum'd smoke  
 Cracking between the parting rafters broke ;  
 Thro' the rent seams the forked flames aspire.

All, all, is lost—the roof's on fire ; the roof's on fire.

A flash from the window brought MARY to view,  
 She scream'd as around her the flames fiercely blew ;

Where art thou, Mother !

Oh ! fly to me Brother !

Oh ! save your poor MARY, who lives but for you ;

Leave not poor MARY,

Ah ! save your poor MARY !

Her vision'd form describing,

On wings of horror flying,

The youth crests his frantic gaze,

Then plunges in the madd'ning blaze !

Aloft he dauntless soars,

The flaming room explores ;

The roof in cinders crushes,

Thro' tumbling walls he rushes ;

She's safe from fear's alarms ;

She faints in EDWARD's arms !

Oh ! Nature, such thy triumphs are,

Thy simplest child can bravely dare !

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## SONG.

GRANT me, ye pow'rs, one wish to meet ;

In some sequestered grove,

To find a humble, calm retreat,

With peace and mutual love.

A friend to share the social hour,

And every joy improve ;

Whose sense and sweetness might have pow'r,  
 To give a zest to love.

Ambition, Affluence, Folly, hence ;

Far, far from me remove ;

I only ask a competence,

With peace and mutual love.

## THE NOVELIST.

*Owing to a mistake made by the author in not sending it in season, we are obliged to postpone the conclusion of "Sincerity," until another week ; in the mean time, we supply its place with the following interesting Fragment, which has been long in our possession, and we are happy in having an opportunity to present it to our readers.*

## MONTMORENCY.—A FRAGMENT

THE sudden tolling of the Curfew was heard over the heath, and not a beam of light issued from the dreary villages ; the murmuring Cotter had extinguished his enlivening embers, and had sunk in gloomy sadness to repose, when Henry de Montmorency and his two attendants rushed from the Castle of A—Y.

The night was wild and stormy, and the wind howled in a fearful manner. The moon flashed, as the clouds passed from before her, on the silver armour of Montmorency, whose large and sable plume of feathers streamed threatening in the blast. They hurried rapidly on, and arriving at the edge of a declivity, descended into a deep glen, the dreadful and savage appearance of which was sufficient to strike terror into the stoutest heart. It was narrow, and the rocks on each side rising to a prodigious height, hung bellying over their heads ; furiously along the bottom of the valley, turbulent and dashing against huge fragments of rocks, ran a dark and swollen torrent ; and farther up the glen, down a precipice of near ninety feet, and roaring with tremendous strength, fell, at a single stroke, an awful and immense cascade. From the clefts and chasms of the crag, abrupt and stern, the venerable oak threw his broad breadth of shade, and bending his gigantic arms athwart the streams, shed, driven by the wind, a multitude of leaves, while from the summits of the rock was heard the clamour of the falling fragments, that, bounding from its rugged side, leapt with resistless fury on the vale beneath.—Montmorency and his attendants, intrepid as they were, felt the inquietude of apprehension : they stood for some time in silent astonishment, but their ideas of danger from the conflict of the elements, being at length alarming, they determined to proceed ; when all instantly became dark, while the rushing of the storm, the roaring of the cascade, and shivering branches of the trees, and the dashing of the rock assailed at once their sense and hearing. The moon, however, again darting from a cloud, they rode forward, and, following the course of the torrent, had advanced a considerable way, when the piercing shrieks of a person in distress arrested their speed ; they stopped, and listening attentively, heard shrill melancholy cries repeated, at intervals up the glen, which gradually becoming more distant, grew faint, and died away.—Montmorency, ever ready to relieve the oppressed, couched his lance, and bidding his followers prepare, was hastening on ; but again their progress was impeded by the harrowing and stupendous clash of falling armour, which, reverberating from the various cavities around, seemed here and there, and from every direction, to be echoed, with double violence, as if a hundred men in armour, had, in succession, fallen down in different parts of the valley. Montmorency, having recovered from the consternation into which this singular noise had thrown him, undauntedly pursued his course, and presently discerned by the light of the moon, the gleaming of a coat of mail. He immediately made up to the spot, where he found, laid along at the foot of an aged oak, whose branches hung darkling ; over the torrent, a knight, wounded and bleeding ; his armour was of burnished steel, by his side there lay a falchion, and a sable shield embossed with studs of gold, and dipping his casque into the stream, he was endeavouring to allay his thirst ; but through weakness from loss of blood, with difficulty he got it to his mouth. Being questioned as to his misfortune, he shook his head, and unable to speak, pointed with his hand down the glen : at the same moment the shrieks, which had formerly alarmed Montmorency and his attendants, were repeated, apparently at no great

distance ; and now every mark of horror was depicted on the pale and ghostly features of the dying knight ; his black hair dashed with gore, stood erect, and stretching forth his hand towards the sound, he seemed struggling for speech, his agony became excessive, and groaning, he dropped dead upon the earth. The suddenness of this shocking event, the total ignorance of its cause, the uncouth scenery around, and the dismal wailings of distress, which still poured upon the ear with aggravated strength, left room for imagination to unfold its most hideous ideas ; yet Montmorency, though astonished, lost not his fortitude and resolution, but determined, following the direction of the sound, to search for the place whence these terrible screams seemed to issue, and recommending his men to unsheath their swords, and maintain a strict guard, cautiously followed the windings of the glen until abruptly turning the corner of an outjetting crag, they perceived two corpses mangled in a frightful manner, and the glimmering of a light appeared through some trees, that hung depending from a steep and dangerous part of the rock. Approaching a little nearer, the shrieks seemed evidently to proceed from that quarter ; upon which, tying their horses to the branches of an oak, they ascended slowly and without any noise towards the lights ; but what was their amazement, when, by the pale glimpses of the moon, where the eye could penetrate through the intervening foliage, in a vast and yawning cavern, dimly lighted, by a lamp suspended from its roof, they beheld half a dozen gigantic figures, in ponderous iron armour ; their vizors half were up, and the lamp, faintly gleaming on their features, displayed an unrelenting sternness, capable of the most ruthless deeds. One, who had the aspect and garb of their leader ; who wearing his scymetar, seemed menacing the rest, held on his arm a massy shield of immense circumference, and which being streaked with recent blood, presented to the eye an object truly terrific. At the back part of the cave, and fixed to a brazen ring, stood a female figure, and, as far as the obscurity of the light gave opportunity to judge, of a beautiful and elegant form. From her the shrieks proceeded ; she was dressed in white, and struggling violently, and in a convulsive manner, appeared to have been driven almost to madness from the conscious horror of her situation. Two of the banditti were in high dispute, fire flashed from their eyes, and their scymetars were half unsheathed, and, Montmorency expecting that in the fury of their passion, they would cut each other to pieces, waited the event, but as the authority of their captain soon checked the tumult, he rushed in with his followers, and, hurling his lance, "Villains !" he exclaimed, "receive the reward of thy cruelty !" the lance bounded innocuous from the shield of the leader, who turning quickly upon Montmorency, a severe engagement ensued ; they smote with prodigious strength, and the valley resounded to the clangor of their steel ; their falchions unable to sustain the shock, shivered into a thousand pieces, when Montmorency, instantly elevated with both his hands his shield, dashed it with resistless force against the head of his antagonist ; lifeless he dropped prone upon the ground, and the crush of his armour bellowed through the hollow rock.—In the mean time, his attendants, although they had exerted themselves with great bravery, and had already dispatched one of the villains, were, by force of numbers, overpowered, and being bound together, the remainder of the banditti, rushed in upon Montmorency, just as he had stretched their commander upon the earth, and obliged him also, notwithstanding the most vigorous efforts of valour, to surrender. The lady, who during the encounter, had fainted away, waked again to fresh scenes of misery, at the moment when these monsters of barbarity were conducting the unfortunate Montmorency and his companions, to a dreadful grave. They were led by a long and intricate passage, mid an immense assemblage of rocks, which rising between seventy and eighty feet perpendicular, bounded on all sides in a circular plain, into which no opening was apparent, but that through which they came. [To be continued.]

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# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 9, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE PASSENGER—No. XXVI.

TO the man who is possessed of a bold speculative mind, it is a subject of astonishment that so many of his fellow creatures can vegetate through their stage of existence, without reasoning upon the multiform phenomena of nature which continually present themselves for his contemplation. Subjects which to the mass of mankind are marvellous or terrific, he can account for on philosophical principles, and bring forth to their view, the occult causes, and certain effects, of every operation in nature. When his reason is incompetent for furnishing demonstrative theories, his pride stands ready to supply the deficiency, and he is equally ready to defy the Author of nature to produce a work beyond the extent of his investigating talents.

To the modest Philosopher, miracles on miracles appear to arrest his observation, and teach him humility. The stamp of Omnipotence on every object of his study, produces a reverential awe, guarding him from the assurance of peremptory decision. Cautiously he attempts explaining the Supreme economy, and by every subject of his contemplation he is led to an acknowledgment of the contracted power of the human intellect. In pursuits leading to an enquiry into the hidden operations of nature, he is fearful, lest he be treading on consecrated ground;—doubtful if he may not be searching for secrets not designed for man to know; he hesitates, he pauses, and with POPE exclaims:

*Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar,  
Wait the great teacher, Death, and GOD adore.*

Upon duly considering the imperfect state of our knowledge, and the weakness of our judgment, an arrogant philosopher may justly be considered as one of the most insufferable of moral beings. He is such, because he is arrogant—he is such, because he is deaf to reason.—Then why attempt to reason with him? I will not—permit me only to tell him a short story.

A Russian traveller of eminence, among the wonders of his country, which he related in a southern territory of Asia, asserted, that in his native dominions the cold was so intense, that the waters were during the winter so congealed and consolidated, that men, and even loaded carriages passed over their surface without injury or danger!

As he was a guest at court, this unaccountable description of the effects of cold, was related to the Prince. Fired with resentment, that a man who had received the honors of his court, should be guilty of publicly asserting what he supposed could not be true, he assembled the principal philosophers of his realm, to whom he submitted the question, whether it were possible that water should by cold be converted to a solid body.

The assembly met, and after much wise deliberation came to this conclusion—That the particles of all fluids were globular—that each particle could of course present but a single point of contact—and—that a point in contact with another point, could not produce cohesion—ergo—this eminent traveller was an eminent liar;—he was consequently expelled the court, and obliged to leave the territory, or submit to the disagreeable reflections of being viewed as an unprincipled character. He chose the former and returned home, to contemplate the fallacy of human wisdom, and to enjoy the pleasure of skating on his own ponds.

By a very minute circumstance we are frequently led into a train of thinking;—such was the occurrence from which originated the subject of this paper.—Being engaged at my lodgings in writing a letter by candle light, just as I had completed it, I was called off, and left it lying on the table.—Upon my return, I began to look over my letter, without taking it up, and observed a dot over the first stroke of the letter v, which gave it the appearance of an i; I took up my knife to erase it; but on the approach of the knife the dot run off with astonishing celerity. I was struck with a reverential awe of that Power who could animate such an atom, with all the qualities of life, motion, and a sense of danger. Here, within a space, no larger than the point of my pen, is contained a system of exquisite machinery endued with a perception which proud man calls *instinct*, that may in many instances exceed his own, which he denominates *reason*. Within this small compass are circumscribed regular sets of bones, of muscles, of veins and arteries. A constant circulation of the vital fluid is preserved, through a period calculated for its existence, and this is to be maintained by food, which this speck has knowledge to select.

*How humble then ought boasting man to be,  
Who knows so little of the DEITY.*

I retired to rest contemplating my subject, and wondering if it were possible that a doubt should oppress the mind of any being formed by the hand of OMNIPOTENCE, whether his MAKER has the power or the will, to scrutinize the ways of the creatures he has made.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THEORY AND PRACTICE.

WHAT a strange being is this creature Man! In theory, all humility, benevolence and uprightness; but alas! in practice, more ferocious than the tiger or the bear!

"A very excellent piece," said Horatio, as he laid down the Magazine, after reading that beautiful "Address to young married men," "to me, it is incomprehensible, how a man or a being, possessed of any of the feelings of a man, could first solicit the love of a tender and beautiful female, and induce her to quit the arms of her fond and endearing parents, and then abandon her to a thousand corroding cares and anxieties; or, in fact, be guilty of any action which would directly or indirectly wound her feelings."

SUCH is Horatio in theory; but let us see him in practice. A brand fell from the fire; a simple provocation this—no matter, it is sufficient to arouse the petulant temper of Horatio, which, like the kindling fire, awakes a breeze sufficient to fan itself into a tremendous blaze. The fallings of the brand reminds him that he is out of wood; that idea is followed by another, not less pleasing; and so on, in continual succession, until he is no longer able to contain himself.—He begins by calling down a shower of curses on all around him—damns himself, the world, and even the God who made him!—curses the hour he was born, and calls on God Almighty to strike him instantaneously dead! The chairs too, inanimate as they are, are sure to receive the heat and impetuosity of his temper. Not even his poor, faithful, affectionate, unoffending dog, escapes his ridiculous wrath. His wife, beautiful and amiable, sits a melancholy spectator to a scene so wounding to her feelings. With Dr. Watts, I would exclaim,

*Unbind the tiger from the lamb,  
For love abhors the sight.*

How often does fate unite the most virtuous, mild and lovely female, to a man whose ferocious temper renders him contemptible in the eyes of every virtuous man. How great must be the disappointment of the unhappy woman who has ever been accustomed in their father's house, to join in acts of devotion and prayer, where all was calm, placid and serene; where devout exercises and moral rectitude went hand in hand; when arrived at a suitable age, to change their virgin for the connubial state—imagination had painted in their youthful, unsuspecting minds, every soft endearing pleasure, which they expected to enjoy with the man of their choice. On fancy's airy wing they travel to the remotest period of their existence, and find their path strewn with roses—but when they change the imaginary, for the reality, their fancied happiness vanishes like the midnight dream of a bewildered fancy; instead of the order of a pious parent's house, they find chaos and confusion. Unhappy females, I drop the sympathetic tear, and bid you adieu; for alas, your state in this life is irremediable. F\*\*\*.

Boston, May, 26, 1804.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

*Was every faltering tongue of man,  
ALMIGHTY FATHER! silent in thy praise,  
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice;  
E'en in the depth of solitary woods,  
By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,  
And to the choir celestial thee resound!  
Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all.*

THOMPSON.

HOW much might conversation be improved; how successfully might the education of children and youth be conducted, if the objects in nature, and the incidents which daily occur, were made use of as instruments of instruction. We should then, to borrow the words of the poet,

*"Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
"Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."*

The following extracts from different authors, will, in my opinion, impel youth to an ardour for studies of this kind.

Examine with a microscope, says Sturmi, the surface of your skin, and you will find that it resembles the scaly skin of a fish. It has been computed that a grain of sand could cover 250 of these scales, and that one only of these scales cover 500 pores, and consequently that a space, equal to a grain of sand contains 125,000 pores. From a late publication, (The Wonder of Nature and Art,) I extract the following wonderful account of the Spider, which I presume no one can read without exclaiming. "O Nature, how wonderful are thy works."

M. Leewenhoeck having dissected the body of the largest Spider he could find, and nicely examined each part, at last discovered the vast number of instruments from whence the Spider draws threads of various fineness, which he judged to be at least 400, lying not close together, but in several distinct clusters. At another time this gentleman took a Spider, and laid it upon its back, so that it could not stir, and then pulled out with a very fine pair of pincers, a thread that he perceived sticking out of one of the working insur-



nents. At the same time he saw many fine threads issuing out of its body, which, at the distance of a hair's breadth or two from the body, joined together and made thick threads. Hence it appears, that the threads of a Spider's web, which to the naked eye seem to be single, do really consist of several threads; some of which are so exceedingly fine that M. Leewenhoeck thought a 100 of them put together would not make a 100th part of the thickness of the hair of his head; 10,000, therefore of the fine threads of a full grown Spider are not so thick as a hair, and if we add to this, that 400 young Spiders when they first begin to spin are not one with another bigger than a full grown one, and that each of those spiders are provided with all the instruments of the old one, it will follow, that the smallest thread of a young spider is 400 times smaller than that of a great one; and that, four millions of such threads are not so thick as a hair of a man's head; which is a fineness perfectly astonishing, and beyond our conception.

Samuel Williams, L. L. D. (in his History of Vermont) says, that at Burlington at the depth of 25 or 30 feet in digging a well, a large number of Frogs were dug up, so numerous that several of them were cut to pieces by the spades of the workmen; being exposed to the air they became active, but unable to bear the direct rays of the sun, most of them perished. From the depth of earth with which these were covered, it cannot be doubted they had lain there many centuries. Here all will say that Natural History teaches us, it is in the power of the Creator of every thing to re-animate all his mortal creatures when it shall be his pleasure.

I would wish that Natural History might be promoted, and that some able person or persons would undertake to recommend it.

PHOLAS.

#### MORAL AND USEFUL.

##### FERGUSON'S ASTRONOMY.

Mr. Ferguson, after having given a full, clear and distinct account of eclipses, observes as follows.

347. From the above explanation of the doctrine of eclipses, it is evident, that the darkness at our Saviour's crucifixion was supernatural. For he suffered on the day that the passover was eaten; and the celebration of the passover is strictly commanded in several places of the Old Testament, to be on the 14th day of the first month, or moon, which day, according to the Jews' way of reckoning, from the first appearance of the moon, after her change, fell upon the day of her being full. But the moon, when full, is in the side of the heavens, opposite to the sun, and therefore cannot at that time cast her shadow on the earth, neither does the total darkness in natural eclipses of the sun last five minutes, whereas the darkness at the crucifixion lasted three hours; and seems to have overspread much more of the earth than was possible from an interposition of the moon.

348. The Jews always began their day at sun-setting, and kept the passover on the day of the first full moon after the vernal equinox (which, in our Saviour's time, fell on the evening of the 22 day of March.) For Josephus expressly says, "The passover was kept on the 14th day of the month Nisan, according to the moon when the sun was in Aries." And the sun always enters the sign Aries at the vernal equinox.

349. There is a remarkable prophecy in Daniel, ch. ix. ver. 26, 27. concerning the year in which the Messiah should be cut off. And he shall confirm the covenant with many for one week; and in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and the oblations to cease. Now, as it is generally allowed, that by each of Daniel's prophetick weeks was meant seven years, the middle of the week must be in the fourth year. And, as our Saviour did not enter upon his public ministry, or confirming the covenant, until he was baptized, which, according to St. Luke, ch. iii. ver. 23. was in the beginning of his 30th year, or when he was full 29 years old; this prophecy points out the very year of his death; namely, the 33d year of his age, or fourth year of his publick ministry. Let us now try whether

we can ascertain that year from astronomical principles and calculations.

The author then proceeds to this trial, and in the three following paragraphs clearly demonstrates, from astronomical principles and calculations, that our Saviour's death or crucifixion must have been in the 32d year of his age, or fourth year of his public ministry; after which he observes as follows.

The above 33d year was the 4746th year of the Julian period, and the last year of the 202d Olympiad; which is the very year that Phlegon informs us an extraordinary eclipse of the sun happened. His words are, *In the 4th year of the 202d Olympiad there was the greatest eclipse of the sun that ever was known: It was night at the sixth hour of the day, so that the stars of heaven were seen.* This time of the day agrees exactly with the time that the darkness began, according to Matthew, ch. xvii. ver. 25. Mark, ch. xv. ver. 33, and Luke, ch. xxiii. ver. 44. But whoever calculates, will find that a total eclipse of the sun could not possibly happen at Jerusalem any time that year in the natural way.

All this (from 348, to 353, inclusive) seems sufficient to ascertain the true time of our Saviour's birth and crucifixion to be according to our present computation; and to put an end to the controversy among chronologers on that head. From hence likewise may be inferred the truth of the prophetick parts of scripture, since they can stand so strict a test as that of being examined on the principles of astronomy.

#### AGRICULTURE.

IT is related, that a certain Chinese Emperor, when a rich mine had been discovered and opened in his dominions, ordered it to be shut; alleging that it would injure the public, by diverting the people from the industrious pursuits of husbandry. This imperial mandate was not so chimerical and unreasonable as most people might think it to be. Any thing that tends to a general relaxation of industry is a public evil, and, even though it should bring temporary riches, would be sure to terminate in poverty.

The acquisition of the Spanish mines rendered the Spaniards, firstly rich, then lazy, and finally poor. And, if there are now vastly rich and extensive mines (a thing not impossible) within the United States, far distant be the inauspicious day that shall discover them to the inhabitants. The discovery of such mines would be a great national calamity, as they would become a substitute for industry, and would tend, first to idleness, pride and luxury, and ultimately to national poverty and wretchedness:—and more particularly, as they would draw off the attention of people from cultivating the surface of the earth, which is an infinitely better source of national wealth, than digging gold from its bowels.

In such a vast agricultural country as is ours, husbandry ought to be the first and principal occupation, which should employ at least nine tenths of its male inhabitants.—And men who would be expert and excellent farmers, must make this their only calling; for it is a business that requires study and forethought, and daily care and attention.

#### ON DOMESTIC ENJOYMENT.

TO see a well regulated family acting as if they were one body, informed by one soul, where, "If one member suffered, all the members suffered with it," to see those who are embarked together in one bottom, whose interests are inseparably united, and whose hearts ought to be so too—to see those acting in concert, adopting each others cares, uniting their friendly beams, and jointly promoting their common happiness, is the most pleasing picture in human life, and must excite either our envy or our emulation.

Behold the pleasing scene, the master of a family influenced by the spirit of religion, walking before his house with a perfect heart!—See him assisting with soft language of conjugal affection the cares of his partner, and by a thousand tender offices, endearing himself to his little stock! see his kindness, hear his tenderness to his servants, and behold him smiling on all around; the mild influences of love run down through every branch, and diffuse general happiness. Here dwell peace and harmony, the hospitable dome, unfolds its doors and bids a cheerful welcome to the gentle visitor, whose enlivening conversation adds greatly to the

pleasure of the scene,—nor does the child of distress and want ever supplicate relief in vain.

*Oh, ye celestial spirits, whose bland smile,  
From Heaven's high azure, beams on mortal life,  
Whose guardian care averts the evenom'd snake;  
Whose soothing breath disarms the rage of strife,  
Around this peaceful mansion soft diffuse,  
The kindest blessings of ethereal love.*

#### AMUSING.

##### GAMBLING—AN EXTRACT.

THE pernicious consequences of play have been frequently described in the strongest terms, and illustrated by the most striking examples. Seldom, however, have they been represented on so large a scale as in the late account of the fate of a great body of Gamblers at Hamburg, which an intelligent spectator has published in a German gazette as the result of his examination during a period of two years. Of six hundred individuals who were in the habit of frequenting gaming houses, he states, that nearly one half not only lost considerable sums, but were finally stripped of all means of subsistence, and ended their days by self-murder. Of the rest, not less than a hundred finished their career by becoming swindlers, or robbers on the highway. The remnant of this unfortunate group perished, some by apoplexy, but the greater number by cholera and despair. He mentions, that during the whole space of two years to which his journal is confined, he did not see one of these six hundred gamblers with a single new dress.

In the Eastern empire of Indostan, a wealthy citizen of Ispahan, gaming with an inhabitant of a neighboring kingdom, lost his whole estate!—yet actuated with a desire of regaining what he had lost, and hoping for a reverse of fortune, he brought to the stranger his amiable wife, the companion and partner of all his joys and sorrows: and his two sons, the precious pledges of their mutual affection.—Cruel fortune still continuing against him, he lost all!—The stranger claimed them, according to the custom of the country, as his slaves! The citizen regretting his folly, and abhorring the wretched state of slavery to which he had reduced his wife and children, resolved in a fit of desperation to free them from it.—He drew his dagger and plunged it into the breast of his beloved consort!—then reeking into the hearts of his dear and innocent babes!—Now, being robbed of all the comforts of this world—and death being more acceptable to him than life, he finished the horrid transaction by stabbing himself!

#### ON DANCING.

EVERY step in dancing has its name and value; but not one should be employed in a vague, unmeaning manner. All the movements should be conformable to the expression required, and in harmony with one another. The steps regular, and properly varied, with a graceful suppleness in the limbs, a certain strength, address, and agility; just positions exhibited with ease, delicacy, and, above all, with propriety, characterize the masterly dancer, and in their union, give to its execution its due beauty. The least negligence in any of these points is immediately felt, and detracts from the merit of his performance. Every step, or motion, that is not natural, or has any thing of stiffness, constraint, or affectation, is instinctively perceived by the spectator. The body must constantly preserve its proper position, without the least contortion, well adjusted to the steps; while the motion of the arms must be agreeable to that of the legs, and the head to be in concert with the whole.

#### ANECDOTES.

A BEAU's pudding, if its size should continue to increase, will soon answer a very valuable purpose. A man will shortly be enabled to use it for a portmanteau; and the shirts, stockings and shoes, necessary for every traveller, will answer very well the purposes of neck-clothing.

MR. MACKLIN, the comedian, going to a fire office, to insure some property, was asked by the clerk, how he would have his name entered? "Entered!" replied the veteran of the sock; "why I am only plain Charles Macklin, a vagabond by act of parliament; but, in compliment to the times, you may set me down Charles Macklin, Esquire, as they are now synonymous terms!"

## SHEEP STEALING.

THE following is related as a fact, as having actually happened some years since in the state of Connecticut.—A man in rather indifferent circumstances, surrounded by a large family, being entirely out of meat, had recourse to his neighbour's (a wealthy farmer) sheepfold for relief. The neighbour having a large flock of sheep, did not perceive he had lost any, until one of the finest in the flock, very large and fat, was missing—and counting his sheep, found he had lost several. Unable to account for his extraordinary loss, he resolved a few nights after to watch. About midnight, he observed an uncommon disturbance among the sheep, by the sudden appearance of a man dressed in disguise. Curiosity, as well to observe the conduct of the person as to find him out, induced him to lie still. In the flock, there was a large ram, with whom, it seems, the man was in the habit of conversing as if he had been the actual owner of the sheep.—“Well, Mr. RAM,” says the nocturnal sheep stealer, “I am come to buy another sheep; have you any more to sell?” Upon which he replied himself, as in the person of the ram. “Yes, I have sheep to sell.” By this time, the owner of the sheep perceived him to be one of his neighbours. “What will you take for that large fat wether?” says the purchaser. “Four dollars,” replies Mr. RAM. “That is a high price,” says the man; “but as you are so good as to wait on me for the pay, I think I will take him.” “Well, Mr. RAM,” continues the honest sheep-buyer, “let us see how many sheep I have bought of you.” “If I am not mistaken,” says Mr. RAM, “this makes the fifth;” and then went on to cast up the amount of the whole; and after giving Mr. RAM a polite invitation to call on him for his pay, and bidding him a good night, took the wether and led him home, while the owner, lay laughing at the novelty of the scene, as highly gratified as if he had received ample pay for the whole. A few nights afterwards, when he supposed his neighbor was nearly out of mutton, he caught the old ram, tied a little bag under his neck, and placed a piece of paper between his horns, on which he wrote in large letters, I HAVE COME AFTER MY PAY. Under this line, he footed up the amount of the five sheep exactly as his neighbour had done, as before related; he then took the ram to his neighbour's house, where he tied him near his door and then went home. When the neighbour arose in the morning, he was not a little surprised, to find a sheep tied to his own door; but it is beyond words to express his astonishment when he found it was the Old Ram with whom he had lately been dealing so much in mutton, with his errand on his forehead, and the amount of the five sheep accurately made out, as he had done a few nights before in the person of the ram. Suffice it to say, he obtained the money, and after tying it up nicely in the little bag, and tearing the paper from his horns, set the ram at liberty, who immediately ran home, giving his money as if proud of having accomplished the object of his errand—to the no small gratification of the owner.

## THE SPANISH DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THEATRICAL REVIEW.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1804. General Election.

*Dramatist, or, Stop him who Cans, and Shipwreck.*

ON the 30th ult. the Theatre in this town re-opened for three nights only, with the *Dramatist*; and *Shipwreck*—the evening's entertainments interspersed with songs, &c.—On which occasion the Theatre was respectably attended, and the performances handsomely supported. Mr. BERNARD's *Vapid*, and Mr. DICKENSON's *Lord Serateb*, excited the greatest mirth and attention of the audience. Mr. and Mrs. JONES, and Mr. WILSON, severally did themselves great honour. Mrs. JONES stands unrivalled (in her vocal powers) on the American stage. Her song, the “*Day of Marriage*,” exhibited an elegant specimen of her taste in singing. Mr. WILSON's *Cosmetic-Doctor* was uncommonly well. His recent indisposition and fatigue prevented that attention which would otherwise have been paid to it.—However, he made a very handsome apology—and succeeded well in his second attempt.—In Mrs. JONES's *Sally Shamrock*, and Mr. WILSON's *Harry Rawster*, consisted the chief support of the “*Shipwreck*.”

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 1, 1804.

*Speed the Plough, and Don Juan.*

THE parts of *Miss Blandford*, *Henry*, *Farmer Ashfield*, *Handy jun.* and *Handy, sen.* by Mrs. JONES, Mr. WILSON, Mr. BERNARD, Mr. JONES, and Mr. DICKENSON, were supported with much merit.—Mr. BIGNALL, nor Mr. KENNY do not seem to excel so much in *Sir Philip Blandford*, and *Morrington*, as in parts of a comic cast.—*Don Juan* was handsomely represented by Mr. JONES—and we cannot regret this late alteration in the cast.

MONDAY, JUNE 4, 1804. Artillery Election.

*Wives as they were, and Maids as they are*, A comedy, with an interlude; and *American Heroism*, or, *The Philadelphia Destroyed*.

Mrs. POWELL's performance, was marked with talent, taste, and propriety, which has ever distinguished this lady—who has long, and justly been a favourite in Boston.—Mrs. JONES was inimitable, her repetition of the song, lately sung at the Stone-Chapel was highly applauded.—The peculiar richness of feeling and elegance of expression which distinguishes the poetic writings of Mr. PAINE, is much greater than that of any writer of the present age—which is discoverable in every line of his *Essays*.

“*American Heroism*,” is an old tune, adapted to the “*Glorious Occasion*.”—However patriotic it may appear to some—to others, it is truly ridiculous. THESPIS.

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, JUNE 9, 1804.

## FOREIGN.

THIS department of the *Magazine*, for this week, is quite barren; it is now 54 days since the last accounts from Europe, consequently we cannot present our readers with any thing new of the important events which may be expected to take place in the old world.

Accounts from Oporto, to the 12th April, mention the loss on the coast of Portugal, of forty sail of the British West-India fleet. They sailed from Cork, March 24th, under convoy of the *Apollo* and *Craysfort* frigates, and on the morning of the 2d April, the *Apollo* struck on a beach 15 leagues S. of Oporto.—Thirty nine sail of the convoy followed her on shore.—The *Apollo* lost 134 of her crew; and Commodore Dixon drowned himself.

WEST-INDIES.—We have before mentioned the massacre of all the whites at Cape-Francois. From the 19th of April to the 14th of May, the blacks were continually employed in this barbarous conduct; and the bloody work at last only ceased for the want of victims—neither age nor sex was respected. Women, with children in their arms, were hacked down with swords, and plunged with bayonets! The particulars are too shocking to relate. It seems almost impossible such barbarity could be perpetrated by human beings; and too, on their own species! Who could thrust a bayonet through the breast of an inoffensive woman, with an INFANT in her arms, but MONSTERS! Such, however, has been the case, in the present instance: Nature revolts at such crimes; and the readers of the *Magazine*, will feel a high indignation at the unparalleled murder of INNOCENCE, BEAUTY, and all that is AMIABLE!—the tear of sensibility must flow and the heart ring with anguish!—The Dutch colony of Surinam, surrendered to the British, on the 4th May. The articles of capitulation, were brought by Capt. Meagher, arrived at this port, in 23 days from thence. It is signed by General Green, and Com. Hood, on the part of the English, and Col. Batenburg, on the part of the Dutch. The latter were permitted to march from the forts with the honours of war; the officers to retain their arms, the soldiers to ground theirs, and to be sent to Europe, &c. The government of the Colony, and its dependencies, to be held by Maj. Gen. Sir Charles Green, until His Majesty's pleasure is known.

## DOMESTICK.

Of Domestic affairs, we have the important information from Commodore PREBLE, dated at Syracuse, March 19, stating, that the *Bey* of Tunis, was equipping his whole naval force with great expedition, and it was whispered, the object was to depredate on the American Commerce. Three of his vessels from 24 to 32 guns were at Malta—one of 33 was at Tunis.—Com. P. intended to proceed off Tunis.—We learn from

Naples, that two Neapolitan vessels had sailed to blockade Tunis; and it was said were to join the American squadron, if desired.—Com. Preble had 4 bomb-ketches at Syracuse; and it was reported the King of Naples had loaned to him 25 gun-boats. The *Syren* and *Nautilus* were off Tripoli, at the last dates. The *Tripolines* had a brig and sch. in the Archipelago.

The First Consul of France, has, with his own hand, written a letter to his Commissary General at Tripoli, demanding the release of the officers and crew of the Philadelphia frigate.—The Rev. Dr. Lathrop, of Boston, in connection with his excellent discourse before the Society for propagating the Gospel, delivered this year, has given us the history of this charitable institution in this state. The society in Scotland established three Boards of Correspondence, one at Boston, one at Connecticut, and one in New Jersey. After the revolution, 1787, a Society was incorporated in Boston. Its funds had no precise form until 1791, and from that time several Missionaries have been employed. Schools also, have been encouraged, as the Doctor justly expresses it, “that the seed might not fall by the way side.” From his acquaintance with the education of Indians, he promises little from any methods which have been already adopted. Civilization must oppose habit, and experience provide for a rational religion. In 1803, the funds of the Society had exceeded 23,000 dollars, of which John Alford, Esq. of Charleston, gave by will above 10,000. From the first establishment until 1797, they had distributed to the Indians 38 bibles, 84 testaments, and other books amounting to 544. To others, particularly in Maine, until the present time, 607 bibles, 1151 testaments, making the whole number including the books given to the Indians, 17,324 books; 24 persons have been employed as Missionaries at different times. The most eminent benefactors are enumerated. William Hyslop, Esq. gave 2754 dollars, Hon. James Bowdoin, 1156 dollars, and Hon. William Phillips, 1000. Two hundred dollars were given by Rev. Eliakim Willis, of Malden. The Brief of the Commonwealth raised 1561 dollars. The greatest advantages are derived to the District of Maine.—*Sal. &c.*

The ship building on the western waters, continues, but the falls in the Ohio prove a serious evil to the navigation which is in the upper part of the river. Seven vessels from 80 to 300 tons each, were detained at the falls, on the 23d of May, and waiting for freshets. Two brigs of 170 tons, and two schooners of 80 tons, have been built this season at Marietta.—The money makers taken up in New-Hampshire, have broke gaol at Amherst, and made off. Their escape had undoubtedly for some time been premeditated, as several of them left manuscripts behind them, of a taunting threatening nature. Among other threats, of their file leader, the noted *Timothy Call*, was one, that they would “soon be in a situation to furnish the public with thousands and perhaps millions” of this genuine paper money.—On Monday last, Mr. Lewis Johnson, of Stoughton, was struck by lightning; and after remaining some time, was resuscitated by the application of cold water.

## MARRIED.

In this town, Mr. Lemuel Pope, jun. merchant, to Miss Sally B. Russell.—Mr. Hugh Gregg, to Miss Betty Gould.

## DIED.

At Charlestown, Mrs. Elizabeth Waterman, *Æt.* 25, consort of the Rev. Thomas W. and daughter of Mr. Archibald M'Neil.—At Shutesbury, Mr. Ephraim Pratt, *Æt.* 117.—At Mount Vernon, (Maine.) Mrs. Mary Snelling, *Æt.* 26, consort of the Rev. Joseph S. of this town.—In Naples, Mr. Charles R. Reed, of Boston.

In this town, Mrs. Mary Mahony, *Æt.* 75—Miss Mary Vila, *Æt.* 20, daughter of Mr. James V.—Mr. John Lovering, *Æt.* 33—Mr. Francis Bright, *Æt.* 20—4 others including 2 from the Alms House, and 2 Children—11. Yesterday, Mrs. Lucy French, consort of Mr. Abram French. Her funeral will be on Monday next.

## AMOSKEAG LOTTERY.

ON Tuesday next, this Lottery will commence drawing at *Mercant's Hall*, Elm-Street, when the tickets will be \$4, and quarters at \$1 12½. for sale by GILBERT & DEAN, if application is immediately made. Five Thousand Dollars is the highest prize, and only 6000 tickets.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT &amp; DEAN,

THE beauty of the following Anacreontic, I presume, will insure its admission into your Magazine. It is said to have been the production of the late celebrated Lord Chatham. D.

FROLIC and free, for pleasure born,  
The self-denying fool I scorn:  
The proffer'd joy, I ne'er refuse;  
'Tis oft-times troublesome to chuse.  
Lov'st thou, my friend? I love at sight;  
Drink'st thou? this bumper does thee right.  
At random with the stream I flow,  
And play my part where'er I go.

Great god of sleep, since we must be  
Oblig'd to give some hours to thee;  
Invade me not till the full bowl  
Glow in my cheek and warms my soul.  
Be that the only time to snore,  
Then I can love and drink no more;  
Short, very short, then be thy reign;  
For I'm in haste to live again.

But, O! if melting in my arms  
In some soft dream, with all her charms,  
The nymph belov'd should then surprise,  
And grant what waking she denies—  
Then prithee, gentle slumber, stay;  
Slowly, ah slowly, bring the day;  
Let no rude noise my bliss destroy,  
Such sweet delusion's real joy.

## ODE,

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE  
INSTITUTION OF

"THE CHARITABLE FIRE SOCIETY."

BY A YOUNG LADY.

I.  
WHEN first o'er dull chaotic night  
Beam'd the soft ray of infant light,  
Warm'd by the touch, young Beauty rose,  
The Earth with new-born rapture glows;  
Calm order wins the crown from strife,  
And all the waken'd system swells with life.

II.  
So CHARITY, thou nymph divine!  
The flame that gilds thy sacred shrine,  
Pours on the mind a cheering blaze,  
Warm's the still heart with genial rays,  
And glimmering from the tearful eye,  
Soothes with its soft'ning beam affliction's sigh.

III.  
Here shelter'd in thy favourite dome,  
The houseless sufferer finds a home;  
As the rich Nile redundant flows  
O'er lands, where burning Siroc blows:  
So, where all sweeping fire extends,  
From here the rescuing hand of bounty bends.

IV.  
Not like the Greek, whose arts supplied  
The Torch to whelm a City's pride,  
Not as o'er Rome when ruin came  
Like the mad wretch, who bless'd the flame,  
But like high Jove, whose saving power  
Gave to Aeneas' prayers the quenching shower.

V.  
Yes, CHARITY! thy angel form  
Shines thro' the clouds, and stills the storm,  
With healing breath thy melting voice  
Bids the torn breast of Grief rejoice,  
And, when misfortune's tempests rise,  
Thy pitying care the port of peace supplies.

## EPIGRAM.

QUOTH BET, "Since I have thought at all,  
I've form'd this steadfast rule;  
Let whate'er other ill befall,  
Never to wed a fool."

Says JACK, "Then nothing can, I fear,  
From celibacy save you:  
For, take my word for it, my dear,  
None but a fool will have you."

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## SONNET TO HOPE.

OH, ever skill'd to wear the form we love;  
To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart;  
Come gentle Hope! with one gay smile remove  
The lasting sadness of an aching heart;  
Thy voice, benign enchantress! let me hear;  
Say that for me, some pleasures yet shall bloom!  
That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear,  
Shall soften, or shall chase misfortune's gloom—  
But come, not glowing in the dazzling ray,  
Which once with fair illusions charm'd my eye!  
Oh strew no more, sweet flatterer, on my way  
The flowers, I fondly thought too bright to die.  
Visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast,  
That asks not happiness, but longs for rest!

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO THE BEAUTIFUL AND AMIABLE Miss S\*\*\*\* C\*\*\*\*.

GRACE is in all your steps and mien,  
You like a goddess move;  
In all your gesture there is seen  
Both dignity and love.  
Love steals artillery from your eyes,  
The graces paint your charms;  
Orpheus is rival'd in your voice,  
And Venus in your arms.

## THE NOVELIST.

## MONTMORENCY.—A FRAGMENT

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 128.

THE moon shone bright, and they beheld in the midst of this plain, a hideous chasm; it seemed near a hundred feet in diameter, and on its brink grew several trees, whose branches almost meeting in the centre, dropped on its infernal mouth a gloom of settled horror.

"Prepare to die," said one of the banditti, "for into that chasm shall ye be thrown; it is of unfathomable depth, and that ye may not be ignorant of the place ye are so soon to visit, we shall gratify your curiosity with a view of it." So saying, two of them seized the wretched Montmorency, and dragging him to the margin of the abyss, tied him to the trunk of a tree, and having treated his associates in the same manner, "Look," cried a bandit with a fiend like smile, "look, and anticipate the pleasures of your journey."—Dismal and pale affright shook the cold limbs of Montmorency, and as he leant over the illimitable void, the dew sat in big drops upon his forehead, the moon's rays, streaming in between the branches, shed a dim light, sufficient to disclose a considerable part of the vast profundity, whose depth lay hid, for a subterranean river, bursting with tremendous noise into its womb, occasioned such a mist, from the rising spray, as entirely to conceal the dreary gulph beneath.

Shuddering on the edge of this accursed pit stood the miserable warrior; his eyes were starting from their sockets, and as he looked into the dark abyss, his senses blasted by the view, seemed ready to forsake him. Meantime the banditti, having unbound one of the attendants, prepared to throw him in: he resisted with astonishing strength; shrieking aloud for help, and, just as he had reached the slippery margin, every fibre of his body raked with agonizing terror, he flung himself with fury backward on the ground; fierce and wild convulsion seized his frame, which being soon followed by a state of exhaustion, he was in this condition, unable any longer to resist, hurled into the dreadful chasm; his armour striking upon the rock, there burst a sudden effulgence, and the repetition of the stroke was heard for many minutes as he descended down its rugged side.—No words can describe the horrible emotions which on the sight of this shocking spectacle, tortured the devoted wretches. The soul of Montmorency sunk within him, and as they unbound his last fellow-sufferer, his eyes shot forth a gleam of vengeful light, and he ground his teeth in silent and unutterable anguish. The inhuman monsters now laid hold of the unhappy man; he gave no opposition, and, though despair sat upon his features, not a shriek, not a groan escaped him, but no sooner had he reached the brink, than making a sudden effort, he liberated an arm, and grasping one of the villains round the waist, spring-

headlong with him into the interminable gulph. All was silent—but at length a dreadful plunge was heard, and the sullen deep howled fearfully over its prey. The three remaining banditti stood aghast; they durst not unbind Montmorency, but resolved, as the tree to which he was tied, grew near the mouth of the pit, to cut it down, and by that means he would fall along with it, into the chasm. Montmorency, who after the example of his attendants, had conceived the hope of avenging himself, now saw all possibility of effecting that design taken away; and as the axe entered the trunk, his anguish became so excessive, that he fainted. The villains, observing this, determined from a malicious prudence, to forbear, at present, as he was incapable of feeling the terrors of his situation. They therefore withdrew, and left him to recover at his leisure.

Not many minutes had passed away when, life and sensation returning, the helpless Montmorency awoke to the remembrance of his fate. "Have mercy," he exclaimed, the briny sweat trickling down his pallid features, "Oh! Christ have mercy!" then looking around him he started at the abyss beneath, and shrinking from its ghastly brink, pressed close against the tree. In a little time, however, he recovered his perfect recollection, and, perceiving that the banditti had left him, became more composed. His hands which were bound behind him, he endeavoured to disentangle, and, to his inexpressible joy, after many painful efforts, he succeeded so far as to loosen the cord, and by a little more perseverance, affected his liberty. He then sought around for a place to escape through, but without success; at length, as he was passing on the other side of the chasm, he observed a part of its craggy side, as he thought, illuminated, and, advancing a little nearer, he found that it proceeded from the moon's rays shining through a large cleft of the rock, and at a very considerable depth below the surface. A gleam of hope now broke in upon his despair, and gathering up the ropes which had been used for himself and his associates, he tied them together, and fastening one end to the hole of a tree, and the other to his waist, he determined to descend as far as the illuminated spot. Horrible as was the experiment, he hesitated not a moment in putting it into execution; for, when contrasted with his late fears, the mere hazard of an accident weighed as nothing, and the apprehension that the villains might return before his purpose was secure, accelerated, and gave vigour to his efforts. Soon was he suspended in the gloomy abyss, and neither the roaring of the river, nor the dashing of the spray, intimidated his daring spirit, but having reached the cleft, he crawled within it, then loosening the cord from off his body, he proceeded onward, and at last, with a venture no description can paint, discerned the appearance of the glen beneath him. He knelt down, and was returning thanks to Heaven for his escape, when suddenly . . .

## THE TIGER-WOLF.

NOTHING is more certain than that those voracious beasts nightly visit the shambles about the Cape of Good Hope, where they devour the offals, and drag away what they cannot eat. The inhabitants return these good offices of the Hyæna, by giving it the unlimited privilege of access and egress. Even the dogs are said to throw no impediment in the way: so that the beast, fed and entertained in the very heart of the town, has seldom been known to do any mischief there, though it commits terrible devastations among the cattle in the country. Dr. Sparman relates a diverting tale of this animal, which he met with in a printed book circulated at the Cape. "One night a trumpeter, getting drunk, was carried out of doors in order to cool him, and to bring him the sooner to his senses. The scent of him soon attracted the tiger-wolf, which coming up, laid hold of and dragged him along, like a corpse, toward the Table Mountain. The motion awakened the trumpeter, who, without being quite sensible of his danger, began to sound the alarm with his trumpet, which he carried by his side. The wild beast was frightened in his turn, and the drunken man was left to recover his senses in security!"

BOSTON, (MASSACHUSETTS.)

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# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 16, 1864.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE GOSSIP—No. LX.

*Cetera de genere hoc (adeo sunt multa) loquacem  
Delassure valent Fabium.*

THE charms of this delightful season of the year have been the poet's theme, the lyrist's song, from time immemorial; and I believe there is not a being in nature who enjoys them more than I do; I love to range the fields and gardens, to watch the gradual progress of a shrub, the rise of a plant, the increase of a berry, or expansion of a flower.—The balmy morning air cheers and invigorates my frame, giving me spirits to pursue the employments or pleasures of the ensuing day with alacrity; the still evening calms and composes my mind, after the little crosses and ruffings of temper, which all, at one time or another, are liable to. I am particularly fond of visiting my friends at this season, especially those who have pleasant gardens and grounds; and who are like myself, charmed with the beauties of nature, and the still serenity of rural life. But I am well convinced, that in order to taste those beauties, and enjoy that serenity, in the most perfect manner, the mind must be active, and several hours in every day must be given to some laudable or useful employment. I never knew an indolent person who was delighted with trees, green fields, fruit, flowers, and the multitudinous wonders, beauties, and blessings which animated nature presents to their view. They look without seeing, and listen without hearing; to the joys of sense they are more awake, they ardently admire fine fruit, but are better pleased with it on the table, than clustering on the pendant branches, and blushing through the verdant foliage of the parent tree.—“And pray, Mr. Gossip, do you not love to taste as well as to see fine fruit?”—Oh, most assuredly I do: I am alive to every enjoyment of existence; no one more so; yes, every acute sensation of the frame, one throb with which the heart vibrates, whether of pain or pleasure; from the keen pain arising from the sting of a wasp, or the more irritating sting of a waspish tongue, to the grateful sense, enjoyed when inhaling the perfume of the violet, tasting the delicious anana, strawberry, or peach, or the more exquisite delight of enjoying the society, beholding the smiles, or enfolding the hand of those I most love and esteem. Nor would I be deprived of one of them, if my Creator has indulgently given me a heart, that

*“Thanks at the touch of joy or we,  
And turning, trembles too.”*

Shall I murmur at the pain, when permitted in so superlative a degree to enjoy the pleasure; or shall I refuse to place the fragrant rose in my bosom, lest, while so doing, the thorn should wound my finger?

I am in one circumstance a very happy person. I can forget pain, but every pleasurable sensation is retained in my mind most tenaciously; and if reflecting on the latter, the memory of the former will impudently intrude; I make it subservient to the great and desirable end, of promoting content, by weighing the pleasure against the pain, and always find the scale poised by the hand of reason and gratitude, preponderate in favour of the former.—And however strange this doctrine may appear to the peevish, snarling, repining mortal, I am

certain the rational, yet susceptible mind, will, in general, acknowledge its truth. Who that has been long separated from a friend, and beholds them restored in health and safety, but must feel the rapture of that moment, a thousand times overbalance the pain of separation? Who that feared a coldness in a beloved person, and suddenly and unexpectedly, has that fear removed, can, for a moment, doubt, that pain is the heightener of pleasure? Ask the poor wretch, who for months has been in the gloom of a dungeon, when restored to liberty and light, if he ever before fully felt how glorious was the sun, how refreshing the air, how beautiful the variegated face of nature, how dear, how invaluable the sweets of Freedom. Ask him, who, writhing with pain, parched with fever, or oppressed by the languor of inward weakness, has, for weeks, been confined to the darkened chamber and uneasy couch of infirmity; ask him, when health again visits his enfeebled frame, when he begins again to feel his nerves strengthened, and his animal functions restored, if he ever enjoyed those blessings so exquisitely, as since he had learnt their value by a temporary deprivation.—No, they who never were separated from a friend, never doubted the heart most valued, never languished in a prison, or endured pain and sickness, can have but a very feeble idea of happiness.

Now this being the case, is it not a proof of an ungrateful mind, to indulge a discontented spirit; and yet I have seen persons seemingly surrounded by every blessing, every temporal good, from their own unhappy dispositions, totally incapable of justly appreciating or fully enjoying any.

I was on a visit the other evening, where there are two sisters, whose dispositions are so extremely opposite, and so adapted to prove the truth of an opinion frequently advanced and generally allowed, that “we make our own happiness or misery; that it depends on ourselves more than on any extrinsic or adventitious circumstance,” that I shall conclude by giving an account of the occurrences of the evening.

CLARA and ROSA are the daughters of a gentleman of large property; their education has been the best this country could afford, and they are neither of them deficient in natural understanding. My friend has a very fine garden, and both his daughters are attentive to the neatness and elegance of the flowering shrubs, plants and evergreens. The parlour, where we drank tea, had many pots of flowers in it. ROSA pointed out to me their various beauties, said, they were of her sister's cultivation; praised her skill in bringing them forward so early, and her attention in preserving their freshness long after the flowers were expanded. I could perceive, that to commend, was to her delightful; that being in perfect harmony within, every surrounding object gave her pleasure; all was serenity and peace; she felt not one jarring atom in her whole composition; she was sensible of none in the whole system of nature. When I had chatted with this amiable girl, for about half an hour, CLARA came in, paid her compliments, and throwing herself into a loiling chair, which stood in one corner of the room, said in a peevish accent, “That dog of yours, ROSA, has been into the garden and dug a hole in one of the borders large enough to bury himself.” “I hope he has not destroyed any of the flowers, sister?”—“No, by good luck he has not, but he will some day or other make fine havock, he is always in mischief.” ROSA was be-

ginning to apologize for her dog, who had just put his fore feet up, and laid his head on her knee, wagging his tail and looking in her face, as though he would have said, “Do take my part?”—but his mistress had hardly said five words in his defence, when CLARA jumping up, ran to a geranium, which stood on the other side of the room, and exclaimed, “Bless me, who has done this? somebody has broken off the finest branch of my geranium, and only see here, the leaves are all wilted; I don't believe that girl has put a drop of water to them to day; my plants are ruined.”—ROSA rang the bell and ordered water to be brought, in order to remedy the poor girl's omission; but CLARA kept on fretting. When tea was served, the cake was slack baked, the biscuit was sour, the tea was a cold slop, the coffee was weak and muddy, and from her murmurs and complaints, you would have been led to suppose her the most persecuted, unhappy being in the world.—When we walked in the garden it was the same; every thing was out of place; the allies were littered, the shrubs neglected; in short, the universe to her, was all disorder, chaos, and confusion; the frown of discontent lowered on her brow, the accent of petulance hung upon her lips. The principal walk was terminated by a recess formed by honeysuckle and jessamine, where a number of sweet and beautiful plants were collected and arranged with much taste.—“I call this my garden,” said ROSA, “I have here many plants that I have raised from slips, which at different times, have been sent or presented to me in nose-gays.”—“Oh yes,” said CLARA. “ROSA has a number of favourites there; the givers, you know, make the gifts valuable.”—This was said very pointedly. “I hardly know who gave me these,” said her sister, bending over some small slips of myrtle which appeared to be in a flourishing state; “almost all that are here, have been preserved, because I valued the plant itself; not because I had any particular respect for those who gave them to me.”—“Oh, fie, ROSA, you forget,” said CLARA, sarcastically, and going to a pot which contained a very common shrub, she twitched off a branch. “Do not spoil that plant, CLARA,” said ROSA, with evident emotion, “and you may do what you will with the rest.”—CLARA at that moment spying out something that offended her at the other end of the garden, flew from us almost crying with rage; when turning to her placid sister, I said, “This then, is an acknowledged favourite.”—“Yes,” she replied, “and indeed, the *only* favourite; the rest I cultivate, because I am fond of gardening, and think it both a healthy and innocent amusement; but this was given me when a very small slip, by a friend I greatly esteem, and whose name and memory will ever be dear to my heart; the plant of itself, is common, and of no intrinsic worth; but for the sake of the giver, it is to me invaluable.” As she said this, she broke off a small spray, passed it across her lips, as though smelling of it, and then placed it in her bosom. It was easy to comprehend her thoughts and feelings; her countenance beamed with increased serenity; she passed her arm within mine and dwelt with enthusiasm on the pleasure; she often drew from the smallest trifles; I seemed to partake of her romantic fervour, and just then hearing the sharp voice of CLARA scolding the gardener, I could not avoid mentally exclaiming—“Yes, we are ourselves the authors of our own happiness or misery; ROSA would be happy, and find something to admire in a wilderness,



while CLARA would ever be dissatisfied even in Paradise itself."

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### LE PREDICATEUR.

"Did not I weep for him that was in trouble? was not my soul grieved for the poor?—When I looked for good, then evil came unto me; and when I looked for light, there came darkness." Job.

AN expectation of happiness and prosperity is naturally attached to the performance of good deeds, as a consequence resulting from them. Crime, and a want of the ordinary feelings of humanity, induce us, on the contrary, to look for calamity and misfortune, as their natural and just reward. In these expectations, however, we are frequently disappointed. In reviewing the pages of history and of life, we find acts of the most consummate cruelty and injustice, rewarded by wealth and power; deeds of the most exalted philanthropy, recompensed by penury and disgrace. This seemingly inequitable distribution of good and evil directs our attention towards a future state, in which all inequalities shall be balanced; in which vice shall be debased, and virtue exalted to honour.—Job, in his disappointments and trouble, had recourse to this consoling idea. "I know that my Redeemer liveth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

We often see those, whose office it is to succour the distressed and administer to the wants of the poor, the least sensible to the impulses of pity, and the last to extend the hand of charity to the perishing supplicant. Yet "they live, become old, and are mighty in power." We sometimes see those, whose profession is almost incompatible with feeling, melt with compassion at the condition of the forlorn and helpless, and, unnoticed, unrewarded, except with evil, bestow, with an unsparing hand, the oil and wine of consolation.

The following affecting incident, which actually happened in England, may be here introduced with propriety and effect.—An indigent and virtuous young married woman, who lived at a considerable distance from her own parish, was returning home: she had passed thro' the toil of a long day's journey on foot, and in the evening reached a village that was three miles distant from her own. Exhausted with fatigue, and fainting with thirst, she trusted that some charitable person would allow her a little straw, upon which she might repose her weary limbs, and she begged for a cup of beer to moisten her parched lips. That boon, indeed, was not denied her; but the stern overseer, perceiving the advanced state of her pregnancy, hurried her away from the village, without permitting her to partake of any other refreshment; and having conducted her beyond the limits of the parish, he inhumanly left her on a naked heath. The pangs of childbirth soon assailed her; she was delivered of her infant, and expired. At that moment, a highwayman, who had just committed a robbery, was hastening over the heath, and riding close to the very spot, he saw a woman who appeared dead, with a naked babe at her bosom. Forgetting his own perilous situation, the generous robber alighted from his horse, carried the naked infant to a cottage, and distributed part of his booty to the woman who received the child.—Every heart must throb with a wish for the humane robber's escape; but Heaven ordered it otherwise: the pity that delayed his flight, was the cause of his being taken. Notwithstanding the singularity of his case, he underwent the full rigour of the law; while the unrelenting overseer continued to reside in his hamlet, the terror of the poor, and bore, to close with the poet,

"Weekly to church his book of wicked prayers."

### AMUSING.

#### DEFENCE OF LAUGHTER.

HOWEVER serious and grave some of my *Levellers* have been, and however incapable I may be of entertaining my readers with sallies of wit and humour, no one can laugh more heartily than I can, at the witty sayings of other people.

This disposition for laughter in me may proceed from pride; it may proceed from a certain turn in the imagination to the burlesque; it may proceed from lively spirits, a gay fancy, or any other cause hereafter to be sought for;—but I am very unwilling to believe it to be, as Lord Chesterfield terms it, "the characteristic of folly and ill manners." Since no man, then, likes to be thought a greater fool than he is in reality, and since I cannot always confine the expressing the joy of my heart to the mere grin of a monkey, I must, for my own sake, write something in defence of frank, open mirth and laughter.

"Having mentioned laughter," (says Lord Chesterfield, in his fashionable letters to his son) "I must particularly warn you against it; and I could heartily wish, that you may be often seen to smile, but never heard to laugh while you live. Frequent and loud laughter is the characteristic of folly and ill manners; it is the manner in which the mob express their silly joy at silly things; and they call it being merry. In my mind, there is nothing so illiberal and so ill bred as audible laughter. True wit, or sense, never yet made any body laugh; they are above it: they please the mind, and give cheerfulness to the countenance. But it is low buffoonery, or silly accidents, that always excite laughter; and that is what people of sense and breeding should shew themselves above. A man's going to sit down in the supposition that he has a chair behind him, and falling down upon his breech for want of one, sets a whole company a laughing, when all the wit in the world would not do it; a plain proof, in my mind, how low and unbecoming a thing laughter is.—Not to mention the disagreeable noise that it makes, and the shocking distortions of the face that it occasions. Laughter is easily restrained by a very little reflection; but, as it is generally connected with the idea of gaiety, people do not enough attend to its absurdity. I am neither of a melancholy nor a cynical disposition and am as willing and as apt to be pleased as any body; but I am sure, that since I have had the full use of my reason, nobody has ever heard me laugh."

Writing to a young man, that was likely to be employed in the affairs of a court, his lordship certainly gave him very proper advice:—to acquire, if possible, a perfect command of his countenance. One needs not shew all that one thinks, though there is no occasion either (as his lordship in others parts advises) to put in practice seduction or deceit. Sir William Temple disclaimed them both; and though he could laugh, too, was esteemed a wise politician.

Gravity is undoubtedly becoming in a divine, in a judge, in a physician, a surgeon, an apothecary, a schoolmaster, an undertaker, a midwife, a ratcatcher, or a thief, during the time they are employed in the exercise or function of their respective offices, professions, or trades. It is also prudent and becoming in all ladies, at all places of public resort; and it is equally proper to be observed by all persons in all companies that are to be treated with decency, decorum, or respect. Due regard ought, likewise to be paid to the difference of customs and manners in the different places at which one resides:—The frolicks of a youth in London would be treated as the actions of a madman at Amsterdam, (where, indeed, an Englishman and a madman are synonymous terms;) and the smiles of a frank, open hearted girl, educated at Paris, or at London, would be regarded by the formal prudes of some country towns, as indications of the most wanton mind.—But I can see no reason why the same serious, stupid face should be continued in a private company of friends; *prudence* requires it no longer, among those to whom the rate of each other's understanding must be sufficiently known.

Nor can I suppose that true wisdom and good sense are incompatible with laughter at any time. The Archbishop of York can relish a piece of wit and humour as well as any man; and no people can laugh more heartily at a good joke, than the present Lord Chief Justice

of England, and another learned Judge, the Lord President of the Court of Sessions in Scotland. From these three eminent examples it may be fairly presumed, that laughter is not, as Lord Chesterfield alleges, the characteristic of folly;—nor yet of ill manners, though the mob thereby express their silly joy at silly things. His lordship, by parity of reasoning, might as well have said, it was vulgar and ill mannered to eat, drink, and sleep, because the mob with great enjoyment do the same.

His lordship is the first person I ever heard give to laughter the name of a *disagreeable noise*; or, to its expressions on the countenance, the epithet of *shocking distortions of the face*. The very sound of a laugh, and the sight of people laughing, have frequently the effect to make us join in the mirth of others, of which we know not the cause. It gives such a comical cast to some features, that there is no resisting the sympathetic force of them without being uncommonly dull. I remember an instance of a whole company of sensible people being diverted for a quarter of an hour by a facetious friend of mine, who, instead of returning thanks after dinner, arose with great solemnity, and said, "Come, let us have a laugh;" then, putting both his hands on his sides, he forced a laugh in such a variety of notes, and with such a drollery of countenance, that he sat the whole table in a roar. Some people will tell me, the joke was as silly as the pulling of a chair from behind a man, to make him get a fall; nor will I pretend to say, there was any wit to bring out a laugh upon us, instead of the expected Thanksgiving Prayer: all I mean to affirm by it, is, that the sympathetic power of a laugh is sometimes so strong, that whoever should have seen my friend's very comical face, and heard the merry sound of his voice, would have had but little mirth in him, to have kept himself grave.

I leave to Anatomists to account for it, why one man is more readily convulsed than another; but certain it is, that when I hear any thing very laughable, let it be in the church, the senate, or the court, I can no more refrain from grinning, than I can from weeping at any affecting misery or distress of a fellow creature. Every one must recollect some, among his acquaintance, whose risible faculties are as little under command as mine, and who stand as little in awe, as I do, of the censure of a superior. For my own part, without being guilty of self approbation, I never liked a person the better for his not shewing the passions on his countenance. I hate a *masked face*; and whenever I discover one, I always guard myself against the possessor of it, as I would against a thief or a pick pocket. Can the sincerity of that man be depended on, who can look grave when he is inclined to laugh, or who will put on a smile when he wishes me perhaps at the devil?—I know I shall be taxed here with writing against *good manners*; for to the vanity of mankind, *bluntness* is displeasing; but I recommend it not; I mean only to say, that as dissimulation is never to be suspected, there is a manner of being *sincere* without being *blunt*: There is a wide difference between a suppression of the truth, and saying nothing but the truth. I would not, therefore, have a man laugh in another's face, if it were to give him any offence; and so far a command of countenance is desirable. But to smile on a person towards whom at the time you bear neither friendship nor love, is saying more than the truth:—it is dissimulation; it is deceit; it is wearing a counterfeit face.

#### CURIOUS LAW CASE.

IN the course of last week, the following curious, and to the party not unimportant case, came before the magistrates of Greenock, for their decision.—A poor woman stated to them that she had taken her passage in the Tarbet Packet, bringing with her fifteen dozen of eggs; she delivered to the master, who stowed them away in the hold; but unfortunately, one of the passengers had a birth assigned to him in their immediate neighbourhood; and although it may at first sight appear incredible, there is no doubt of the fact, in the course of the passage, which lasted only eighteen hours, he eat no less than nine dozen of the poor woman's eggs. The passenger did not deny the fact, yet the woman complained not of him but of the master, who, she insisted, had been guilty of misconduct in allowing such a passenger (a ravenous hop) a birth in the hold. After hearing parties at great length, the magistrates directed the master to pay the poor woman for the eggs,

but reserved to him his claim of relief against the hog. Here, however, another question no less difficult occurred, viz. whether the woman was entitled to receive for her eggs the market price at Greenock, or only the prime cost: and after hearing this point discussed at great length, the magistrates seemed to think, that the case in so far as the hog was concerned, partook of the nature of spulzie; and considering the master as answerable for the hog, they found the master liable for the market price. We are credibly informed, that all the parties have acquiesced in this decision.

*Lond. Pap.*

#### MORAL AND USEFUL.

##### POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

HOW irresistible is the power of conscience! It is a viper which twines itself round the heart, and cannot be shook off. It lays fast hold of us; it lies down with us, and stings us in our sleep. It rises with us, and preys upon our vitals. Hence ancient moralists compared an evil conscience to a vulture feeding upon our liver, and the pangs that are felt by the one to the throws of the other; supposing at the same time the vulture's hunger to be insatiable, and this entrail to be most exquisitely sensible of pain, and to grow as fast as it is devoured. What can be a stronger representation of the most lingering and most acute corporeal pains? Yet, strong as it is, it falls greatly short of the anguish of a guilty conscience. Imagination, when at rest, cannot conceive the horrors which, when troubled, it can excite, or the tortures to which it can give birth.

What must have been the state of the mind of Bessus, a native of Pelonia, in Greece, when he disclosed the following authenticated fact! His neighbours seeing him one day extremely earnest in pulling down some birds nests, and passionately destroying their young, could not help taking notice of it, and upbraiding him with his ill-nature and cruelty to poor creatures, that by nestling so near him, seemed to court his protection and hospitality; he replied, that their voice was to him insufferable, as they never ceased twitting him with the murder of his father.

This execrable villany had lain concealed many years, and never been suspected. In all probability it never would have come to light, had not the avenging fury of conscience drawn, by these extraordinary means, a public acknowledgement of it from the parricide's own mouth.

Bessus is not the only person that has stood self-convicted. Though the discovery has not been distinguished by such a circumstance; many have made a voluntary confession, and sought for a refuge from the torments of conscience in death. What a lesson for all men to keep a conscience void of offence!

#### METHOD OF PREPARING PARMESAN CHEESE.

THE size of these cheeses varies from 60 to 180 pounds, depending considerably on the number of cows in each dairy.

During the heat of summer, cheese is made every day; but in cooler months, milk will keep longer, and cheese is made every other day.—The summer cheese which is the best, is made of the evening milk, after having been skimmed in the morning and at noon; mixed with the morning milk, after having been skimmed at noon.—Both kinds of milk are poured together into a caldron capable of holding about 130 gallons, of the shape of an inverted bell, and suspended on the arm of a lever, so as to be moved off and on the fire at pleasure. In this caldron, the milk is gradually heated to the temperature of about 120 degrees; it is now removed from the fire, and kept quiet five or six minutes. When all internal motion has ceased, the rennet is added. This substance is composed of the stomach of a calf, fermented together with wheaten meal, and salt; and the method of rising it is, to tie a piece of the size of a hazel-nut in a rag and steep it in the milk; squeezing it from time to time. In a short time, a sufficient quantity of rennet passes through the rag into the milk, which is now to be well stirred, and afterwards left at rest to coagulate.

In about an hour, the coagulation is complete; and then the milk is again put over the fire and raised to

the temperature of about 154 degrees.—During all the time it is heating, the mass is briskly agitated, till the curd separates in small lumps; part of the whey is then taken out, and a few pinches of saffron are added to the remainder in order to color it.

When the curd is thus broken sufficiently small, nearly the whole of the whey is taken out and two pails full of cold water are poured in. The temperature is thus lowered, so as to enable the dairy man to collect the curd, by passing a cloth beneath it and gathering it up at the corners.—The curd is now pressed into a frame of wood like a bushel without a bottom, placed on a solid table and covered by a round piece of wood, with a great stone at the top. In the course of the night it cools, assumes a firm consistence and parts with the whey; the next day, one side is rubbed with salt and on the succeeding day the cheese is turned, and the other side rubbed in the same manner.—This alternate salting on each side is practised for about forty days.—After this period, the outer crust of the cheese is pared; the fresh surface is varnished with linseed oil;—the convex side is then colored red and the cheese is fit for sale.

#### WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, JUNE 16, 1864.

##### FOREIGN.

We have no late accounts from Enrope to present our readers this week.—The arrival of the ships in France, which went out upon discoveries, is announced. The *Geographic*, arrived at L'Orient on the 3d April. The public attention is awakened by the success which has attended the expedition. The *Geographic* has landed 73 living animals, viz. 25 mamates, 17 birds, and 31 oviparous quadrupeds. The principal are two apes, 3 ouaris, 2 mongoris, varieties of the monkey tribe, 1 tiger, 2 lionesses, 1 wild cat, 3 panthers, 1 black tiger, 2 cat mice, 2 kangaroos, 2 porcupines, 2 stags, 3 gnous, 1 zebra, 2 secretaire du Cap, 5 royal parraquets, 2 African wild geese, 2 crowned pigeons, 1 ostrich, 2 cassawaries of New-Holland, 1 of Molucca, 3 water fowls, (sulica porphiro.)

WEST-INDIES.—The last accounts from Antigua, state, that the inhabitants were apprehensive of an expedition from Guadalupe, against that Island.—Four thousand tons of shipping, are said, in a late Jamaica paper, to have been taken up by the British Government, for the purpose of removing to Europe, the French prisoners now in that Island.—It is said to be very sickly at Guadalupe.

##### DOMESTIC.

Of Domestic affairs, there is nothing of importance to relate. We have, however, made a few miscellaneous selections of minor import.—The American prisoners at Tripoli, suffer much from their Turkish masters. The last accounts state 10 to have deceased in two days!—Capt. Lewis, who had been sent by the President of the United States, to explore the territory of Louisiana, was at Pittsburg, on the 5th May last, on his return to the City of Washington, accompanied by twenty Indian Chiefs.—Two British vessels of war, it is said, are cruising off the harbour of New-York, watching for two French frigates, expected to sail from that port; in one of which, it is expected, *Jerome Bonaparte* and Lady, will embark for France.

It is remarked, that there was a frost, on the 16th May, at Dover, N. H. May, this year, has been warmer than in the last. It rained ten times, during that month at Salem—at New-London, six times.

Plaster of Paris, by experiment, has been found very useful to potatoes; a table spoonful to a hill is sufficient.

The farmers in Oneida County, N. Y. will sustain great loss by their fields of grain being winter-killed, and the Hessian fly has made such ravages that whole fields have been ploughed and planted over again.—A medical well, of great repute, has been discovered near Lexington, Kentucky.—In a late Charleston paper, are advertised for sale, 367 Congo, 357 Angola, and 481 Windward Coast Negroes, lately arrived there.—A cabinet maker's shop, was destroyed by fire, on Wednesday last, at Salem. This is the first fire which has happened in that town, for more than two years.—Dr. Thomas Danforth, is appointed to deliver the Oration in this town, on the 4th July next.—David Everett, Esq. formerly of this

town, will deliver an Oration, on the 4th of July, at Amherst, N. H.—The "Massachusetts Mechanics Association," will have a quarterly meeting, on Thursday next, at Mechanic Hall, Elm-Street.

We understand, Col. DAVID HUMPHREYS, our late Minister at the Court of Madrid, is to deliver an Oration on the 4th of July, before the Society of Cincinnati, of Connecticut.

##### MARRIED.

In this town, on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Stillman, Mr. Elisha Jones, merchant, to the agreeable Miss Elizabeth Thayer, of Randolph.—At Robinstown, Maine, Mr. Stephen Brewer, merchant, to Miss Sophia Hill.—At Salisbury, Mr. Fessenden Clark, merchant, of Boston, to Miss Nabby Nye, daughter of the Hon. Sam'l. N.—At Charlestown, Hon. John Treadwell, Esq. of Salem, to Miss Hannah Austin; Mr. Solomon Levy, merchant, to Mrs. Hannah Levy.

In this town, Mr. John Gill, to Mrs. Sally Wilson; Mr. Benjamin Richardson, jun. to Miss Susan Drew; Mr. Samuel Richards, of Portland, to Miss Rebecca Badger.

##### DEATHS.

"Oh! Death, thou victor of the human frame,  
"The soul's poor fabric trembles at thy name;  
"How long shall man be urg'd to dread thy sway,  
"For those whom thou untimely take away."

At Owego Village, County of Tioga, and State of New-York, on the 16th of April, in the 46th year of his age, Doctor JOSEPH HALE, formerly of Glastenburgh, Connecticut; where he for a number of years, followed the practice of physic, with much celebrity. In him were concentrated all the virtues which endear men to their fellow-men, to their relatives, domestic circle, and to their offspring. He walked with a true christian meekness, unassuming in his demeanor, free and hospitable to all. In him the poor and needy found a generous friend, and a bountiful benefactor. In him, society found a firm supporter, and religion an able advocate.—At the moment an unbounded field of usefulness was opened to him, when a rising family looked up to him for protection, example and direction, the "ambitious destroyer" of men, arrested him in his course, called him from this vale of tears, to a world unknown to mortal man.

A rising family are bereft of a tender and indulgent parent; a numerous circle of friends and connections deplore the loss of an amiable and worthy citizen. If rectitude, if a feeling heart, and unaffected modesty, can ever insure a person veneration and esteem while living, and regret at his dissolution, he can justly claim them.

"Here, reader, pause! nor check the swelling sigh,  
"Nor stop the tear—which bursting from the eye,  
"Will mourn with us, they were not longer given,  
"To bless the earth, and seek a later heaven."

At Woburn, on Wednesday last, much lamented, Mrs. Lydia Stimpson, wife of Mr. Wm. S. of this town. At Charlestown, Elizabeth Ann Morse, *Æt.* 17 months, only daughter of the Rev. Dr. Morse.

In this town, Samuel Rogers, Esq. *Æt.* 57—Mr. Wm. Henley, *Æt.* 44—Miss Catharine Quincy, *Æt.* 71—Mrs. Susannah Reed—Mrs. Susannah Payson, *Æt.* 59, relict of Mr. John P.—Mrs. Elizabeth Webb, *Æt.* 39, wife of Wm. Webb, Esq. of Bath.—Mrs. Mary Ripley, *Æt.* 30, wife of Mr. Peter R. her funeral will be this afternoon, from his dwelling house, No. 1, Prince-Street.—Mrs. Esther Hawes, wife of Thomas H.—Mr. John Bouve; one from the Alms House, three others, and one child. Total, 14.

##### AMOSKEAG LOTTERY.

DRAWS with great spirit. It commenced on Tuesday last, and will be completed on Saturday next! Tickets at \$4 50, and quarters \$1 25, warranted undrawn, for sale by GILBERT & DEAN. Those who wish to adventure, can soon know fortune's favourite, in obtaining the highest prize of \$5000, for a mere cypher. June 16.

ON Thursday, the 7th inst. a FIFTY DOLLAR BANK BILL was left at this office; and although it was advertised in the *Palladium* the next morning, the owner has not yet called for it. The gentleman who left it, received a premium for some Boston Bills: He may have it again, by proving it, and paying the expense of advertising. GILBERT & DEAN.

## POETRY.

[The following beautiful ODE, by that genuine son of Apollo, ROBERT T. PAINE, jun. Esq.—and solemn and appropriate HYMN, from the elegant pen of Mrs. MORTON, of Dorchester, are too valuable to be omitted in our Miscellany. We present them to our readers, certain of their being delighted with the composition.]

## "SPIRIT OF THE VITAL FLAME!"

An ORIGINAL ODE, written for the Anniversary of the HUMANE SOCIETY.

By ROBERT TREAT PAINE, jun. Esq.  
Sung (and Music adapted) by Mrs. JONES.

## AIR—ADAGIO.

O'er the swift-flowing Stream, as the Tree broke in air,  
Plung'd a YOUTH in the tyrannous wave;  
No ear heard his shriek;—faint with toil and despair,  
He sunk, and was whelm'd in his grave!

## RECITATIVO.

See HUMANITY's angel alight on the scene!  
That the Shadows of DEATH have dissembled his mien;  
See his corse is redeem'd from the Stream's icy bed,  
And a Mother's wild grief shrieks, "Alas! he is dead!"

## AIR—LARGO MAESTOSO.

SPIRIT OF THE VITAL FLAME!  
Touch with life his marble frame!  
From the DAY-STAR's radiant choir,  
Bring thy torch of quenchless fire,  
And bid a Mother's hope respire!

## ALLEGRO.

Hither, SPARKLING CHERUB, fly!  
Mercy's herald, cleave the sky!  
To human prayer benignant Heaven  
The salient spring of life has given;  
And SCIENCE, while her eye explores  
What power the dormant nerve restores,  
Surveys the GODHEAD, and adores;  
And HIM, the first of glory's clan,  
Proclaims, WHO SAVES A FELLOW MAN!

## MAESTOSO.

Spirit of the vital flame!  
Touch again his marble frame!  
Bid the quivering nerve return,  
Till the kindling eye discern  
A mother's tears with rapture burn!

## ALLEGRO ASSAI.

Behold, the quickening SPIRIT raise  
The trembling limb, the wandering gaze!  
INSTINCT listens! MEMORY wakes!  
THOUGHT from cold extinction breaks;  
Reason, MOTION, frenzy, fear,  
RELIGION's triumph, NATURE's tear,  
ALMIGHTY POWER, THY HAND IS HERE!

## REANIMATION.

## A HYMN FOR THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

By MRS. MORTON.

(The last stanza is to be sung by those who have been restored to life from apparent death.)

WHO from the gloomy shades of night,  
When the last tear of hope is shed,  
Can bid the soul return to light,  
And break the slumber of the dead?  
No human skill that heart can warm,  
Which the cold blast of nature froze;  
Recall to life the perish'd form;  
The secret of the grave disclose.  
But thou, our saving God, we know,  
Canst arm the mortal hand with pow'r,  
To bid the stagnant pulses flow,  
The animating heart restore.  
Thy will, ere nature's tutor'd hand  
Could with young life these limbs unfold,  
Did the imprison'd brain expand,  
And all its countless fibres told.  
As from the dust, thy forming breath  
Could the unconscious being raise;  
So can the silent voice of death,  
Wake at thy call in songs of praise.  
"Since twice to die is ours alone,  
And twice the birth of life to see;  
O let us, suppliant at thy throne,  
Devote our second life to thee."

## THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## SINCERITY—A NOVEL.

## IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

## LETTER XXXII—SARAH TO FREDERIC.

November, 1793.

MY Brother, the world and I have done with each other; the grave yawns, I stand shivering on its brink, and whispering spirits seem to say, "a moment more, and you will burst through the veil of mortality, and stand in the presence of the Eternal." I have surveyed my past life, and what does it appear? a vast blank, on which my history may be written in one expressive word, *disappointment*. I have lived for others, lost to myself. In the early part of my life, the friendship of Ann was a firm rock on which I could rest secure even though the dashing tempests of calumny and persecution, threatened to whelm my devoted bark.—She passed to her place of rest, and the ice of indifference benumbed with its petrifying power, every sensation of my soul. Separated from every being with whom I could hold communion; thrown among strangers at a period of life, when, though the sensibility is supposed not to be so impetuous as in youth, yet when called into action by merit, and sanctioned by reason, it is more lasting, more powerful; and being divested of passion, becomes at once a source of delight, and an excitement to all that is laudable and praise worthy.—Thus situated, with discernment to discover, and judgment to appreciate sterling worth, wherever I found it, I became acquainted with Mr. Hayley. Our intercourse gradually grew into intimacy, and that intimacy ripened into a strong and lasting friendship; from that time the colour of my fate became more cheerful, and I cannot describe to you the pleasure that pervaded my mind when I discovered, there was one worthy being in the world to whom my peace, my reputation, my welfare was of consequence. I was naturally of a social communicative disposition; but after the experience I have had of the duplicity, weakness, and wickedness of the world, it is surprising, that while I mixed in the circle of visitors which comprised the society of my place of residence, I shrunk from every advance to confidential intimacy with any. Of my own sex, I have seldom met with any who are formed for more than the companion of an hour.—Your sex, in general, accustom themselves to consider women in so inferior a light, that they oftener treat us like children and playthings, than intelligent beings. I must be candid enough to confess, it is too frequently our own fault, that we are not held in higher estimation.—How gratifying, then, was it to my self love, to be considered by a man of sense and erudition as an equal, and to be conversed with as a rational companion.—I recapitulate these particulars, to let you see, my brother, I am not passing out of life, without having had, during my last years, some bright gleams of sunshine, which gave me a full conviction that happiness was attainable in this world; though it was placed beyond my grasp.—When I first married, had we each pursued a different course to what we unfortunately took, we might have come very near happiness, at least, as near as any one can approach it in a married state, whose heart is silent to the language of affection; but my soul refused to commune with a sensualist, and where love really exists it requires so many delicate attentions, such a decency of manner, purity of language, and cleanliness of person, to keep it alive after so near a connection has taken place; that where all these circumstances are entirely neglected, or the direct contrary practised, it could never be expected to arise in a heart where it had never the smallest previous admission. Want of confidence in a husband, is death to the affection of a wife, and she who is by turns the slave of capricious passion, or the object of contempt or neglect, if she is possessed of the least degree of delicacy and feeling, must suffer a bondage more severe, than the slave who is chained to the oar.

I think, my good and dear Frederic, that this will be the last letter I shall ever write you. My health has been declining for several months. My strength fails daily, and it has cost me many trials to write this. I wish you could come and see me before I go hence; but the distance is great, and I know your finances are bounded.—I pray you, my brother, keep up a correspon-

dence with Mr. Hayley; should you not be able to visit me; he will communicate to you the tidings of my departure.—I have said much to him concerning Charles.—I know he will have a watchful eye upon him, and ever be his friend and counsellor; I have taught to leave him, poor lad, but my blessing; and yet methinks I bequeath him an invaluable treasure in giving him such a friend.—I believe—I have been told—I think it is more than probable—that Mr. Hayley will soon be married; may the partner he shall select have every virtue, every grace, every winning accomplishment; may she have a heart capable of estimating as she ought the supreme felicity of her lot, and may every blessing Heaven can bestow or they desire, be their portion.—But oh! my brother, I wish not, indeed, I wish not, to live to see it.—Forgive me—a tear has fallen upon the paper; let it expiate my offence (if it is one to love and reverence virtue almost to adoration) and let it blot from your memory forever, the weakness of

SARAH.

[To be concluded next week.]

## RE-PUBLICATION OF

## SINCERITY, A NOVEL—IN A SERIES OF LETTERS. BY A LADY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

IN the first volume of our Magazine was commenced the publication of an original novel, entitled, "SINCERITY," which has been continued weekly to the present time. But as a very large number of our present patrons were not subscribers to the first volume, and consequently are not in possession of the former part of the above work, it is our intention, in order to accommodate those who may be desirous of perusing the whole, to reprint, as speedily as possible, this moral and interesting little novel in a volume by itself.

That by far the greater part of this species of fictitious history, now in circulation, is injurious to the manners, and subversive of the morals of youth, is a truth, which many lament, and which none will deny. But the pleasure with which they are read, and the eagerness with which they are sought after, will ever baffle the most sedulous attempts of parents and instructors, to keep them out of the hands of those, who are placed under their care. The best, and indeed the only remedy for this growing evil, is, the introduction of publications, of the NOVEL class, which are unexceptionable in their moral tendency, and calculated to impress, on the young and tender mind, sentiments of honour, of virtue, and of religion; to represent things as they are, not as the wild imagination paints them; to teach lessons of prudence, how to avoid and to bear misfortunes, instead of enhancing them, by exhibiting to the inexperienced and unsuspecting mind, delightful, fairy prospects, which are never to be realized.

Of this kind is the little work, which we now take the liberty of introducing to the notice of an enlightened public. It is presumed, that no objections can be made to it, on the score of its morality, or the impression it is calculated to produce on the mind and manners. Virtue is represented, in all her native simplicity and beauty; and Vice,

"A monster of so frightful mien,

"As, to be hated, needs out to be seen,"

is exhibited in her own proper ugliness and deformity. The story is far from being improbable. It is interesting, abounds with incident, and yet is not spun out to that tedious length, which, in many novels, wearies the reader, and consumes that time, which might be devoted to more valuable pursuits.

GILBERT & DEAN.

It will be published in an octavo foolscap size, and printed with a new and handsome type; and if it should not exceed 350 pages, will be furnished, bound and lettered, for seventy five cents per volume.

Subscriptions are received at the Magazine Office; where Ladies and Gentlemen, who may wish to procure the names of their friends, may be supplied with Subscription papers. Those who will procure six subscribers, or become responsible for six copies, will be presented with a seventh, free of expense.

## A CARD.

A LETTER, enclosing \$13 from Mr. S\*\*\*\*\* C\*\*., \*\*\*\*\* to GILBERT & DEAN, is received. The writer is respectfully informed it shall be promptly attended to, the moment it can be ascertained what town he lives in, as it is without date, or the name of his residence.

PUBLISHED BY GILBERT & DEAN,

# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 23, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE PASSENGER—No. XXVII.

TO contribute, as far as our power will with convenience permit, to the rational enjoyments of our fellow beings, is undoubtedly a duty, which every individual of society ought to discharge. No single person can be so situated among his contemporaries, as that *their* happiness shall not in a greater or less measure be influenced by *his* conduct; and that line of conduct which *promotes* their happiness, will, generally speaking, increase his own. Like an state, which however valuable, is made up of farthings, the sum of happiness is composed of little particulars, very many of which are under the control of those with whom we associate. The good mind, under a conviction of these truths, is attentive to the performance of all those courtesies, which constitute the most delicious sweets of life; and while the bestowing of them adds to the felicity of others, the study and the practice tend to tranquilize the soul of the bestower, to render him less susceptible of little untoward incidents, and to assimilate him more and more to that Being whose essence is goodness.

Habitual thoughtlessness is probably a more powerful enemy to the practice of this amiable virtue, than can be found in any other apology for the neglect of it; for to suppose that a native depravity obstructs the current of social affections, would be paying humanity, imperfect as it is, too ill a compliment.

A thousand omissions in the conduct of those whom the world acknowledge to be well disposed, are testimonies of the justice of this supposition; of these I will remark upon one, which I do not recollect to have seen noticed by any of the numerous writers whose lucubrations are calculated for making the world wiser and better. The omission to which I refer, respects literary correspondence between absent friends; and I know not a single instance in which the good and amiable part of society are so generally neglectful as in this particular. The gratification which accompanies the reading of an agreeable letter from a beloved acquaintance or connexion, so far exceeds the trouble of writing one, that the neglect is inexcusable in those who have been taught to write. I know many persons, who from nature and by habit, are benevolently disposed—who have an ear to listen to the complaint of adversity and a hand to relieve its distresses, but yet who, from the want of due reflection, will inflict more pain on their friends, by their neglect, during an absence of a few months, than all the charities they ever gave could contribute pleasure. Being some years since abroad, I wrote home occasionally, but without an idea of the gratification my letters were to produce; they consisted of unadorned narratives of the business I had left home to transact, and contained scarcely any thing which could be distinguished as amusing or entertaining, yet upon my return, I found that they had been perused, and re-perused, with such interest and pleasure, that ever since I have been extremely punctilious in my correspondence. The letter mentioned in the last number of the Passenger, was of this kind, written only to communicate the unimportant intelligence, that I should the ensuing morning take stage for the next place of my destination. The occurrences

of the journey will be reserved for a succeeding paper, to close this, with transcribing part of a letter, with the perusal and copying of which I was favored during the life of the author, and his wife, to whom it was written.

*"My long beloved Companion,*

The propriety of comparing life to a journey, was never before so strongly impressed on my mind, as since my leaving that home where my inclination would confine me. The vicissitudes of the one, are so strikingly represented by the variety of the other; that the similarity has furnished me with a continual source of amusing contemplation.

After progressing through the listless calm, and the agitating tempest,—under the lowering cloud, and beneath a serene sky, I have reached the end of my journey. Thus have we hand in hand, been passing through the journey of life, until its close seems to be within our view;—Its tempests have annoyed, and its bright beams have exhilarated the enjoyments of the social hour, and the result is a peaceful tranquillity of soul, which appears to be nature's precursor to that abode where tumult is hush'd into peace.

In this course of speculative and moral reflection, I have been led into a retrospect of the past, which brightens the prospect of the future. In the catalogue of blessings furnished by my recollection, I have placed that occurrence at the head, which, as a providential interference led me to a matrimonial connexion with one, whose endearing manner has alleviated the severest trials, whose matured judgment has administered counsel in perplexity, and whose placid temper has eradicated the deepest glooms of despondency.

The multiplied artificial tempests by which domestic tranquillity is too often agitated, are destructive of so great a portion of the enjoyments of life, that I have been led to ruminate upon their origin; and having lately been a spectator of one of those scenes, it has naturally produced a comparison between the sufferings of such a state, and the enjoyments of my own tranquil home.

*Where matrimonial bick'nings ne'er molest  
The peaceful blessings of domestic rest."*

The writer proceeds to investigate the causes of domestic inquietude, but as the letter is too lengthy to be inserted in this paper, I shall reserve the remainder of it for a future number.

### THE SOJOURNER.

*"Another source of improvement, which I beg leave to recommend, is the establishment of Social Libraries."*

Belknap.

THE invention of letters or characters is the greatest source of knowledge, of information, of pleasure, and profit. Mankind are invested with two kinds of language; one is the immediate gift of God; the other the invention of man. Language which is natural to man, consists of sounds, which are instantaneous, which assist us to communicate our thoughts and ideas to each other with facility and abundant ease.

Language, that is permanent, is composed of certain characters, which represent sounds, which convey ideas by written characters or printed letters. This language conveys to our minds transactions, arts, and sciences, of past generations, and affords an ample field for transmitting to posterity and nations yet unborn, our Manners, Religion, Government, Commerce, Navigation, History, Biography, Agriculture, Ethics, and Geography. No earthly object is capable of such a variety of forcible impressions on the human mind, as a complete speaker. He is capable of regal-

ing the eye; of exhibiting the human form in all its glory; of delighting the ear with the original of all music; of feeding the understanding with its proper aliment; of conveying the knowledge of important truth; filling the imagination with all that is beautiful, grand, sublime, or wonderful. The genius of the great and learned lives, while the temporary habitation in which it resided, slumbers in the dust. We are favored by the invention of letters, with the knowledge of the arts and sciences of past generations. The *art or artium*, the art of all arts rose with a light which dispelled the cloud of ignorance, of superstition, of barbarity, and cruelty. In 1444, the art of printing, invented by Faust, arose with the beam of the glorious effusion of knowledge and information. Superstition and ignorance withered; Science enlightened the benighted corners of the earth. The invention of the art of printing has opened a great source of information, and an inexhaustible fund for improvement. Various are the means and unnumbered the sources, whence knowledge flows, and by which the enlargement and improvement of the human mind are obtainable.

Societies formed for the investigation and discovery of knowledge in arts and sciences afford a large field for improvement. In our American land, which is a great nation, BORN IN A DAY, are many establishments of societies, literary and humane. Among the smaller means of information and the enlargement of the human mind, are Social Libraries, which afford great pleasure, knowledge and usefulness to man. When the collection of libraries is judicious it affords means to confirm our religious principles, moral sentiments and political opinions: while it affords means of confirmation, it convinces us of errors and mistakes.

History is a source of great information in relating the contests, wars and bloodshed between nation and nation.—Here the warrior gains knowledge in the art of war; policy in his stratagems; bravery in his onsets, and generalship in his retreats. Here the statesman learns the laws of nations; fidelity in treaties; here he learns to abhor treachery, and barbarity; honor and punctuality in contracts and promises; here he learns the overruling Providence of God, which guides, controls and governs all nations and affairs.

Here the moralist forcibly and observingly remarks the inclinations of the human breast to vice, barbarity and treachery. Here he notices the few, who, like lonely oaks on an extended plain, stand virtuously disposed, while the storms of iniquity and the raging depravity of man, overturn and lay the rest prostrate in moral defilement. Here the divine traces the complication of good and evil in the human breast. He learns that mankind have sought out many inventions to raise their honor, credit and happiness, which all unite to render them more miserable and desponding. In glaring colors he beholds the awful depravity of men, by which he is taught and convinced of the necessity of a change in the human heart by the forcible impression of the christian faith in order for the full fruition of glory in eternity.

Voyages and travels into foreign lands and interior parts of countries, open a large source of information to the human mind worthy of its attention, concerning the habits, manners, religion, commerce and transactions both of civilized and barbarous nations. Here we learn the contrast between the civilized and the savage, between the heathen and the christian, between the effects of false and true religion; we realize by idea, the unhappiness of heathenism, false religion, and the blessed effects of the glorious religion of the Prince of Peace, on the moral, civil and religious life. By contrasting the effects of false and true religion, we are impressed with gratitude to the father of all good; *that the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places; that we have a goodly heritage; that we have the sound of the gospel echoing in our ears from the inspired scriptures and the pulpits of the messengers of peace.*

Biography, or the history of lives, gives the description of the magnitude, proportion, lineaments, occupation or profession, genius, acquirements, habits, moral, religion, character both public and private, temp-



and dispositions, influence and example, of the person or persons who is or are the subject or subjects of the writer. Here we learn what is disgusting and immoral, what is pleasing and religious; what is detrimental to happiness, influential to glory, good of individuals and society; what to be treated with indignity, and what worthy to be commended and imitated. Here we learn human nature both influenced and meliorated by religion. The contrast is great. Therefore study the human kind; despise the wicked and love the pious. *The proper study of mankind, says one, is man.*

Geography gives us an idea of the situation and extent of countries and kingdoms. Here we learn the different nations that inhabit the globe; their language, their modes of government, their military strength, their revenues, their constitution and their laws. Here we also learn their polish and manners, their marriages and funerals; habitations and cities; their numbers and population; their arts and sciences; their commerce and navigation; their exports and imports; their manufactures and inventions; their discoveries and improvements; their climates and soil; their produce and growth; their means of education and establishments of societies; in short, their characters and religions. Unbounded is the source and unlimited the means of useful knowledge arising from the study of geography. It enlarges the human mind and furnishes it with whatever is useful, profitable and honorable.

Astronomy, the sublimest and noblest of all studies, gives an idea of the works of nature and *nature's God*. The distance and magnitude, revolutions and relative situations of the heavenly orbs are pointed out by the study of this pleasing and ecstatic science. The greatness, power, and wisdom of God are clearly and abundantly exhibited to the human mind, and man's dependence manifested by astronomical researches. *Great and marvellous are thy works, O Lord God Almighty, in wisdom hast thou established them all.*

Ethics teaches us the nature, fitness and unfitness of right and wrong. By which we are led to search out the being and providence, the sovereignty and authority of God, his undoubted right to impose the laws of nature and obedience to moral rectitude. Natural religion furnishes the mind with aptitude and a disposition to believe and practise in conformity to the doctrines and ordinances of revelation.

Divinity, the most noble employment of men, draws aside the curtain that darkens a prospect of the invisible world, and discovers what man is by nature, and what he ought to be by grace. The study of divinity from the inspired scriptures, and the writings of men set apart by holy orders, gives an idea of the gospel system, the articles of belief and practices of obedience. This is a study in which all are interested, both young and old, high and low, rich and poor, bond and free. It is of the greatest concernment, that all endeavour to come at the knowledge of the design of our creation; the necessity of religion and moral rectitude; that they acquire a true idea of the immortality of the soul, resurrection of the body, the day of judgment and accountability to God; that their future glory, or misery depend on the improvement or rejection of the means of grace. *Without holiness shall no man see the Lord.* Therefore let divinity be our study, delight and satisfaction.

If such be the usefulness, satisfaction, and advantage arising from the perusal of the various branches of literature in the enlargement of the human mind and habitation to reflection and contemplation; we learn the honorableness of applying our minds to such studies, which dignify the man and exalt the Christian. Time spent in reading those books, which confirm our religious belief, moral sentiments, and political opinions; which also are conducive to rectify errors and delusions; while they give the most rational pleasure, they curb our sensual appetites in scenes of riot and licentiousness; they assist the mind in rational and pertinent conversation on topics of worth and usefulness; while they dispel that fulsome nonsense, which is too often the subject of visiting circles. The barrenness of the human mind for the want of improvement by perusing useful books produces that slander and meddlesomeness, which are too common the productions of the ignorant unlettered mind.

Ambition in appearing like men, unanimity in senti-

ment, and friendship in reality, are essential to the prosperity of all societies, whether literary, humorous or religious. Library associations ought to be founded on the principles of the strictest rules and the minutest observance of them. When a taste for reading is once established from principles of usefulness and improvement; difficulties vanish, and ambition for promoting libraries, useful knowledge and mental instruction shines forth with all its lustre and grandeur. Let the proprietors of all libraries go on with resolution for the acquisition of that knowledge, which will redound to the honor of the man, the gentleman and the Christian.

*Jenks' Portland Gazette.*

## HISTORY.

### FEMALE FORTITUDE.

(From Carr's Stranger in France.)

ONE evening a short period before the family left France, a party of those murderers, who were sent for by Robespierre, from the frontiers which divided France from Italy, and who were by that arch-fiend employed in all butcheries and massacres of Paris, entered the peaceful village of la Reine in search of Monsieur O—. His lady saw them advancing, and anticipating their errand, had just time to give her husband intelligence of their approach, who left his chateau by a back door and secreted himself in the house of a neighbour. Madame O—, with perfect composure, went out to meet them, and received them in the most gracious manner.—They sternly demanded Mons. O—; she informed them that he had left the country, and after engaging them in conversation, she conducted them to her drawing room, and regaled them with her best wines, and made her servants attend upon them with unusual deference and ceremony. Their appearance, was altogether horrible; they wore leather aprons, which were sprinkled all over with blood; they had large horse-pistols in their belts, and a dirk and a sabre by their side. Their looks were full of ferocity, and they spoke a harsh dissonant patois language. Over their cups, they talked about the bloody business of that day's occupation, in the course of which they drew out their dirks, and wiped from their handles clots of blood and hair. Madame O— sat with them, undisrupted at their frightful deportment. After drinking several bottles of Champaign and Burgundy, these savages began to grow good humoured; and seemed to be completely fascinated by the amiable and unembarrassed, and hospitable behaviour of their fair landlady.—After carousing until midnight, they pressed her to retire, observing, that they had been received so handsomely that they were convinced Monsieur O— had been misrepresented, and was no enemy to the *good cause*; they added that they found the wines excellent, and after drinking two or three bottles more, they would leave the house, without causing her any reason to regret their admission.

Madame O—, with all the appearance of perfect tranquillity and confidence in their promises, wished her unwelcome visitors a good night, and, after visiting her children in their rooms, she threw herself upon her bed, with a loaded pistol in each hand; overwhelmed with suppressed agony and agitation, she *soundly* slept till she was called by her servants, two hours after these wretches had left the house.

About the same period two of the children of Monsieur O— were in Paris at school. A rumour had reached him, that the teachers of the seminary in which they were placed, had offended the government, and were likely to be butchered, and that the carnage which was expected to take place might, in its undistinguishing fury extend to the pupils. Immediately upon receiving this intelligence, Monsieur O— ordered his carriage, for the purpose of proceeding to town. Madame O— implored of him to permit her to accompany him, in vain did he beseech her to remain at home: the picture of danger he painted, only rendered her more determined. She mounted the carriage, and seated herself by the side of her husband. When they reached Paris, they were stopped in the middle of the street St. Honoré, by the massacre of a large number of prisoners who had just been taken out of a church which had been converted into a prison. Their ears were pierced with screams. Many of the miserable victims were cut down, clinging to the windows of their carriages. During the dreadful delays

which she suffered in passing through this street, Madame O— discovered no sensations of alarm, but stedfastly fixed her eyes upon the back of the coach-box, to avoid as much as possible, observing the butcheries which were perpetrating on each side of her.

Had she been observed to close her eyes or sit back in the carriage, she would have excited a suspicion, which, no doubt, would have proved fatal to her. At length, she reached the school which contained her children, where she found the rumour which they had received was without foundation; she calmly conducted them to the carriage, and during their gloomy return through Paris, betrayed no emotion; but as soon as they had passed the barrier, and were once more in safety upon the road to their peaceful chateau, the exulting mother, in an agony of joy, pressed her children to her bosom, and in a state of mind wrought up to phrenzy, arrived at her own house in convulsions of ghastly laughter.

Monsieur O— (from whom Mr. Carr received these relations, at the chateau of the former) never spoke of this charming woman without exhibiting the strongest emotions of regard. He said that in sickness she suffered no one to attend upon him but herself; that in all his afflictions she had supported him, and that she mitigated the deep melancholy which the sufferings of his country and his own privations had fixed upon him, by the well-timed sallies of her elegant fancy, or by the charms of her various accomplishments.

I found myself, (adds Mr. Carr, with a compliment that seems very justly due) a gainer in the article of delight, by leaving the gayest metropolis that Europe can present to a traveller, for the sake of visiting such a family.

## MORAL AND USEFUL.

### ON AFFECTATION OF THE VICIES AND FOLLIES OF MEN OF EMINENCE.

IT has frequently happened, that men, distinguished by their genius, have from an unsettled habit of life, from an affectation of singularity, or from uncommon warmth of constitution, neglected the rules of prudence, and plunged themselves into the miseries of vice and dissipation; they who are but slightly acquainted with the lives of the English writers, can recollect many instances of men of the brightest parts, whose lives, after an uninterrupted course of misery, have terminated under the pressure of want in the confinement of a gaol. They have been admired, and at the same time starved.

### FROM DR. PRIESTLY'S EXPERIMENTS ON AIR.

PLANTS, instead of affecting the air in the same manner with animal respiration, reverse the effects of breathing, and tend to keep the atmosphere sweet and wholesome, when this becomes noxious, in consequence of animals either living and breathing, or dying and putrefying in it.

In order to ascertain this, I took a quantity of air, made thoroughly noxious, by mice breathing and dying in it, and divided it into two parts; one of which I put into a phial immersed in water; and to the other (which was contained in a glass jar, standing in water) I put a sprig of mint. This was about the beginning of August, 1771, and after eight or nine days, I found that a mouse lived perfectly well in that part of the air, in which the sprig of mint had grown, but died the moment it was put into the other part of the same original quantity of air; and which I had kept in the very same exposure, but without any plant growing in it.

This experiment I have several times repeated; sometimes using air in which animals had breathed and died, and at others times using air, tainted with vegetable or animal putrefaction; and generally with the same success.

Since the plants, that I have made use of manifestly grow and thrive in putrid air; since putrid matter is well known to afford proper nourishment for the roots of plants; and since it is likewise certain that they receive nourishment by their leaves as well as their roots, it seems to be exceedingly probable, that the putrid effluvia in some measure extracted from the air, by means of the leaves of plants, and therefore that they render the remainder more fit for respiration.

RECEIPT TO MAKE A BAD HUSBAND A GOOD ONE.  
TAKE of the plants sincerity, cheerfulness and mod-

esty, each one pound; of the mother of carefulness, two handfuls; infuse them into a large portion of personal decency, well mixed with the flowers of complaisance; then drain the essence from all impurities, and add of the oil of condescension quantum sufficient.—This has been found a never-failing nostrum, and may be safely given in large doses, morning—noon—and night.

## AMUSING.

## EXTRAORDINARY CASE

THE following circumstance is so extraordinary, that notwithstanding it took place some time since, we think it merits a place here; especially as we can vouch for the truth of it.

A Mr. Thompson, (familiarily called Johnny Thompson) of Shelborne, was, in the paroxysm of a violent fever, attended by two nurses; but though raving in delirium, he, about two o'clock one morning, conceived the idea of escaping from his attendants; and observing them dose a little, he stole softly from his bed, let himself out of the house without disturbing any one, ran somewhat more than a hundred yards, when he raised the cover of a well full twenty-five yards deep, and plunged himself to the bottom. The water was so high as to require him to elevate himself a little on tip-toe to prevent its entering into his mouth, and in that situation he remained for three hours, although soon missed, and the neighbourhood searched in vain. About five o'clock, the farmer's servants coming to the well to draw water, had lowered the bucket, but a few feet, when Johnny cried out—"So, thou meanest to dash my brains out with the bucket, I do see." Sure enough, down ran the bucket, and the man ran away trembling to his master, and solemnly declaring that the devil was in the well, while Johnny received the bucket on his left arm, which was severely bruised by it. The master dressed himself immediately, and ran to the spot, calling out, "Who is in the well?"—"Why, it is I," said the poor patient. "I! Lord have mercy upon us! It is the devil sure enough, Thomas, I do think—speak in the name of the Father, be you Satan or a ghost?" said the farmer. "No, I be no Satan, nor no ghost: I be honest Johnny Thompson." But though he could answer so collectedly, they could not prevail on Johnny to get into the bucket; consequently were obliged to procure a ladder and drag him from the well. He was carried home, and very soon fell into a sound sleep, from which he awoke perfectly free from fever; recovered his strength very fast, and is now alive and well. : *Lond. Pap.*

## PUBLIC SPIRIT IN A TAILOR.

OVER the burn, or rivulet Paharow, in the Stewary of Kirkcudbright, there is a handsome stone bridge of two arches, built by QUINTIN MACLEUG, a tailor, from the earnings of his trade, which never exceeded four pence a day. His life had frequently been endangered when passing this burn in the prosecution of his business, and he patriotically determined that none after him should ever be brought into such jeopardy.

## ANECDOTES.

TWO Sachems of the western Indians, in making a tour to Philadelphia, dined at the house of a gentleman of fortune, amidst a splendid circle; and observing mustard upon the table, one of them took a spoonful at once into his mouth, which soon caused the tears to run plentifully down his rugged countenance; but collecting himself in a moment, and perhaps no less desirous to conceal his ignorance than to see his companion caught in the same manner, when asked by his brother Sachem, the cause of his crying, replied with-out hesitation, that it was caused by his reflecting upon the goodness of his father, who was slain in battle. This answer appeared satisfactory to the inquisitive chief, while the rest of the company, out of tenderness to these unrefined sons of nature, could only, with the utmost exertions, restrain themselves from open laughter. From this moment, the one who had learned by experience the qualities of mustard, kept his eye constantly on his tawney brother of the wilderness, until, at length, he enjoyed the superlative pleasure of beholding him take a spoonful into his mouth in the same manner he had just done himself, and which was productive of the same effect. The former now in his turn requested of his companion the reason of his shed-

ding tears, and was answered with Indian readiness and wit—"Because you were not killed when your father was."

THE keeper of Newgate prison, (Conn.) lately inspecting some nails made by the convicts under his care, reprimanded one by the name of O'Brian, (an Irishman) for neglecting to make good heads to his nails; at the same time, selecting one well executed, and presenting it to him, asked why the heads were not all equally good with that. The poor fellow, some what embarrassed, scratching his head, replied, "Why, Sir, if all of our heads had been equally good, perhaps we should not all of us been here, good Major."

A YOUNG man happened to be present at the trial of some causes of no kind of intricacy, where the pleadings were full, and when law as well as equity lay clearly on one side. The judge, of course, decided without hesitation, as any man of common sense would have done. "Of all professions," said the young man to the judge, "certainly yours is the easiest: all that is necessary, is to be able to distinguish black from white."—"But that is a very difficult matter," replied the judge, "when, as it often happens, the cause is grey."

SIR John Trollop built a stone steeple to his parish church; and in the church yard erected a statue of himself, with one hand pointing to the steeple, and the other to the grave where he designed to be buried, on the pedestal of which was engraved this inscription:

*This is the statue of John Trollop.  
Who caus'd yonder stones to roll up:  
And when to heav'n God calls his soul up,  
His body is to fill this hole up.*

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, JUNE 23, 1804.

## FOREIGN.

ASIA.—THE accounts, now are, that Whabee, in May, 1803, was in possession of Mecca; that he paid no regard to the consecrated places of the Mehomedans; that he seized the wealth wherever he could find it, and in whatever it might consist; that he added the fury of a fanatic, to the success of a conqueror, and abolished whatever he found which bore the marks of an ancient superstition; the general account is not improbable, and in consent with the many narratives of his marches, and of his successes. He had not possession of Medina according to the last accounts.

EUROPE.—We are in possession of European dates to the 25th of April, by arrivals at this port. Nothing, however, has transpired, which has produced any great changes in the condition of the powers at war.—Preparations for the Invasion of Great Britain, still continued with vigour, and the attempt of its execution increased daily.—The trial of the conspirators, was to commence at Paris, the 5th of May. Gen. Pichegru had strangled himself with an handkerchief.—No French emigrant can reside within 50 miles of the French Republic, by order of the Emperor of Germany.—An embargo was expected to take place at Rochefort, (France) where 5 sail of the line, and two frigates, armed and equipped, were ready for sea.—The English have a squadron of ships of war and frigates, off Rochefort.—The Elbe and Weser, continued blockaded on the 14th of April.—The Toulon fleet, of 8 sail of the line, it is said, have sailed.—Some disturbances have taken place in Switzerland.

WEST-INDIES.—A letter from St. Jago de Cuba dated May 6, states, that the blacks had risen and massacred several of the Spanish inhabitants, who were preparing to quit the place, as the only means of saving their lives. The armed brigand boats from Hispaniola, were also daily making excursions on the shore, plundering and destroying the inhabitants.—The negroes at Cape Francois, are taking every opportunity to desert their armed brethren.—Martinique, has lately been strengthened by 215 troops.—The French have captured several British vessels in the West-Indies; one of which, was the March Packet, sent into Basseterre: the mails were thrown overboard.—In return, the British have taken a large gulliot under Swedish colours, with French mails for Martinique and Guadeloupe, and important dispatches for the captain generals of those islands.—These advise, that 500 troops had been sent from Rochefort for the colonies, and that

about 600 more would soon follow, which Bonaparte strongly enjoins may be distributed to the best advantage of the several garrisons, as he shall not be able to furnish them with any further reinforcements for a considerable time. He impresses upon them the necessity of mutual co-operation for the protection of the islands under their government, and that all local means of defence must be resorted to, as for a time he must abandon them to their fate, the more weighty concerns of the republic, at present engrossing all his attention and anxiety.

## DOMESTICK.

FROM Washington we learn, that our capital has been visited by Baron Humboldt, and that he has been received with all the respect due to an inquisitive traveller. He has been in South America, which is continually exposing her resources to the eyes of the curious, and is inviting greater improvements from industry and freedom.—The British frigates Boston, and Cambrian, and a schooner of war, have arrived at New-York, and it is said, have commenced the blockade of the French frigates at that port. The British ship Leander of 30 guns, was also expected from Halifax.—We have continual additions to our Charitable Institutions. A free male School on a liberal establishment has been opened at Baltimore, in which 75 boys have instruction from the public charity.—The subject of a State Prison, with many new petitions for Turnpike roads, are before the new Hampshire Legislature.—At a hunting-match, in Cheshire, on the 25th May, 104 woodchucks were killed, besides squirrels, crows, hawks, and other birds.—About 16 miles below the mouth of the Ohio, on the Mississippi, some Indians of the Creek nation, have killed two men, belonging to Kentucky.—At the court of General Sessions lately held at Glaverack, (N. Y.) the circumstances of a very singular case transpired. It appeared on an indictment for assault and battery, that Hannah Bowman, the defendant, had been religiously affected for two years past, and so great an enthusiast in her devotion as occasionally to abstract her mind from the common concerns of life. At length, a short time since, she imagined she was commanded by God to kill a Mr. Spencer, a gentleman in the neighborhood, which purpose she attempted to execute, and accordingly went to his house and attacked him with an iron weapon and wounded him severely before she was secured; when she regretted that she had failed in completing the order, and hoped forgiveness for her disobedience to the divine mandate. The jury without leaving the court, considered her as a fanatic and insane, and of course found her not guilty.—Mr. Richard Johnston, of St. Paul's Parish, (S. C.) was shot on the 27th ult. by one of his negroes.—On the 5th inst. Mr. Gabriel Andrus of East Haddam, in the act of emptying a barrel of flour into a large caldron of boiling water, slipped and plunged in. He was immediately taken out, and survived the accident until the 11th, when in mercy he was relieved from his distress. Previous to his death, large pieces of flesh separated from his lores.—Frederick W. Sabin, a youth about 14 years old, has been convicted at New York, for stealing—To perform 3 years hard labour in the state-prison. *It is hoped this will be a solemn warning to others not to deviate from the path of rectitude.*—A writer in a Lexington, Virg. paper, says he burnt 120,000 bricks, with 22 cords of wood in one day and two nights, and in 48 hours he burnt another kiln of 50,000. He subscribes his name, and the evidence of the fact.—The "Exchange Office" bill has passed both branches of the Legislature.

Subscriptions for Dean's ANALYTICAL GUIDE to PENMANSHIP, received at this office.

## MARRIED.

At Dorchester, Mr. Eliphalet Fuller, to Miss Sally Pulsifer.

## DIED.

At Leominster, Mr. Wm. Dexter, merchant, late of this town.—At Haddam, (Conn.) Miss Hannah Arnold, Aet. 22. On the 3d of March last, in a fit, she fell into the fire, and was burnt in a shocking manner; and continued in great distress until the 9th ult. when she expired.

In this town, Mrs. Hannah Brown, Aet. 35, consort of Mr. Stephen B. merchant; Mr. Robert Holmes, Aet. 36; Mr. Martin Comig, Aet. 41; Mr. Wm. English, Aet. 36; Mr. James Lowry, Aet. 36; Mr. Benjamin Abram, Aet. 36.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THE WANDERER.

Cold and damp the night-dew falls ;  
Misty vapours slowly rise,  
O'er yon olivest's ivied walls,  
Said the gloomy screech-owl flies.  
Mark ! responsive from its cell,  
Anguish'd plaints, and sorrow's sighs,  
Cheerless vibrate thro' the dell,  
Mark the spot where misery lies.  
Ah ! why has superstition thrown  
Her cruel fetters o'er the soul ?  
Will not the free-born mind disown  
Her power, and spurn at her control ?  
Where the mould'ring ruins nod,  
There supremely horror reigns ;  
Sternly holds her scepter'd rod ;  
Frowns extensive o'er the plains.  
See portentous clouds arise,  
Dark and gloomy from the vale ;  
See them shroud the vaulted skies,  
Borne with swiftness on the gale.  
With trembling steps the Wanderer goes ;  
Beneath the chill autumnal blast,  
His form, oppress'd by ruthless woes,  
Bends, witness of his sorrows past.  
Once, perhaps, gay fortune smil'd,  
Bade the crown'd obsequious bow ;  
Pleasure own'd her favourite child,  
Twin'd her wreath around his brow.  
Dire reverse ! from sorrow's dart,  
No kind hand will shield his breast ;  
See it deep transfix his heart,  
See it banish peace and rest.  
Ah hapless wanderer ! hither bend,  
To this lone cot, thy pensive way ;  
Compassion shall thy woes attend,  
And hope may light her cheering ray.  
Though Heaven has affluence denied,  
Thou' spread the board with frugal fare,  
Here sweet content does still reside ;  
Her power can smooth the brow of care.  
Here shall the sufferer find that aid  
The sympathising heart can give ;  
Beneath humanity's blest shade,  
The kindred virtues bloom and live.  
Then hither turn thy wearied feet ;  
Here memory's painful throb shall cease ;  
In pity's ear thy griefs repeat,  
And she shall soothe them into peace.

ELIZA.

A LADY, who lately attempted to delineate the features of her lover, in the midst of her employment, relinquished the pencil, and taking up the pen, addressed to him the following affectionate compliment,

Thy manly face I strove to hit,  
My art thy graces foil ;  
Short of success, yet loath to quit,  
My hand renews the toil.  
Love's laughing God my sketches spied,  
And, with his sharpest dart,  
My inexpressive skill supplied,  
And grav'd thee in my heart.

## THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## CONCLUSION OF

## SINCERITY—A NOVEL

## IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

## LETTER XXXIII.—SARAH TO FREDERIC.

I THOUGHT when I concluded my last to you, dear Frederic, that I never again should resume my pen : the languid flame of life but faintly glimmered, and it seemed as though the smallest breath, from the fiend adversity, must have extinguished it forever.—But the human heart is not so easily broken as is in general believed ; oft may it be lacerated until it bleeds to its very quick ; oft may it be wrung, until every fibre cracks, and yet it will beat and supply the vital stream that nour-

ishes existence.—A circumstance has taken place, my brother, which, even in health, I should have dreaded to encounter, yet my weak frame sunk not under it, and I have acted, I hope, as a christian should. It is about ten days since, that Mr. Hayley called on me in the morning, and asked me if I was adequate to taking a short ride and making a charitable visit.—This, in fine weather, he has frequently done, since my increased debility, always taking care to hold out some object, the pursuit of which might engage me to take the exercise, though the languor of my strength and spirits might lead me to decline exertion.

I felt uncommonly cheerful that morning, and Darnley seconding his entreaty, I complied. When Mr. Hayley and myself were seated in the chaise, he told me there was an old woman in the neighbourhood of our village, who had been very ill of a fever ; that when her life was despaired of, he had been sent for to pray with her ; that on visiting her, he found her delirious, and that she had several times called on my name in such a manner, as led him to suppose she had injured me.—Upon her partial recovery he questioned her.

From the day of this excursion, I have been endeavouring to gain strength and composure to inform you of the interview.

It is in vain, my heart sickens at her name.—God of mercy ! oh pour thy peace upon my soul, that I may enter into thy presence in charity with all ; bend ! oh bend ! this stubborn heart ! which, though it forgives, cannot forget.

I am reduced to almost infantine weakness, and when I attempt to write, the letters swim before me, my hand trembles ; a cold dew hangs on my forehead.

The approaches of death are not painful—but this fluttering at my heart.—Adieu, the blessing of the Almighty rest upon my brother.

REV. EDWARD HAYLEY, to FREDERIC LEWIS, Esq.  
May 22, 1794.

DEAR SIR,

THE painful task has fallen to my lot, to inform you, that the mortal part of your sister, Mrs. Darnley, rests on its last bed ; but we have strong reason to hope and believe, that her soul rejoices in the presence of her Creator. She slept in death on the 13th of this month, and was interred on the 20th ult. yet could I not summon sufficient composure to address you until to day, on the heart wringing subject. If I who have known her but a few years, feel her loss so severely, what language can be employed to soften the intelligence to a brother who grew up with her from childhood, and who knew and justly appreciated her value !

Enclosed is a letter, which, as its writing was attended with peculiarly affecting circumstances, I imagine will be extremely valuable to you. Mrs. Darnley desired me to acquaint you with the circumstance she there alluded to. I must previously inform you, that during your sister's long illness, the greatest pleasure she could enjoy was riding round the village, and visiting the poor, the sick, and the afflicted ; and though from various circumstances I have reason to suppose she was not rich ; it was astonishing to see by how many ways she would assist, comfort and relieve the necessitous ; practically shewing, that where the desire of being useful exists in the heart, the means will always be found. And a trifle bestowed in warm clothing, ready for wearing, and a few of the comforts of life to the sick and aged, such as sago, tea, sugar, a little wine, chocolate, or coffee, distributed with discrimination, will do more essential service, than hundreds lavished without judgment by the hand of prodigality. As I frequently had the honour of attending her in these excursions, Mr. Darnley being prevented that pleasure by his employment, I was ever solicitous to discover objects that would interest her ; as for many weeks previous to her dissolution, no other means would promote the desired end of her taking air and exercise. I now proceed with the narrative the dear deceased was unable to finish—continuing from where she broke off.

I questioned the woman if she knew Mrs. Darnley ; she hesitated, and then replied, " Yes, I wish I could see her."—From further conversation, I found something lay heavy on her mind, I perceived also that she

was in want of many comforts and necessities which your sister knew so well how to supply with delicacy, that I did not attempt any thing myself until I had her better judgment to direct me. There was a middle aged woman with her, whose manners, language and appearance, indicated that she had not been always the child of abject poverty.

On the morning when I accompanied Mrs. Darnley to the lodging of the invalid, whose name I then understood was Manners, her companion was absent. Mrs. Darnley approached the bed, and addressed her in those consolatory accents which ever flowed from her lips : but the old woman was so agitated, that for some time she could not speak, at length she articulated.—" Forgive—I am punished—vice is its own reward."—" Who are you ?" said Mrs. Darnley—but before she could receive an answer, the companion entered.—" Good God !" exclaimed the woman, starting back.—" Jesse—Jesse Romain !" said your sister, with quickness, and catching her breath as though oppressed with a sense of suffocation, covered her face with her hands and fell into an hysterical fit of tears.—I now too late perceived that I had brought my valued friend, into a situation too distressing for the weak and irritable state of her nerves. I threw up the window, and seeing some drops on the table, poured a little into some water, and entreated her to swallow it.—She recovered her voice, and turning again to the person in the bed, she said, " Is it possible that you can be Mrs. Bellamy ?" I will not pretend to describe the scene that ensued.—I almost forced Mrs. Darnley out of the house, and hastened her home, bitterly repenting my officiousness in taking her to visit these women.—She retired immediately to her own apartment, only requesting to see me in the evening. When I went, I found her extremely low ; in a few short, but emphatic sentences, she gave me to understand that she had received from both these women the highest injuries that one human being can receive from another ; her peace of mind had been destroyed, her domestic quiet broken, her character calumniated.—She thus concluded. " I had hoped to have died without again beholding those disgraces to womanhood : but this is no time to indulge resentment, I have too much need of forgiveness myself to hold enmity with any one. You say they are distressed.—What little is in my power, I will cheerfully do for them, but indeed I cannot see them again."—T soon after a short pause, she continued.—" I will confess I am at a loss to account for their present distressed situation. I wish, Mr. Hayley, you would see them."

I readily promised to visit them, obtain all the information in my power, and administer to their necessities.—I found Mrs. Bellamy had been deserted by her daughter, who had left Lord Linden, and gone to Italy with a French adventurer ; her grand daughter Caroline had fallen from one grade of vice to another, to which she had been incited by her wretched mother and grand mother, until in the very bloom of life, she fell a victim to disease and wretchedness in a common prison. Thus the sins of the parent were visited upon the child.—Jesse Romain had become the companion of Mrs. Bellamy, and finding themselves reduced to the very last ebb in fame and finances, they resolved to try their fortune in England. They embarked at Waterford, but a variety of concurring circumstances threw them sick and destitute on the coast of Wales, where they fell under my notice. The woman Bellamy, seems hastening to her final audit ; her terrors are great, nor can I inspire her with the least hope that penitence will obtain the pardon of her Judge.—" I cannot think of it now," she cries, " for I cannot prove my sincerity by altering my course of life." . . . . .

[The remainder in our next.]

## PISCATAQUA BRIDGE LOTTERY.

THIS Lottery will commence drawing on the 19th July, when the tickets will be \$6. The highest prize is \$8000, and only 10,000 tickets. Tickets at \$5-50, and quarters at \$1-50, for sale, at GILBERT & DEAN's Lottery office, where a correct list of all the prizes and blanks will be kept during the drawing. Those who have drawn prizes in other Lotteries, had better exchange for tickets in this. June 23.

BOSTON, (MASSACHUSETTS.)  
PUBLISHED BY GILBERT & DEAN.

# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 30, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE GOSSIP.—No. LXI.

*Me pater sœvis oneret catenis*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
*Flagitio additis*  
*Damnnum.*

#### TO THE GOSSIP.

SIR, OF MADAM, Gloucester, May 14, 1804.

SINCE Messrs. Gilbert & Dean have had the misfortune to lose their office by fire, and finding they continued the publication of the Magazine, I resolved to become a subscriber, and have received it regularly for about three months past. I have been much pleased with your lucubrations published therein, and find you have much business to do in the line of your profession—that you answer your correspondents with candour, and impartiality; and with a depth and penetration of understanding, which evinces you possess a great knowledge of human nature—but still I am something at a loss to guess whether you are a male or female. Excuse my officiousness, and tell me, there's a good Gossip, which you are.—You know there are a great class of mankind, who are very inquisitive—and we all love to gratify a reasonable curiosity.

Finding you point out the true path, to correct and eradicate many of the evils in this life, I am resolved to state my case to you without further preliminary remarks.—In the first place, I am a widower; and in order to obtain your advice and instruction, it is necessary I should give you a short sketch of my character and station.—My age is nearly 30, black eyes and dark brown hair; features well proportioned, and of a middling size—temper rather hasty;—and a heart ready and willing to do a good deed. As for my business, it is of a mercantile nature, in which I have been blessed with prosperity since I first began, at the age of twenty three.

It is now a year since I lost an amiable wife, by whom I had two sons.—As it is natural for man to wish a companion, I have been on the “look out,” for one to participate in the pains and pleasures of life; and have placed my affections on an amiable lady about twenty one years old.—She appears of a serene and placid temper; amiable in her deportment, and greatly admired by all her acquaintance,—and the more I see her, the stronger are my affections. But the only difficulty to our union is the obstinacy of her parents. They should always give their advice,—but not exhibit a rigid command, “you shall and you shan't,” when children are of a sufficient age to judge and act for themselves.—But this is often the case, and many of the troubles in this world, are brought on by it.—They know my character stands on a firm basis, which envy or slander cannot injure—but their only objection is, “I am a widower with two children!”—And they will not permit me even to come to the house—but I am resolved to have her, let the consequence be what it will. Having stated to you my situation, I beg you will point out in what manner I shall proceed, in the difficulty I now labour under.

Yours,  
A PERSEVERING LOVER.

MY good friend, you are like the generality of the world, entreating advice, when you are determined to follow your own inclination. I have been in no hurry to answer this letter, because I thought it more than probable, that answer it as early as I could, the “Persevering Lover,” would have gained his point, and have led the willing fair one to the altar. To be sure, he has given such a description of himself as might in some degree plead excuse for disobedience; but when I reflect that it was himself who drew the picture, and that of all love, self love is the blindest, nay, it is worse than blind; for it overlooks glaring defects, and magnifies

trifling virtues into excellencies,—the very hastiness of temper which he acknowledges, is perhaps the reason why the anxious parents are unwilling to trust the happiness of their daughter to his keeping. I have known men who have been talked of for their goodness of heart, who in a fit of hasty temper, have kicked down the tea table, and broke the looking-glass, &c. but Heaven defend me from all connexion with such men; I am sure no woman I had any sway over, should ever become a wife to such a one.—When a woman has arrived at the age of twenty one, the law empowers her to make a free and unbiassed choice, and she certainly may do so with impunity; but I think I should have very little confidence in that woman's stability, who in direct opposition to the will and command of her parents, would throw herself into the arms of a person to whom she was comparatively a stranger; but my opinion can be of little consequence to one who has declared, “he is resolved to have her, let the consequence be what it will.”

#### TO THE GOSSIP.

Taunton, May 28, 1804.

NOW do, dear Mr. Gossip, pay a particular attention to my case which I shall relate below, and by your advice help me out of the difficulty in which I am involved, and your petitioner shall ever pray.

I have for a considerable length of time been honored with the attention of a young gentleman, whose character is strictly unexceptionable, and intentions honorable; he has been pleased to say much in my favour which would not become me to repeat, and I have reason to believe from the marked attention he has ever paid me, that he is sincere in his assertions; but the ruin of my peace is a certain levity and thoughtlessness of conduct which leads me to say and do a thousand things from the impulse of the moment, which upon mature reflection, I severely condemn myself for; and though I am conscious it is wrong, still I cannot resist the influence it has over me, but give vent to my thoughts without considering the consequences involved in them. The person above referred to, has a strong aversion to every degree of scandal and detraction, and has represented, in glowing colours to me, the iniquity of it and the effects which it may produce to persons who are the subjects of it; he has endeavoured to (and at the moment effectually does) convince me that they may be perfectly innocent of the charges brought against them, or only guilty in a small degree, and that tenderness for their character should prevent my giving publicity to any vague and unsupported charges against them.

Still I cannot resist the propensity to it, but in most circles where I am, find a momentary pleasure in retailing a tale of scandal, tending to expose the frailties of the sex, and of injuring a character more in a few minutes, than half a life of propriety of conduct, will counterbalance. I must be allowed, however, as some small extenuation of my crime to observe, that I should not take delight in telling them, did I not perceive that those to whom they were addressed, appear to receive as much pleasure in hearing, as I do in relating.

I have now, Mr. Gossip, freely acknowledged to you my failing, and at the same time, assure you that it is my sincere wish to amend it, if I could hit upon any method of doing it; request therefore, that you will be good enough to point out some plan by which I can accomplish so desirable an object.

H. S.

H. S. is candid in acknowledging her fault, and wishes to know how she can be enabled to amend it. Methinks, young lady, if you love the man who you say is your admirer, and I do assure you he is well worthy your love if he esteems you sufficiently to endeavour to correct your errors; if you love him, I say, you will find no difficulty in putting a rein upon your

tongue; you will be eager to eradicate the abominable propensity from your heart. I could tell you it was unamiable, unchristianlike, acting in direct opposition to the golden rule of “doing as you would be done by.” But all this you know, and it is most pitiable to reflect that knowing it, you persist in setting morality, religion, and good nature at defiance. But that is not at present to the point. If you have not affection enough for the man who addresses you, to model your conduct by the rule you know would be most pleasing to him—I sincerely hope he will have resolution to break your chain, and let your folly, (to give it no harsher name) be its own punishment.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### CURSORY THOUGHTS ON THE BENEFITS ARISING FROM A LOVE OF SOCIAL LIFE.

A FONDNESS for social life has been implanted in the breast of man, from the earliest ages of the world; and continues in its force to the present day; it is the source of the purest and most sublime enjoyment that we are capable of tasting, while tenants here below.

It is the spring, and stimulus to all our exertions, and has done more towards the refinement and polishing mankind, than any other cause in existence. Take away this motive, and what inducement should we have to pry into, and bring to perfection, those arts and sciences which have for their object, the good of society: exertion would soon grow torpid, did a man suppose that the knowledge of his discourses would extend no farther than himself; it is the hope that they will be extended to and approved by those around us, and perhaps extend our fame to distant countries, that encourages to commence and persevere in the development of all those valuable improvements, which have placed mankind in their present highly exalted situation. If we extend the subject into domestic life, we shall find the social principle of our nature to be the source of our greatest happiness; it is the wheel which sets all our finer feelings in motion, which obliges us to take an affectionate concern in whatever relates to their joys or sorrows, and calls into exercise all the powers of mind and body, to promote their happiness; with exquisite pleasure we rejoice in their prosperity, and feelingly share their sorrows.

It prevents us from assuming the wretched character of a misanthrope, and instead of manifesting an open aversion for our brethren of the human race, will implant in our breast a tender regard for their welfare, and a disposition to use the means that fortune has put into our hands, to make their situation as comfortable as possible.

Not content with assisting those who may be immediately known to us, we shall endeavour to discover those whose delicate sensibility causes them to suffer in secret, rather than to obtrude themselves into our notice, and involuntarily shrink back from the offers of pecuniary assistance; they will submit to any hardships rather than let their situation be known. There is no doubt but the person who relieves such distress as above described, realizes pleasure in its full extent; while on the other hand, the person to whom his bounty is extended is distressed, in the recollection that he is placed in a situation to need it. To cultivate and establish this amiable disposition should be our constant study; it will reward our exertions by making us beloved, by all to whom we are known, and most of all by the feelings of our own heart.

W. T.



## MORAL AND USEFUL.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## MIRANDA—A CHARACTER.

Messrs. GILBERT &amp; DEAN,

I HAVE been pleased to observe in your useful Miscellany, an endeavour to promote the intellectual improvement of the female sex, by setting before them examples of virtue, fortitude, piety, and every commendable pursuit: I wish to assist your laudable design, by sending the character of a lady with whom I have the happiness to be acquainted, which I hope you will permit to appear in your Magazine.

MIRANDA is endowed with all the graces that can excite admiration, all those virtues that can command respect. Pleasing, rather than beautiful in her person, highly accomplished in her manners, and eminently qualified to shine in domestic life, as the wife, the friend, and the mistress of a family.

Her needle and her pencil she uses with equal skill, taste, and celerity. Music seems a part of her nature; her voice in speaking is peculiarly soft, and in singing, though not strong, is melodious, and she plays with an expression and taste, which leads one to prefer a simple air performed by her to the most brilliant execution of a finished amateur; yet when singing or playing, she does it with such an air of modest diffidence, such unaffected humility, that you would imagine she was receiving a favour rather than conferring one. She dances with ease and grace, and her dress, though never fine, is always perfectly neat, and on proper occasions strikingly elegant.

The high cultivation of her mind, extensive reading, and knowledge of the world, enable her to converse with ease on almost every subject, yet she will condescend to join in the most juvenile sports, and trifle with the most gay and volatile. The ignorant are never pained when in her company by any affected airs of superiority; it is her care ever to adapt her conversation to the taste and understanding of her companions, and that in so natural a manner, that you would say, whatever she is doing at the time you may be observing her, that she does best.

Thus accomplished, thus qualified to move in the most elevated rank, she is equally so to perform every domestic duty; in the management of a numerous family; in the direction of her household, there is such regularity observed, every part of the day having its appropriate employment, that without ever appearing hurried or in confusion, she will produce more evident proofs of industry in one month, than others, who are perpetually boasting of their works, will in three. Yet she has always time to enjoy the sweets of society, nor does any one partake them with more satisfaction. She exercises the rights of hospitality in the most fascinating manner; whether surrounded by a numerous circle, she presides at her table with a dignity peculiar to herself, or in the more delightful one, of her familiar friends, she unbends her manners to the easy hilarity, and alluring vivacity, which spring from her affectionate heart.

To heighten the beauty of the inestimable MIRANDA's character, her temper is in general even and cheerful, her heart benevolent in the most extensive sense of the word; satisfied with doing right herself, she interferes not with the conduct of others; nor ever encourage or repeats a malignant report; she ministers with her own hands to the necessities of the poor, the sick, and the afflicted; and to give the finishing trait to this amiable portrait, she is serious and uniform in the discharge of her religious duties; her domestics serve her from affection, her neighbours esteem her, and those who are so happy as to be admitted among the number of her friends, regard her with a mingled sentiment of

love and veneration. Yet to convince us that perfection is not the lot of humanity, MIRANDA has faults; but though they are discernable to the eye of partial friendship, they must be allowed by every candid observer to be like the spots upon the glorious luminary of day, which, though they must be acknowledged blemishes, diminish not its splendor, nor detract from its usefulness.

EUGENIO.

Boston, June 20th, 1804.

[BY DESIRE.]  
CHURCH MUSIC.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE is nothing more discordant to my feelings, than most of the music, with which our temples are at present profaned. Most of our modern pieces would better suit the fiddlers of a ball-room, than the choir of our churches. They are composed, in general, by bores as ignorant of the principles of music, as the rules of propriety, and unfortunately are selected by instructors, who have not more correct perceptions. I have long wished for some interference on the part of the good and pious. But they sleep, and suffer. I wish the following extract (from T. Collyer) would awaken them to some regard to the subject, and that we may no longer be disturbed in our devotions by the hurried and jiggling measures of tunes, which are as improper, as inharmonious.

"One word on Church Music, and I have done. The end of Church Music is to relieve the weariness of a long attention; to make the mind more cheerful and composed; and to endear the offices of religion. It should therefore imitate the perfume of the Jewish Tabernacle, and have as little of the composition of common use as is possible. There must be no voluntary maggots, no military tattoos, no light and galliardizing notes; nothing that may make the fancy trifling, or raise an improper thought: this would be to profane the service, and bring the play-house into the Church. Religious harmony must be moving, but noble; withal; grave, solemn, and seraphic: fit for a martyr to play, and an angel to hear. It should be contrived so as to warm the best blood within us, and take hold of the finest part of the affections; to transport us with the beauty of holiness; to raise us above the satisfactions of life, and make us ambitious of the glories of heaven."

: : : Monthly Anthology.

## THE EXCELLENCY OF TRUE RELIGION.

TRUE religion gives an engaging delicacy to our manners, which education or nature may mimic, but can never attain to. A sense of our infirmities and insufficiency makes us modest. A sense of the divine presence makes us decent and sincere. A sense of our corruption, natural and moral, makes us humble. A sense of the divine goodness and mercy, makes us obliging and compassionate. A sense of our immortality, makes us cheerful and happy. True religion is a principle of heavenly peace and light within us, which expands itself over the human frame and conduct, and sheds light and beauty on all around us. At ease within ourselves, we cannot give others trouble: when the master is God, the servant will be God-like, and if our conversation is in heaven, the graces of Heaven will dwell on our lips, and eline forth in our actions. Religion, where it is sincerely embraced, gives contentment and patience to the sick, joy to the penitent, strength to the weak, sight to the blind, and life in death itself.

## SILK A DEFENCE AGAINST THE FORCE OF GUN POWDER.

A singular circumstance.—A loaded pistol was fired inadvertently against a young woman, in Manchester; the ball struck against her breast, but having a silk handkerchief on it, did her no other injury than producing a violent contusion. This produced the following wager: that a ball would not penetrate a dog, if covered with a silk handkerchief. The trial was made along shore, near Liverpool, a few days ago, with success, and although repeated several times, produced no other effect than bruising that part where the ball hit. Singular as this may appear, we are assured by our informant, that it is a fact, and that no ball will penetrate a body clothed with a silk garment.

## REMARKABLE.

## HORRID PICTURE.

THE following very singularly cruel, unnatural murder, is given in a letter from Hamburg, dated the 27th March. "A person by the name of Reuse, a respectable school-master here, about 40 years of age, having a wife and five children, and possessing therewith a competence, and every means of rendering himself and family happy, took occasion a few nights ago, whilst they all slept, to murder them in the most cruel and barbarous manner. On the day preceding this horrid catastrophe, Reuse was, with some friends and the whole of his family on pleasure at Wansbeck, a pleasant village a few miles from Hamburg. About nine in the evening they all returned to town; and between the hours of one and four next morning, it is believed, he had been employed in the horrid work of massacring all his family! The eldest, a girl about 16 years of age, from the condition she was in when found in the morning, appeared to have struggled severely with this monster in human form, as she had received many cuts and stabs in different parts of her body. During the awful conflict, long had she, doubtless, petitioned for mercy, but in vain; determined on his sanguinary purpose, and equally callous to the feelings and inaccessible to the last cries of humanity, he had, by dint of perseverance, succeeded in almost severing her head from her body. His wife and the other four children, which were boys, had their necks cut nearly asunder, it is supposed while asleep, leaving not a spark of life in any of them, except the youngest, who survived in the agonies of death, about five hours. What is shocking to remark concerning the child last mentioned, (as it proves him capable of deliberate discrimination) is, that to effect his cruel purpose, and complete the massacre, he had taken this, his youngest child, out of bed from between two children he had for tuition belonging to a merchant. Early in the morning he left the house, desiring the servant not to awake her mistress, or any of the family until he returned. The gates of the city opening at an early hour, he skulked into the most retired part of the ramparts, where he made a slight attempt to cut his own throat; and had laid down on his face, by some water, endeavouring to bleed gently to death. The horrid transaction was, however, soon discovered, and reported through the city.—And in the afternoon of the same day, two gentlemen who were out sporting, came to the place where Reuse was laid; and finding him in the situation already described enquired if he was the wretch who had murdered his family in the morning? He answered in the affirmative, at the same time begging for some water to drink, which was refused him. He was then taken; and at the dead hour of the night, (to secure him from the vengeance of the people) he was conveyed to his own house, to behold the awful scene, in order to obtain, if possible, a confession of the motives which induced him to commit an act of such singular barbarity: but he assigned no other reason for his conduct, than the losing a trifling law-suit, and the preposterous idea of love to his family, which, he said, prompted him to save them from the direful consequences. It is, however, remarkable, that previous to the commission of this sanguinary act, he had never evinced any symptoms of insanity. Having property, he was confined in a comfortable prison, where he spent his time in playing at cards and other amusements. On Monday the 19th of March, Reuse was racked by the wheel, which came down 18 times on his neck, arms, and limbs, &c. it was a shocking sight

## AMUSING.

## A SERMON ON THE WORD MALT.

Preached by the Rev. Mr. DODD, in a hollow tree.

The Rev. Mr. Dodd, a very worthy minister, who lived a few miles from Cambridge, had rendered himself obnoxious to many of the cantabs by frequently preaching against drunkenness; several of whom meeting him on a journey, they determined to make him preach in a hollow tree which was near the road side. Accordingly, addressing him with great apparent politeness, they asked him if he had not lately preached much against drunkenness. On his replying in the affirmative, they insisted that he should now preach from a text of their choosing. In vain did he remonstrate on the unreasonableness of expecting him to give

them a discourse without study, and in such a place; they were determined to take no denial, and the word MALT was given to him by way of text; on which he immediately delivered himself as follows.—

"Beloved, let me crave your attention.—I am a little man, come at a short warning, to preach a short sermon, from a small subject, in an unworthy pulpit, to a slender congregation. Beloved, my text is MALT; I cannot divide it into words, it being but one; nor in to syllables, it being but one: I must, therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find to be these four, M—A—L—T. "M, my beloved, is Moral—A, is Allegorical—L, Literal—T, Theological. The Moral is set forth to teach you drunkards good manners; therefore, M, masters—A, all of you—L, listen—T, to my text. The Allegorical is when one thing is spoken and another thing is meant. The thing spoken of is malt; the thing meant is the juice of malt; which you cantabs make,—M, your master,—A, your apparel,—L, your liberty,—and T, your trust. The literal is, according to the letter—M, much,—A, ale,—L, little,—T, trust. The Theological is according to the effects that it works; and these I find to be of two kinds: first, in this world; secondly, in the world to come. The effects that it works in this world are,—in some, M, murder,—in others, A, adultery,—in all, L, looseness of life,—and, in some, T, treason. The effects that it works in the world to come—are, M, misery,—A, anguish,—L, lamentation,—and T, torment. And so much for this time and text.—

Shall improve this: first, by way of exhortation,—M, masters,—A, all of you—L, leave off,—T, tippling; or, secondly, by way of excommunication,—M, masters,—A, all of you,—L, look for,—T, torment; thirdly, by way of caution, take this; a drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the spoil of civility, the destruction of reason, the brewer's agent, the alehouse benefactor, his wife's sorrow, his children's trouble, his own shame, his neighbour's scoff, a walking swill-bowl, the picture of a beast, and the monster of a man.

"Now to," &c. He then concluded in the usual form; and the young men, pleased with his ingenuity, not only sincerely thanked him, but absolutely profited more by this short and whimsical sermon, than by any serious discourse they had ever heard.

#### ANECDOTE.

A BRICKLAYER's laborer being at work on the roof of the chapel at Westminster Abbey, while the choristers were chanting their vespers, asked his master what all that noise was about? "Why, you villain, (replied his master) they are saying their prayers."—"The devil they are, (returned the fellow) it's in a queer way though. You would think it strange if I should sing to you now,

*O Jonathan Howell,  
Pray lend me your trowel!*

Instead of saying, Master, be pleased to lend me your trowel."

#### CONCEIT CAN CURE, CONCEIT CAN KILL.

AN honest country baker, having by anxious application to his business in the day time, and a constant attendance at the tippling-houses at night, contracted a distemper best known by the name of the *H.p* or the *Horror*, and became so very miserable, that he made two attempts on his own life; his friends at length applied to a physician, a quack probably, by the low fee he demanded, which was neither more nor less, than a new quarter loaf whenever he should send for it. In return for the first quarter, he sent a box of pills, with directions for the baker to take three at six o'clock in the morning fasting, after which to walk four miles; to take the same number at six in the evening, and to walk the like number of miles; to repeat the same number of pills at eight, and to work them off with a point of ale, without the use of his pipe and the like number at ten o'clock, going to bed. The baker kept his word with the doctor, and the doctor fulfilled his engagement with his patient; for at the end of the month, the honest fellow was in as good health, and enjoyed as high spirits as when he was a boy. The cheapness of the cure induced our baker to enquire of his doctor, by what wonderful medicine so speedy and perfect a cure had been effected. The doctor, which is another proof of his not being regularly bred, told him that the pills were made of his own loaf covered with gold

leaf; and added, that if he would take the same medicine, and follow the same directions, when ever his relapsing into his former course of life should bring on the like disorder, he might be sure of as speedy and effectual a cure.

#### WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, JUNE 30, 1804.

#### FOREIGN.

**EAST-INDIES.**—The last accounts from India, state, that the British have captured the whole of *Scindia's* army, with all his cities, towns, and fortresses.

**EUROPE.**—Arrivals at New-York, have brought *London* dates down to the 6th May, 1804, several days later than before received. The following, we think, is a general summary of their contents:—That a treaty of alliance between Great Britain and Russia, will, in all probability, soon be concluded:—That a commercial treaty between Russia and America, highly favourable to the latter, was on the eve of conclusion:—That Spain and Portugal would not long remain neutral, a serious misunderstanding having taken place between them and the Court of London:—That the health of the British King was not fully established—a regency in the Prince of Wales contemplated, and a total change of the Ministry:—That the long talked of Invasion, still occupied attention in France and Great-Britain:—That an expedition was to sail from Portsmouth, (E.) consisting of 1000 men—but its object or destination was not mentioned:—That a Proclamation had been issued for a general fast in England and Ireland, on the 25th May, and in Scotland on the 6th June:—That the Russian fleet in the Baltic, was in complete readiness for sea, and the preparations in the Black Sea not relaxed:—That the embargo which has existed some time, at Ostend, had been taken off:—That a Paris paper contained the details of a pretended plot to deliver up Brest to the English:—That Lord Hawksbury had issued an official note to the Ministers of foreign powers at the Court of London, in reply to the charge of the British being concerned in the attempt to assassinate the First Consul of France:—That Admiral Nelson was dead, and the English vessels at Lisbon, had worn their colours half mast, as mourning for his decease:—That the First Consul of France was about to assume the title of *Emperor of the Gauls*:—And that a great fire had happened at Wettbergen, (Germany) in April last.

**WEST-INDIES.**—We have no news to present this week, in this department of the *Magazine*.—In the capture of Surinam, the British lost 8 men killed, and 21 wounded. The killed, wounded and prisoners, of the Dutch, amount to 2001.——Four French ships of the line, and 11 frigates, full of transports, were seen off Trinidad, the 22d May.

#### DOMESTICK.

We have nothing of importance, of a domestic nature.—An article from New-Orleans, the 11th May, says, "On Sunday, Governor CLAIBORNE, attended by several of the Catholic Clergy, and public Officers, visited the Convent in this city.—On his entrance a young lady presented His Excellency with a poetic compliment; to which the Governor made a handsome reply. There are 36 boarders in the convent, and 36 orphan girls, supported by the city. The nuns have the care of more than one hundred day scholars. This convent is the order of *St. Ursula*, and was founded in 1727.—The greater part of the ladies of *New-Orleans*, have been educated therein."—The changes of the atmosphere, have been great this year. At Augusta, (M.) the 17th of June, the Thermometer was above 90, and at 2 o'clock, in the shade, at 95.—We learn from the Baltimore Dispensary that from January 1803, to March 1804, 1933 persons were admitted, of whom 958 were cured and 67 remained still in charge. The receipts were 3233 dollars and the expenses 2494 dollars, leaving a balance in the bank of Baltimore of 739 dollars. This is an account worthy the benevolent purpose of the institution.

—Uncommon snows, violent rains, and hard storms, have distinguished the past and present season. At Alexandria, the 11th inst. the rain caused the creeks, &c. to rise 20 feet higher than ever before known, which proved very destructive to the plantations, cattle, &c. and a mill, on which was a stone building, with the store house, stable, and meal house, were all swept away.

At Baltimore, it rained for three weeks, with little intermission; and the bridge over the Potomac had been carried off; and the rivers and brooks, from Philadelphia to Fredericksburg, had swelled so as to become impassable.—A Lieutenant of the British frigate *Cambrian* at New-York, has been arrested for a breach of the revenue laws, in preventing the commander of the Revenue Cutter, from boarding the ship *Pitt*, while the Lieutenant, with a party, were busied in impressing the crew.

#### MARRIED.

At Warren, R. I. Mr. Paschel Allen, to Miss Polly Croade.

In this town, Mr. Lawrence M. Williams, to Miss Nabby Dolbear.

#### DIED.

At Lynn, Mr. Wm. Northey, of Salem, *Æt.* 70, a much respected and useful citizen.—At Salem, Miss Mary Eveleth, *Æt.* 17; Mrs. Jemima Morong, *Æt.* 35.—At Lebanon, N. J. in consequence of running the tongue of a buckle into his hand six months before, Capt. C. Johnston. In England, Moses Myers, High Priest of the Jewish Synagogue, in London, *Æt.* 83.—At Demerara, Hon. Daniel Ford, *Æt.* 42, late of Pembroke, (M.) At Dedham, Mr. John M. Furness, eldest son of John F. Esq. of this town. In Baltimore, Charles Pierrepont, *Æt.* 5 years and 10 days.—His mother had some suspicion that the child was troubled with worms, and without any application for medical aid, undertook to administer a portion of pink-root, together with several other matters, termed *family medicines*, in unusual quantities, which in a short time, brought on three successive fits; at intervals the child seemed better, then worse, and continued in that state for 3 weeks, and then expired.

In this town, on Sunday evening, Mr. STEPHEN H. BLAGGE, *Æt.* 16, son of Samuel Blagge, Esq. Seldom has our obituary recorded an event so truly solemn and impressive.—Without emotion, we behold the head laid low, that time has silvered; we hear without a sigh, the "*passing bell*," declare three score and ten. But our feelings are strongly excited, our sensibility tenderly awakened, when the opening bud is snatched by death, when the comeliness and vivacity of youth, first expanding into the elegance and energy of manhood, are blighted by the cruel destroyer. To those particularly who were connected with him in the bonds of friendship, and have been in the habit of intimate association, his death is an afflicting dispensation, and should operate as an awful admonition. In a most striking and melancholy manner, it evinces how slender is the tie that binds them to existence. Within a short revolving month, their friend was happy in the possession of health—in the improvement of advantages which promised future usefulness, and of every blessing which decorates the path of life. His schemes of pleasure immatured, he drooped and died!—so frail is man! Shall we attempt to comfort those who mourn their "eldest hope"—or her who now deploras the partner of her youthful sports, and the anticipated protector of her growing years? Shall we say, that already he had commenced a course which promised fair to be "bright honour's way"—that he possessed the cordial esteem of those to whom his mercantile education was committed, and the love and good will of each of his associates? Distressing thought! it will but aggravate their sorrow. Shall we remind them that hereafter they shall meet him in a land which death has never seen; where fond and flattering hopes shall not be deceived—the sigh shall never rend the father's bosom; the tear shall not flow down the mother's pallid cheek; where to parents, sister, friends, the youth beloved and mourned, shall be restored? Delightful thought! it calms the agony of those who grieve, into the melancholy, but soothing recollection of the virtues and amiable deportment of him so dear to all.

Mr. Hezekiah H. Fessenden, *Æt.* 32. Mr. Wm. Francis, *Æt.* 20, of Hartford—Mrs. Gill's, *Æt.* 29, wife of Mr. John G. and daughter of Mr. Andrew Dunlap—Mr. Nehemiah Norcross, jun. *Æt.* 40—Mr. Benjamin Robertson, *Æt.* 28; 5 children—one from the *Alms House*—total 12.

#### LOTTERY BUSINESS.

A LETTER from Portsmouth, N. H. dated the 25th inst. enclosing \$8, was duly received by CILBERT & DEAN, but as the person has not signed his name, it cannot of course be attended to by them.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THE FREEDOM OF THE MIND.

When declining in the West,  
 Burning Phebus sinks to rest,  
 And the bright eyed ev'ning star,  
 Sheds her soft lustre on the distant groves;  
 Then the Fancy free'd from care,  
 Wanders lightly here and there,  
 Over mountains, over seas,  
 Sails upon the evening breeze,  
 And seeks communion with the friend it loves.

Through the trees mild zephyr flying,  
 Flutt'ring, trembling, murm'ring, sighing,  
 With the chirping insect throng,  
 Soothes the griev'd spirit, anxious thought removes;  
 Now the night bird chants her song,  
 And the sweet strains die along  
 The distant vale, and seem to say,  
 Thy spirit now may flit away,  
 And seek communion with the friend it loves.

Now when night has spread her veil  
 Of sombre hue, o'er hill and dale,  
 Silence mounts her ebon throne,  
 Nature reposes, scarce an atom moves;  
 Sleep her balmy flow'rs has strewn,  
 O'er pallets mean and beds of down;  
 But the active spirit wakes,  
 And its nightly vision takes  
 The voice, the figure, of the friend it loves.

When life's sun shall quit the skies,  
 When the shades of death shall rise,  
 When sublunary joys shall cease,  
 And certainty the veil of doubt removes;  
 Then in the realms of rest and peace,  
 The soul shall joy in its release;  
 No fiend malign shall interfere,  
 But free'd alike from guilt and fear,  
 Join the pure spirit of the friend it loves.

AURA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF  
A FRIEND.

Far from those friends, beneath whose fostering hand  
 The bud of youth its earliest charms display'd;  
 Far from those scenes, where Hope, with aspect bland,  
 Chas'd from the morn of life each sombre shade;

Even far remov'd, EUGENIO's form receives  
 The mournful honours of the silent bier;  
 The last convulsive sigh, his bosom heaves,  
 Vibrates with sadness on a stranger's ear.

Alas! no parent's hand here gave relief,  
 Clos'd the dim eye, or rais'd the drooping head;  
 No gentle female, agoniz'd by grief,  
 Here mourn'd a brother mingled with the dead.

Yet, does not Virtue blossom in each clime?  
 And will she not her soothing aid impart?  
 To suff'ring merit tenderly incline,  
 And ease, by sympathy, the wounded heart?

Tell me, some power, did Friendship's hand extend?  
 With its kind office cheer the sadd'ning gloom?  
 O'er death's pale couch did soft-eyed pity bend,  
 And weep the son of virtue's hapless doom?

If so, may Heaven reward the generous deed;  
 Avert each sorrow from the feeling breast;  
 Or if, by adverse fate ordain'd to bleed,  
 May kind affection soothe its woes to rest.

Tell pensive Muse, by Fancy's aid, shall twine  
 The wreath of friendship round EUGENIO's urn;  
 On the cold tomb her sorrowing form recline,  
 In silence pause, departed worth to mourn.

Here, while she lingers in the lone recess,  
 And night congenial draws her shades around,  
 With funeral cypress her sad lyre she'll dress,  
 And notes of grief sweep o'er the hallow'd mound.

ELIZA.

Marlborough, March 17, 1804.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THE GIRL OF "LOCUST GROVE."

THO' others may sing of some fair,  
 And praise them with notes full of love;  
 There is none can his fav'rite compare  
 To the "Girl of the Locust Grove."

Like the dew-drop, her eyes bright and clear;  
 Her cheeks are the lily and rose;  
 Her lips a ripe cherry appear;  
 All her features each beauty disclose.

Her bosom! ah, who can portray  
 Its look, or its action withstand?  
 Ye stoicks! if there ye could lay,  
 Like \* ye would sigh for her hand.

When she speaks, what a music divine  
 Thrills the veins, and the senses enthral;  
 In her form all the graces combine,  
 And with elegance, dignity dwells.

Her mind is the mirror of truth,  
 Polish'd bright by accomplishments bland;  
 She's the pride of old age, and of youth,  
 And the queen of the girls of the land.

Tho' others may sing of some fair,  
 And praise them with notes full of love;  
 There is none can his fav'rite compare  
 To the "Girl of the Locust Grove."

June, 1804.

## THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

CONCLUSION OF  
SINCERITY—A NOVEL  
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.  
LETTER XXXIII.Rev. EDWARD HAYLEY's letter, to FREDERIC LEWIS,  
Esq. CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 140.

MRS. DARNLEY, from the day of this unfortunate visit, drooped hourly. Yet she was not confined to her bed, and as she ever was particularly fond of writing, she always had the pens, ink and paper, on a stand by her easy chair; though for above six weeks, she seldom had written more than two or three lines at a time. The day she wrote the last line in the letter I enclose, her husband and myself were sitting at the other end of the room, when we heard her breathe a deep sigh; a deathly paleness overspread her face, the pen fell from her fingers, and before we could get to her, she sunk lifeless back in her chair. We lifted her on the bed, and summoned assistance; in about half an hour, respiration returned, and lifting her dying eyes with an expression, never to be erased from my memory, she said faintly, "It is the last struggle."—This was about five in the afternoon; upon the arrival of the physician, he pronounced that she would never again leave her bed, though she might possibly linger three or four days, but in all human probability a much shorter period would close the scene.—During the night, she had several hours of composed rest. I did not leave the house; my heart was wrung with inexpressible anguish, and Mr. Darnley stood in need of comfort and support; indeed, at times, it seemed as if his reason would forsake him; he execrated himself, execrated the women, whose presence he imagined had hastened the approaching dissolution of his wife.—Mr. Lewis, it was a night of distress and misery.—About sun rise, being told that I was in the house, she desired to see me.—"My worthy friend," said she, "God has been very good to me, and has afforded me a short repose to recruit my strength, that I may perform all my duties before I go hence. I wish to partake of the solemn rite of the Lord's supper; will you pray by me and administer it? that I may die in peace with all my fellow creatures, and oh, my friend, pray! pray earnestly, that I may enter into the peace of my Saviour."—While I was preparing for this solemnity, she desired to see her husband and son. When all was prepared, and she supported in the bed by a domestic who was very much attached to her, (as indeed all are who have had an opportunity to investigate her character) she held out one hand to me and one to Mr. Darnley, at the same time placing Charles between us.—"George," said she to her husband, "whatever disagreements

may have been between us, I pray you believe I never meant wilfully to give you pain, or offend you. I have had many faults; when I am gone, remember them not against me, but consign them with my memory to oblivion; and believe me, as I stand on the verge of eternity, one thought that tended to your dishonour has never been amongst them.—Mr. Hayley, I owe much to your friendship; it has been the sweetener of the last years of my life; it has smoothed my passage to the grave; it will, I hope and trust, be renewed beyond it.—Charles, my good lad, I leave you. May God bless you, may you be virtuous, and in the end be assured you will be happy; be dutiful to your father.—George, be a faithful father to this poor boy, he has no mother.—Mr. Hayley—though the whole world forsake him, be you his friend.—One thing more, tell those unhappy women, Bellamy and Romaine, my last religious act will include a prayer for their eternal welfare; and if I have hated them, I hope it was their vices, not themselves, towards whom I nourished that sentiment."—Then folding her hands, and elevating her eyes with the most affecting fervour, she audibly repeated the Lord's prayer, and turning her face toward me, begged me to proceed in my office.—I do assure you, dear Sir, it was with the utmost difficulty that I could perform the service; my voice was choked, and I could scarcely restrain the sobs that laboured in my convulsed bosom; a sweet and solemn serenity pervaded her voice and countenance as she joined in the responses. When it was over, she embraced us all; the chill of death was on her lips which pressed against my cheek. "It is an awful thing to die," said she, "to stand in the presence of a God of purity; oh! what have I to plead?—nothing—and only that I know, He, who said, 'Lazarus, come forth,' and the dead obeyed his voice can and will purify me from my offences, I should fear greatly.—But he has said, 'I am the resurrection and the life, and whoso believeth on me shall not perish.'" Her voice faltered, she sunk back, her eyes were fixed upwards, and her ardent spirit took its flight to the regions of immortality.—After this account of her exit, to offer any thing by way of consolation, would be impertinent and superfluous. I will therefore drop my pen, after having entreated a continuance of your friendship. I am, dear Sir, yours, with esteem,

EDWARD HAYLEY.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

The sincerity of Sarah's dying declaration, that "even in thought she had never dishonoured her husband," was confirmed by the confession of Mrs. Bellamy. Indeed, it was hardly possible for any one to doubt her truth who were acquainted with her, as she never seriously averred the thing that was not professed, an affection she did not feel, or disguised a disgust that she did.—Her husband felt her loss for a few days, very severely for a few weeks; was decently grave, but the seductive Romaine tried means to comfort him, and he was comforted,—until he married her.—Alas, poor Darnley, she then paid him with interest, all he had inflicted on the uncomplaining, unoffending Sarah.—From this account of our Heroine's sufferings, let no one say, where then is the reward of virtue, if such a woman is not happy? but let them reflect on her peaceful, beatified end, and cry, "Vice, where are thy fascinations? will they take out the sting of death?—No.—It is the sincere and pious spirit alone that tried in the thrice heated furnace of affection, comes out like refined gold, bright and pure, fit to be placed in the palace of the Most High." [End of the Novel.]

## PISCATAQUA BRIDGE LOTTERY.

THIS Lottery will commence drawing on the 19th July, when the tickets will be \$5. The highest prize is \$8000, and only 10,000 tickets. Tickets at \$5-50, and quarters at \$1-50, for sale, at GILBERT & DEAN's Lottery office, where a correct list of all the prizes and blanks will be kept during the drawing. Those who have drawn prizes in other Lotteries, had better exchange for tickets in this. June 30.

BOSTON, (MASSACHUSETTS.)  
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 Corner of Wilson's Lane, and opposite the North corner  
 of the Old State House, State-Street.

# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 7, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE PASSENGER—No. XXVIII.

INCIDENTS which place us in a situation more hazardous than we have been accustomed to, naturally beget a fear, which, if not controlled by the efforts of reason, will have a tendency to make us miserable for the time, by destroying that reliance on the care of a superintending Providence, whence, in all cases, a degree of serenity may be obtained, if not of actual happiness.

Knowing that I must take stage some hours before day light, I could not dispossess my mind entirely of unpleasant anticipations, on retiring to rest the preceding evening. Upon waking some time before I was called, the first sense recognized by returning reason, was the recurrence of those fears; I immediately commenced a rational combat to subdue them, in a course of argument with myself like the following. Have I not through life been preserved from dangers innumerable, which presented themselves to my notice, but were out of the sphere of my control? Have I not in all probability escaped millions, equally hazardous, yet too refined for human vision? Have I not even now, but just returned from total insensibility, to a state of rational reflection? These with every moment of my existence, are testimonies that I am under the guardianship of Wisdom, Power, and Goodness; on the same protection I will rely, and go on my way rejoicing.

With considerations like those, I vanquished my antipathy to riding in the night, and being soon after summoned to take my seat, I entered the carriage with nearly the same satisfaction as if the light of the sun had directed my steps. It was too dark to discover the number, or the figure of my fellow passengers, but I soon had the evidence of male and female voices, to satisfy me that we had both sexes in the stage. The terrors suffered by a female passenger had engaged the exertions of the other sex to pacify her, but their endeavours seemed to be of little avail, for she had conjured up all the ghosts of all the short lived false stories she had ever heard, respecting disasters to passengers by day and by night, by land and by water—by wild horses, by careless drivers, by defective carriages, by robbers, by lightning, tornado, and earthquakes. It was in vain that the rest endeavoured to console her with a comparison of the innumerable safe passages daily made, contrasted with the few, in which any melancholy accident occurred; it was equally fruitless to compare the accidental events producing no essential evil with the limited number causing serious disaster; nothing would convince her that this could be any other, but the most distressing journey ever undertaken by mortals; and indeed she contributed all within her power to make it such to the other passengers. Feeling a sharp air passing through the carriage, upon searching for the cause, I discovered that the back had been left entirely open; I immediately proposed closing it, but was informed that it had been opened at this lady's special request;—it appeared surprizing that a lady should prefer a free current of the unwholesome air of a cold night, to the comfort of a closed carriage, especially as the prospect around was shrouded in darkness. I took the liberty of making this remark to her in as delicate a manner as I could; but before she had time to reply, the wheels on our left passed over some-

thing, producing a motion, denominated by a sailor passenger a leclurche;—In an instant the lady was making her exit at the back of the stage; but partly by force, and partly by persuasion, she consented to resume her seat. Before day light blessed us with a sight of her face, she gave us eight similar testimonies of her terrors and agility.

I will not undertake to decide whether those fears were real, or only an effort of affectation, but it became evident that the conversable part of the passengers had unanimously judged them of the latter class, for instead of continuing their endeavours to quiet the lady, they introduced a course of the most extravagant anecdotes of stage misfortunes, that ever were heard. The sailor crowned these with an account of a stage journey he had taken in Europe, in company with other passengers among whom was a lady. The roads, he said, were very fine, and although it was in the night, they made good ten knots, with a heavy deck-load, which he explained by telling us there were six passengers on the top. Supposing the coast clear, he said they run without lead or log, but all on a sudden they bounced on something, that he supposed must have been as large as a first rate's anchor—The hands on deck were all sent adrift, and were never again heard of, except one, who was found on the top of a church at some distance, with both his legs broken. The cabin passengers were, he said, very much injured, all except one, which was the lady, who was forced with such violence against the timbers above, that her brains were dashed out, and all concluded it was a gone case, instead of which it turned out to be the best trip she ever made, for she very soon recovered, and ever after acted like a rational creature, which she never had done before.

These hyperbolical anecdotes had the effect designed: for the lady's frightful stories and agitating fears subsided, and after the sailor's relation, we had a peaceful passage.

On this occasion I could not forbear noticing the powerful effect produced by ridicule, in eradicating folly; and although levity and falsehood, even in moments of exhalation, are to be reprobated, yet the aid of no auxiliaries may be so safely relied on, in an argument with those who are deaf to the suggestions of reason.

One of the Passengers was a gentleman of sense and genius, but he possessed very eccentric ideas, yet from the mass of them might be culled much of the entertaining, and still more of the useful; in some of the succeeding numbers I shall present the compound, and leave the reader to select and reject, as may suit his fancy.

### A SYMPATHY AND SENSIBILITY IN YOUNG CHILDREN.

CHILDREN who are not sentimentally educated often offend by their simplicity, and frequently disgust people of impatient feelings, by their apparent indifference to things which are expected to touch their sensibility. Let us be content with nature, or rather let us never exchange simplicity for affectation. Nothing hurts young people more than to be watched continually about their feelings, to have their countenances scrutinized, and the degrees of their sensibility measured by the surveying eye of the unmerciful spectator. Under the constraint of such examinations they can think of nothing, but that they are looked at, and feel nothing but shame or apprehension: they are afraid to lay their minds open, lest they should be con-

victed of some deficiency of feeling. On the contrary, children who are not in dread of this sentimental inquisition speak their minds, the truth, and the whole truth, without effort or disguise: they lay open their hearts, and tell their thoughts as they arise, with simplicity that would not fear to enter even "The palace of Truth."

Children are often asked to tell which of their friends they love the best, but they are seldom required to assign any reason for their choice. It is not prudent to question them frequently about their own feelings; but whenever they express any decided preference we should endeavour to lead not to drive them to reflect upon the reasons for their affection. They will probably at first mention some particular instance of kindness which they have lately received from the person whom they prefer. "I like such a person because he mended my top."—"I like such another because he took me out to walk with him and let me gather flowers." By degrees we may teach children to generalize their ideas, and to perceive that they like people for being either useful or agreeable.

The desire to return kindness by kindness arises very early in the mind, and the hope of conciliating the good will of the powerful beings by whom they are surrounded, is one of the first wishes that appears in the minds of intelligent and affectionate children. From this sense of mutual dependence the first principles of social intercourse are deduced, and we may render our pupils either mean sycophants or useful and honourable members of society by the methods which we use to direct their first efforts to please. It should be our object to convince them, that the exchange of mutual good offices contributes to happiness, and whilst we connect the desire to assist others with the perception of the beneficial consequences that eventually arise to themselves, we may be certain that children will never become blindly selfish, or idly sentimental. We cannot help admiring the simplicity, strength of mind, and good sense of a little girl of four years old, who, when she was put into a stage coach with a number of strangers, locked round upon them all, and after a few moments silence addressed them with the imperfect articulation of infancy in the following words:

"If you'll be good to me, I'll be good to you."

Without repeating here what has been said in many other places, it may be necessary to remind all who are concerned in female education, that peculiar caution is necessary to manage female sensibility; to make, what is called the heart, a source of permanent pleasure, we must cultivate the reasoning powers at the same time that we repress the enthusiasm of fine feeling. Women, from their situation and duties in society, are called upon rather for the daily exercise of quiet domestic virtues, than for those splendid acts of generosity, or those exaggerated expressions of tenderness, which are the characteristics of heroines in romance. Sentimental authors paint with enchanting colours all the graces and all the virtues in happy union. Afterwards, from the natural influence of association, we expect in real life to meet with virtue when we see grace, and we are disappointed, almost disgusted, when we find virtue unadorned. This false association has a double effect upon the conduct of women; it prepares them to be pleased, and it excites them to endeavour to please by adventitious charms rather than by those qualities which merit esteem. Women, who have been much addicted to common novel-reading, are always acting in imitation of some *Jemima*, or *Almeria*, who never existed, and they perpetually mistake plain William and Thomas for "*My Beverly*!" They have another peculiar misfortune, they require continual great emotions to keep them in tolerable humour with themselves: they must have tears in their eyes, or they are apprehensive that their hearts are growing hard. They have accustomed themselves to such violent stimulus that they cannot endure the languor to which they are subject in the intervals of delirium.

\*V. Le Palais de la Vérité.—Madame de Genlis Veilles du Château.



Pink appears pale to the eye that is used to scarlet, and common food is insipid to the taste which has been initiated by the high seasonings of art.

The happy age in which women can, with any grace or effect, be romantically watched, is even with the beautiful, but a short season of old city. The sentimental sorrows of any female, however, of more than thirty years standing, command but little sympathy, and less admiration; and what other consolations are suited to sentimental sorrows?

Women, who cultivate their reasoning powers, and who acquire tastes for science and literature, find sufficient variety in life, and do not require the stimulus of dissipation, or of romance. Their sympathy and sensibility are engrossed by proper objects, and connected with habits of useful exertion; they usually feel the affection which others profess, and actually enjoy the happiness which others describe.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. EDITORS,

AS you have seen proper to give further currency to a short piece on Church Music, lately published in the *Monthly Anthology*, I hope you will do me the favour to publish in your next, the following, which was prepared for the last No. of that publication, but arrived at an hour too late for insertion.

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

MR. EDITOR,

MY not having had the pleasure of perusing the several numbers of your useful publication in regular order, will, I hope, be received as an apology for my offering these remarks at a period so remote from the appearance of the piece to which they refer—I mean that on *Church Music*, in the No. for March.

Upon its first perusal, I was much at a loss to determine whether the sentiments there expressed, originated in the ill-natured, querimonious disposition of the author, or in downright stupidity; but on re-perusal, I found them to be legitimate emanations of ill-nature and stupidity combined.

It is truly, Mr. Editor, a thing somewhat extraordinary, that our modern Church should be so discordant with the feelings of your correspondent—so modest, charitable and christian like, as every sentence of his evinces him to be!—And what, perhaps, is still more extraordinary is, that a single piece of music should be able to disturb in a degree, so alarming, a gentleman possessed of so gentle and devotional a turn of mind.

His remarks, however serious his intention may have been, are certainly calculated to excite a smile—I mean a very respectful one!

We have his assertions, in a most polite and dictatorial style, that the musical compositions in general use, (and which are generally speaking, performed handsomely in our churches) are a profanation in the house of God!—And all this merely because they happen to be not exactly concordant with his assumed unimpired taste and delicacy!

Your amiable correspondent, too, in the amplitude of his modesty and meekness, and in a most gentlemanly manner, has advanced our musicians in general, both composers and instructors, “as ignorant bores,” destitute of every rule of propriety and correctness of perception.

I can but hope, Mr. Editor, that this curious, devotional genius, who is so much disturbed with our “jiggling measures of tunes,” as his most musical highness very wittily names them, will appear in public more in detail, and name his grievances in a more particular manner.—Let him tell us which are “jiggling measures of tunes,” and which are not “jiggling measures.” Let him consider too, while he intrinches himself in the opinions of T. COLLYER, that neither one nor two men, however correct and musical their tastes may be, in their own opinion, have sufficient authority to govern the tastes of all the “ignorant bores” which compose the rest of mankind.

BRUM.

FLATTERY—The heart has no avenue so open as that of flattery, which, like some enchantment, lays all its guards asleep.

## MORAL AND USEFUL.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### IMPROVEMENT IN USEFUL ARTS.

IT has been asserted that America has produced as many testimonies of genius, as any country in existence of equal age and population. From a general retrospect of the subject it appears that more might be said, with truth, and without vanity.

In Great Britain and other kingdoms of the old world, every possible encouragement is presented to the man of inventive talents, as a stimulus to his exertions. Societies are wisely instituted for preserving premiums, medals, and every species of reward which may operate in bringing to maturity the latent principles of improvement.—Men of property voluntarily advance to the support of every new production in the arts, where the most distant prospect of public good or private emolument is presented, and thus the deep furrows in the brow of the secluded and laborious investigator are smoothed down, by the genial hand of benevolent and patriotic opulence.

When we look into the volumes of transactions published by those well devised societies, and therein count the multiplied thousands, given as premiums to dawning genius, our astonishment is excited at the munificence which thus in profusion extends its bounteous rewards. Yet upon investigating the cause of this liberality, our surprise is exchanged for an admiring approbation of that policy which justly estimates and amply encourages those arts, whence are derived a very great proportion of the enjoyments of life, the power of the kingdom and the glory of the nation.

Let us now contrast the state of the European with that of the American Inventor. Where is a society founded for the purpose of affording those pecuniary means, which alone can give life to thousands of discoveries, which must never emerge from their embryonic state without such assistance? Who is the man that has alleviated the labors of the patiently toiling inventor, by saying to him—I will advance you a cent toward this machine, and will hazard the loss of it, if you should not succeed? These Societies and these men are on the other side of the Atlantic, and America taxes herself to reward their labors, and to refund the sums they advance in the promotion of useful research.

A conversation which some time since took place in the presence of the writer of this, may not be malapropos to the subject.

During the period while our culprits were confined to nail making at the castle, a man of known mechanical genius, who had spent an industrious life in useful pursuits, called on a rich neighbour with whom he was acquainted. The conversation turned on the difficulties the artist had sustained, in the course of his investigations, when he candidly confessed that at different times within two months, three letters had been lodged in the post office for him, each of which he was obliged to neglect for some days to raise the amount of their postage.—Ha, ha, ha! said the neighbour, your observation reminds me of a visit I made at the castle the other day, when one of the convicts came to me with a very serious countenance, and begged a small charity, with an assurance that a letter from his mother had been lying a week in the office, for want of a few pence to take it up—ha, ha, ha!

Since this interval, I have frequently reflected with regret, on the discouraging situation of that valuable class of citizens in America, to whom we are indebted for improving the useful arts of life. In proportion to that regret is my surprize, at observing the numerous evidences of genius, daily presenting themselves, notwithstanding the obstacles to be surmounted—some

physical cause, incomprehensible in its operation, must be productive of this effect, or such numbers of eminent discoveries would not have commanded the study, the labor and the expense required to generate and rear them, when so many must inevitably die in infancy for want of nursing. Hence my full belief, that if mechanical genius were carefully nurtured in this country, no territory yet discovered would furnish so great a proportion of exploring, investigating, and enterprising individuals, as would be produced in the United States of America.

A paragraph in last Monday's *Gazette* led me to commit these observations to paper;—I there observed a communication to readers and correspondents respecting Mr. Dearborn's Balances, and having noticed them in the *Banks* and observed their elegance and accuracy, I enjoyed a degree of satisfaction in seeing them so handsomely noticed in that useful publication. In contemplating this subject I wandered a little out of the path, to indulge my fancy in conjecturing what impulse could be in operation, to call a man's attention to improvements upon a *scale beam*; an instrument which had been used by all the world since creation, and has been made by millions of workmen, consequently it is the last of all instruments which would be supposed capable of improvement, yet here is a beam of equal arms like those to which we have been familiarized, but in every other respect different, both in construction and in delicacy of motion. If an implement thus long known and long used, with all the science of former ages and ancient kingdoms expended upon it, admits of the essential improvements in America, what may not be expected when that patronage which those ancient kingdoms present, shall with a liberal hand be held out to the sons of Columbia.

### TRUE HAPPINESS.

TRUE happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self, and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions; loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves, and fountains, fields and meadows. In short, it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitude of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applause which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts, and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon. : : Addison's Spectator.

### AMUSING.

#### EFFECT OF SUPERSTITION.

SOME time ago, a woman, of one of the Scilly Islands (St. Martin's) having the misfortune to lose two or three sheep, through sickness or starvation, possessed herself with a notion that this calamity had fallen upon her through some supernatural agency, and that she and her sheep were bewitched. Determined to sift the affair, she took a passage to Penzance, to consult a genuine son of the Druids, who is content to sell his oracles, under the appellation of a conjuror. The wizard proceeded to work, and soon discovered, that the malignant spirit who had caused this mischief inhabited the frail body of an old mare, the property of the unfortunate woman, and who had long inhabited the same fields, and cropped the same herbage with the deceased sheep. He assured her, that while this mare lived, nothing would prosper with her, but that if she burnt the mare to death, her future sheep and herself would live long and prosper.

She returned home, assembled her neighbours, who, as credulous as herself, were ready to assist at this ceremony. The mare was tied to a stake, the straw and faggots placed about her, and surrounded by a circle of idiots, was offered up a sacrifice to the genius of superstition! In plain English, they actually burnt the old mare to death.

## A CURIOUS COMBAT.

TWO gentlemen of high birth, the one a Spaniard, and the other a German, having rendered Maximilian II. many great services, they each, for recompence, demanded his natural daughter, Helena Schafequinn, in marriage. The Prince, who entertained equal respect for them both, could not give either the preference; and after much delay he told them, that from the claims they both had to his attention and regard, he could not give assent for either of them to marry his daughter, and they must decide it by their own power and address; but as he did not wish to risk the loss of either, or both, by suffering them to fight with offensive weapons, he had ordered a large bag to be brought, and he who was successful enough to put his rival in it should obtain his daughter.

This strange combat between two gentlemen was in presence of the whole imperial court, and lasted near an hour. At length the Spaniard yielded and the German Andre Elhard, Baron of Tethert, when he had got him in the bag, took him on his back, and placed him at the Emperor's feet, and on the following day he married the beautiful Helena.

## THE CHARACTER OF A SOT.

A SOT is a silly fellow without brains. His sight is best when he is stone blind, for until then he can never find his way home. He is a post-boy's horn, to alarm a quiet neighbourhood at the unseasonable hour of one in the morning; a brewer's pump, to keep store cellars dry. He is a lawyer, for he understands conveying extremely well. Although he scarcely knows what a pulpit means, yet he is a most religious fellow, for the name of God is ever at his tongue's end; and he is particularly careful to teach his family the duty of fasting. He is a barefooted carmelite, for you seldom see him with a pair of shoes to his feet. His frugality is remarkable, for a shirt always lasts him a month without washing, and a pair of stockings until they are worn out. His tailor is Jack Ketch, or his Grace of Monmouth, to one or other of whom he applies, as often as he can afford it, for a left off suit. Strangers frequently mistake him for a Jew, because of his beard. In his draughts he is a camel. He is the wonderful camelion, which is never seen to eat. He is terribly afflicted with various distempers; being frequently seized with the falling sickness at midnight, accompanied with a dead palsy in his tongue: St. Anthony's fire has visibly settled in his face, and so terribly does the ague shake his hand, that he cannot lift a glass of gin to his head. The pawnbroker is his banker, and the publican his chief creditor. In short, while he is alive he is worthy any person's notice, but after his death there will be no traces found of his memory, except on the chalked walls of alehouses.

## LINES WROTE ON WEDDING CAKE.

AN additional link is made to the filial chain that encircles the vernal pair; may the rivets be strengthened by time, and fraternal affection increase its polish; may they continue to succour the parent stock, and when it is falling, like a shock of corn, may they unitedly aid in sloping it gently to the earth.

"The children of this happy family join in wishing that many anniversary's may mark this pleasing period, and when time shall be no more, may they meet in those regions where happiness is without alloy."

## ANECDOTES.

LORD FALKLAND, the author of the play called the Marriage Night, was chose very young to sit in Parliament; and when he was first elected, some of the members opposed his admission, urging, that he had not sowed all his wild oats; "Then," replied he, "it will be the best way to sow the remainder in the House, were there are so many geese to pick them up."

A GENTLEMAN in company with a fine lady, could not forbear telling her that she was wondrous handsome. "Sir," says the lady, "I thank you for your good opinion and wish with all my heart I could say as much of you too." "Why, so you might, madam," says the gentleman, "if you made no more conscience of a lie than I do."

A WOMAN among sayages, is a beast of burden—in the East, a piece of furniture—in Europe, a spoiled child—in America, the lovely and beloved companion of man.

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, JULY 7, 1864.

## FOREIGN.

EUROPE.—London papers to the 10th May, have been received by arrivals at this port. Nothing however of importance has transpired since our former dates. A change of Ministers in the British Administration has taken place, and a plan reported to the House of Commons. The British Minister has left the Court of Madrid, and the Dutch preparations for the "invasion," are said to be in great forwardness.

—Capt. Merrill, from Lisbon, informs, that the Portuguese Government had declared war against the Moors; and that a ship of the line had sailed from Lisbon, to cruise in Tangier Bay. —On Easter Sunday, the chapel of Roscommon, (Scotland) being unusually crowded, one of the pillars supporting the gallery gave way. Fourteen persons were killed at the moment, and above double the number so much injured that little hopes were had of their recovery.

WEST-INDIES.—About the 20th May, there was a destructive fire at Trinidad, and a number of plantations were destroyed. —The sloop Philadelphia, having 41 passengers on board, was detained at Cape-Francois, the 25th May; four of whom were smothered in the hold by the agents of the government; the remainder being all relanded, were immediately massacred! —Governor Green, of Surinam, has given permission for the importation into that colony, in American vessels of tobacco, tar, &c. &c. subject to a duty of 4 per cent.

## DOMESTICK.

Among our domestick articles, we have a report by an arrival at New-York, that the Tunisians had declared war against the United States.—And Capt. Bruce, arrived at this port, from Gibraltar, was informed by Capt. Decatur, that it was the intention of Commodore Preble, to bombard Tripoly; and that he was building gun boats for that purpose.—Deputies from the Osage Nation of Indians are on their way to visit the President at the city of Washington. Their object is to enter into a treaty with the United States.

—The Secretary of State, of the U. S. has given notice to the Collector of this port, of the impressment of ten seamen, belonging to Massachusetts, on board British ships of war, requesting their friends to forward certificates of citizenship, to the Secretary's Office. Among them are Samuel Hughes, and John Wolcott, of Boston. —The 4th of July has been more generally celebrated this year by all parties, than at any former period. —The success of the Shadfishery, in the Hudson, has been very encouraging. An account from the town of Hudson, states, that 4000 shad had been taken in one net during the fishing season; and at one place 46000 herring were taken at a tide. —An act has passed the city of New-York, respecting Boarding Houses, which promises many advantages to the city. A report must be made of all such houses, and of the apartments they contain; and the names of the lodgers upon their first arrival in the city to be reported within two days at the Inspector's Office: who has a right to visit and examine such houses, and is to make a weekly report of his doings. —On Thursday evening, the 28th ult. a most shocking and audacious murder was committed at Canton, in Norfolk County, on Miss Sally Talbot, of the tender age of 14 years, only child of Mr. David T. of that town. She was ravished and murdered in a manner too shocking to relate; and is supposed to be the most barbarous that ever occurred in this country. The villain afterwards threw her into a small pond, where she was not found until the Saturday following!

*O ye parents, pain to yourselves the feelings and sensations which must arise, in being deprived of a beloved offspring in this shocking and melancholic manner!* —The author of this horrid deed is supposed to be Jack Batten, a mulatto, about 19 years of age. Conscience, a never failing monitor, warned him of his guilt at the moment the body of the young woman was found, he absconded—but as vigorous measures are in operation to detect him, it is hoped he will soon meet with his just desert. —We understand, (says a New-York paper) that on Monday se'night a most unnatural and atrocious murder was committed in the neighbourhood of Hightstown, N. J. A man by the name of Pollen, who lived in the same

house with his aged parents, watched an opportunity while his father lay asleep on a bed, and dispatched him by several blows on the head with a heavy beetle! So deliberate and determined was the parricide, that after he had struck his father two blows with the deathful weapon, and thinking he had killed him, had retired from the bed; on seeing him still move, he returned, and with several additional blows completed the diabolical deed. What was the cause of the horrid act we have not heard.—On the day after the above murder was committed, a fatal accident happened in the same neighborhood. A respectable man, of the name of Bound, having occasion to climb a tree, lost his hold by some means after he was a distance upon it, and fell to the ground, where he instantly expired.—At Petersham on the 18th ult. a very uncommon storm of lightning, thunder, rain and hail, took place. The day was remarkably warm and sultry—the flashes of lightning were in quick succession, and the thunder very heavy and awful—the rain and hail, resembled a solid body of water and ice—all the windows to the north and east were instantly dashed to pieces, and the houses filled with water and hail, which was from four to twelve inches in depth, and for three days after the storm, cartloads of hail stones were to be seen in different places.

FEVER.—Three Physicians have stated to the Mayor of New-York, that four persons have died of a malignant fever at the Wallabout, and 7 others infected.

## MARRIED.

At Salem, Capt. Jeremiah L. Page, to Miss Lucy Lang; Gideon Tucker, Esq. to Miss Martha Goodhue. At Little Cambridge, Mr. Wm. Cook, to Miss Catharine White. At Brookline, Mr. Wm. Marshall, to Miss Elizabeth Darrell. At Milton, Mr. Ebenezer Breed, merchant, of this town, to Miss Ruth Vose.

In this town, Mr. Elias Pratt, to Miss Lucy Spooner.

## DIED.

At Edinburgh, Miss Catharine Cumming—the following is a remarkable instance of rheumatic contraction. She was confined nearly 11 years by rheumatism—her body all distorted—her legs bent back and without motion—her feet all drawn up close to her legs, the heels almost where her toes should be:—her collar-bone of the same shape, forced behind her head, and shoulders, raised like a corn, much higher than her head. She felt excruciating pain, and subsisted on public charity, yet never complained—was always cheerful and seemingly happy, in which state she expired.

At Huntingdon, (N. J.) the 12th inst. Mr. Ephraim McEwen, *Æt.* 32. The cause of his death, is of a singular and very extraordinary nature. About the last of March, returning home from work, with his coat hanging on his arm and finding the door of his house hard to open, he pressed his knee against it to force it open, when a pin on the sleeve of his coat was drove into his knee.—This pained him for a few minutes, when the pain subsided; in a few hours, however, he felt a stiffness in the knee, and it soon after became some what swelled and painful. The swelling and pain increasing, he was alarmed, and immediately applied to some of the most eminent of the faculty, who after unsuccessfully endeavouring to relieve him by physic, and his knee swelling to an alarming degree, made two incisions in it at different times, when it discharged a quantity of matter, but had very little effect in allaying the extremity of the pain; which continued and so affected the system, as to reduce the patient to a mere skeleton. The soreness of his knee was such for eight weeks, that he could not sit up in his bed, but was obliged to lie on his back, and continue in that position until the time of his death.

At Salem, on Tuesday last, a son of Mr. Samuel Gray, jun. about 14 years of age, was instantaneously killed by lightning. He was returning to town with several others, who had been sailing in the harbour in a pleasure boat, when the fatal stroke cut short the hopes of parents and friends by his death.

At Bedford, (N. H.) Mr. Andrew J. English, of Boston, *Æt.* 21.

In this town, Mrs. Elizabeth Chamberlin, *Æt.* 87.—and three Children. Total 4, for this week.

For a list of prizes in the 5th class of SOUTH HADLEY CANAL LOTTERY, see the supplement accompanying this week's Magazine.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO ———.

THO' adverse fate between us threw  
A barrier ne'er to be removed;  
My heart instinctive flies to you,  
And you must ever be beloved.  
And be your fortune good or ill,  
In sickness, poverty, or pain;  
Your cherish'd image ever will,  
Impress'd on mem'ry's tablet still,  
Unmov'd remain.

Immers'd in life's illusive dream,  
E'en wrap'd in pleasure's magic spell;  
There ever in one fav'rite theme,  
On which the mind delights to dwell.  
May fate my darling wish fulfil,  
One ardent hope which I retain,  
That thou tow'rd me may'st never chill,  
But on thy memory's tablet still  
Let me remain.

Whate'er henceforth thy fate may be,  
Where'er hereafter you may rove,  
One faithful heart will follow thee,  
Whose fix'd regard will never move.  
For rais'd on fortune's highest hill,  
In sorrow's vale, on life's smooth plain;  
Thy name, thy form, thy virtues will,  
Impress'd on mem'ry's tablet still,  
Ever remain.

AURA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT &amp; DEAN,

THE following Epitaph is selected from a London Magazine; if you think it worthy, you will please give it a place in your Magazine. F.

New York, July 2d, 1804.

## EPITAPH ON A FAVOURITE LAP-DOG.

BY DR. PERFECT.

UNDERNEATH this bending briar,  
Interr'd by neither Priest nor Friar,  
Reposeth honest Tim,  
Wrapt up in everlasting sleep;  
Melpomene, thou ne'er canst weep  
A worthier cur than him.

No sins had Tim of any sort,  
His virtues might have grac'd a court;  
He liv'd Matilda's pride;  
Nor ever fill'd with tears her eye,  
Or caus'd her lovely breast to sigh,  
Alas! but when he died.

## LINES WRITTEN ON THE FRONT PAGE OF A DOCTOR'S ACCOUNT BOOK.

THE Doctor's fate is so severe,  
He only *Duns* but once a year;  
But when he asks this modest way,  
*The duce, the devil and all to pay!*

## THE NOVELIST.

Translated for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

JULIETTE:—A TALE.

[From the French of MARMONTEL.]

I WAS born at Verval, said JULIETTE, in this castle. My mother wished to nurse me. She made the employment a pleasure, and she would say, she considered it as a duty. Her health would not permit it; but she took care to choose for me, the best nurse in the canton; and this excellent nurse was an excellent woman. My mother has often told me, that next to the cares of maternal love, it is impossible to imagine any more tender than those which my infancy received from this good woman. From the manner in which she fulfilled the duties of a second mother, it was evident that she had felt all the dignity of one: she acquitted herself with a sweet and noble modesty, which had the air of piety, and which gave a religious character to her most humble func-

tions. If sometimes my mother appeared afflicted at not being in her place, "Madam," she would say, "if your health had permitted you to nurse this infant you would not have ceded it to me; and were it not for the good you do in the country, I should not have deprived myself of my own child, in order to give suck to yours. But it was necessary that one among us should undertake to discharge the debt of so many unfortunates; and since you have chosen me, it was the will of Heaven that I should be the woman. Envy not my happiness. Enfeebled as you are, your tenderness had been cruel both to you and your child, if you had attempted to nurse it. Be no longer afraid that I shall rob nature of what belongs to her, of the tender sentiments of this little soul: be assured, that from the time she shall have arrived to some knowledge, she will distinguish you from all women, and from myself; and towards you all her sensibility will be directed."—I repeat not her language literally; I translate it faithfully.

The bounty of my mother placed Susanna, (which was the name of the nurse) in a state of ease which rendered her family happy. As my father always passed the pleasant months here at Verval, I had, every year, the pleasure, on our arrival, to see Susanna fly into my arms. I went also to see her in her village; and in this rustic family, always found again, with a lively joy, peace, ease, and happiness.

A journey of my father to the waters of Spa, (for his health was now become impaired) deprived us, one year, of passing the summer at Verval. The year following, we came hither again. This journey was made a *fete*, in which we all designed to celebrate the convalescence of my father. Susanna came to see me, according to her custom; and notwithstanding much chagrin, she appeared sensible to nothing, but joy for our return. But when I told her, at parting, that I hoped soon to go myself and see her, she prayed me, with a moving, but melancholy air, no more to take that pains. These words, new to me, struck me sensibly. I insisted;—she embraced me, with a smile, in which I discovered emotions of grief, "Mademoiselle, you are no longer an infant," said she, "and your goodness to me . . . . . " "I am always the same," interrupted I, "and at all ages you shall find in me the infant which you have nourished. I shall go to see you, and that as soon as possible."

Alas! pride, elevation of soul, are virtues of nature. My nurse was unhappy; the good old man, whom I had seen with Firmin, the father of Baptisti, her husband, was dead, and his last sickness had ruined the family. Instead of the little house; so well ordered, alas! there was now nothing but a poor cottage; instead of the fine black cow, a goat; instead of the field, the vineyard, and the beautiful garden, a little piece of earth, very narrow, and very naked;—it was all remained to them. Eighteen months had changed all. Susanna, seeing me arrive, came to me; and with that noble air, which was natural to her, "You will be a little afflicted," said she, "in not finding us so well provided as formerly. But regret not the use which we have made of your gifts, and of the benefits of your parents. They have been worthily employed. Firmin, our good father, has been attended in his sickness, as if his children had been more rich; and nothing, thanks to Heaven! has been wanting for him, to his last moment."

On casting my eyes around the cottage, thus stripped of its furniture, I burst into tears. "What!" said I to Susanna, "you have left us ignorant of your situation! Ah, my good nurse, you are very unjust! could you think that we would leave you in want?"—"I repeat," said she, "that the sick has wanted nothing."—"And you and your children, and their unhappy father?"—"No, my amiable Juliette, their father is not unhappy. Your foster-brother, Marcellin, relieves him. They labour daily, at the side of each other, in the vineyards of a rich neighbour. Louisa, my daughter, Leguis to assist us. The wool and the cotton, which she spins with the pretty wheel you gave her, doubles its value in her hands; and our exertions, at the end of the week, produces sufficient for our subsistence. We do not, then, complain; and believe me, if our labour had been inadequate to our wants, Madame de Verval, and you, her worthy daughter, would have been the first to whom we should have applied it."

[To be concluded next week.]

## THESPIAN DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON THEATRE:

"Plays are but mirrors—made for men to see  
How bad they are—how good they ought to be."

MONDAY EVENING, JULY 2, 1804.

Has to grow Rich, with Paul and Virginia.

THE performances of this evening met with considerable encouragement. The united efforts of all our first performers rendered the whole acceptable. The exertions of Messrs. BERNARD, DICKENSON, JONES and WILSON—and Mrs. POWELL, and Mrs. JONES, conspired to interest the whole of the audience. Mr. WILSON—in the afterpiece, appeared better than any actor, which we have before witnessed in this character.—The energy and feeling of the performance was calculated to draw forth the warmest approbation and praise of all connoisseurs in the drama.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4.

The Wonder, and Distress'd Sailor.

Were performed before "a beggarly account of empty boxes,"—and we were even astonished to see so many present, when the attractions of *Beacon Hill*, were much greater than those of the Theatre. Mr. POWELL was most certainly wrong—in presenting the "Wonder, or, A Woman keeps a Secret," on the Glorious Anniversary of American Independence.—We were disgusted. The cast was wretched—and even the exertions of BERNARD, WILSON, and Mrs. POWELL—could be of no utility.—Mr. WILMOT kindly consented to take Mr. POWELL's part, (on account of a severe accident preventing Mr. and Mrs. J. from attending) but the impertinent confusion and yells made by the sons of *Belial* so confused him, that he retired. *We are happy to observe measures are taken for punishing these villainous intruders.*

## THE FASHIONS.

LONDON—FEMALE—FOR MAY 1804.

*Full Dress.*—1. A long round dress of white sarsnet, trimmed round the bottom with blond lace, the sleeves trimmed with lace, and looped up in front with silver cord and tassels. Turban of white muslin, ornamented with white ostrich feathers. A short round dress of white crape, spangled with silver, embroidered round the bottom and trimmed with blond lace. The hair dressed in the most fashionable manner.

*Walking Dresses.*—A plain dress of white muslin, with a blue sarsnet Spencer; large straw hat tied down with a blue ribbon.—2. Dress of white muslin; a short pelice of lilack sarsnet with white sleeves. Straw hat turned up in front.

*Nine Heads.*—1. A Turban of white satin, Ostrich feathers in front.—2. A cap of white satin and coloured crape, ornamented with a rose in front.—3. Hat of pink velvet, trimmed and tied down with ribbon of the same colour.—4. Turkish shawl, pinned up as a turban.—5. Turban of white muslin, the crown of white satin, with a very long end over the left side.—6. Cap of sarsnet and blond lace, ornamented with a flower in front.—7. Cap of blue sarsnet, trimmed with a very deep lace round the edge.—8. Cap of blond lace, flowers in front.—9. Cap of sarsnet and lace.

*Observations.*—The prevailing colours are lilack, green, and yellow. Straw hats of the Spanish shape, plain, or ornamented with flowers, are much worn. Dresses are still worn very short waisted, and very low in the back and over the bosom, with lace tuckers for dress; and with fine worked muslin habit shirts trimmed with lace for undress.

## PISCATAQUA LOTTERY.

THIS excellent class, having one prize of \$8000 dollars; one of 4000, and many other valuable prizes, and only 10000 tickets, commences drawing the 19th inst. when the tickets will be raised to \$6. Those who intend purchasing while whole tickets are at \$5 50 and quarters \$1 50, will please apply to Gilbert & Dean—John West, and B. Larkin, Cornhill. Prizes of other Lotteries received in payment. July 7.

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## BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 14, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

DELICACY AND POLITENESS NECESSARY  
TO KEEP LOVE ALIVE IN THE  
MARRIED STATE.

WOMEN, who have lost their husband's affections, are often reproved; and indeed very justly, for neglecting their persons, and not taking the same pains to keep, as they did to gain, a heart. But who thinks of giving the same advice to men? Yet why a woman should be expected to endure a slyness with more patience than a man, and magnanimously governing her feelings, conceal her disgust, I cannot understand. It is not possible always to be pleased, because having promised to love under different circumstances: we are told it is our duty to do so in all.—It is much to be lamented, that both the male and female character is unavoidably shrouded in a kind of veil, during the period of courtship; which, when removed by matrimony, too frequently discovers circumstances, which, if previously known, would have been insurmountable obstacles, and have prevented the union from taking place. The man in pursuit of a favourite fair, whom he wishes to make his companion for life, studiously avoids appearing before her in dishabille—he would think it an insult—to pay her a visit with uncombed hair, a long beard, dirty linen, and his whole person bearing the contaminating marks of an over night's intemperance, which might be wafted to her olfactory sense by his tainted breath.—To oblige him to appear before the object of his wishes in that state, would be next to death.—He will be careful to adjust his dress with neatness, his linen will be clean, his face, hands and teeth perfectly sweet.—While in company with his charmer, he watches her looks, guesses at her wishes, and flies to execute them: does she wish her chair removed, does her fan, handkerchief, work or scissors fall to the ground, how eagerly does he spring to prevent her the least trouble! her word is a law with him, and it is a very rare thing for a lover to presume to see any fault in his mistress, much more have the resolution to reprove even her most eccentric actions. But how often does it happen, that the magic words once past, which are said to convert two into one (though for my own part I much doubt the infallibility of their power, unless mutual love and similarity of taste had previously cemented their hearts) but I say those talismanic words once past, how soon does the scene change? For a man to be unwashed, unshaven, undressed at home, is nothing; he will see nobody but his wife, and she has promised to love, honour and obey him; and it is her duty so to do, whether he continues to deserve it or not. Now is not this ridiculous? A rose is undoubtedly sweet, but will any person pretend to argue, that a rose is a pleasant or desirable object, when withered, and in a state of decay, it lies on the dirty pavement, or noisome dung-hill?—Yet we all know that a rose, carefully gathered, kept in water, and that water frequently changed, will expand its beauties gradually, retaining its sweetness and freshness, until time shakes its leaves gently from the stalk; and even then they may be gathered up, and though their beauty is no more, their perfume still remains, which will spread itself through every thing with which they may come in contact.

Thus it is with life. Time and the intimate connec-

tion that must subsist between married persons, will unavoidably produce a change—but that change would be gradual and almost imperceptible, did they in general pay more attention to neatness, delicacy of manners and conversation, and that necessary habitual politeness, which never can be neglected without danger of our degenerating into downright rudeness. What man will dare so far to offend against the rules of politeness, as to contradict any other woman, and yet how common it is to hear a wife contradicted in the most rude and insolent manner; nay, be called a fool, and be peremptorily bade to hold her tongue!—How humiliating must this be to a woman of any sensibility; how wounding to her feelings, especially (as is often the case) if the wife has more sense than the husband; with what contempt must she look on the insignificant being, who assumes these airs of consequence, only because custom, and the law, have dubbed him *Lord and Master*.

If a woman were addicted to daily intoxication, would a man be blamed if he treated her with the neglect and loathing such a conduct deserves would he be expected to allow her any thing more than a decent maintenance, and would any one be surprised should he prefer eating and sleeping alone to sharing his bed and meals with a being so brutalized, as a person must be, whose animal passions are kept in a continual ferment by habitual intoxication? No, surely, so far from blaming him, the wonder would be how he had patience to allow her to remain in his family.—But reverse the picture. Let a man nightly frequent scenes of the lowest debauchery, and return to a delicate woman, in a state, little, if any, removed from brutality; let him outrage her feelings by fits of rage at night, and disgust her by sickness and peevishness in the morning; or what may be more intolerable, make her suffer martyrdom by submitting to his nauseous fondness; let him not only squander his own substance, but take from her the produce of her industry, to lavish on the most degrading pleasures. If that woman dares assert her own rights, and act like an independent being, who will uphold her? Where is the law that can be called into action for her defence? But I have suffered the indignation which always arises when I think on this subject, to carry me farther than I intended; I merely took up the pen, with a design of exhorting my married friends to neatness, politeness, and that delicacy of language and manner, which is indicative of purity of thought and chastity of heart.

Women, in particular, should be careful to preserve that delicacy which is the chief ornament of the sex; men are not always to blame for the unhappiness which too frequently takes place in married life. Inattention, sluttishness, rudeness, vulgarity, peevishness, love of pleasure, and a want of decency at all times, are perfect and certain antidotes to love; and any woman indulging in any one of them, will be certain in the end to lose her husband's affections. And though I know and feel the many degradations to which women must unavoidably submit, I am equally sensible how many a man of sense, delicacy, and superior education, passes a life of wretchedness, being unfortunately united to an inconsiderate or malignant being, whom he is too generous to cast from his heart, and home, because he knows he may do it with impunity: Let women be as attentive to their persons when married, as they were when anxious to secure the hearts of their lovers;

every accomplishment, every laudable art which had been sedulously cultivated to win, let her then exert to retain the heart most dear to her—let her not lose sight of that modesty, that retired inobtrusive delicacy, which, when a virgin, rendered her inexpressibly charming; for she may be assured, it is equally becoming in the wife. And I will venture to affirm that when women adopt this mode of conduct, few men of sense will be ashamed of being lovers many years after they have become husbands—and from men of all other descriptions, such as fools, knaves, and sensualists, may every woman of sensibility and delicacy be delivered: for marriage with such men, must be worse than Egyptian bondage.

I speak not from actual experience; no, I have reached my fortieth year without having changed my condition, being content “to suffer the evils which I know, rather than rush to others which I know not of,” but I have a very numerous acquaintance, and am a good natured kind of creature, very handy to be invited when there is much pastry to make, or many pickles, preserves, jellies, cakes, &c. to be prepared, and in my various visits, I have been witness to such scenes, as has made me retire of a night from sumptuous mansions where all was apparent festivity, and happiness, to my own solitary room, thankful I had no husband to torment, or be tormented by.

I have seen such rudeness practised on both sides—have seen both men and women who pass for good humoured, well bred people in the world, be such slovenly, grumbling, idle, inelegant beings at home, that I have hardly thought it possible they could be the same persons.—But this is so delicate a point, that however intimate I may be with any of the parties, I should not dare to give the most distant hint, or offer the gentlest advice; I have therefore given publicity to my thoughts on the subject, and hope it may be the means of leading some of my own sex to take more pains to cultivate the esteem and secure the respect of their husbands, than they did to attract the attention, and excite the admiration of their lovers—and inspire some of the other sex with reflections that women are not slaves to their caprice, or merely the toys of an idle hour destined to be thrown by with indifference, when the whim of a moment is past; but rational beings, equal with themselves, subject to the same passions, actuated by the same motives, as sensible of injury, as capable of feeling pain, pleasure, grief, joy, love, hatred, pity and contempt as they are, and should be treated accordingly.

## A CONTENTED OLD MAID.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT &amp; DEAN,

If you think proper, you will please to give the following remarks a place in your useful paper, and oblige a customer.

It appears, that the little sensibility of a little sensible writer is very sensibly touched by a few observations on *Church Music* in your Magazine of 30th June. I feel no disposition seriously to notice the intended wit and satire of this little assailant. These I shall pass in silence, and endeavour to inform him, what music is, and particularly what is to be understood by jiggging measures.

Music may be divided into two general heads or branches, and be called sacred, and profane or secular. Sacred music may be subdivided into two general heads, Church Music, and Oratorio. Profane music may also be subdivided into martial and theatrical.



Martial music is calculated to rouse and animate the hero, to banish the fear of death, and inspire the soldier with heroic sentiments in the field of battle.

Theatrical music consists of several branches, all of which have a style suited to the different exhibitions in the Theatre, the ball room, in all brilliant assemblies; in the festive circle, and in the social club.

Oratorical music is that which is appropriate to a subject in all its various branches or parts; under this head may be ranked all anthems, and set pieces, whether consisting of simple or fuging strains.

Church Music is a species of tunes adapted to general subjects, and may be sung with propriety in different psalms and hymns, viz. 10, 15, or 20 psalms or hymns may be selected, of the same measure, or feet, and of the same metre, which are all of a similar subject; and a tune may be selected which is adapted to the subject, and may be sung with propriety to each and every one of these psalms and hymns; and a great number of tunes may be found equally well adapted to each of these psalms and hymns, and these tunes may be applied as occasion may require.

Music is the language of the passions, and every passion of the human breast, may be excited by this art. When it excites feelings of the soul proper in the presence of God, it may be termed sacred—on the contrary, when it excites gaiety, levity, and the licentious passions, it is called profane, or secular music.

It is evident then, that church music ought to be solemn and sublime, and particularly calculated to raise the feelings of piety and devotion to the most exalted height.—And it is also evident, that whoever introduces into the House of God, gay and light airs which excite the licentious passions, and divert the mind from the true spirit of devotional worship, is criminally guilty of profanity and mocking in the presence of the Supreme Being.—Anthems and set pieces are proper on particular occasions, and should be sung in the words to which they are peculiarly adapted—all fugues are appropriate, and ought never to be shifted.

Jigging measures are light and frolicsome successions of sounds suited to a sort of country dance, called a Jigg, not very dissimilar to what is here called a hornpipe, but most commonly performed by persons as ignorant of the art of dancing, as the fiddler who plays, is ignorant of the art of music.—Music has been so little cultivated in this country, that what is at present in vogue has no character—a number of illiterate persons have acquired the knack of jingling together a frolicsome succession of sounds into a sort of *psalm-tune bewitcher*, which I think have with propriety been called jigging measures, and which are most improper for solemn worship.—But alas! "things the most unreasonable become so familiar through custom, that they make no impression on us." Had these fame-greedy mortals rested upon their own originality, the cause of music would have been less injured; but this was too unsatisfactory, they have even dared to metamorphose some of the finest productions of the first masters into these jigging tunes. This kind of plagiarism deserves the severest reprehension. Should your correspondent *BRUM*, wish further information, let him query, and he may hear again from

TRUE.

## BIOGRAPHY.

## THE CHEVALIER DE D'EON,

OR Mademoiselle la Chevalier D'Eon du Beaumont, was born October 4, 1728, at Tonnerre, in Burgundy. The family of this very extraordinary woman, is mentioned as an ancient one, in the Genealogical Dictionary of De Bois de la Chesnaye. Her grandfather and father were successively deputy intendants of the generality of Paris, and her mother was Francoise du Charenton, daughter of M. du Charenton, who was commissaire ordonnateur de Guerre to the French armies in Spain and Italy. At a very early age, for reasons not yet divulged, her parents obliged her to assume the dress of a boy. When six years of age, she was sent to her aunt in Paris, where she began to receive an education suitable to her supposed sex. At the age of fourteen she was sent to the college Maxarin in that city, as a day scholar; where she was no less distinguished for her proficiency in literature, than for the regu-

larity of her conduct. When she had completed her education in that seminary, she became accomplished in the masculine science of fencing, riding the great horse, &c. She was also about this time, regularly admitted to the degree of doctor of civil and of canon law and was received advocate of the Parliament of Paris. Her love of literature did not then forsake her; many miscellaneous pieces proceeded from her pen, as, "The Funeral Eulogium of Marié d'Este, Duchess of Penthièvre," and another, "on the Count d'Ons en Bray, president of the Academy of Sciences, at Paris," &c. The late excellent prince of Conti, who knew the secret of her sex, introduced her in 1755, to Louis XV, (to whom he had communicated the secret) as a person very capable of conducting a business he had much at heart; a reconciliation between his court, and that of Russia. Mademoiselle D'Eon having succeeded in this very arduous undertaking (in which she was engaged as a woman, and without any public character) was again sent to that court in 1757, in conjunction with the Chevalier Douglas, as a man, and in an open, and avowed diplomatic situation. Their negotiations were so powerful, that they prevailed upon the empress Elizabeth to join the armies of France and Austria with fourscore thousand troops, which she had originally destined for the assistance of the King of Prussia. On her return to Paris, the same year, she was commissioned to communicate the plan of the Russian military campaigns to the court of Vienna; and while she was at that court, the news arrived of the famous battle of Prague. The Court de Broglie entrusted her with dispatches for the court of France, giving an account of the victory gained over the king of Prussia. Charged with these dispatches, and the treaty concluded between Russia and France, Mademoiselle D'Eon set out for Paris; and though her carriage was overturned, and she had broke one of the bones of her ankle, she reached Paris thirty six hours sooner than the courier dispatched from the court of Vienna, to that of France. The dispatches were delivered into the hands of M. de Rouill, then secretary of State for foreign affairs, and immediately taken to Louis XV, who ordered a lodging to be prepared for her, and sent one of his surgeons to attend her. From the effects of her being overturned in the carriage, she was confined to her bed for three months; and on her recovery was presented by her sovereign with a lieutenantancy of dragoons (a situation she had long been anxious to obtain) and was sent a third time to Petersburg as secretary of embassy to the marquis de l'Hospital. She returned from that court in 1759; and, being desirous of distinguishing herself in her military profession, she was permitted to join her regiment in Germany, as Captain of dragoons, and as Aid-de-camp to the Count and Marshal de Broglie. At the engagement of Ultrap, our heroine was twice wounded. At that of Ostervich, at the head of fourscore dragoons and forty Hussars, she charged the battalion Prussend de Rhes, which she completely routed, and took the commanding officer prisoner. In September 1763, she was sent to London as Secretary of Embassy to the Duc de Nivernois, Ambassador from France to that court, to conclude the Peace of 1763. Her conduct on this business was so agreeable to the King of England, that he desired (though contrary to the usual etiquette on these occasions) that she might carry to France the ratification of the treaty of peace, concluded between his court and that of Versailles. Her own sovereign also, as a mark of his approbation, honored her with the order of St. Louis. When M. de Nivernois quitted his embassy, Mademoiselle D'Eon was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the court of London. Her disputes with M. de Gnerchy, who succeeded M. de Nivernois, are related with great spirit, under the title of "Letters, Memoires, et Negotiations particulieres de Chevalier D'Eon." Whatever part the French Ministry might choose to take in these disputes, her Sovereign still continued to honor her with his promotions and confidence, and she remained in epistolary correspondence with him till the time of his death. Louis XV, settled pensions on Mademoiselle D'Eon, at different times to a considerable amount, and they were continued to her by the late King of France, with the express order for the resumption of her sex, and on condition that she wore the dress of a woman. He permitted her, at her own requisition, to retain the cross of St. Louis.—

Since the peace of 1763, Mademoiselle D'Eon, has resided chiefly in and about London, where the brilliancy of her wit, the variety of her information, and other companionable qualities, have procured her many respectable friends. In the company of a select party, she, very lately, took an elegant frugal repast, at the Long Rooms, Hampstead. She has also publicly exhibited her fencing abilities, at the Rotunda, before the Prince of Wales.

## MORAL AND USEFUL.

## ON DEATH.

THE most sensible motive to abate the passions is death. The tomb is the best course of morality: Study avarice in the coffin of a miser; this is the man who accumulated heap upon heap, riches upon riches—see a few boards enclose him, and a few square inches of earth contain him! Study ambition in the grave of that enterprising man; see his noble designs, his extensive projects, his boundless expedients, are all shattered and sunk in this fatal gulph of human projects! Approach the tomb of the proud man, and there investigate pride: See the mouth that pronounced lofty expressions condemned to eternal silence; the piercing eyes that convulsed the world with fear, covered with a midnight gloom; the formidable arm that disturbed the destinies of mankind without motion or life! Go to the tomb of the nobleman, and there study quality; behold his magnificent titles, his royal ancestors, his flattering inscriptions, his learned genealogies, are all gone, or going to be lost with himself in the same dust! Study voluptuousness at the grave of the voluptuous; see his senses are destroyed, his organs broken to pieces, his bones scattered at the grave's mouth, and the whole temple of sensual pleasures subverted from its foundation.

## COMPETENCY.

THE desires of man increase with his acquisitions. Every one who reads this will feel the truth of the remark; he will recollect some point which in the prospect he considered as the summit of his wishes; but that point gained, and he still looks farther, to something still before him that is to bound his wishes. Where necessity ends luxury begins, and we are no sooner supplied with every thing that nature requires, than we sit down to contrive artificial wants and appetites; and mankind, like the grave, will never say, "it is enough."

## AMUSING.

## ON DELICACY AND CAPTIOUSNESS.

HOW different are *delicacy* and *captiousness*! and how often are they confounded by ourselves and others! He who is offended at the omission of what he had no right to expect, and who feels the minutest neglect of what he ought to receive, will certainly consider their sensations as the effect of the same principle: yet it is manifest that the two principles which really produce them, differ in the same degree as right and wrong; but they who offend, will, perhaps, as often confound captiousness and delicacy, as they that are offended; for as they always suppose their own conduct to be right, it will necessarily follow, that they will impute to the delicate man, who justly resents it as wrong, the touchiness of the captious man, who condemns it without reason. Thus then will these two things be continually called the same; yet see how different they are in their natures: *Delicacy*, which, by an exquisite sense, feels that a certain refinement is due to itself from others, is not only urged by that very sense to bestow it more freely upon them, but is also guarded against requiring more than its due:—*captiousness*, which on the contrary, does require a concession from others of more than its due, is by that very principle prompted to give them less than is theirs. *Delicacy* never is deceived by mere appearances of offence; nay, it allows for the ignorance, deficiency and mistakes of other men's minds:—*captiousness* resents improprieties which are, perhaps, altogether ideal, and which, supposing them to exist, are measured not by reason, but pride. *Delicacy* finds its resource in itself for real injuries; *captiousness* is wounded by imaginary ones. *Delicacy* is sensible and exalted—*captiousness*, foolish, and mean.

## A PEASANT AND AN EMPEROR.

A Persian Emperor when hunting, perceived a very

old man planting a walnut tree, and advancing towards him, asked his age. The Peasant replied, "I am four years old." An attendant rebuked him for uttering such absurdities in the presence of the Emperor. "You censure me without cause," replied the Peasant, "I did not speak without reflection, for the wise do not reckon that time which has been lost in folly and the cares of the world; I therefore consider that to be my real age, which has been past in serving the Deity, and discharging my duty to society." The Emperor, struck with the singularity of the remark, observed, "Thou canst not hope to see the trees thou art planting come to perfection."—"True," answered the sage, "but since others have planted that we might eat, it is right that we should plant for the benefit of others."—"Excellent," exclaimed the Emperor; upon which, as was the custom whenever any one was honored with the applause of the Sovereign, a purse bearer presented the old man with a thousand pieces of gold. On receiving them, the shrewd Peasant made a low obedience, and added, "O king, other men's trees come to perfection in the space of forty years, but mine have produced fruit as soon as they were planted." "Bravo," said the monarch, and a second purse of gold was presented, when the old man exclaimed, "The trees of others bear fruit only once a year, but mine yielded two crops in one day."—"Delightful!" replied the Emperor, and a third purse of gold was given; after which putting spurs to his horse, the monarch retreated, saying, "Reverend father, I dare not stay longer, lest thy wit should extinguish my treasury."

#### ANECDOTES.

A QUAKER who was examined before their honours, the commissioners of the excise office, touching some certain duties, that it was supposed had not been properly paid, was rather more primitive in his language than they liked, and not chusing to use any other titles than thee, thou and friend, one of them with a stern countenance asked him, "Pray, Sir, do you know for what we sit here?"—"Yea," replied Nathan, "I do; some of you for five hundred, others for a thousand, and I have been told others for two thousand pounds a year."

A COUNTRYMAN, not long since, (being unaccustomed to the prevailing fashions of the times), in walking the street, happened to mistake the trail of a lady's gown for a pocket-handkerchief. A sailor passing him at the same time, with a ratan under his arm and a quid in his mouth, exclaimed—"D—n your eyes, you thief, put that down; the owner of it has just turned the corner yonder, towing it after her."—The fellow wore short on his heel and boom'd off, determined never to pick up any thing in the street again, unless there was a label on it to inform him what he had hold of.

#### WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, JULY 14, 1864.

#### FOREIGN.

EUROPE.—Intelligence from this interesting quarter of the globe, have reached us down to the 13th of May, by several recent arrivals; it is of an important nature. Mr. Pitt is again Prime Minister in England.—Mr. Fox has no share in the administration, and his friends, with the Windhams, Grenvilles, &c. have in consequence, refused any place in it. The opposition to the new Minister in the H. of C. it is supposed, will be very large; and the Prince of Wales has also thrown his weight into the scale of opposition. The King was again in good health.—In France, another important revolution in the government is taking place. Bonaparte is about assuming the title of Emperor; the business has been discussed and adopted in the Tribunal, &c. and it is said the Coronation will take place next August, upon Bonaparte's birth day.—But little is said, at present, of the invasion.—Reports are in circulation, that a new plot was generating in Ireland, which would burst out the first favourable opportunity.

WEST INDIES.—An act has been passed in the island of Jamaica, for suspending the slave-trade for five years.—An American captain and his mate, have been executed at Guadalupe, for bringing a St. Domingo subject to that island.—The number of cruisers at Guadalupe increase daily—many of them carry 24 guns, and none less than 8 or 10, with 90 men. A

proclamation has been passed by Gen. Ernouf, at Basseterre, for the capture of all neutrals bound to or from the negro possessions in Hispaniola; and such as are armed and attempt to defend themselves, are to be taken and tried as pirates.—Eight thousand troops have arrived at Grenada, from England.

#### DOMESTICK.

Capt. Atkins who arrived here on Thursday last, in 58 days from Malaga, informs, that Mr. Kirkpatrick had received a letter from the American Consul at Tunis, in which he stated, that the Tunisians appeared disposed to enter into a war with the United States, and that two or three of their corsairs were at sea, cruising for American vessels. A letter from Commodore Preble mentioned, that his force was not sufficient for the effectual blockade of the ports of Tunis and Tripoly.

It is said advices were received at New-Orleans, the 7th June, stating, that five regiments were ordered to repair to Pensacola; that Governor Folch has written to Governor Claiborne, protesting in a formal manner, against the measures of the American government, assuming jurisdiction over the Mobile Bay.—Gov. Claiborne's lady had arrived at New-Orleans, and was received with great distinction by the inhabitants.

The American squadron for the Mediterranean, sailed from Hampton Roads, on the 6th inst.—A Society for the promotion of the science of Natural History, in all its branches, is about forming at New-York, and has already received the approbation and support of Aaron Burr, Rufus King, De Witt Clinton, Esq's. and several others.—The Salem Female Charitable Society, have celebrated its anniversary, and an interesting sermon was spoken by the Rev. Mr. Hopkins, \$247.75 was collected.—The Rev. Dr. Lathrop, is chosen to deliver the discourse before the Boston Female Asylum, at the next public anniversary.—The first volume of the "Life of Washington" is just issued from the press at Philadelphia.—At New-York, 230 passengers have arrived from Sligo.

A grinding-house, belonging to a powder-mill, near Baltimore, blew up on the 7th inst. but fortunately no one was materially injured.—On the 2d inst. at Fredericktown, (M.) two human skulls, and jaw bones, with teeth in them, were found about three feet from the surface of the ground; the skull bones were in a mouldering state, and the teeth sound. It is supposed they are the remains of Indians buried there long before that town was settled by the whites.—John Batters, the mulatto fellow, who committed the horrible murder, as announced in the last Magazine, has been taken up, and is now confined in Dedham goal, where he is to wait the sentence of the Supreme Judicial Court. It is said he confesses—that after having gratified his brutal lust, he struck her a blow, with an intention to kill her, and supposing he had, went away; on returning, to ascertain the fact, he found her endeavouring to rise; he then repeated his blows, and threw her into the pond, and again went away—again he returned to the spot, and observing her paddle in the water seized a rail and beat her head almost to pieces.—

The continuance of the publications of the Historical Society in this State, has contributed largely to furnish documents for the most happy elucidation of our primitive manners, and for the best knowledge of the progress of our population. We have never seen a more convincing and a more instructive narrative than has been lately given in the ninth volume respecting a settlement in Maine. We shall give an outline of this communication. It relates to the town of Waterford, in York County, and that part of Maine which lays immediately eastward of New-Hampshire. The simple facts exhibit the real commencement, progress and happy issue of private adventurers in a new country. The settlement was begun 50 miles westward of the mouth of the Kennebeck, or the College. It was laid out in the year preceding the war, in 1774. In 1775, a young adventurer with 150 dollars, purchased a lot, and a few conveniences, and with his dog only ventured into the wilderness. In winter he returned, until in 1777, he became a steady inhabitant. In this solitary life he was content with his pail, his dish and his spoon, and heated stones gave him hot water for his culinary purposes. He now holds 800 acres of land, with 160 under improvement, and with forty head of cattle. In 1802 he raised not less than 3300 weight of pork. He has an orchard, and many conveniences around him. After five years, three families joined him, and in 1803, in

May, 111 families, and 145 rateable polls and 668 souls were in Waterford. They who wish to see all the circumstances of such rapid population will undoubtedly examine the account as published by the Historical Society. Judge Sullivan in his history of the Penobscot Indians, considers the whole of the district of Maine as greater in extent as to territory, than all New-England. Salem Reg.—A son of Levi Preston, of New-Canaan, of five years of age, on the 19th Junelast, fell out at the tail end of his saw mill, the height of 18 feet and an half, on a solid bed of rocks, covered with six inches of water—a negro boy in the mill immediately took him up, and without any injury to the child.—Mr. John Bruce, a Kentucky farmer, is now at Philadelphia, and brought with him six tons of hemp of his own culture. This hemp is said to be considerably superior to that imported from Russia. As a proof that it is of firmer texture, it may be mentioned, that when three fibres of the Russian hemp were pulled between the hands they snapped, whereas an equal number of the Kentucky produce, resisted the power of the hands completely.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank "A True Friend," for his remarks, and he may be assured we shall profit from them.

"A. B." is received, and under consideration.

"Leander," will oblige us by continuing her favors.

#### MARRIED.

At Bedford, Dr. Cyrus Fay, of Bolton, to Miss Rebecca Meriam. At Salem, Mr. Benjamin Shreve, mer. of Alexandria, to Miss Mary Goodhue, daughter of the Hon. Benj. G. At Roxbury, Mr. Daniel McCarthy Prince, to Miss Nancy Thayer.

In this town, Mr. James Campbell, to Miss Fanny Babcock; Mr. Ammi Morgan, to Miss Susanna Bray; Mr. Amos Boynton, to Mrs. Jane Williams.

#### DIED.

At Salem, Miss Pricilla Punched, æt. 38.—Mr. John Smothers, æt. 76.—Mr. Zadock Pomroy, very suddenly. At Hingham, Mrs. Elizabeth Lincoln, æt. 68, wife of Mr. David L.

At Charlestown, Mrs. Hannah Boylston, æt. 48. At East Sudbury, Mr. James Campbell, mer. of this town, æt. 48.

In this town, Mrs. Sarah Falls, æt. 45; Mrs. Ann E. Downing, æt. 31, wife of Mr. Smith D.—Miss Sarah Phillips, æt. 19, daughter of Mr. Turner P.—Mr. Nathaniel Glover, æt. 49, one of the Custom-House bargemen—Miss Hannah Luckis, æt. 78—Master Peter Gilman, æt. 13, son of Mr. Peter G.—Mr. Thomas Needham, æt. 70—Master Charles French, æt. 6—a stranger, æt. 50—2 persons from the Alms House—2 of 18 months and 4 under a year. Total 16.

#### Col. HUMPHREYS' Works.

On Tuesday next, will be published at this office, No. 78, State-Street.

THE Miscellaneous Works of DAVID HUMPHREYS, late Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States, to the Court of Madrid.

This volume is handsomely printed on fine wove paper, and is embellished with a likeness of the author; and a representation of the MEDAL presented to him by the Massachusetts Society for promoting Agriculture, on occasion of his importation into this country of the Marino-breed of Sheep.

In the Poem on the Love of Country, all the principal officers in both armies of the Revolutionary War, are mentioned by name; and the distinguishing characteristics of many of them noted.

The Monody on WASHINGTON, is of that species of poetry which has been called Heroic Elegy, and exhibits the most remarkable features in his character, and memorable actions of his life.

Price to Subscribers (who will please to call or send for their books at that time) 2 dollars; to Non-subscribers \$2.25. Likewise, now in the press, and will be published at the same time, and for sale at this office, also, at the various Bookstores in town and country,

#### A VALEDICTORY DISCOURSE,

delivered before the Cincinnati of Connecticut, in Hartford, July 4th, 1864, at the dissolution of the Society. By Col. DAVID HUMPHREYS. Published at the request of the Society. July 14, 1864.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,  
YOU are requested to give the following (the production  
of a young gentleman of this town) a place in your useful  
Miscellany, and you will oblige,

A SUBSCRIBER.

Newport, R. I. April, 1804.

## THE ROSE-BUD.

HARRIET pluck'd an unblown rose,  
And smiling said to me;  
"Ere this young rose its sweets disclose,  
I give it unto thee."  
"Why bring me this?" I quick reply'd,  
"It can no sweets impart;"  
"Twill soon expand," she blushing cry'd,  
"If warn'd against thy heart."  
"This bud," resum'd the lovely maid,  
"Would soon have been a rose,  
And then its fragrant beauties fade;  
It withers when it blows."

Then ere it opes its tender head,  
The captive rose to free,  
Before its perfum'd sweets are shed,  
Oh! pluck it from the tree.  
Then let it feel thy heart's warm pow'r,  
Oh! nourish it with care;  
And gratitude will teach the flow'r  
To shed its sweetness there."

She plac'd the rose-bud next my heart;  
I found her words were true;  
But found, alas! in that same part  
A thorn was planted too.

LEANDER.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## ODE TO PEACE.

COME, gentle Peace, inspire my song,  
And guide my artless lays along  
To sing thy high behest;  
Not pain, nor care, nor haughty pride,  
Can e'er thy placid soul divide,  
Or move thy gentle breast.  
Experience ev'ry day declares,  
How anxious care the health impairs,  
And wears away the mind;  
But thou, O Peace, with downy rest,  
By no unhallow'd cares oppress,  
Teach me thy power to find.  
O kindly lead me to thy cell,  
Where truth and virtue ever dwell,  
To be forever blest;  
And when my life shall be no more,  
O lead me to that happy shore  
Of never ending rest.

G.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,  
HOPING the following may be of some service in  
this age and season of general exposure, I have copied it,  
and request its insertion in your paper.

A FRIEND.

At times, to veil is to reveal,  
And to display is to conceal;  
Mysterious are your laws!  
The vision's finer than the view;  
Her landscape nature never drew  
So fair as fancy draws.

## ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

THE Queen of Love, as poets feign,  
First issued from the briny main,  
All nature without art;  
Yet, ere she triumph'd o'er mankind,  
Full half her charms she first confin'd  
And thus she won each heart.  
Her auburn locks in ringlets play'd,  
And seem'd to scorn the ribbon's aid,  
And wanton'd in the breeze.

Her snowy bosom heav'd and fell,  
As zephyr fann'd its lovely swell,  
While scarce he stirr'd the trees.

Yet ev'n such charms as these, in time,  
Fail in their zest, and lose their prime,  
And cloy the lover's eye;  
Then round her waist she girt her zone,  
And less profuse of favours grown,  
Of her votary's sigh.

Charms, seen by chance and hardly seen,  
Add loveliness to beauty's queen,  
And wake each chaste desire;  
Th' imagination longs to rove  
In fields forbid to all but love,  
While ev'ry thought's on fire.

Then, gentle maids, your charms deny,  
To every lawless wand'ring eye;  
So may you each be blest;  
So may your lovers, husbands prove,  
And husbands still increase in love,  
Possessing and possess'd.

## THE NOVELLIST.

Translated for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## JULIETTE;—A TALE.

[From the French of MARMONTEL.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 148.

AT this moment, Louisa, who returned from the fountain, with a basket of linen upon her head, entered the cottage. She came to me, with a contented air, made me a thousand tender civilities, and appeared no more confused than ordinary.—"Louisa, go milk the goats," said her mother; "Mademoiselle shall taste of her milk."—These words go milk the goat, pierced my heart; but they affected none but me. Louisa was eager to serve me; and the joy of seeing me again, seemed to render it yet more light.—"You will find our bread excellent," said Susanna, "for it was I that made it."

I tasted the bread; it was, without doubt, as good, as the milk of the goat; but I found it better. I dissimulated, notwithstanding, the chagrin, which the state of distress in which I left them caused me. "What a situation!"—said I, on going away. "To depend, from day to day, on the labour of their hands, for the bread necessary to life! if one of them should fall sick!—O my mother! you will not leave my nurse in this situation!"

My mother was indeed eager to assist them by new benefits; but the future—our absence—the ruin of the little family tore-establish—all these reflections weighed upon my heart, and pursued me, even in my dreams; I had one, however, which argued good, and which, if I had believed in dreams, would have softened my chagrin.

In the Park of Verval, there is a corner which extends to the foot of the hill, from which falls the stream that waters our gardens. This stream, which rolls in cascade, and which, yet foaming, escapes and flows through this corner of the meadow, shaded with poplars, makes of this solitary place, a delicious retreat, when one wishes to meditate in silence. We here believe ourselves alone in the world; we hear nothing but the sound of waters, which is the friend of reverie. My father delighted in it; it was the place of his gardens where he walked the most often. He had, if I may use the expression, dissimulated the approach to it, and it could not be reached but thro' by-paths the most crooked. I often went thither with my gouvernante, to muse on my inquietude, and to nourish the sadness occasioned by the remembrance of the cottage, where I had left my nurse. I spoke of her to my gouvernante, and consulted her. But this woman, who was a little severe, while she praised my gratitude, intimidated me upon all the means by which I could exercise it. My parents, she would say, had done for Susanna more than any person had ever done for a woman of her condition: to ask more, would be to importune them:—that I should one day be my own mistress, and might then add my own bounty; until, then, it was enough.—All this was reasonable; but it rendered me still more melancholy, and I no longer dared to explain the cause.

One evening, however, when dreams were the sub-

ject of conversation, I could not resist the temptation of relating what I had dreamed the preceding night; and my father, who loved to hear me exercise the little talents which nature has given to us all, of painting what has impressed our minds, heard me with attention.

"You know, my dear father," said I, "that my favourite walk, as well as yours, is the little valley of the cascade. Last night, this agreeable sight presented itself to my mind; but it was changed. At the foot of the cascade, there was a mill. I saw the stream, in a foam whiter than milk, bound and smoke under the wheel; the mill seemed to animate it, and inspire it with the desire of being useful. Your stream appeared proud of turning the mill. And do you know who was the miller's wife?"—"Susanna," said my mother. "Right," cried I; "Baptisti was your miller. Upon the declivity of the hill, Marcellin planted a vineyard; and Louisa, his sister, cultivated a garden, the prettiest in the world; whilst two beautiful heifers and a little flock of sheep, with their lambs, passed into the inclosure of the mill. Ah! my dear father, how happy was this little family, and how happy was I myself!"—My father looked up, and smiled. "I take it kindly of you," said he, "for having dreamed so lovely a dream, and you have related it extremely well."

I often called it to mind, in the little valley of the cascade, but never mentioned it again; and it appeared to be forgotten.

Towards the end of autumn, we returned to the city. The winter appeared to me very long. I had saved all my new year's gifts, without expending any part of them; and I was impatient to see my nurse again. The morning of our return to Verval, the 25th of April, was the finest day of the spring, and every one enjoyed the new charms which the country exhibited. I alone was sad. Susanna used always to be at the castle on our arrival; she was this time absent. Was not she, or some one of her children, or her husband, ill? or being no longer happy, and unwilling to be thought importunate, was she not afraid to show herself?

After breakfast, my father proposed walking. My mother, the curate, some neighbors, and friends, with myself, followed my father; and after visiting the gardens and the groves, we arrived at the retired place in the park, where the cascade discovers itself. What was my surprise, and what was my enchantment!—My father had realized my dream. The mill, the vineyard, the little orchard, bordered with hedges, and peopled with flocks, presented themselves to my eyes just as I had dreamed. The most interesting part was yet wanting to my desires, when I saw coming out of the little new house, the miller, his wife, and their two children. Imagine the vehemence of my joy at this moment. I fell at my father's feet; I embraced his knees with a tenderness by which every one was moved. My father, smiling, raised me. "It is the miller's wife," said he, "whom you must embrace." I flew into her arms. The gratitude of these good people was as excessive as my joy. We entered the mill; nothing was wanting that might contribute to the ease of a rustic family. My father had provided every thing. Our good curate, his head silvered by age, overwhelmed him with benedictions; and our friends, as much affected as myself, ceased not to admire his ingenious bounty.

EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A  
MERE CYPHER!

TICKETS at \$5-50 and Quarters at \$1-50 in *Piscataqua Bridge Lottery*, which will commence drawing on Thursday next, (when the Tickets will be raised to \$6) for sale by GILBERT & DEAN, No. 78, State Street, where a correct list of all the prizes and blanks will be kept during the drawing. The Scheme of this Lottery is excellent, having one prize of \$8000—1 of \$4000—2 of \$1000, &c. &c. and only 10000 tickets.

G. & D. have sold many, very many valuable prizes, and in the 4th class of *South Hadley*, the capital prize of \$10,000 which was published in all the papers printed in *New England!* but nevertheless, it is again made known, for the information of those "sleeping" Fortune Hunters, who may not have seen it!!

PUBLISHED BY GILBERT &amp; DEAN.

Price \$2 per annum—half to be paid in advance—1804.

# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 21, 1864.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

IF you think the following extract worthy of a place in your useful Magazine, by inserting it, you will add to former favours and oblige

### A LOVER OF DISCUSSION.

TO render conversation at all times agreeable, the following rules have been laid down. 1. The parties should meet together with a determined resolution to please, and to be pleased.—2. No one should be eager to interrupt others, or be uneasy at being interrupted.—3. All should have leave to speak in their turns.—4. Inattention should be carefully avoided.—5. Private concerns should never be mentioned, unless particularly inquired into, and even then as briefly as possible.—6. Each person should, as far as propriety will admit, be afforded an opportunity of discoursing on the subject with which he is best acquainted. He will be pleased, and the company informed. By observing this rule, every one has it in his power to assist in rendering the conversation agreeable; since though he may not choose or be qualified, to say much himself, he can propose questions to those who are able to answer him.—7. Stories should be avoided, unless short, pointed, and quite *apropos*. He who deals in them, says Swift, must either have a very large stock, or a good memory, or must often; change his company.—8. Each person should speak often, but not long. Haranguing in private company is insupportable.—9. If the majority of the company be naturally silent, or reserved, the conversation will flag, unless it can often be renewed by one who can start new subjects.—10. It is improper to laugh at one's own wit and humour; this should be left to the company.—11. When the conversation is flowing in a serious and useful channel, never interrupt it by an ill-timed jest.—12. It is extremely indelicate to whisper to one's next neighbour. It is in some degree a fraud, conversation being a kind of common property.—13. In speaking of absent people, the infallible rule is, to say no more than we should say, if they were present. "I resolve," (said Bishop Beveridge) never to speak of a man's virtues to his face, nor of his faults behind his back." A golden rule! the observation of which would at once banish flattery and defamnation from the world.

### ON WOMEN.

THERE is a certain inconsistency in the nature of man, which renders him fond of novelty, even when it is most disadvantageous, and prejudicial to his interest. Of woman, in particular, this mutability or fickleness seems to be the darling characteristic; however, it is my opinion that this propensity in that sex is by no means surprising, but rather natural; for it, as well as some of their other good qualifications, seem to be part of the legacy left them by our old mother Eve. She, we are told, even when in that happy state in which she was created, was not content with her situation, but would fain endeavour to aspire to a greater resemblance to her Maker; hence she was so easily induced, by the reasoning and flattery of the serpent, to eat of the forbidden fruit, trusting in the assurances of the devil, that, by eating thereof, she would be brought to see and discern things as clearly as God. Whether we are to take the translation of the third chapter of Genesis and fifth verse in the literal sense, where the devil says, "For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened;"—whether, I say, we are to infer from this passage that, before the fall, our first parents were blind, I know not; but though some have seriously believed, I am rather inclined to believe that they were, especially as it is expressly said, in the seventh verse, that after the woman had eat of the fruit, and had persuaded her husband to eat of it also, "the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew they were naked." Be this as it may, however, it is evident that she herself was not satisfied, but wished for a change in

her situation, otherwise she could not be so easily brought, even by the subtlety of the serpent, to trespass against the commands of God, especially as, in all probability, she was not ignorant that the Lord had expressly declared to Adam, that in the day he should eat of the forbidden fruit he should surely die. This sentence was too dreadful to be so easily neglected, if her own inclination had not joined with the solicitations of the enemy to make her condemn it.

But to emerge from this digression, it cannot be denied that the changeableness of the first woman was at least one of the principle causes of the fall, and that the love of novelty is thus hereditary in that sex. Indeed, upon contemplating the changes in the dress of a woman, one would imagine that constancy, stability and firmness, are qualities never to be expected or looked for among the fair; but a moment's reflection must convince every impartial inquirer, that though women are in most respects so changeable, yet, they are in others much more inclined to the contrary extreme. For, whether it proceeds from the natural weakness of the sex, or from some other cause inexplicable by any maxims of reason, it is a fact, no less true than lamentable, that, though the inconstancy of women must, of necessity often lead them into errors, yet their steadiness is frequently no less reprehensible: I have observed that what many women persevere in most steadfastly is sometimes highly wrong, and indeed often criminal.

Let it not be thought, from what I have above advanced, that I have any dislike or hatred to the fair sex; for, in fact, the contrary is the case: and, altho' there are many—alas! too many—to whom the above character is applicable, yet we have daily instances of women getting the better of the natural weakness of their sex—listening to the dictates of reason—and becoming, by their constancy, perseverance, and every other virtue requisite to adorn the human mind, worthy to be imitated by—nay, a reproach to man; for Providence having constituted man lord of the creation, and bestowed upon him talents which are wanting in the other sex, nothing certainly can be more degrading than to see woman, the weakest of the human species, set up as a model for his imitation.

Woman is so indispensably necessary, that, even altho' man could exist without her, it is impossible he could enjoy any tolerable degree of happiness if he were deprived of this inestimable companion,—I mean, a virtuous wife. She is a treasure whose price (to use the words of Solomon) is far above rubies;—she is her husband's consolation in adversity, and when the fickle goddess smiles upon him, she enhances the pleasure by her agreeable company,—by her amusing, by her edifying conversation,—and above all, by the interest which she takes in all that concerns him. Indeed, that man who is blessed with a virtuous woman, is possessed of what alone can bring him true happiness. If it can really be said that any such thing as solid or durable happiness can be attained in this world: for in whatever situation he may be, whether visited by adversity or prosperity, if he is but conscious of being actuated in all his actions by an upright mind, he may despise the opinion of the world, which commonly proceeds either from malice or envy; and if he finds it impossible to convince them of his innocence, he is not yet reduced to despair; for, as long as his conscience does not condemn him, the advice—the salutary advice of his wife, is a refuge to which he can at all times have recourse, and which (if he is worthy of enjoying such a treasure) must needs make him completely happy. In short, it may be justly said of a virtuous woman, "Happy were the man that should make her his wife! happy the child that shall call her mother!"

Adam, though placed by God in the garden of Eden, where he had every thing that he could desire, yet found a want, but what it was he knew not; but God, who knows what is good for man, and who commonly anticipates his desires, when they are consistent with, and agreeable to the end for which he was created, sent him Eve as a companion and wife. With her he was possessed of every thing the world could af-

ford, and would have remained eternally happy, had it not been for the wicked machinations of the devil,—that rock upon which all their happiness was wrecked, and which plunged them into an abyss of infamy and guilt, and brought the most exquisite misery upon all their posterity.

Those who profess themselves *misogamists*, make the conduct of Eve, the foundation of their antipathy and hatred to that sex; but, however plausible their arguments on this head may appear upon a superficial view of them, nothing, in my opinion, can be more easily confuted. I have already had occasion to remark that there is a natural weakness in woman, which is not to be found in the other sex. When Eve was accosted by the devil, in the shape of a serpent, he would no doubt use all the rhetoric he was master of, to convince her of the many advantages that would accrue to her from eating the forbidden fruit. We may believe, that to gain his end, he would place every thing in the most favourable view; and we read, that he assured her that the fruit was good for the eyes. Now, if (as I believe was really the case) our first parents were blind, this assurance was too flattering for a woman (who is by nature changeable) to withstand; especially as the devil, from his usual cunning, had taken the opportunity to assail her when alone,—when her husband was not present to protect her,—to furnish her with his advice, or to guard her in any measure from the danger with which she was threatened.

Thus it is evident that the conduct of Eve can by no means be adduced as a good argument for hating the sex in general; for, if Adam had been the first attacked, have we not every reason to believe that he would have been as easily seduced? Indeed, it is my opinion, that, if our first parents were at all to be blamed, Adam was by far the most culpable; for he had no such deceitful tongue as that of the serpent to set before him the advantages he would derive from eating the forbidden fruit: his wife did only mention to him that it was good for the eyes, and that she had felt the good effects of it, and he immediately eat of it,—not moved by her persuasion, but merely by ambition.

There are many excuses which can be made for Eve, but no apology can be sufficient to vindicate, or even alleviate to his posterity, the conduct of Adam. Perhaps she might have been ignorant of the consequences of eating the fruit; or, at least, the declaration of God ("in the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die,") might not make any great impression upon her, as it was to Adam, it had been particularly directed before she was created. Or indeed, granting she was not a stranger to what had been told Adam when he was first placed in the garden of Eden, and that it occurred to her when accosted by the devil, yet it is obvious that the advantages which the subtlety of the serpent set before her, were so flattering, that Adam, who had none of those natural weaknesses which are incident to women, was induced by the bare mention of them, to trespass against the express commands of his Maker, although he could not be forgetful of the judgment which must be the necessary consequences of his disobedience.

When men then pretend to make the conduct of Eve a reproach to the fair sex, it is evident, from what is above advanced, that the latter may, with much more propriety, retort the argument.

### A CAITHNESIAN.

### BIOGRAPHY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### MORE AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES OF THE CHEVALIER DE D'ÉON.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

I AM well pleased with your industry and intelligence, in searching after curious and interesting biographical facts. Those which you have communicated in your last number, respecting that remarkable character, the Chevalier de D'Éon from the best informa-



tion which I have been able to obtain in Europe, I have reason to believe, are well founded. In addition to what your relation states, as to her education, literary, military, and political career, I have heard it asserted, that her parents, having had no son, and conceiving their daughter possessed of strong original genius, caused her to be instructed in those arts, sciences and accomplishments, more particularly appropriate to the masculine sex, in order that she might have an opportunity of making a more conspicuous figure in life. Her progress in learning, and conduct in the martial and diplomatic departments, did not disappoint their expectations. It was truly astonishing how her sex could have been so long concealed, in the critical situations to which she was frequently exposed; and particularly at the time when her leg was broken, in carrying the dispatches of Marshal BROGLIO to Paris. It will be remembered by many persons, that, at a later period, a great number of bets were laid in England, with regard to her sex. In the year 1786, when she had assumed the female habit, and still wore the *Croix de St. Louis*, I became acquainted, and had considerable conversation with her. By her correspondence as a public, and afterwards secret agent, she acquired a large portion of celebrity. When I saw her, I found more of the masculine, than feminine qualities, in her features and manners. She spoke with much apparent satisfaction of circumstances which happened while she was Aid-de-Camp to Marshal BROGLIO; and she told me, "When the war broke out between your country and England, I wished to serve with you in America, under the orders of WASHINGTON—I applied to MANNINGHAM to obtain permission for me, but that foolish old fellow prevented my obtaining it."

## A SUBSCRIBER.

## GEORGE STEVENS, ESQUIRE.

[Of an editor so conspicuous as to attract the attention of Dr. Johnson, a slight sketch will not be deemed uninteresting, by all who remember that Dr. STEVENS has been honorably associated with the author of the *Rambler*, in the office of regulating the text of SHAKESPEARE. Until the year 1765, the plays of this matchless poet, were soiled with age, and blemished by the ignorance of one set of editors and the rash dexterity of another. But they were again still, and it was reserved for the joint labours of a JOHNSON and STEVENS, to exhibit them in the fairest light.]

GEORGE STEVENS was born at Poplar, in the county of Middlesex, in the year 1736. His father, a man of great respectability, was engaged in a business connected with the East India Company, by which he acquired a handsome fortune. Fortunately for his son, and for the public, the clergyman of the place was Dr. Gloucester Ridley, a man of great literary accomplishments, who is styled by Dr. Lowth, *poeta natus*. With this gentleman an intimacy took place, that united the two families closely together, and probably gave the younger branches of each, that taste for literature, which both afterwards ardently cultivated. The first part of Mr. Stevens's education he received under Mr. Waddeson, at Kingston, upon Thames, where he had, for his schoolfellows, George Keate, the poet, and Edward Gibbon, the historian. From this seminary, he removed in 1753, to King's College, Cambridge, and entered there under the tuition of the Rev. Dr. Barford. After staying a few years at the University, he left it, without taking a degree, and accepted a commission in the Essex militia, in which service he continued a few years longer. In 1763, he lost his father, from whom he inherited an ample property, which if he did not lessen, he certainly did not increase. From this period, he seems to have determined on the course of his future life, and devoted himself to literary pursuits; which he followed with unabated vigour, but without any lucrative views, as he never required, or accepted the slightest pecuniary recompence for his labours. His first residence was in the Temple, afterwards at Hampton, and lastly at Hampstead, where he continued near thirty years. In this retreat, his life passed in one unbroken tenor, with

scarce any variation, except an occasional visit to Cambridge, walking to London in the morning, six days out of seven, for the sake of health and conversation, and returning home in the afternoon of the same day. By temperance and exercise, he continued healthy and active, until the last two years of his life, and to the conclusion of it, did not relax his attention to the illustration of Shakespeare, which was the first object of his regard. He died the 22d of Jan. 1800, and was buried in Poplar Chapel. Hayley says of him, that

*His talents varying as the diamond's ray,  
Could fascinate alike the grave or gay.*

The admirable author of "The Pursuits of Literature," a work alike memorable for its utility of satire, its copiousness of learning, and its brightness of wit, often takes occasion to commend the subject of this memoir with highly delicate and discriminating praise. In a strain of noble enthusiasm, and elegant compliment, he thus alludes to his early application to the collation of Shakespeare.

*I'll breathe at large etherial air,  
Far from the bar, the senate and the court,  
And in Avonian fields with STEVENS sport,  
Whom late from Hampstead, journeying to his book,  
Aurora oft for Cephalus mistook;  
What time he brush'd her dew with hasty pace,  
To meet the Printer's devil face to face:  
With dogs black letter'd in the Stratford chase,  
Mouth match'd, like bells, yet of confused race.*

:::: Port Folio.

## MORAL AND USEFUL.

## EXTRACTS

From Fawcett's *Sermons*, a work which has commanded a sale and circulation nearly equal to the sermons of Dr. Blair.

## ON THE CREATION OF THE WORLD.

"WITH wonder and with awe we find ourselves present at the nativity of nature! We behold the departure of ancient darkness, and welcome the first dawn of the beautiful day: We see disorder and confusion assuming the amiable forms of proportion and symmetry. Earth, and sky, and water, in magnificent successions, comes forth before our eyes. Plants spring; animals are born; and last of all, their terrestrial Lord appears; the flower of the Creator, and the image of the Creator."—vol. I, page 12.

## ON THE DEATH OF A RICH MAN.

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? Where indeed! Look around ye, on the day when his death is announced, in the place where his life was passed:—Where is he? Seek him in the countenances of his neighbors; they are without a cloud; he is not there. The faces, upon which he has closed his eyes forever, continue as cheerful as they were before. His death is reported in the social circle; the audience receive it with indifference, and forget it with hate. The seriousness with which it is heard, spring rather from human pity, or from moral reflection, than from social distress;—and, in a moment, the current of convivial mirth recovers the liveliness of its flow. The business and the pleasures of the place, proceed with usual spirit; and perhaps, in the house which stands next to that in which he lies an unconscious lump of clay, in the cheerless chamber of silence and insensibility, the noise of music and dancing is heard, and the roof resounds with jubilee and joy. Wait but a few days after his interment: Seek him now in the faces of his kindred; they have resumed their cheerfulness; now, he is not there. When few years have circled over his sepulchre—go, search for the fugitive, in his dark retreat from human notice: his very relics are vanished; he is not now even there; stay a little longer, and thou shalt seek in vain for a stone to tell thee in what part of the land of oblivion he was laid; even that frail memorial of him, of whatever materials it was made, has mouldered away; "man dieth; and where is he?"—V. I. p. 193.

On the happiness of virtuous poverty, contrasted with the supposed happiness of wealth acquired by fraud and particularly by a very complicated, and cruel species. "With what pity may the honest possessor of a little, look upon them who by mean and guilty artifices, have diverted from its proper channel the domestic course of property; who have succeeded in supplanting the natural claimant to the inheritance of wealth, in the breast of its proprietor, or who have secured succession to it by the

forgery of a will, to which circumstances of domestic disagreement have lent a colour, and promised success! Has opulence any pleasures within its reach that can prevent the reflection from frequently recurring to such possessors of it, that its rightful owner is pining, perhaps in poverty and obscurity; and still more than by the pressure of poverty depressed by the mournful idea of a beloved relative's inexplicable alienation and implacable resentment?—Can the ravishers of his plenty, enjoy his repast?—Can the usurpers of his pillow—sleep?" V. I. p. 237.

## ELEGANT PERORATION OF THE FUNERAL ORATION ON THE PRINCE OF CONDE.

CAST your eyes around on all sides; behold all that magnificence and piety can do to honor a hero: titles, inscriptions, vain marks of what is no more; figures, which appear to weep around the tomb, and fragile images of a grief, which time bears away with the rest; columns, which seem intended to carry even to heaven the magnificent evidence of our littleness; and nothing, indeed, is wanting in all these honours, but him to whom they are rendered. Weep, then, over the feeble remains of human life; weep over this sad immortality which we give to heroes. As for myself, it is permitted me, last of all, to come and pay the remaining duties to this honoured tomb. O Prince, worthy subject of our praises and our tears, you live eternally in my memory. Receive these last efforts of, to you, a well known voice. Instead of deploring the death of others, great Prince! I will henceforth learn of you to render mine holy; happy if, warned by these grey hairs, of the account which I must soon render of my administration, I reserve for the flock which it is my duty to nourish with the word of life; the remains of a faltering voice, and an extinguished ardour.

:::: French of Bossuet.

## PROGRESS OF MEDICAL EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

WITHIN the last thirty or forty years, and particularly since the termination of the revolutionary war, it has been quite the fashion for students of medicine to qualify themselves for practice by a tedious and expensive tour to Europe. If we judge aright, this custom is on the decline. The opportunities afforded by our seminaries, and establishments at home, have superseded the necessity of those voyages and journeys to foreign countries. On looking over the list of medical graduates at Edinburgh for the 24th of June, 1802, we observe that, of twenty four candidates who were honored with the Apollonian laurel, 7 were from England, two from Barbadoes, and two from Jamaica. There was not a single one from the United States. The schools of Philadelphia, New-York, Cambridge, Baltimore, Lexington, (Ken.) and Dartmouth are engaged in the business of medical education to an extent that is both pleasing and surprising. About sixteen years ago, the remittances to Great Britain only, for the support of young Americans who were sent thither to be instructed in physic and surgery, amounted to £12,000 sterling per annum at least; and at that time, the remittances were principally in specie. This was one cause of the scarcity of the precious metals in America, which, though worthy of attention, was scarcely ever believed to be of such serious magnitude. Nothing can more strongly evince the importance of cherishing seminaries in our own land. [Medical Repository.]

## AMUSING.

## INSTANCE OF MAGNANIMITY.

FROM PARK'S "TRAVELS."

A VERY few years ago, Abdulkader, an African Prince, without any shadow of justice, invaded the neighboring territory of Damel, another Prince of Africa; and with a professed design to take away his life. Damel partly by stratagem, and partly by a most heroic conduct, defeated the invading army, and took Abdulkader himself a prisoner. When the royal captive was brought before him in irons and thrown on the ground, the magnanimous Damel, instead of setting his foot upon his neck and stabbing him with a spear according to custom in such cases, addressed him as follows: "Abdulkader, answer me this question: if the chance of war had placed me in your situation and

you in mine, how would you have treated me?" Abdulkader replied with great firmness: "I would have thrust my spear into your heart, and I know that a similar fate awaits me." "Not so," said Damel, "my spear is indeed red with the blood of your subjects killed in battle, and I could now give it a deeper stain by dipping it in your blood: but this would not build up my towns, nor bring to life the thousands, who fell in the wood. I will not kill you in cool blood, but I will retain you as my slave, until I perceive that your presence in your own kingdom will be no longer dangerous to your neighbors, and then I will consider of the proper way of disposing of you."

Damel accordingly retained his royal captive, and kept him at work as a slave about three months, and then at the request of Abdulkader's subjects, he restored him to his kingdom. This noble conduct of Damel was celebrated by the African poets, and was the subject of the songs of the singing men and singing women.

#### WHAT PLEASURE IT IS TO PAY ONE'S DEBTS!

IT seems to flow from a combination of circumstances, each of which is productive of pleasure. In the first place, it removes that uneasiness which a true spirit feels from dependence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affection; it promotes that future confidence, which is so very interesting to an honest mind: it opens a prospect of being readily supplied with what we want on future occasions: it leaves a consciousness of our own virtue: and it is a measure we know to be right, both in point of justice, and of sound economy. Finally, it is a main support of simple reputation.

SHENSTONE.

#### ANECDOTES.

A PRINCE rallying the fatness of a courtier who had served him in many embassies, said, he looked like an ox.—"I know not," said the courtier, "what I am like, but I know I have often had the honor to represent your majesty."

NEVER did an Irishman utter a better bull, than did an honest John, who being asked by a friend, "Has your sister got a son, or a daughter," answered, "Upon my soul, I do not yet know whether I am an uncle or an aunt."

A YOUNG man was recommended to Bishop Burnet for ordination.—As his Lordship stammered a little, he desired his Chaplain to examine the candidate. The first question proposed—"Why did Balaam's ass speak?" "Because his master had an impediment in his speech," answered the young man, which put an immediate end to the examination.

#### WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, JULY 21, 1804.  
FOREIGN.

EAST-INDIES.—The last accounts state that the war with the Mahrattas, was brought to a close, and peace established; that five British ships of the line, had arrived at Madras from Europe. Several French privateers, cruising off the bay of Bengal, have been captured.

EUROPE.—London dates down to the 5th ult. are received. They contain nothing of very great moment, further than before announced.—Bonaparte was proclaimed Emperor, in Paris, the 20th May. Jerome and Lucien, two of Bonaparte's brothers, are excluded from the succession to the empire, and are to remain as private citizens.—Most of the Northern Powers have received assurances from Russia, of effectual protection in the event of being attacked by France.—Moreau, and some others, are, it is said, to be pardoned.—It is rumoured that a continental war would speedily take place; that Russia is soon to declare war against France: and Louis XVIII. will be acknowledged King of France by all the members of the Coalition, and all conquests, but in his name will be renounced.—Mr. Livingston, the American Minister, to France, is now in England. It is said in some of the English papers, that his object is to negotiate a loan for the purchase of the Floridas—and in others, that he is in pursuit of agricultural information.—The Emperor of Russia perseveres in his favours to the knowledge of the sciences, and is making great collections of

Mathematical Books, which are to be translated for the use of his subjects.

#### DOMESTICK.

The first article which claims our notice this week, is the death of Gen. ALEXANDER HAMILTON, *Æt.* 48, of New York. He received a wound in a duel with Col. AARON BURR, Vice-President of the United States, on Wednesday, the 11th inst. which terminated in his decease the next day. The funeral obsequies of this great man, were observed on Saturday last; and every honor in the power of the citizens of New York, to bestow, of all parties, were performed:—His name will be transmitted down to the latest posterity, among the worthies produced by our revolution.—"Never was a death more sincerely and justly lamented—and his loss will be sensibly felt throughout the United States." He has left an amiable wife, and eight children, (4 sons and 4 daughters) to bemoan his loss; whose sensations on this truly trying event, can be felt, but not described.—Upon opening the General's will, there was found enclosed in a letter to his wife, on the fourth instant, in which he tells her, That he had endeavoured, by all possible means, to avoid this duel, but that he found it impossible, unless by acting in a manner, which would justly forfeit her esteem. That he should certainly fall, and she should receive this letter after his death. He begs her forgiveness for being the cause of so much pain to her, and earnestly entreats her to bear herself up under that load of grief, with which she would be overwhelmed, placing a firm reliance, on a kind Providence, who would never desert her.

In the last "National Aegis," we find the following pertinent remarks, on the General's decease:—"The patriot, to whatever political sect he may belong, remembers in him, the firm, the enlightened, the profound, the inflexible statesman. The soldier looks back, with grateful devotion, on his revolutionary labors, and reveres the intrepid friend and companion of 'our first and greatest revolutionary hero.' The man of letters mourns, with milder sorrow, the learned philosopher and the accomplished scholar!—The admirer of eloquence dwells with rapture on the musical accents of his voice, the beautiful sublimity of his language, and the irresistible force of his persuasion!—He who delights in the blandishments of life, and finds comfort and consolation in the enjoyments of social intercourse, cannot withhold a tear, when he calls to his mind the amiable and interesting traits in his character which had won the affection of all, who were comprised within the extended circle of his acquaintance!—His Family.—But here, remembrance is too painful!—Within the narrow compass of two years, a wife and a mother has followed to the grave, a son and a husband; both victims to the same cruel and untimely destiny!—The annals of our country do not record an instance of parallel distress!—We forbear to harrow up her soul by cold and unfeeling reflections on the manner of his death;—If an inveterate and deep rooted custom is ever to be exploded, it will be done, not by the labors of the moralist, or the threatenings of the preacher.—Scenes of such poignant affliction will sink deep on the memory, and will serve as an awful warning, to the followers of that treacherous phantom, which leads to beguile, and seduces to destroy."

An article, recently received from London, of the 20th of May, has the following pleasing information:—"All the officers of the American frigate Philadelphia, have been liberated by the Dey of Tripoli, on the interference of the French Consul." If this is true, we shall soon have the official accounts.—Several plots of the blacks, have recently occurred at Philadelphia. About 200 armed negroes assembled several nights successively; threatened to murder the citizens, and said they would shew the whites "St. Domingo play." The ringleaders have been apprehended.—Some disturbances among the blacks, have also taken place near Augusta, Georgia; and several of the negroes have been executed.—In South Carolina, every Billiard Table, or sale of spirituous liquor or fermented liquor, without licence, is subject to a penalty of £50 sterling.—A Medical and Physical Journal, under the inspection of Dr. Barton, is to be published at Philadelphia.—Many emigrants from Germany, have re-

cently arrived in the United States; it is said they have habits favourable to agriculture.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to decline entering farther on the discussion concerning "Church Music."

Lines "On a Young Lady's Birth-Day," are incorrect and prosaic.

The letter said "to have been found," is inadmissible. There is not one of our readers who could be amused by such a farago of nonsense.

#### MARRIED,

At Paris, (N. Y.) Mr. Francis Amory, merchant, of this town, to Miss Sally Kirkland, sister to the Rev. Dr. Kirkland, of Boston.—At Ipswich, Mr. Phineas Story, to Miss R. Burnham. The parties connected two families, in which are 52 brothers and sisters; and reckoning the bridegroom, 50 of the number are married persons.

In this town, Mr. M. R. Bartlett, to Miss Esther Reed—Mr. Benjamin Olson, to Miss Nancy Wilks.

#### DEATHS.

"The seasons as they fly,  
"Snatch from us in their course, year after year,  
"Some sweet connection, some endearing tie."

At Derby, (Con.) on the 4th inst. Mrs. LAVINIA HULL, consort of Mr. Samuel H. jun; in the 23d year of her age. Her funeral was attended by a large concourse of relatives and friends, and a sermon was delivered by the Rev. A. Tomb, of Huntington.

She was modest and easy in deportment, sociable and engaging in disposition, amiable and exemplary in life. Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are just and of good report, formed the criterion of her conduct, and diffused a superior lustre through all the actions of her life; she possessed urbanity to please, and a mind endowed with superior talents to instruct. Her friendships were open and sincere; as a neighbour she was obliging, peaceable and benevolent. She adhered to the precepts of the Gospel as the rule of her conduct, and as the only standard of justice in this life; and was fully satisfied that by it, its followers and admirers would be rewarded in the life to come. By this mournful event, a kind husband, who was bound to her by more than common ties, the bands of friendship and genuine affection; a tender child, a mother, brother and sisters, are bereaved of a kind, engaging friend and companion. Like the morning rose, unfolding its beauties to the rising sun, diffusing around the sweetest odours spread in all the forms of loveliness, ere the sun had gained its height, its leaves are withered, and its beauties perished. She too in the pride of her youth, in the morning of her days, her cheeks glowing with beauty, and full of sprightliness and activity; when rising with the early sun, ere the moon of life had arrived, was summoned to the silent tomb, and her lovely form committed to the dust, "all that is made must be destroyed, and all that is born must die." Through a lingering illness she preserved a patience and fortitude, becoming the christian; and the retrospect of her past conduct enabled her, to view her approaching dissolution, with calm serenity, in hopes of admittance to the abodes of just men made perfect, in a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.

But prematurely did good LAVINIA fade,  
Thus, baze her beauteous charms, her beauteous decay'd?  
But long the virtues of her mind shall bloom,  
And friendship's tears bedew her sacred tomb;  
Friends, and kindred breasts, regret her early end,  
And mourn a lovely daughter, sister, friend.

On his passage from Boston to Amsterdam, Mr. Michael Hopkins, *Æt.* 17, a very promising young man. At Watertown, Mrs. Catherine Stetson, *Æt.* 40, wife of Capt. Samuel Stetson, late of Boston; and yesterday afternoon, he died, *Æt.* 37, a few minutes after the return of the procession from the interment of his wife.

In this town, Mr. Andrew Dunlap, brewer, *Æt.* 65; Mr. Benjamin Hathorn, *Æt.* 54; Mr. Thomas Needham, *Æt.* 70; Mrs. Mary Ellis, *Æt.* 54; Mrs. Teel, *Æt.* 32; Mr. Nathaniel Chadwick; Mr. P. White, *Æt.* 27—one from the almshouse—four children under a year. Total 12.

## POETRY.

[*A late English Magazine, contains the following lines. Their beautiful simplicity entitle them to a place.*]

## THE SNOW STORM :

AN ELEGY.

THE day was so dreary, the wind from the East,  
The cold it was pinching to man and to beast,  
And the clouds seem'd to labor with snow ;  
When William had drove all his flocks to the farm,  
To shelter them well and to keep them from harm,  
For he saw by the skies it would soon be a storm,  
And he thought it would bluster and blow.  
And now, said the shepherd, my flock is all sure,  
My cows in the cell, and my bleaters secure,  
Besides it is Saturday night :  
And if I should loiter, and stay me away,  
And not see my Mary, ah ! what might she say ?  
She might think that her William was going to stray ;  
She might think it was coldness or spite.  
He whistled, on Trusty, he threw round his plaid,  
Nor fear'd the dark night, while he sought the dear maid,  
For oft had he trampled that way :  
The snow how it drifted, and how the wind blew,  
But what was the storm to a lover so true ;  
Or the depth of the snow, should he meet but with you,  
Sweet Mary, thy presence was May.  
Away as he hied, thought no ill could betide,  
And his poor faithful dog trudging close by his side,  
For they had no great distance to roam : [stille,  
"Thro' the waste and the woodland, and turning the  
Why the whole of the journey is scarcely a mile,  
Let me see but my Mary, one kiss, and a smile,  
And then I'll return to my home.  
Come Trusty, come near me, for fear we should stray,  
The snow it grows deeper, more trackless the way,  
And I wish not to leave you behind ;  
If Trusty should tarry, my Mary would sigh,  
How she calls you "dear fellow," and watches your eye ;  
How she pats on your head, when she bids you good bye ;  
Her heart is so tender and kind." [blew,  
More dark grew the night and more fierce the wind  
When the church on the hill was first snatch'd from  
his view.  
Yet he thought that he heard the church bell :  
"Come Trusty before me, and find out the way,  
For Mary will wonder what makes us to stay,  
And travellers in winter are apt for to stray,  
Such stories of pilgrims they tell."  
His faithful companion, the snow drift among,  
Bark'd loud as he cheer'd his lov'd master along,  
For no moon or a star could be seen :  
Away then they wander'd benumb'd and so chill,  
And no more saw the church on the top of the hill,  
Or the light that had gleam'd from the house of the mill,  
And the frost it was nipping and keen.  
He dreaded the cliff that hung over the wave,  
And the half frozen pool, oft the wanderer's grave,  
Then breathless and pale with the blast ;  
"Thou Father Almighty, thou Ruler on high !  
Whose storms shake the ocean, the earth and the sky,  
O protect but my love, and contented I die"—  
Thus he pray'd and these words were his last !  
To the lone humble cottage, where Mary forlorn,  
On hopes and on fears was alternately borne,  
Poor Trusty ran swift for relief :  
He paw'd at the threshold, he fawn'd at her foot,  
Now howling with anguish—now prostrate and mute—  
"Would have melted a satyr to have seen the dumb brute,  
But Mary was frantic with grief.  
"This mantle, his present, shall shroud my cold form,  
And I'll search for my love in the depth of the storm,  
Come Trusty, and show where he lies :  
Last night how I dream'd that my William was here,  
All blythe and so gay, like the spring of the year ;  
Ah me ! how his voice seems to thrill in my ear,  
How I feast on the glance of his eyes !"  
She wrap'd round her mantle to shroud her cold form,  
And her soft flowing locks wav'd abroad to the storm,  
T' icicles hung from her hair :  
That bosom where William had often reclin'd  
Was rudely caress'd by the rough peircing wind,  
Yet still as it panted it brought him to mind—  
For deep was his love printed there.

She paus'd as she pass'd where the hawthorn-tree grew,  
For first in its shade had he vow'd to be true,  
And she sigh'd as she bade it adieu :  
She stalk'd to the cliff that hangs over the wave,  
And the half frozen pool now the wanderer's grave :  
The snow drifted round her, one shriek more she gave,  
"Now William I slumber with you."

Three days and three nights the loud tempest did last,  
Nor shrunk from the weather, nor scar'd by the blast,  
Poor Trusty was faithful to death :  
He watch'd o'er the spot where the lovers were laid,  
Where William was found in the arms of the maid ;  
On the hand that had fed him he laid his cold head,  
And gasping resign'd his last breath :  
In sorrowful dirge they were borne to their home,  
And many a villager mourn'd at their tomb,  
And wept as they bade it adieu :  
And you who may read the sad tale I relate,  
Should you ere love like them, may you ne'er meet  
their fate ;  
But know from their virtues, their bliss is complete,  
And learn from a dog to be true.

## BEAUTIFUL EFFUSION ON SOCIETY.

HAIL Society ! source of purest pleasure,  
Sweet and reviving as the rosy morning,  
When first the day star gilds the face of nature  
With his blest radiance ;  
Is social converse. [sings,  
Hail sacred Friendship ! fraught with choicest blessing,  
Where souls congenial taste thy sacred union,  
Bound by the cement of refin'd affection,  
Founded on virtue.  
Truth, Heavenly Goddess, baffles our researches,  
While painful languor springs from ceaseless study :  
Welcome sweet converse, kind refreshing cordial,  
Ever delightful ;  
Thy cheering influence soothes the ruffled passion,  
While pale misfortune sinks the weary spirits ;  
So the clouds vanish, where the radiant sunbeams  
Shine in full splendor.  
If thus exalted thy enlivening pleasure,  
In these dull regions :  
How sublimely glorious, mid the celestial mansions  
Where immortal friendship blooms in true perfection.

## THE NOVELIST.

## THE TWIN-BROTHERS OF MEZZORANIA.

A TALE.

AMIDST the extensive wilds of Africa lies a territory, the inhabitants whereof are as numerous, and even as civilized as the Chinese. They are called the Mezzoranians.

Two twin-brothers of this country, which is still so little known to our geographers, were both enamoured of a young lady, who equally favoured them both. The two lovers and the fair one chanced to meet together at the festival instituted in honour of the sun. This festival was solemnized twice in the year ; because, as the kingdom lay between the two tropicks, yet somewhat more on this side the line, it had two springs and two summers. At the commencement of every spring season, this adoration was paid to the great luminary throughout all the nomes or districts of the land. It was celebrated in the open air, to denote that the sun was the immediate cause of all the productions of nature. They made an offering to it of five small pyramids of frankincense in golden dishes. Five youths and an equal number of virgins are named by the magistrates to place them on the altar, where they remain until the fire has consumed them. Each of these young persons is dressed in the colour of their nome, and wears a diadem on the head.

One of the two brothers, with the damsel of whom we are speaking, composed the first couple who were to place the incense on the altar. This done, they saluted each other. It was customary for them now to change their places ; the youth going over to the side of the virgin, and she coming to his. When the five pair have done in this manner, then follow all the standards by in the same order, by which means they have opportunity of seeing each other completely.

It is here that commonly such as have not hitherto made their choice, determine upon one ; and as it de-

pends solely upon the determination of the damsel, the young man takes all imaginary pains to win the love of her whom he has selected from the rest. For avoiding every species of misunderstanding and jealousy, the maiden, when the young man pleases her, takes from him a flower not yet fully blown, which he offers to her acceptance, and sticks it in her bosom. But, has she already entered into some engagement, she gives him to understand as much, by shewing him a flower ; and, if this be only a bud, then it is a sign that he will make her the first proposal ; if it be half blown, it implies that her love has already made some progress ; but if it be fully blown, the virgin thereby betokens that her choice is made, and that she cannot now retract it. So long, however, as she does not publicly wear this token, it is always free for her to do as she pleases.

If she be free the man that offers her the flower is not agreeable to her, she makes him a profound reverence, and shuts her eyes until he is retired. Indeed, at times, it happens here, as well as in other places, though but rarely, that she disguises herself to her lover. If a man be already contracted, he likewise bears a token.—Such maidens as have yet met with no lover, have it in their choice either to remain virgins, or to inscribe themselves among the widows, which, if they do, they can only be married to a widower. But let us return to our twin-brothers.

The brother, who stood at the altar with the young damsel, felt as violent a passion for her, as she did for him. They were so very intent upon the ceremony, that they forgot to give each other the accustomed signs. On her leaving the altar, the other brother saw her, became enamoured of her, and found an opportunity, when the ceremony was over, for presenting her with a flower. She accepted it at his hands, as being fully persuaded that it was the person who had just before been with her at the altar. But, as she took herself away in some haste with her companions, she imperceptibly dropped the token she received. The elder brother accosted her once more, and offered her a flower. "Ah," said she to herself, in an amiable confusion, "it is the very same !" and took it likewise. The young man, who heard this, imagined for certain that it meant him : but as the law allowed them to remain no longer together, they departed their several ways.

He that had first presented the flower found an opportunity, some days afterwards, of seeing his charmer, by night at a lattice. This sort of conversations, though strictly prohibited by the laws, was yet connived at.—The damsel appeared so kind that he ventured to offer her the token of a half-blown flower. This she accepted, and, in return, presented him with a scarf, embroidered with hearts interwoven with thorns ; giving him to understand thereby, that there were still some obstacles to be surmounted : she allowed him at the same time to declare himself her lover, without, however, giving him her name, and without even acquainting him with the reason of her silence on that head.

[To be continued.]

## COL. HUMPHREY'S ORATION.

JUST published, and for Sale by GILBERT & DEAN, No. 78, State-Street, and at the Bookstores,

A VALEDICTORY DISCOURSE, delivered before the Cincinnati of Connecticut, in Hartford, July 4, 1804, at the dissolution of the Society—with a copious Appendix. Published at the request of the Society.

Subscribers to his Miscellaneous Works, are requested to call or send for their volumes. Subscribers out of town, will please to call at the most convenient Bookstore. They will be for sale at the principal Bookstores, together with the Oration. July 21.

## PISCATAQUA BRIDGE LOTTERY.

NOW drawing, holds out many valuable prizes to adventurers, containing one of \$8000—1 of \$4000—2 of \$1000, &c. Warranted undrawn tickets at \$6, and quarters \$1 62, for sale by GILBERT & DEAN, where a correct list of all the prizes and blanks are kept. July 21, 1804.

PUBLISHED BY GILBERT & DEAN, No. 78, State-Street, North corner of the Old State-House, Boston.

Price \$2 per annum—half to be paid in advance—1804.



# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 28, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE GOSSIP.—No. LXII.

*At nos virtutes ipsas invertimus.*

#### TO THE GOSSIP.

SIR,

I WAS in company the other evening, where a long disquisition took place concerning the chastity, fortitude, magnanimity, &c. of women; many illustrious examples were brought forward to prove how capable the softer sex were, of practising those eminent virtues, and all the heroines of antiquity were made to pass in review before those, who, feeling their inability to join in the conversation, were silent auditors. Of this number I was one, and as my elder and more learned friends descended on those celebrated female characters, whose names dignify the page of history, I felt my love and respect for the whole sex encrease, and my mother and sister became objects of higher love and veneration, because they were of the same order of beings with those admirable women. At length, one person spoke of *Lucrece*, the wife of *Colatinus*, and mentioned her by the usual epithet, of the chaste *Lucrece*. An elderly gentleman who had until then said but little, interrupted the speaker by observing, that he thought the epithet of chaste, was always improperly applied to that lady, and adduced many arguments in support of his opinion. His antagonist took up the Roman matron's cause, and defended her with considerable address; but the old gentleman declared that the virtue and chastity of *Susannah*, as related in the Apocrypha, as far superior to that of *Lucrece* as it was possible for one thing to be superior to another; that they would bear no comparison with each other; that *Susannah* acted the part of an unaffectedly virtuous woman, and *Lucrece* that of a vain glorious boaster, who called on the world to behold and admire her detestation of vice.—The dispute was long, and the lateness of the hour obliged the company to separate, before it was decided. Now, Mr. Gossip, I hardly know which party to side with, and I should like to have your opinion on the subject, before I declare for either. You are a man of discernment and discrimination, and by giving an essay upon it, you will oblige several of your admirers, and among the rest,

ALCANDER.

Providence, July 16, 1804.

THIS is a subject so entirely new, that for a moment after perusing the letter of my young friend *Alcander*, I was at a loss to answer him; but a very short reflection determined me to espouse the party of the champion of the fair *Hebrew*. The old gentleman was certainly right; she who would submit to actual guilt, rather than forfeit the world's good opinion, could value virtue, for its name, and knew not how to estimate its own intrinsic worth; while she, who could brave the calumnies of treacherous villains, who were the pretended friends of her husband, and rather be thought despicable, than by dishonouring him, degrading herself and offending her GOD, become really so, evinced real chastity, unshaken fortitude, and true magnanimity of soul.—Unaffected modesty and undissembled chastity, are ever quiet, silent, inobtrusive, vaunt not themselves, are content to be, and are indifferent whether the misjudging multitude believe in their existence or not.

*Lucrece*, it is true, killed herself, and would not live, after she had dishonoured herself and husband. But I must aver, (saying nothing of the double crime of adultery, and self murder, because *Lucrece* being a heathen, the latter was denominated an act of heroism,) that she, who knowing herself innocent, is threatened with the censure of the world, and the suspicious of

her husband, must have more fortitude to enable her to live and bear them with resignation, than she who flies to death to avoid them. It is only the pusillanimous and cowardly, who seek shelter from unavoidable evils in the grave.—The truly brave and virtuous, secure in their own integrity, yield to the decrees of an allwise overruling Providence, and trust in that Power, who thinks proper to afflict, in his appointed time to bring relief.

We may observe, in drawing a parallel between the Roman, and the Hebrew Matron, the difference between the worship of Heathen Deities, and that of the true God. *Lucrece*, relying only on her own actions for fame, of which she was ambitious, and on herself to justify those actions; rushed voluntarily into two heinous offences against the laws of morality. But *Susannah* said, "It is better to fall into the hands of men, than to sin against the Lord: I will pray to the God of my fathers, the living God in whom I trust; he knoweth my innocence, and he will deliver me; or should it please him to leave me to fall a sacrifice to wicked men, he will preserve my soul to everlasting life, where it will appear at his tribunal, pure from this offence, and overwhelm my accusers with confusion." That the Roman heroine had not this blessed support, to comfort and uphold her, is her only excuse.

From the difference in the character of *Lucrece* and *Susannah*, I would lead my young and inexperienced friend *Alcander*, in his future intercourse with women, to be cautious of those women who are most vociferous in praise of virtue, and condemnation of vice, and ever bear it in remembrance, that she who talks of it most, possesses the least. I have heard women declaim loudly on the merit of chastity; I have heard them depreciate the merit of a poor fallen sister, and intimate, that because she had forfeited that virtue, she retained no other; when the wanton glance, the pressure of the hand, the touch of the toe, or some word or gesture from themselves, have given an observer room to conclude, the virtue of chastity dwelt solely on their tongue.

And has the woman who has lost that virtue, lost every other?—No.—But she has lost the master-stone that supports the whole; and if she be not eager to regain and tenaciously retain that precious gem, the others will, one by one, crumble away by degrees, until the whole become an affecting, deplorable, but irreparable ruin. Chastity, in man, or woman, is an inestimable jewel. Yes, *Alcander*, let not custom, the sneers of the libertine, or the allurements of the sensualist, lead you to believe, that it is less requisite in one sex than the other. It is the foundation of HONOUR the offspring of RELIGION, the cement of FRIENDSHIP, and the security of our temporal and eternal PEACE.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

THE other day taking up the late Lord LYTTELTON's Letters, I was struck with the account he gave in one of them, of the flattery and praises which, indiscriminately applied to the boy, laid the foundation for the ruin of the man. I could not but reflect how many children are thus systematically ruined, and request you to give the following extract a place in your useful Miscellany, as it may serve as a bacon to warn partial parents never to encourage those propensities in youth, which "growing with their growth, and strengthening with their strength," would tend to make maturity despicable.

A PARENT.

"YOU wish that I should explain myself at large

with respect to that vanity, which I accuse of having been the cause of every inconvenience and misdoing of my past life, to which I owe the disagreeable circumstances of my present situation, and shall be indebted, probably, for some future events, which, I fear, are in store for me.

"Being the only boy and hopes of the family, and having such an hereditary and collateral right to genius, talents, and virtue, (for this was the language held by certain persons at that time) my earliest prattle was the subject of continual admiration. As I increased in years, I was encouraged in boldness, which partial fancy called manly confidence; while sallies of impertinence, for which I should have been scourged, were fondly considered as marks of an astonishing prematurity of abilities. As it happened, Nature had not been a niggard to me; it is true she has given me talents, but accompanied them with dispositions which demanded no common pressure and restraint, instead of liberty and encouragement; but this vanity had blinded the eyes not only of my relations, but also of their intimate connexions; and, I suppose, such an hot-bed of flattery was never before used to spoil a mind, and to cloak it with bad qualities, as was applied to mine. The late Lord Bath, Mrs. —, and many others, have been guilty of administering fuel to the flame, and joined in the family-incense to such an idol as myself. Thus was I nursed into a very early state of audacity; and being able, almost at all times, to get the laugh against a father, or an uncle, &c. I was not backward in giving such impertinent specimens of my ability. This is the history of that impudence which has been my bane, gave to my excesses such peculiar accompaniments, and caused those, who would not have hesitated to commit the offence, loudly to condemn the mode of its commission in me."

## BIOGRAPHY.

### THE HON. MRS. GODFREY.

WAS mistress of the Jewel Office, and sister to the great Duke of Marlborough. With this lady a daughter of Mr. Busby, by a former marriage, lived as her own attendant, and so great an esteem had she contracted during her residence at Tunbridge, for Mrs. Bellamy's grandmother, and fondness for her mother, that she offered to bring up the latter, and have her educated in every respect the same as her own daughter, Miss Godfrey. Mrs. Bellamy's grandmother, however, having at this time no reason to doubt but that her child was amply provided for, politely declined the offer, but agreed, that upon Mrs. Godfrey's return to town for the winter, she should accompany, and spend three or four months with her. That season being now come, Mrs. Godfrey set out for London, and upon her arrival heard that her noble brother was given over by his physicians; but having been for some time at variance with the dutchess, on account of her exposing, though reduced to a state of second childhood, the man who had rendered himself so famous—an imprudence which deservedly gave offence to Mrs. Godfrey, she had not the satisfaction of seeing him before he died. Here it must be observed, that the Dutches of Marlborough, much to her discredit, used to take the Duke with her in the coach, when she went abroad, even upon the most trivial occasions, exhibiting as a public spectacle the hero who had lately kept nations in awe, and whose talents in the cabinet were equal to his valor and military knowledge in the field. Mrs. Godfrey was prevented, by this disagreement, from paying a visit herself at Marlborough house, to console with her sister in law on the loss which their family and the nation had sustained. Having, however, an inclination to know how things were conducted there, she sent her woman, Mr. Busby's daughter, to make what inquiries she could; and the latter, overcome by the importunities of her little step-sister, who had attended Mrs. Godfrey to town as proposed, was accompanied by her to see the remains of the Duke lie in state. When they arrived at the gate of Marlborough house, they found it open, but to their infinit



surprise, met not a living creature during their passage to the room in which the body was deposited. So totally was this incomparable man neglected in the last stage of his mortal exhibition, that not a single attendant, or one glimmering taper remained about him as tokens of respectful attention. The ladies were obliged to the day light alone for the faint view they obtained of the funeral decorations. This melancholy and disrespectful scene was no sooner described to Mrs. Godfrey by her woman, than it had such an effect upon her as to occasion a long and severe illness; which at length reduced her to such a state, that had she experienced the same neglectful treatment her brother had done, she must have been buried alive. For one Sunday, fancying herself better than she had been for some time, and able to go to chapel, as she was dressing for that purpose, she suddenly fell down to all appearance dead. The screams of the women brought Colonel Godfrey into the room, who having probably seen instances of persons remaining in a state of insensibility for a considerable time, and afterwards recovering, directed that his lady should be immediately put into bed, and that two persons should constantly continue with her, until indubitable symptoms appeared of her decease. The consequences proved with how much judgment the Colonel had acted. Notwithstanding the opinion of the physicians, who all declared that the breath of life was irrecoverably departed; and in opposition to the solicitations of his friends to have the body interred, he continued resolute in his determination until the Sunday following, when exactly at the same hour on which the change had happened, signs appeared of returning sensibility. So punctually was nature in her operations upon this singular occasion, that Mrs. Godfrey awoke from her trance just as the chapel bell was once more ringing; which so perfectly eradicated from her memory every trace of her insensibility, that she blamed her attendants for not waking her in time to go to church as she had proposed to do. Col. Godfrey, whose tenderness to his lady was unremitted, taking advantage of this incident, prudently gave orders that she should by no means be made acquainted with what had happened, lest it should make a melancholy impression on her mind; and to the day of her death she remained ignorant of it.

#### HISTORY.

[Some accounts of the ancient and celebrated convent of our Lady of MONTSERRAT, with the tradition said to have been the cause of its foundation.]

WHEN we had ascended a steep and rugged road, about one hour, and where there was width enough, and the precipices not too alarming, to give our eyes the utmost liberty, we had an earnest of what we were to expect above, as well as the extensive view below. Our impatience to see more, was increased by what we had already seen. The majestic convent opened to us a view of her venerable walls: some of the hermits cells peeped over the broken precipices still higher; while we, gluttied with astonishment, and made giddy with delight and amazement, looked up at all with reverential awe, towards that God who raised the piles, and the holy men who dwell among them.—Yes, Sir—we caught the holy flame; and I hope we came down better, if not wiser, than we went up. After ascending full two hours and a half more, we arrived on a flat part on the side, and about the middle of the mountain, on which the convent is built; but even that flat was made so by art, and at a prodigious expense. Here, however, was width enough to look securely about us; and good God! what an extensive field of earth, air, and sea, did it open! The ancient towers, which at first attracted my notice near Colbaton, were dwindled into pigsties upon a *monticule*. At length, and a great length it was, we arrived at the gates of the *Sanctuary*; on each side of which, on high pedestals, stand the enormous statues of two saints; and nearly opposite, on the base of a rock, which leans in a frightful manner over the buildings, and threatens destruction to all below, a great number of human skulls are fixed in the form of a cross. Within the gate there is a square cloister, hung round the paintings of the miracles performed by the Holy Virgin, with votive offerings, &c. It was Advent week, when none of the monks quit their apartments, but one, whose weekly duty it was to attend the call of strangers; nor did the whole community afford but a

single member (*Pere Tender, a Fleming*) who could speak French. It was *Pere Paschal*, by whom we were shewn every mark of politeness and attention which a man of the world could give, but administered with all that humility and meekness, so becoming a man who had renounced it. He put us in possession of a good room, with good beds; and as it was near night, and very cold, he ordered a brasier of red hot embers into our apartment; and having sent for the cook of the stranger's kitchen, (for there are four public kitchens) and ordered him to obey our commands, he retired to *vespers*; after which he made us a short visit, and continued to do so two or three times every day while we stayed. Indeed I began to fear we staid too long, and told him so; but he assured me the apartment was ours for a month or two, if we pleased. During our stay, he admitted me into his apartments, and filled my box with delicious Spanish snuff, and shewed us every attention we could wish, and much more than, as, *unrecommended strangers*, we could expect. All the poor who come here are fed gratis for three days, and all the sick received in the hospital. Sometimes, on particular festivals, seven thousand arrive in one day; but people of condition pay a reasonable price for what they eat. There was before our apartment a long covered gallery; and though we were in a deep recess of the rocks, which projected wide and high on our right and left, we had in front a most extensive view of the world below, and the more distant Mediterranean sea. It was a moon light night; and in spite of the cold, it was impossible to be saut out of the enchanting lights and shades which her silver beams reflected on the rude rocks above, beneath, and on all sides of us.—Every thing was as still as death, until the sonorous convent bell warned the monks to midnight prayer.

At two o'clock, after midnight, these people rise, say mass, and continue the remainder of the night in prayer and contemplation. The hermits tell you, it was upon high mountains that God chose to manifest his way—*fundamenta ejus in montibus sanctis*, say they—they consider these rocks as symbols of their penitence and mortifications: and their being so beautifully covered with fine flowers, odoriferous and rare plants, as emblems of the virtue and innocence of the religious inhabitants: or how else, say they, could such rocks produce but *ad extra* spontaneously flowers in a desert, which surpass all that art and nature combined can do, in lower or more favourable soils? They may well think so: for human reason cannot account for the manner by which such enormous quantities of trees, fruits, and flowers, are nourished, seemingly without soil. But that which established a church and convent on this mountain, was the story of a hermit who resided here many years: this was *Fran Guerin*, who lived on this mountain alone; the austerity of whose life was such, that the people below believed he subsisted without eating or drinking. As some very extraordinary circumstances attended this man's life, all which are universally believed *here*, it may not be amiss to give you some account of him.—You must know, Sir, then, that the devil, envying the happiness of this good man, equipped himself in the habit of a hermit, and possessed himself of a cavern in the same mountain, which still bears the name of the *Devil's Grot*; after which, he took occasion to throw himself in the way of poor *Guerin*, to whom he expressed his surprise at seeing one of his own order dwell in a place he thought an absolute desert; but thanked God for giving them so fortunate a meeting. Here the devil and *Guerin* became very intimate, and conversed much together on spiritual matters; and things went on well enough between them for a while; when another devil elum to the first, possessed the body of a certain princess, daughter of a count of *Barcelona*, who came thereby violently tormented with horrible convulsions, and though she was often taken to the Holy Altar, and every spiritual means used to recover her, yet all proved ineffectual. At length the daemon which possessed her, and who spoke for her, said nothing could relieve her from her sufferings, but the prayers of a devout and pious hermit, named *Guerin*, who dwelt on *Montserrat*. Her father, therefore, immediately repaired to *Guerin*, and besought his prayers and intercession for the recovery of his daughter. It so happened (for so the devil would have it), that this business could not be perfectly effected in less than nine days: and that the princess must be all that time alone with *Guerin* in his cave. Poor

*Guerin*, conscious of his frail nature, opposed this measure with all his might; but there was no resisting the argument and influence of the devil, and she was accordingly left. Youth, beauty, a cave, solitude, and virgin modesty, were too powerful not to overcome even the chaste vows, and pious intentions, of poor *Guerin*, who was, at the bottom, a very honest fellow. In short, the devil left the virgin, and possessed the saint. He consulted his false friend, and told him how powerful this impure passion was become, and his intentions of flying from the danger: but the devil advised him to return to his cell, and pray to God to protect him from committing so heinous a sin. *Guerin* took his treacherous council, returned, and fell into the fatal snare. The devil then persuaded him to kill the princess, in order to conceal his guilt; and to tell her father she had forsaken his abode while he was intent on prayer. *Guerin* did so; but became very miserable; and at length determined to make a pilgrimage to Rome, to obtain a remission of his complicated crimes. The pope enjoined him to return to *Montserrat*, on all-fours, and to continue in that state, without once looking up to heaven, for the space of seven years, or until a child of three months old, told him his sins were forgiven; all which *Guerin* cheerfully complied with, and accordingly crawled back to the defiled mountain.

Not long before the expiration of the seven years, Count *Vifroy*, the father of the murdered princess, was hunting on the mountain of *Montserrat*, and passing near *Guerin's* cave, the dogs entered, and the servant seeing a hideous figure, concluded they had found the wild beast they were in pursuit of. They informed the count of what an uncouth animal they had seen, who gave directions to secure the beast alive, which was accordingly done; for he was so overgrown with hair, and so deformed in shape, that they had no idea of the creature being human: he was therefore kept in the count's stable at *Barcelona*, and shewn to his visitors as a wonderful and singular wild beast. During this time, while some company were examining this extraordinary animal, a nurse, with a young child in her arms looked in, the child, after fixing its eyes stedfastly for a few minutes on *Guerin*, said, "*Guerin rise, thy sins are forgiven thee*!"—*Guerin* instantly rose, threw himself at the count's feet, confessed the crimes he had been guilty of, and desired to receive the punishment due to them, from the hands of him whom he had so highly injured—but the count, perceiving that God had forgiven him, thought it right to do so too.

I will not trouble you with all the particulars which attended this miracle: it will be sufficient to say, that the count and *Guerin* went to take up the body of the murdered princess, for burial with her ancestors; but, to their great astonishment, found her there alive, possessing the same youth and beauty she had been left with, and no alteration of any kind, but a purple streak about her neck, where the cord had been twisted, and wherewith *Guerin* had strangled her. The father desired her to return to *Barcelona*; but she informed him that could not be—she was enjoined by the Holy Virgin, she said; to spend her days on that miraculous spot; and accordingly a church and convent were built there, the latter inhabited by nuns, of which the princess (who had risen from the dead) was the abbess. It was called the *Abbey des Pucelles*, of the order of *St. Benoit*, and was founded in the year 801. But such a vast concourse of people, of both sexes, resorted to it, from all parts of the world, that at length it was thought prudent to remove the women to a convent at *Barcelona*, and establish a body of *Benedictine* monks in their place.

Strange as this story is, it is to be seen in the archives of this holy house: and in the street called *Condal*, at *Barcelona*, may be seen, in the wall of the old palace of count *Vifroy's*, an ancient figure, cut in stone, which represents the nurse with the child in her arms, and a strange figure, on all-fours, at her feet; and that is the *Friar Guerin*.

#### AMUSING.

##### REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF PROBITY AND GENEROSITY.

A FRENCH emigrant, having obtained interest to get his name erased from the fatal list, after his expenses were paid, found himself in possession of but a moderate sum.—He returned to France, and finding his land sold, he was obliged to resign it and purchased a cot-

tage in the neighborhood of his former estate; where, by cultivating his own little garden, he might at least breathe his native air, and walk under the shade of those trees which had been the scenes of infant pastimes. The possessor of his domain was not present at the time; one day he received a letter from him announcing his arrival, and requesting the honor of his company to dinner with him. The first emotion this letter excited was indignation; the second curiosity; but how could he behold with sang froid the spoiler of his property? The emigrant communicated his embarrassment to one of his neighbors, who assured him of the probity of the possessor, persuaded him to go on the day appointed: he went, and was received with the most marked politeness; he testified his astonishment, and expressed a wish for an explanation, but was answered with, "Sir, I never speak on business before dinner; it is now served up, take your seat." When the emigrant took up his napkin, he found under it three keys. "This is your place, Sir, I imagine." "No, those keys are your's; after dinner I will explain this enigma to you."—The dinner appeared long to the emigrant, after which, going into another room, the gentleman addressed him as follows: "Sir, those keys belong to your bureau; you will find everything as you left; money, jewels, and papers, nothing has been misplaced; this is the key of your wardrobe—your plate, your linen is there, this third is that of your cellar—nothing has been taken out of it but the wine we have just been drinking; all here belongs to you; there is also some land which I have acquired, of which these deeds will put you in possession." "But sir," said the emigrant, "I ought to be as delicate as you, and reimburse you what you paid for it."—"No Sir; for three years I have enjoyed the revenue of your estate: therefore, according to strict justice, I shall remain in your debt."—This generous man was afterwards guillotined.

#### LYING.

WHEN one told Gallia he had bought a lamprey in Sicily that was five feet in length, he answered him, that was not surprising, for they were there so long, that the fishermen used them for ropes. This love of the marvellous engenders such monsters, as we might expect from that lusus nature whose heart and tongue have no ligament.

Lying, some one says, is a wild fire in the tongue, and seems the breath of hell. It is the ignis fatuus when it deceives, and lava when it wounds.

A liar almost defies rhetoric to describe him. He is a Proteus in conversation, always in a mask, yet always changing it—a bankrupt in humanity, as perverting speech, and destroying fellowship—a coiner, stamping the image of truth on base metal—a dial, whose false lines serve but to mislead—in politics, an almanac full of prognostics—in business, a chancery bill full of perjuries.

There are a set of men in society, who blab every idle vagary of a careless fancy—in bright moments they invent, and worry away a dull hour in exaggeration—the babblers of such frothy vanity burst as they escape from their lips—these flourishes of invention are equally opposed to firmness of mind or strength of character.—He who wishes respect should abandon this legerdemain of the tongue, which is noticed with more contempt than admiration. The habit of hyperbole begets in others the habit of distrust, and by a strange paradox shews a babbler of fictions, dumb.

#### THE DANCE OF DEATH.

[Extract from an American Traveller.]

"THE great church in Basel is a handsome Gothic church, in which Erasmus was buried. On a wall which formed part of the cloisters belonging to the Dominican monastery, there is a curious relic remaining of the playful fancy of the monks who formerly inhabited it.—It is called the "Dance of Death."—The wall is covered from one end to the other with paintings, representing, first, Adam and Eve, and then a figure of Death dancing with every description of character to be found in life, Death always having a firm hold of his partner.—The first person he leads down is a fine gentleman—then a farmer—then a fine lady, a physician, a lawyer, a soldier, bishop, king, monk, nun, &c. &c. all in appropriate dresses and as large as life. Some of the characters shew great aver-

sion to their partner, and strive to retire, but Death keeps a firm hold, and as he respectively arrives at the bottom of the dance, pushes them into the grave. The idea was so novel and the countenance so ably depicted, as to furnish amusement for a long hour, besides exhibiting an usual allegory of the dance in which we are all engaged, and what will be the result of it."

#### ANECDOTE.

IT was formerly the custom in England, for men only to appear on the stage, it being tho't extremely indelicate and unbecoming for the other sex to talk of and discuss the tender passion before an audience. This strange idea prevailed even so late as the reign of Charles the II'd, who being remarkably fond of theatrical entertainments always took care to be present at the commencement. His Majesty having one evening waited greatly beyond the usual time, and the curtain not drawn up, he grew impatient, and sent into the green-room to give orders that the play might begin immediately. The Manager conceiving that, with a facetious good natured prince, the real excuse would be the best, replied that he "Hoped his Majesty would wait a few minutes longer, for that the Queen had not yet shaved herself!"

#### WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, JULY 28, 1804.

#### FOREIGN.

EUROPE.—By an arrival at New-York, from Cork, Irish papers to the 9th of June, have been received.—They do not contain much later London intelligence than before received here. The New British Administration have commenced their career in a manner which justifies the opinion formed of them. Already have they planned several important expeditions—one of which is destined for the Cape-of-Good-Hope and Batavia, and is entrusted to Gen. Sir Alured Clark. The arrangements to equip a complete armament for these objects are going on with energy and rapidity.—A bill for the total abolition of the slave trade, has passed the British House of Commons.—An extraordinary case in the annals of population deserves to be made public.—In the eparchy of Tambor, in Russia, were born in the year 1803, 26,746 boys, 21,998 girls, together 48,744 children; married, 10,825 couple; died, 10,026 males, 9233 females, in all 19,259; that is, the births exceeds the deaths by 29,485, far more than half.—On the 16th May, all British subjects, resident at Leghorn, were arrested and thrown into prison, by order of Bonaparte. This intelligence was brought by Capt. Barnard, arrived at New-York.

WEST-INDIES.—Recent advices from Demerara, represent that colony as being very sickly.—Martinique was closely blockaded on the 6th July, by 12 or 14 British ships of war, and an attack was hourly expected.—An arrival at Philadelphia, brings intelligence of the defeat of the Haytian army, with the loss of 2000 men, by a large body of French and Spanish troops.

#### DOMESTICK.

Nothing alarming has transpired respecting the Barbary powers upon the Mediterranean. The Times had not declared war against the Americans, and hopes were entertained that our affairs in that quarter, would have a more pacific appearance from the energetic measures which had been pursued. We must not give entire credit to the various reports which are spread upon this subject.—In Louisiana, the spirit for exploring the country is awakened. Persons employed by authority are encouraged by the prevailing interest which is taken in the fate of this country to extend their researches. Dr. Hunter, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Dumar of the Mississippi Territory, were at the Natchez, under the direction of the President, to ascend the Red River. They then were to proceed to the head of the Arcensas, and then to descend that river. Their first object, it is said, is to examine the mineral kingdom. Salt in various forms has been found upon the Missouri, in springs and in chrystals on the surface and in great extent. On Washita River, 200 miles from its junction with the Red River, is an uncommon boiling salt spring. We may expect soon to possess a general view of this country.—Salem Reg.—From Washington, we learn, that the Osagee chiefs, in the presence of the President, the heads of department, and a large concourse of ladies and gentlemen, exhibited a very

interesting spectacle, principally composed of the war-dance in various forms. The spectacle was exhibited in an open area, handsomely lighted by lamps, in which seats were assigned the officers of government, ladies, and the king of the Osages, who was the only chief that did not take a part in the dance. The entertainment was accompanied by the Italian band.—We continue to receive accounts of storms, and uncommon changes in the atmosphere have been severely felt. In Kentucky, on the 17th June, a severe hail storm occurred; and in some places, the day after, measured 15 inches in depth. It destroyed the corn, wheat, oats, &c. and a number of fowls, birds, and small animals, were found dead the day after the storm subsided.—On the 15th July, the lightning struck the German Presbyterian Church in Baltimore.—A violent hail storm was experienced at New-Gloucester, Maine, last week.

—A vessel has arrived at Charleston, S. C. from the Cape of Good Hope, having had a cargo of upwards of 300 negro slaves on board, of whom nearly 300 died on the passage!—A Charleston paper of 11th July, has the following article: "On the 28th ult. as Mr. James Harkness, of the High Hills, of Santee, was asleep in his bed, his own negro named Buck, deliberately as appears by his confession, levelled a gun, and shot his master through the body. In order, as he thought, to prevent suspicion, he made his way to the apartment of a gentleman, who lived in the same house with Mr. H. who expressed his surprise at seeing him, as he had been absent for three days, and enquired of him the cause of his coming; he told him that he had heard the report of a gun in his master's bed room, and was afraid that somebody had shot him. The confusion and symptoms of guilt, in the whole behaviour of the negro, warranted the suspicion of several people, who witnessed the horrid scene of Mr. Harkness dead, and drenched in blood, as to put the negro to torture in order to extort confession, who in his agony declared himself the murderer! This inhuman monster was justly made an awful example, and on the 30th suffered in the flames the penalty of his guilt. Mr. Harkness was a mild man, a kind master, and had reared his murderer from infancy, with equal care and tenderness, as if he had been his own legitimate offspring."—Robert B. Morton, Esq. of Mason County, Kentucky, murdered his wife by fastening his stirrup leather round her neck, and then cutting her throat in a most shocking manner, leaving the knife sticking in her throat! He had previously shown symptoms of insanity.—The season in every quarter, has been unusually prolific. The early harvest has been abundant. The crops of hay uncommonly heavy; and well got in;—and the prospect of the latter harvest particularly of Indian corn, highly propitious.—Capt. Snow Stetson, while on a fishing party, off Cohasset Rocks, caught a Haddock; and upon opening it, for the purpose of cookery, he found in the stomach, *Three Hundred and Forty-four Dollars!*—in old continental money, new emission. The paper was formed into a roll; and was but little injured!

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Lines to H. shall have an early insertion.  
The extracts with which a friend has favoured us, shall appear next week.  
Two Poems, per mail, are received, and shall appear.  
The advertisement of a Sale—inadmissible.

#### MARRIED.

In this town, Mr. William Breed, to Miss Rebecca Warland.

#### DIED.

At Campobello Island, Province of New-Brunswick, Mr. Nathaniel Cousins, shipwright, formerly of Kennebunk, Maine. Also, Mr. Hubbert Hunt, *Æt.* 80, who was one of the first settlers in the Bay of Passamaquoddy.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Leah Wade, *Æt.* 37, wife of Mr. Eben W.—At Cambridge, Mr. Stephen Sewall, *Æt.* 71, formerly a professor in the University. At Fairfax, Ver. Dr. Joseph Franksworth, in the 90th year of his age.

In this town, Mr. Thomas Lawrence, *Æt.* 24; Mr. Alexander Steel, bookbinder, *Æt.* 60; Miss Rebecca Lord, *Æt.* 13, daughter of Mr. Samuel L.—On Thursday evening last, Mrs. Elizabeth Welles, *Æt.* 36, consort of Mr. Arnold Welles, Esq. and eldest daughter of the late Maj. Gen. Warren; Mr. Daniel G. Page, *Æt.* 25—and 4 children. Total 9.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO \*.\*.

LIKE the meteor's vivid light,  
Gilding all things as it goes;  
Like a vision to the sight,  
Like the beauty of the rose;  
Are the moments past with you,  
As bright, as sweet, as transient too.  
Dreary as night's darkest veil,  
When the wind of winter roars;  
Tedious as an idiot's tale,  
Comfortless as barren shores,  
To me appears the brightest day,  
Or gayest scene, and you away.  
Radiant as the rising day,  
Calm as an unruffled sea,  
Enlivening as returning May,  
Sweet as blossoms to the Bee,  
The dullest day, and scene most drear,  
Appear to me, if you are near.

\*.\*.

[The following beautiful Sonnet, from the vol. of Miscellanies, lately presented to the public from the pen of Col. D. HUMPHREYS, we hope will be highly gratifying to such of our readers as have not the satisfaction of perusing the whole work.]

## SONNET ON LIFE.

ERE we can think of time—the moment's past—  
And straight another since that thought began:  
So swift each instant mingles with the last,  
The flying now exists—no more \*for man.  
With consciousness suspended ev'n by sleep,  
To what this phantom, life, then likeliest seems?  
Say, thou! whose doubtful being (lost in dreams)  
Allows the wilder'd but to wake and weep,  
So thoughtless hurried to th' eternal deep!  
'Tis like a moon-light vision's airy shade,  
A bubble driving down the deep beneath—  
Then, ere the bubble burst, the vision fade,  
Dissolv'd in air this evanescent breath,  
Let man, not mortal, learn, true life begins at death.

\* With the Deity, past, present, and future, (as they respect man, who recognizes the parts of duration by succession) are the same.

Lines inscribed over Dr. WILLARD's Stafford Mineral Spring, in Connecticut, a place much resorted to at this season.

SWEET HEALTH! thou surest source of earthly joys!  
I woo thee here: here at this far-famed Spring,  
So justly valued for its healing powers,  
O may I ere long welcome thy return,  
Irradiate my countenance with thy beams,  
And plant thy roses on my pallid cheeks.

## EPIGRAM.

"I LAUGH," a would-be sapient cries,  
"At every one that laughs at me;  
"Good Lord!" a sneering friend replies,  
"How merry you must always be."

## THE NOVELIST.

## THE TWIN-BROTHERS OF MAZZORANIA,

A TALE.

[Concluded from page 156.]

NOT long afterwards, the eldest brother met her at the very same window; but the night was so dark, that he could not distinguish the second flower which she wore in her bosom. The extreme satisfaction she discovered at his coming, seemed to him somewhat extraordinary; but he ascribed it to sympathy which between lovers banishes all restraint. He began to excuse himself for not having seen her so long, and assured her, that if he could have his will, no night should pass but he would come to assure her of the ardour of his inclination. She admired the vehemence of his passion. The lover received such clear indications of

her favourable disposition towards him, that he thought he might easily waive the ceremony of the second token, and accordingly gave her the third, a nearly full-blown flower. She accepted it of him, telling him, however, that she would not immediately wear it; that he must go through certain forms, and that she must still see some more proofs of the fidelity of his attachment. At the same time, to assure him of the sincerity of her love, she gave him her hand through the lattice, which he kissed in the greatest transports. Upon this she made him a present of a fillet, on which were wrought two hearts in her own hair, over which was a wreath of pomegranates, seemingly almost ripe; a joyful token, which gave him to understand that the time of gathering was at hand.

Thus all three were happy in their error. On all public occasions the two brothers appeared with the signs of their inclinations, and felicitated each other on their success; but as mysteriousness was not destitute of charms for them, they cautiously avoided every opportunity of explaining themselves to each other. The return of the grand festival was now at no great distance, when the youngest brother thought it the proper occasion for venturing to give his beloved the third token of his affection. He told her that he hoped she would willingly wear the full blown flower, as a testimony of her consent: at the same time presenting her with an artificial carnation, interspersed with little flames and hearts. She stuck the carnation in her bosom, unable to conceal her joy as she received it: at which her lover was so transported, that he determined to demand her of her parents.

His elder brother who had given her the full blown flower at the same time, thought that nothing more was wanting to his happiness than the approbation and consent of her relations. Chance brought them both on the very same day to the parents of their beloved. But how great was their astonishment on their meeting each other; as soon as the father appeared, each addressed him for his daughter. He assured them that he had but one child, of whose virtue he was fully convinced, that she never in opposition to the laws of the land, could favor two lovers at once. He however concluded, from the perfect likeness that subsisted between the two brothers, that some mistake must have happened, and sent for his daughter to clear up the matter. She immediately appeared decorated with the four flowers she had received, in the complete conviction, that the two full-blown had been presented her by one and the same hand.

Venus herself, attended by the graces, could not have shown more lovely than Berilla—for thus was the damsel called. Her form was noble and majestic; and her complexion surpassed the blooming rose. No sooner did she perceive the great resemblance between her lovers, and the tokens they wore of her inclination, than she exclaimed: "I am deceived! thou knowest my innocence, O, Almighty Sun!" she was unable to utter more, but fell motionless on the earth. Her beautiful cheeks were covered with the veil of death. The father, frantic with agony, held her in his arms, and pressed her to his heart. "My dear, my only daughter, live, or I must die with thee! I know that thou art innocent."—Her mother and her servants were brought to her relief, and with much difficulty restored her to herself.

She lifted up her eyes, raised a deep sigh, closed them again, and said—"Unhappy Berilla, thou art now dishonoured! thou wert the comfort of thy parents, who loved thee in their hearts, and, as the reward of their tenderness, thou art become the cause of their distress!" On uttering these words, she burst into a flood of tears. Her father himself, oppressed with sorrow, strove to calm her tortured mind, by every endearing expression, and by giving her repeated assurances that he was convinced of her innocence. "O my father," said she, "am I still worthy of thee?"—"That thou art," he replied, "thy sorrow indicates, which at once is thy justification, and the triumph of thy sensibility. Compose thy spirits," added he, with sighs,—"I know thy innocence." The two brothers stood speechless at this mournful scene; they alternately cast on each other, looks of distrust, of anger, and then of compassion.

In the mean time, the amiable maiden completely revived; at least so far as to be able to reply to some questions that was made her. She declared, that the first who led her to the altar, was the person that made

an impression on her heart; that she, presently after, as she believed, accepted from him the first token of his inclination, and at length consented to become his; that thereupon she wore the full-blown flower; but she was totally ignorant which of the two brothers it was by whom it was given to her. She concluded by saying, that she was ready to abide by the judgment of the elders, and submit to any punishment they should think fit to inflict.

As the marriage engagement is among the weightiest concerns of the empire, and as there was no law already provided in regard to so peculiar a case, it was necessarily left to the decision of the Pophar, or Prince of the country. The cause was propounded in the presence of him and the elders. The likeness of the two brothers was in reality so great, that they were scarcely to be distinguished asunder. The prince asked, which of the two it was that led her to the altar? The eldest replied that it was him. Berilla confessed, that, indeed, he pleased her at first; but the impression he made on her was but slight. Upon this it was asked, who gave the first flower? and it proved to be the youngest. Berilla said she lost that; but shortly after, her lover returned it to her, though at this moment he appeared less amiable to her than before; however, she constantly thought it had been the same. The point which most perplexed the judge was, that the maiden had received the full-blown flower from both the lovers. They looked stedfastly on each other, without daring to utter a word. The Pophar interrogated the young lady, whether at the same time she gave her consent, she did not believe she was giving it to him who led her to the altar? She affirmed, that she did; but likewise declared, that her greatest inclination had fallen on him from whom she received the first flower. Both the brothers were now set before her, and the question was put to her, which of the two she would chuse, if the election were now freely left to herself? She blushed; and after a few moments consideration, replied: "The youngest seems to have the greatest inclination for me;" at the same time darting him a look, that betrayed the secret wishes of her soul.

All men now waited with impatience for the decree of the prince, and eagerly strove to read in his eyes the judgment he was going to pronounce: but particularly the two lovers, who seemed expecting the sentence of life and death. At length the prince addressed himself to Berilla, with a stern and gloomy countenance: "Thy misfortune, or thy imprudence, prevents thee forever, from possessing either of the brothers. Thou hast given to each of them an incontestable right to thy person. One hope alone remains for thee; and that is, if one of them will forego his pretensions. And now, my sons," continued he, "what have you to say? Which of you is disposed to sacrifice his own satisfaction to the happiness of his brother?" They both made answer that they would sooner lose their lives. The prince turned again to the damsel, who seemed on the point of sinking to the earth, and said, "Thy case excites my compassion; but, as neither of the two will yield, I am obliged to condemn thee to a single state, until one of thy lovers shall change his opinion or die."

The lot was cruel; for in Mezzorania the state of celibacy was a heavy disgrace. The whole assembly was about to separate, when the younger brother threw himself upon his knees before the judge: "I implore your patience for a moment," said he, "I will rather sacrifice my right, than see Berilla so severely doomed. Take her, Oh my brother, and may ye live long and happily together! And thou, the delight of my life, forgive the trouble my innocent love has caused thee. This is the sole request I have to make thee." The assembly rose up, and the magnanimous lover was about to depart, when the prince commanded him to stay. "Son, remain where thou art," said he, "thy magnanimity deserves to be rewarded. The damsel is thine: for by this sacrifice, thou hast merited her love. Give her thy hand, and live happily with her."

They were married shortly after, and the prince acquired great renown by this decree.

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# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 4, 1804.

ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THE PASSENGER—No. XXIX.

THERE is probably no body of men, of whom the world are disposed to judge so candidly as of that class who follow a seafaring life. The sailor is by general consent allowed to possess the most amiable of the social virtues;—Affability, Sincerity, Benevolence, Philanthropy, Patience, Fortitude, stand front in his character, and whatever of the follies, foibles, or vices of human nature are to be added, are thrown into the back ground, and shaded out of common observation. This evident partiality, if traced to its source, will be found to produce a strong argument in opposition to the theological doctrine of the native depravity of man, for it could never have originated but in the genuine impulse of the nobler passions. The hazards, the labors, the watchings, the cares, to which the sailor is subjected, excite an involuntary sympathy in the mind, and summon compassion and affection in his behalf, ere we are aware of their influence.

The sailor passenger mentioned in my last number, appeared to be a legitimate son of Neptune, possessed of the characteristics above described. He informed us that he had sold his ship and cargo, and was now returning home to take another voyage. His cheerfulness, good humour, and readiness to oblige, gained an ascendancy over every churlish propensity with which any of us might have entered the carriage, making us pleased with ourselves, and charmed with him. It was impossible to avoid noticing how much the pleasure of the journey was enhanced by the society of this social being; and it was equally evident that this power of communicating pleasure did not depend on extensive information or refined theories, but on a desire to please, and a habit of exercising that inclination;—a desire and a habit, ever successful in a greater or less measure; at the command of every person who chooses to possess them, and at all times amiable in the possessor.

It is an old adage, that a man's manners commonly make his fortune. This is verified in so many instances of the unfavourable kind, that there can be no doubt on that side of the question;—that the position is equally correct as it respects good fortune was proved in one instance in the present case, for a gentleman in the stage offered our fellow passenger immediate command of a ship which was nearly ready for sea, although it was evident they were entire strangers to each other.

A desire to win the affections and esteem of others, is one of the first principles which unfolds itself in childhood, and the last relinquished by age; yet the art of pleasing, on which alone rests a rational expectation of gratifying this desire, is left to be taught by chance or incident. Sciences requiring expense and labor to acquire them, are methodically taught, and cheerfully learned, but this, which demands neither, and is accessible to all, suffers neglect proportionate to its utility.

A short story, not unapplicable to the present remarks, shall close them. Cassius and his sister, members of a highly respectable family were married nearly about the same time. Each of them became a parent, and the first born were sons. The children, being prohibited from associating much out of the circle of their connections, became attached to each other, and

as they advanced in age were educated together. Cassius had exalted ideas of whatever was honorable or praise-worthy so had his sister, but this difference was apparent, that his sentiments bore the strong masculine feature, and hers were altogether feminine. At an early period, by the loss of her husband, the charge of domestic management devolved on her alone, and the instruction of her son was her business and her consolation. To cultivate the milder virtues was her first object;—to render her son good and amiable, she considered as more important than every other qualification without those requisites. Cassius, on the other hand, aimed at making his son great;—he was instructed in all the useful and polite exercises, and among the latter was that of fencing, in which, he was said to be extremely expert. As his vanity was gratified in this exercise, he became more and more partial to it, and as he advanced towards manhood, frequently displayed a strong desire for an affray, wherein he could shew his dexterity. Of the opportunity he was not long disappointed, for in a walk with his cousin, he purposely affronted a group, who, in return attacked him with so much violence that he escaped with a severe chastisement, and then only by the mediation of his cousin. The injury was not forgiven, and further vengeance was determined on by the party. The cousin, finding their intentions, had now an opportunity of exercising his talents. By knowing one of the number, he obtained information of the others, on each of whom he called, and by his rational arguments, accompanied with a winning address, dissuaded them from their purpose, and eventually produced an entire reconciliation. The affair was not discovered by any of their parents, until after its adjustment, when upon inquiry into the circumstances, every individual bestowed unlimited commendation on the cousin, and liberally distributed their disapprobation among the others.

This encounter checked for a time our young hero's haughty airs, but did not eradicate them, for before the age of eighteen he was indebted to this same spirit of contention for the loss of one of his eyes.

### ON TASTE.

TASTE is a lively and enlightened sentiment of what is beautiful, suitable, and true. It has always a natural basis in the beauty and activity of the mind, because it is a lively sentiment. It is susceptible of being perfected, ameliorated, and purified, because it is an enlightened sentiment.

In all matters of literature, the knowledge and love of the beautiful and the excellent are the basis and rule of taste. Taste requires that virtue should be painted with interest and warmth; pleasure with sensibility and grace; vice with contempt; crimes with horror. Hence it is, that the writings of Gessner enchant us, whilst those of Languet, though not deficient in nerve, wit, and fire, fatigue us by their bad taste.

In the arts which express actions or sentiments, as music and painting, the rules of taste are precisely the same. Music and painting are the sisters of poetry; and it is the mind of the feeling man, the poet, and philosopher, which must judge them.

Thus, Greuze's picture of "The good Father of a Family," where the venerable and serene old man is expiring calmly and placidly in the midst of his children, who are in tears, and who are endeavouring to prolong his life by their eager attention, is in excellent taste. The picture of "The Village Maiden," who, though affected at quitting her family, keeps hold of the arm of her lover, whom she is going to marry, and that pure and touching joy, which she shows with tears in her eyes, are also in excellent taste. In the picture of "The

Sacred Reading," the boy who does not listen, but who watches a fly, is not in a bad taste: it shows, with naïveté, the effect of petty enmity, which in fancy ought to be spared. But the picture of "The bad Father, abandoned on the Bed of Death by his Children," though full of expression, is in a very false and detestable taste; because we ought not to suppose that a father can ever have been so bad as to deserve to be so forsaken; and because, even if he had deserved it, his children would not be the less culpable in abandoning him. It is not the picture of justice, but merely of a family of wretches—an object always disgusting.

When Rousseau makes St. Preux write in the cabinet of Julia, and continue his letter whilst he is looking at her clothes, her corset, and even when he hears her coming; when he makes him amuse himself by expressing the noise which her robe makes upon the staircase, Rousseau himself, whose taste was so pure in general, is in this instant guilty of bad taste; because it is neither beautiful nor suitable, nor possible, that a man supposed to possess sensibility should write in such a situation, or that he should not throw away his pen at the slightest noise.

Thus, in the arts, the suitable is the rule of taste: but the judgment of what is suitable demands some lights, though the first impression decides almost always with sufficient justice.

In letters, the suitable is the true; and the true requires that which is praise-worthy should be praised or expressed in its natural beauty; that which is blameable should be blamed or depicted in its odious form. The greater part of the romances of Crebillon, the younger, are in a bad taste. An infinity of examples might be produced, but they would teach nothing to persons who have taste; and those who have not, would not comprehend them. Taste requires that we should stop *a-propos*, and that we should not do as the orator did, of whom it was said, that he spoke of taste till he produced dis-taste.

### BIOGRAPHY.

#### THE CHARACTER OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

'Tis nature pleading in the breast,  
Fair memory of her works to find;  
And when to fate she yields the rest,  
She claims the monumental mind.

LANGHORNE.

OUR instinctive love of justice, will not suffer us to be indifferent to the memory of the dead. It is not our love of virtue; for we might easily stand up for this, without troubling ourselves to prove that the individual possessed it. Animated, then, by this feeling, we survey with attention the characters of those who, by their actions, have become famous among mankind, and entertain the strongest anxiety that praise or condemnation should be accorded to their real deserts.

The wrong distribution of glory has always been a subject of complaint with the moralist; but it may be suspected that if the vulgar are often misled in their approbation, there does not prevail that unity of opinion among philosophers, which would be efficacious in setting them right. Should the crowd come to a resolution to adjust their sentiments by the direction of those learned men who perpetually exclaim against its decision, it might be feared that, unless absolute authority were conferred on some one teacher, the contradictions among themselves would throw the assembly into considerable embarrassment, and occasion each man to go away, either resolved to think as before, or, the disciple of a particular sage; that still the errors of the world would continue, and still the censures of the thoughtful be vented. There cannot be a doubt that were each man to build a temple of fame, the niches would be variously filled: the statue that occupied the centre in one, would be scarcely allowed a corner in the other; and the critic would be scandalized, in each examination, to find his favourite hero the companion of some



one whom he had doomed to infamy. In short, the thinking part of mankind pretend to judge for themselves; and the consequence is, that of men, as of other objects, they form diversified opinions.

I have been led into these considerations, by reading some of that common-place which is usually uttered on the subject of glory; and to which I can allow nothing more than this, that though we are corrected in our notions of what is glorious, we are frequently in danger of misnaming the conduct of celebrated men.

Glory, says Hume, is the reward of actions, works, and talents useful to mankind; it is the cry, says Helvetius, of universal gratitude. The author before me finds fault with these definitions. He says that we are not sufficiently well informed to bestow glory on those great men alone by whom we have been really served. He is right; yet, still, I do not see in what manner the remarks of Hume and Helvetius are affected by this. But how does the Frenchman illustrate the want of justice with which the suffrages of mankind are given?—By contrasting the characters of Caesar and Alexander, of whom he observes, it has been, and still is, disputed to which the greater glory belongs.

Alexander, he says, overthrew an empire the existence of which was dangerous to his country; he published good laws; he founded several colonies; he built more cities than other conquerors have overthrown; he opened new paths to commerce, and united nations with her bonds.

Such is the character here given of the renowned Macedonian! What is Young's opinion of the same man?

*"And shall not twice a thousand years unpraise  
The boisterous boy, and blast his guilty bays?"*

For my part, though I quote the satirist to display that want of unity on which I have insisted, I feel myself wholly disposed to join with the philosopher in his respect for Alexander; and quitting the general view of glory, I shall confine my attention, throughout the remainder of the present paper, to this one of her most distinguished children.

I agree that strength, exerted, if I may so say, with noise, that reiterated and fortunate acts of power, form the usual pretensions to fame; that courage, activity, and superior intelligence, combine into power which imposes on the multitude; that this power manifested with success, is sufficient to excite veneration and astonishment; and that, besides these, it is circumstances rather than genius, which often contribute to surround a name with glory; but I conceive that, notwithstanding the paucity of the information to be procured, enough remains to show that Alexander possessed, over and above the advantages of fortune, personal titles to this reward.

"Amidst the hardships of a military life, obstinate sieges, bloody battles, and dear bought victories, he still respected the rights of mankind, and practised the mild virtues of humanity. The conquered nations enjoyed their ancient rights and privileges; the rigours of despotism were softened; arts and industry were encouraged; and the proudest Macedonian governor was compelled, by the authority and example of Alexander, to observe the rules of justice towards his meanest subjects. To bridle the fierce inhabitants of the Scythian plains, he founded cities and established colonies on the banks of the Iaxartes and Oxus; and these destructive campaigns usually ascribed to his restless activity, and blind ambition, appeared to the discernment of this extraordinary man, not only essential to the security of the conquests which he had already made, but necessary for the more remote and splendid exertions which he still purposed to undertake, and which he performed with singular boldness and success."

Such is the light in which, with at least as much justice as in any other, the conduct of Alexander may be viewed. A certain description of moralists are forever condemning, as the most unfounded and most injurious of prejudices, that spontaneous admiration which is accorded to the great conqueror or statesman. Do you be careful not to fall into an opposite prejudice, which is not more unstained by error. Be as ready to praise the virtues of him whose character has been tried in action, as of him whose obscurity has screened him from reproach. Avoid the monkish train of thought

\* *M. Saint-Lambert.*—See his *Principes des Moeurs* chez tous les nations.

that places all merit from doing nothing. The affairs of the human race demand the exertions of its members. He who takes a part, deserves applause for his merits, and has a claim to some indulgence for his failings. Escaped the mistake that too commonly attends the subject, considered in a general light, be equally on your guard against misrepresentation in particulars. Hear with caution the calumnies that are thrown on those, of past and present times, whose situation has been or is conspicuous. Make allowance, not only for ignorance, but for malice. Believe, that much is said by those who have no information; and much by those whose narrow minds pervert the truth, or whose interests invites them to publish falsehood.—Let us conclude our observations, by taking a survey of Alexander's character, as drawn by Dr. Gillies, the author I have already quoted.

He was of a low stature, and somewhat deformed; but the activity and elevation of his mind animated and ennobled his frame. By a life of continual labour, and by an early and habitual practice of the gymnastic exercises, he had hardened his body against the impressions of cold and heat, hunger and thirst, and prepared his robust constitution for bearing such exertions of strength and activity, as have appeared incredible to modern times. In generosity and in prowess, he rivalled the greatest heroes of antiquity; and in the race of glory, having finally outstripped all his competitors, became ambitious to surpass himself. His superior skill in war, gave uninterrupted success to his arms; and his natural humanity, enlightened by the philosophy of Greece, taught him to improve his conquests to the best interests of mankind. In his extensive dominions, he built or founded not less than seventy cities; the situation of which, being chosen with consummate wisdom, tended to facilitate communication, to promote commerce, and to diffuse civility through the greatest nations of the earth. It may be suspected, indeed, that he mistook the extent of human power, when in the course of one reign he undertook to change the face of the world; and that he miscalculated the stubbornness of ignorance, and the force of habit, when he attempted to enlighten barbarism, to soften servitude, and to transplant the improvements of Greece into an African and Asiatic soil, where they have never been known to flourish; yet, let not the designs of Alexander be too hastily accused of extravagance: whoever seriously considers what he actually performed before his thirty-third year, will be cautious of determining what he might have accomplished, had he reached the ordinary term of human life.—His resources were peculiar to himself; and such views, as well as actions, became him, as would have become none besides.

From the part which his father Philip had acted in the affairs of Greece, his history has been transmitted through the impure channels of exaggerated flattery, or malignant envy. The innumerable fictions which disgrace the works of his biographers are contradicted by the most authentic accounts of his reign, and inconsistent with those public transactions which concurring authorities confirm. An author, ambitious of writing a true history, can seldom indulge in the language of general panegyric: he will acknowledge that Alexander's actions were not always blameless; but, after the most careful examination, he will affirm, that his faults were few in number, and resulted from his situation, rather than from his character.†

From the first year of his reign, he experienced the crimes of disaffection and treachery, and which multiplied and became more dangerous with the extent of his dominions, and the difficulty to govern them. Several of his lieutenants early aspired at independence: others

† *The rivalry of the Grecian states led to the aggrandizement of this prince. It was during the sacred war, when the efforts of the weakened republics were no longer capable of any thing against each other, that national resentment engaged the Thebans to solicit assistance from Philip. After lasting ten years, hostilities were put an end to by this monarch; but, from that period, he maintained a share in the direction of the affairs of the Greeks. In the end, peace being preserved only by the presence of his armies, he became the general arbiter; and, on the day of the battle of Chæronea, absolute master.*

‡ *N'attendez vous des plus grands hommes, qui ce que l'humanité est capable de faire. Télémaque, liv. 12.*

formed conspiracies against the life of their master. The first criminals were treated with a lenity becoming the generous spirit of Alexander; but when Philotas, the son of Parmenio, and even Parmenio himself, afforded reason to suspect their fidelity; when the Macedonian youths, who according to the institution of Philip, guarded the royal pavilion, prepared to murder their sovereign, he found it necessary to depart from his lenient system, and to hold with a firmer hand the rein of government. Elated by unexampled prosperity, and submissive reverence of vanquished nations, his loftiness disgusted the pride of his European troops, particularly the Macedonian nobles, who had been accustomed to regard themselves rather as his companions and subjects. The pretensions which sound policy taught him to form and to maintain, of being treated with those external honours ever claimed by the monarchs of the East, highly offended the religious prejudices of the Greeks, who deemed it impious to prostrate the body, or bend the knee, to any mortal sovereign; yet, had he remitted formalities consecrated by the practice of Ages, he must insensibly have lost the respect of his Asiatic subjects. With a view to reconcile the discordant principles of the victors and the vanquished, he affected an immediate descent from Jupiter-Ammon, a claim liberally admitted by the avarice or the fears of the Lybian priests; and which, he had no reason to expect, could not be very obstinately denied by the incredulity of the Greeks and Macedonians, who universally acknowledged that Philip, his reputed father, was remotely descended from the Grecian Jupiter: but the success of this design, which might have entitled him, as son of Jupiter, to the same obeisance from the Greeks as the Barbarians readily paid him as monarch of the east, was counteracted, at first by the secret displeasure, and afterwards by the open indignation of several of his generals and courtiers. Nor did the conduct of Alexander tend to extricate him from this difficulty: with his friends, he maintained that equal intercourse of visits and entertainments which characterised the Macedonian manners, indulged the illiberal flow of unguarded conversation, and often fell into that intemperance in wine which disgraced his age and country.

§ *Alexander could certainly feel no remorse in thus taking advantage of an established superstition. Ammon, though called a god, had doubtless been a king or chief, like himself.*

|| *Barbarian, in its primitive sense, merely denotes a foreigner.*

#### MORAL AND USEFUL.

##### EXTRACT

From the Rev. Mr. HARRIS'S selections of STURM'S Reflections.

ALL indeed that relates to me, is hidden from me—but all things are visible to God, and all are settled according to his decrees, which are full of wisdom and goodness.—If in the course of the year, I experience any misfortune which I could not foresee, if any unforeseen happiness fall to my lot, if I have any loss to bear which I could not expect, all will work together for my good.—Full of this conviction, I begin the new year;—let what will happen, I shall be more and more confirmed in the persuasion that God will be my preserver still, as he has all along been.—If I find myself exposed to poverty and distress, I will remember the days of my infancy, that more critical state in which he protected me. If I meet with ingratitude from a friend, even that ought not to make me unhappy.—God can raise me up other friends in whose tenderness I may enjoy delight and comfort.—If days full of dangers and persecution be my lot, even these ought not to terrify me. I should put my trust in that power which protected my childhood, when it was exposed to a thousand dangers.—What then can prevent my beginning this year with a tranquil mind? I look forward without anxiety, and leave my fate to the guidance of Providence.

##### METHOD

OF FATTENING HOUSE LAMBS, AS PRACTISED BY THOSE WHO SUPPLY THE LONDON MARKETS WITH THAT ARTICLE OF LUXURIOUS DELICACY.

AS soon as the lambs are born, they are put into a warm out-house: some white peas and bran are mixed

together, and placed near them, as is also some fine hay, and above, a chalkstone for them to lick. The dams are turned into good grass, and brought to their lambs four times regularly every day. And here it is observed, to begin with the youngest, and not with the oldest lamb, as the last milk is found by experience to fatten fastest and most. Every lamb is suffered to suck as much as it will—by this process they become extremely delicate. : : : *Amer. Museum.*

#### NEW INVENTION OF PREPARING FLAX TO LOOK LIKE COTTON OR SILK.

IN France, M. Lebrun has invented a new method of preparing hemp and flax, by which he gives these raw materials an appearance perfectly new, and obtains from them a kind of cotton and silk thread. He begins with the tow, the moment it leaves the hands of the cultivator and communicates to it either the soft and adhesive nature of cotton or a brilliancy resembling that of silk.—This preparation, for every purpose of utility and taste, is superior to imported cotton, as it easily assumes and retains any colour of which it may be dyed, and by the labour of a few individuals, a thousand pounds of tow may be converted into cotton in twenty four hours. A second preparation gives the tow all the fineness and brilliancy of texture that has hitherto been peculiar to silk.

#### AMUSING.

##### HOW TO LIVE! AFTER A DUCAL RECIPÉ.

IF the Duke of — does not extend his life to a still longer period, it will not be for want of *culinary comforts*, and those other succulent arts by which *longevity* is best promoted. His Grace's sustenance is thus daily administered:—At seven in the morning, he regales in a warm milk bath, perfumed with almond powder, where he takes his coffee, and a buttered muffin, and afterwards retires to his bed; he rises about nine, and breakfasts on coffee au lait, with new-laid eggs just par-boiled; at eleven, he is presented with two warm jellies and rusques;—at one he eats a real cutlet, *à la Maintenon*; at three, jellies and eggs, at five a cup of chocolate and rusques;—at half after seven, he takes a hearty dinner from high seasoned dishes, and makes suitable libations of Claret and Madeira;—at ten, tea, coffee, and muffins;—at twelve, sups of a roasted poulet, with a plentiful dilution of lime punch;—at one in the morning, he retires to bed in high spirits, and sleeps until three, when his *Man Cook*, to the moment, waits upon him in person with a hot savory real cutlet, which, with a portion of wine and water, prepares him for his further repose, that continues generally uninterrupted until the morning summons to his *luculent bath*. In this routine of *living comforts* are the four and twenty hours invariably divided; so that if his Grace does not know, with *Sir Toby Belch*, "that our life is composed of the four elements,"—he knows at least, with *Sir Andrew Agnec-cheek*, "that it consists in eating and drinking!"

##### MOORISH GRATITUDE.

AS a late emperor was once passing the river Bath on horseback, at a place where it falls into the Seboon, he was in eminent danger of being drowned, when one of the Negroes plunged into the stream, and saved his life, at the risk of his own. Having preserved his royal master, the slave showed marks of exultation at his good fortune. But Sade Mahomet drawing his sabre, with one blow almost severed his head from his body: exclaiming, "here is an infidel, to suppose that God stood in need of his assistance to save a sheriff's life."—The same magnanimous despot being once slightly reproached by a French consul for not performing a promise made by him, answered, "I asked thou me for an infidel, that I must be the slave of my word, know that it is in my power to say and unsay whatever and whenever I please."

##### THE NO DEDICATION OF A WORK.

NOT dedicated to any prince in Christendom, for fear it might be thought an idle piece of arrogance. Not dedicated to any man of quality, for fear it might be thought too assuming. Not dedicated to any learned body of men, as either of the universities of the Royal Society, for fear it might be thought an uncommon piece of vanity. Not dedicated to any one particular

friend, for fear of offending another. Therefore dedicated to nobody; but if for once one may suppose nobody to be every body, as every body is said to be nobody, then is this work dedicated to every body:

By their most humble and devoted,

W. HOGARTH.

#### A CURIOSITY.

TWO gentlemen from Cork a few days since had the curiosity to open a vault, belonging to a family of the Grants, in lower Shandon church yard, which had not been disturbed for about 22 years, and to their astonishment discovered a coffin empty, with the lid removed, and the corpse lying prostrate along side of it. From the inscription on the coffin, it appeared that the body it contained was that of Mr. Grant who was interred in the year 1782.—As many instances of premature interment have occurred in this country, it is highly probable that this gentleman had been only apparently dead. : : : *Lond. Paper.*

A SPANISH Poet, describing his passion, says, that in thinking of his mistress, he fell into a river, where the heat of his passion had such an effect on the water, that it bubbled up, and boiled the fish, insomuch that those who came to take him out, were diverted from their object by the delicacy of the fish, which were swimming about ready cooked.

#### ANECDOTE OF A BRITISH SAILOR.

A DETACHMENT of British seaman being about to scale the walls of Fort Omea, belonging to the Spaniards, a sailor inspired with an uncommon share of courage, scrambled singly over the wall; and, to deal execution with the best prospects of success, armed himself with two cutlasses, one in each hand. Thus prepared, he met a Spanish officer, just roused from sleep, who, in the hurry and confusion which prevailed, had forgot his sword. This circumstance instantly restrained the fury of the British hero, who disclaimed the appearance of an unarmed foe, presented him with one of his weapons, crying, "I scorn any pitiful advantage; you are now on an equal footing with me." The astonishment of the Spaniard at such an act of matchless generosity, when from the uncouth and hostile appearance of the seaman, he expected to be hewn to pieces, could be equalled only by the admiration of his countrymen, when he informed them of the godlike native which had contributed to his preservation, he could not encounter the arm that might have crushed him without resistance; he became a prisoner; nor was it long before the garrison surrendered, making no other terms than for their lives. CLIPICK.

#### WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, AUGUST 4, 1804.

#### FOREIGN.

EUROPE.—By several arrivals, European dates down to the 15th June, 1804, have been received.—The appearances of a general European war, were not so great as at an earlier period—and the movements in the North, were said to be merely parades of discipline and review.—The French papers are filled with the new French Constitution; with Decrees and Proclamations of his Majesty, Emperor Bonaparte—with appointments of Imperial offices; and with the details of the trials of Georges, Moreau, and others. The mass of evidence collected against the prisoners, made a volume of 340 octavo pages, and took up ten hours and a half in the reading, at the opening of the Court. The trial commenced on the 29th May, and terminated on the 9th June; when Georges and 19 others were condemned to death, and General Moreau, and many others to two years imprisonment.—Dr. Olbers, of Germany, has discovered a Planet, which, from its immense size, he has called *Hercules*. It is three times the size of Jupiter, and goes round the sun in the space of 211 years, because it is supposed to be 3,047,000,000 of miles from the sun; it looks to the naked eye like a star of the sixth magnitude, and is now in the sign Gemini. Dr. Olbers observed, on the 8th of December last, that it moved, and, on the 6th of February, that it was a planet, attended by 7 satellites, one of which is twice the size of the earth.—It is inclined to the plane of the ecliptic, in an angle of 30 degrees. It is in 13 degrees north amplitude; its eccentricity is 1100, and the sun, to an inhabitant of the earth placed in it, with our powers of vision, would appear no larger than the smallest of the fixed stars.

WEST-INDIES.—From St. Domingo, we learn that a division between the two black Generals, Christophe and Dessalines, has taken place, which may prove fatal to the blacks.—The report of the defeat of the Haytian army, by the French and Spaniards, near St. Domingo, as announced in the last *M. gazette*, appears to be unfounded.—A British squadron, under Com. Bayntun, it is said, have captured Curacao.—The inhabitants of Guadeloupe will prevent any neutral trade with St. Domingo. What the internal state of the latter island is, is differently represented. It is reported that the English will endeavour to regain Martinico. We may expect interesting accounts from the West-Indies.—It is said, upwards of 1000 whites, men, women, and children, were massacred at Jeremie, June 26.

#### DOMESTICK.

We have nothing of consequence to present our readers this week, in our domestick department.—The preservation of the health of the United States, is important on every account. Its continuance is a subject of public congratulation.—Cleanliness, which is at the foundation of our hopes, has been suitably urged upon our great cities. Great exertions are made in New-York, to prevent nuisances. A very ingenious paper is offered in the last number of the *Medical Repository*, from Dr. Edward Miller, upon the subject of a Nomenclature for certain fabril diseases.—M. Jerome Bonaparte, and his beautiful Lady, have arrived in town from the southward.—The British frigates, cruising off New-York, detained on the 26th ult. an inward bound brig eight hours, and afterwards ordered her to Halifax.—The British sloop of war *Lily*, was captured off Charleston, the 14th July, by the French privateer, *Le Dame Ambert*. The sloop pursued the privateer; but the latter appears to have commenced the action. The British vessel was disabled early in the engagement by the uncommon success which attended the discharges of grape and langrage from the French cruiser. The sloop was so unmanageable from the damage sustained in her rigging, that not one of her large guns could be brought to bear on the enemy; who, after distressing her greatly by an incessant fire which could not be returned with any effect, carried her by boarding. The *Lily* mounted 16 short 12 pounders, and had 78 men; the *Dame Ambert* mounted 14 12 pound carronades and 2 long nines, and had 140 men. The former lost her Captain and First Lieutenant, and had 16 men wounded, one of whom afterwards died.—Fourteen Chiefs and two boys of the Osage tribe of Indians, have arrived at Philadelphia, on their way to Boston. These Indians it will be remembered, were induced to visit the United States by the representations of Major Lewis, who is deputed by the President to explore Louisiana. Their tribe, though not numerous, are very martial and formidable to their neighbours. To render them friendly to us, and introduce among them the arts of civilization, are offices both of policy and sound patriotism.

#### A SWINDLER.

A person was yesterday detected at this office, in attempting to obtain the prize of 1500 dollars, by a ticket, the number of which had been altered. On examination before Justice *Burne*, he was committed to prison for further trial.

#### MARKIED.

AT Rye, Mr. John Nuten, to Mrs. Polly Hayley. The affectionate Bridegroom has been a widower five long—weeks!

In this town, Mr. David Shute, to Miss Rebecca Woods.—Mr. John Parkman, merchant, to Miss Susan Rand, daughter of Dr. Isaac R.

#### DIED.

At Wrentham, Mrs. Mary Sargent, *Æt.* 29, consort of Capt. Daniel S. jun. of Boston, at Concord, (Mass.) Mrs. Estler White, consort of Dea. John W.—At Roxbury, Miss Nancy Shaw, *Æt.* 19.—At Salem, Miss Rebecca Lander, *Æt.* 36.

In this town, Mrs. Ann Marston, *Æt.* 36, consort of Mr. John M.—Mr. Peregrine White, of Westmoreland, *Æt.* 35.—Miss Sally Clark, *Æt.* 26, daughter of the late Thomas C.—Capt. David Carnes, *Æt.* 54. Mr. James Wheeler, *Æt.* 26, and several children, making the number of deaths for the week ending last eve. 14.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## LINES

Composed on the death of a favourite kitten, called SYLVIA.

"*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"  
 SHALL sculptur'd blocks and columns rise,  
 In memory of the worthless great;  
 And nought but tears, regrets and sighs,  
 Declare the humbler victim's fate?  
 Forbid it, justice—whilst my muse,  
 Will not deny her friendly aid;  
 To SYLVIA's virtues, though abstruse,  
 Shall due respect and praise be paid.  
 How pure her life, without a spot,  
 To stain her bright untarnish'd fame;  
 Though low, obscure, and mean her lot,  
 Yet long shall live her humble name.  
 How oft her sportive tricks and plays  
 Have pleas'd, amus'd, and banish'd care;  
 How oft her little winning ways  
 Have gain'd carresses from the fair.  
 How rich and envied the reward,  
 For all her little arts to please;  
 Her lovely Mistress' kind regard  
 Tenfold repaid such toils as these.  
 Who would not envy her, so blest,  
 Accept her fate, her bliss to gain?  
 Kiss'd by those lips—press'd to that breast,  
 Which thousands sigh to touch in vain.  
 But ah! her sports and plays are done,  
 Those harmless pastimes now are fled;  
 The tricks, which those carresses won,  
 No more amuse, "poor Sylvia's dead." S.  
 \* White.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT &amp; DEAN,

HAVING noticed in your Magazine of the 14th July,  
 a very handsome compliment in verse from our State,  
 permit me to enclose you a trifling production from the  
 pen of a young bard of our town. D.

Bristol, R. I. July, 1804.

## SONG TO HA——T.

FROM her whose every smile is love,  
 I haste to some far distant cell:  
 My sighs too weak the maid to move,  
 I bid thee, flattered hope, farewell.  
 Yet as I quit her vale, my sighs,  
 At every step for Ha——t mourn;  
 My anxious heart within me dies,  
 And panting wishes, "O return."  
 Deluded heart! thy folly know,  
 Nor fondly nurse a fatal flame;  
 By absence thou wilt lose thy wo,  
 And only flutter at her name.

## WHAT IS LOVE?

'Tis somewhat that exists within,  
 By pedants construed into sin:  
 A subtle particle of fire  
 Which Heav'n did with our souls inspire;  
 Of such a mix'd and doubtful kind,  
 It pleases whilst it racks the mind;  
 In lightning through our eyes it breaks,  
 In blushes glows upon our cheeks;  
 Pants in the breast, dilates the heart,  
 And spreads its power thro' ev'ry part;  
 We feel it throb at every kiss,  
 Yet know not why, nor what it is.

## TO SLEEP.

YET hail! kind Sleep, in poppies drest,  
 Health's sweetest sister, queen of peace!  
 In thee, distinction sinks to rest;  
 In thee, our daily troubles cease.  
 But, like the sons of gay delight,  
 When most thy visits sorrow needs,  
 Too oft thou tak'st a distant flight,  
 And Death's eternal sleep succeeds.

ETERNAL?—No!—his transient reign,  
 Like thine, shall revolution see;  
 The solemn trump shall burst his chain,  
 And set whole realms of captives free.

## THE MISTAKE.

A CROP, Democratic all closely shorn,  
 Went to a barber's shop one Sunday morn;  
 Mid ranks of Wigs he took his seat, to learn  
 Some barber's news, and wait his shaving turn:  
 Up came old Gauger with his flowing wig,  
 White as a cauliflower, but twice as big,  
 And peeping round, for he was almost blind,  
 A vacant block-stand for his wig to find,  
 He chanc'd, sad hap, his periwig to pop  
 Upon the nut-brown head of knowing Crop.  
 Up bounc'd the blade, and swore, and flounc'd about,  
 "Oh, demme—demme, Sir, I'll call ye out."  
 Quick as light-horseman vaults into the saddle,  
 Did Gauger's spectacles his nose bestraddle,  
 For much he star'd to see his old wig walk,  
 Swear so, and so undutifully talk;  
 But soon as ever the mistake he spied,  
 The good old man, quite out of breath, replied,  
 "Your feelings, Sir, I did not mean to shock,  
 "Indeed, indeed, I took you for a block."

## THE NOVELIST.

## HISTORY OF JAQUETTE,

RELATED BY SIR JOHN AMINGTON.

[From the fair Syrian.]

ONE delightful afternoon, I chose to walk from Poitiers to Niort. An eminence, which promised a pleasing prospect, drew me from the great road. It overhung a romantic valley. A river ran at its foot. There was a seat near the extreme verge, but it was occupied by a man, whose habit indeed commanded no respect, but it could not be refused to his silver locks, and a mild and open countenance which shewed intelligence. His eye was intent upon the prospect down the valley. A few tears coursed each other down his cheeks; and his sighs were deep and frequent. At his feet lay a scrip, and by the side of it, a little dog, who looked up at his master, almost, you would have thought, with pity. The sorrow seemed so sacred, that I was unwilling to intrude upon it; but the little dog saw me, and barked. The old man turned his head, rose, made me a submissive bow, and seemed about to retire from the seat. There was room for many;—a little contest of courtesy ensued, which brought us into a kindly disposition to each other, and we took the seat together. I wanted to know the cause of his grief, for I wished to alleviate it, and I entered upon the subject abruptly, though with kindness.

"Good Sir, says he, this is my native country, whence I have been absent thirty years, and this the first hour of my return. This spot was the scene of many a youthful pleasure. On this very seat, I woo'd and won a very pretty young woman, the object of my fondest wishes.—Oh, had she been as good as beautiful, what miseries had I not escaped! In that house, (pointing down the valley) I was born. That house, with three hundred acres of land around it, I once occupied. A mile lower down, you see a castle. It was the seat of the good old Count Valerieux, the lord of the village. Were all patrons like him, France would be enviable. See that church, whose spire peeps amongst the trees. There I prayed to God with a contrite heart, and thanked him for all the blessings he bestowed upon me. There I solemnized my nuptials, and thanked him for the greatest of all blessings, a loved and loving wife. On the right of the church, you see a house, a row of sycamores along the front, and a spreading mulberry shading the little court.

This was the dwelling of the good old vicar, as fond of doing good as the patron himself. Our little ails of mind and body, it was his province to cure, and to prevent or heal our dissensions. The Count and he died within a month of each other, a few months after my Jaquette had given me a daughter. Do you see on the left of the church a little green, with the school-house on one side, and a maypole in the middle? Three years together, from seventeen to twenty, my Jaquette was crowned Queen of the May; and these very years I obtained the greatest number of prizes in our rural

sports. The next was the year of our marriage. How lovely she was, when, arrayed in white and innocence, she gave me her hand at the altar. Poor girl! what is become of thee?"

Here his voice, broken and interrupted, failed in its office. He struggled awhile against the weakness, then gave his sorrow way. It was contagious. I would have given the world for words of comfort—not one obeyed my wish. At length this burst subsided.

"You have a soft heart, Sir, said he, shame on me for giving it anguish. I will be more a man. I have borne miseries in many shapes, and sometimes firmly; now I yield to womanish remembrance. Well, Sir, as soon as we had paid the last duties to our vicar, we received another from our new parson, the young Count Valerieux. This gentleman (the vicar) was young, and had, it was said, some very engaging qualities. In particular, two elegant rows of ivory teeth which he kept in the highest preservation; a white soft hand, which displayed two brilliants; and hair exactly curled, and sweetly powdered. He never suffered the least disorder in his dress, and was profoundly skilled in the arts of the toilette. He talked of every thing done at Paris, and talked in such soft and gentle tones, and smiled so sweet, that all our women were taken with him, and Jaquette as much as any. It was autumn when he came amongst us, and by the following spring he was master in every house. Then it was, he announced the coming down of the young Count, the best of men, so unproud, so generous, so affable! He came accordingly, accompanied with ladies and gentleman from Paris. The castle was magnificent, and the disposition of its rooms and offices remarkable for use; but it was Gothic, and though not out of repair, was out of taste. The Count set about a reform, and we had the honour to promote this work of taste, by the labour of our teams, and the neglect of our rural economies. In return, we had feasts at the castle, and balls for our wives; and the gentry were kind enough to mingle in our amusements, and the Count himself condescended to chuse my Jaquette his partner in the dance. As to our vicar, he was now the happiest mortal living, except on Sundays; or when a poor sick body was to be visited. This was indeed a most distressing circumstance, for the effluvia would fasten upon his clothes, and get up his nostrils though plugged, and seize upon his brain.

"The Count had now begun to take a particular liking to me, and would often call at my house, and take my advice as to the management of his demesne; and now and then he would hear of a breed of cattle twenty leagues distant, which he wished I should see. At length a friend told me, how he thought matters were going on; for which I quarrelled with him, and he beat me, as I deserved. But Jaquette was much at the castle, and greatly in favour with one of the ladies, who was greatly in favour with the Count. Jaquette had exhibited two or three gowns which I knew nothing of, of finer matter and make than usual; and she had also some other gentilities never seen in our parts before.

"This aspect of things I did not like; still less, the little attention she paid to business, and to me; but the neglect of our cherub hurt me worst of all. I proposed to her a journey to Pau to visit a distant relation. No, indeed, I would not go last summer when she desired it, now it would be monstrous, whilst her friends were in the country. We disputed this, three, or four days, on one of which her friends called to take her to the castle, after which she disputed it no longer. We went. I left her at Pau, and returned home. I am afraid I shall weary you, Sir, with a long story. After all, it amounts to no more than this, that there are bad men in the world, and frail women, and that power is sometimes vindictive." [To be continued.]

## ADVERTISEMENT.

MRS. ROWSON'S POEMS being in great forwardness; those of her friends who hold subscription papers, are requested to return them immediately to the office of GILBERT & DEAN, in order that a list of the Subscribers names may be prefixed to the work.  
 Aug. 4.

BOSTON:

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# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 11, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

### ON DETRACTION AND CALUMNY.

DETRACTION and Calumny of all things are the most hard to be borne. There is no robbery impoverishes a man so much as that of his name and reputation; and there is no robber so inexcusable, so little benefited, and so richly deserving of punishment, as he who either directly or indirectly traduces the character of any individual, family, church, nation, or any other part or parts of the aggregate of mankind. It is a crime pregnant with evil, big with consequences as fatal as unforeseen. He that is robbed of his treasure knows his loss, and very often has it in his power to retrieve it; but he that has his good name, fame, and reputation filched from him, experiences a loss which he cannot ascertain. It is a loss which draws after it, very often, the loss of every thing which is dear or valuable to the calumniated, never to be fully retrieved again.

Reputation is an invaluable blessing both to those in the higher, middle, and lower orders of society; but if it is more valuable to some than others, it must be to those of the latter description, whose reputation or character is their only fortune, the only source from which they draw their daily support. Take that away, and they become the outcasts of society. Destitute of employ,—exposed to the scoffs and sneers of a frowning world—despairing of ever retrieving their character, from the impracticability that seems to attend the attempt,—they are drove to the wretched alternative of preying upon their fellow men for support. Thus they run upon the thick bosses of God's buckler (as the scriptures express it), and, in the end, the punishment which they did not deserve, leads them to a punishment which is their just due. I speak now of those who lose their character in the first instance from the horrid aspersions of detraction and calumny, against the deadly poison of which the most innocent and fair character is not proof.

If we were to look at the greatest part of the malefactors, that were ever executed at Tyburn or elsewhere, and were to trace their misconduct back to its first source, we should, I am persuaded, discover it to have originated in the first instance from the loss of character, whether that loss was just or unjust.

It is an observation of one of the wisest men that ever graced society, that, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches;" and the reason is obvious; for a good name will procure riches, but riches cannot procure a good name, unless it be a temporary one from flatterers, which is not worth having. The value of a good name (which may be gathered from the wise man's observation,) and the dreadful consequences that attend the loss of character, show the inexcusableness and criminality of those, who, for a trifling fault or affront, will undermine, or at least, withhold the character of a servant. If they commit a fault, not capital in its nature, (such as robbery, &c.) is it not punishment enough to turn them away, and thus to subject them to the many and great inconveniences that attend being out of place,—but must they be inflicted with the worst of all evils,—the loss of character?

Is revenge to be carried so far as to pursue the wretched victim to the last extremity? What! withhold his character! deprive him of the only means of support, and thus leave him to perish in the wide world, because, perhaps, he uttered a rash expression in the moment of passion, which is as peculiar to the poor as the rich, and the former of whom cannot always command their temper any more than the latter! This is the severe treatment which to my knowledge some domestics meet with from their rigid and censorious employers. I knew a gentleman who discharged his clerk (who had lived with him near four years) at a minute's warning, only because he spoke one word that offended him. He happened to be late at the office that morning; his master met him, and, with no great politeness, accosted him in the street, with a "What do you mean by coming at this time of the day to an office?" accompanied with menacing expressions, which he repeated in the

vulgar tongue so loud as to occasion the admiration and astonishment of the spectators, as well as to draw to their doors some people to know what was the matter.

The clerk, thinking himself rather ill treated in being thus accosted in the street, when, if he had committed any fault, he apprehended he was entitled to the privilege of being reprimanded in private, determined to expostulate with his employer on the impropriety of haranguing him in the street; which he did in the evening, by stating, that, if he had committed an error, he should expect to hear of it in private, and that he thought it was not gentlemanlike to call him to account in the street.

At the last expression, the master took fire, turned him out of the office, bolted the door for fear he should return for the purpose of an explanation, which he never afterwards would admit of, though he went to him repeatedly for that purpose, as also to ask his pardon if he had offended him. But this gentleman, with all the placidness imaginable, refused to admit of any concessions, and declared he would never give him a character, but as far as in his power hinder him from employment (notwithstanding he had no other fault to find with him, and often admitted his abilities); which resolution he always kept: and had not this young man met with a gentleman who was possessed of more than usual candour and confidence, and who took him, though a stranger, merely upon the recommendation of a gentleman who knew of his having lived a considerable time in his last place, and that he left it for no other reason than on the account of a quarrel, he might have experienced the most serious inconveniences. It must be admitted here, that there was no proportion between the crime committed, and the punishment inflicted by this violent master: yet, if it had been the crime of robbery, he could not have been more severe.

God has wisely ordained that we should be dependent on each other for happiness, in order to unite society with the bond of common interest. He hath so disposed and ordered things, that the rich cannot do without the poor, the merchant without the mechanic, &c. And the man who aims at independency of the world, I mean of its frowns or smiles, acts more like a stoic than a christian. Religion, indeed, teaches us an independency of the world; but it is an independency perfectly consonant with the most serious endeavours to avoid giving offence, and by our good conduct to obtain the value and esteem of our fellow mortals.

Reputation may be compared to a clean sheet of paper: nothing is more easily soiled; the least stain on it is discoverable; the least stain, or even the appearance of one, as far as it goes, is detrimental. The following fact, which came within my notice a short time since, is illustrative of this observation. A young woman, who had lived a considerable time in several reputable families, and had an unexceptionable character, being out of place, was informed of and advised to go after one that was vacant at a reputable house in the public business. The place vacant was that of nursery-maid; and she was to have nothing to do but in the nursery and with the children, as they kept several servants besides. She at first hesitated, under an idea that, should she not be able to stay in it, her character would be thrown away, and she might find it a difficult matter to be received into a private family again, owing to the common prejudice that is entertained against servants who have lived in a public-house. As however she had been out of place some time, and was not able to support herself much longer, she listened to the solicitation of her friends, and the urgency of the moment, and went. She liked the place, and would have continued in it but for a disagreeable fellow servant, who was an old domestic in the house, and with whom she found it impossible to live.—She therefore left the place on her account, and, with as fair a character as she went to it. But on her application for vacant places, she found her former fears had been too well grounded; for when, on being asked for a character, she referred them to the last mentioned place, she always met with a repulse,

and sometimes with a sharp and cruel one, viz. "I wonder at the impudence of any servant coming after this place, who has lived last at a public house?"

This young woman now remains out of place, and despairs of getting into any creditable private family, as all whom she has applied to, make the same objection. This is a distressing, though not perhaps a new case; and as an example of the delicacy of a person's character, and shows with what tenderness it ought to be treated, since this trifling occurrence is attended with such inconvenience. Yet, at the same time, we may observe what a pity it is that people cannot, or rather will not, overcome their little and mean prejudices which are only established by custom, and learn to discover worth through the maze of any apparent disguise.

The different species of calumny are as various as destructive in the several proportions, and the calumniator is ever busy to find out a something wherewith to traduce the character of his neighbour: and if the fairness of the man's character, whom he has marked out for his victim, be such as to render a very foul calumny liable to be detected, he will begin with some trifling report, until he by degrees accomplishes his diabolical purpose. But I cannot better express myself upon this topic than in the words of the celebrated Dr. Johnson—"As there are to be found in the service of envy, men of every diversity of temper and degree of understanding, calumny is diffused by all arts and methods of propagation; nothing is too gross or too refined, too cruel or too trifling, to be practised: very little regard is had to the rules of honourable hostility, but every weapon is accounted lawful; and those who cannot make a thrust at life, are content to keep themselves in play with petty malevolence, to tease with feeble blows, and impotent disturbance. Those who cannot strike with force, can however poison their weapon, and, weak as they are, give mortal wounds, and bring a hero to the grave: so true is that observation, *that many are able to do hurt, but few to do good.*"

### ON TEMPERANCE.

THE great rule of sensual pleasures is to use them so that they may not destroy themselves or be separated from, or rendered incompatible with other pleasures, but rather they may be assisted by, and mutually assisting to the more refined and exalted sympathy of rational enjoyment.

Men ever confine the meaning of the word pleasure to what pleases themselves. Gluttons imagine that by pleasure is meant gluttony; but the only true epicures are those who enjoy the pleasures of temperance. Small pleasures seem great to such as know no greater. The virtuous man is he who has sense enough to prefer the greatest pleasure.

Superfluity and parade, among the vulgar-rich, pass for elegance and greatness. To the man of true taste, temperance is luxury, and simplicity grandeur.

Whatever pleasures are immediately derived from the sense, persons of fine internal feelings enjoy, besides their other pleasures; while such as place their chief happiness in the former, can have no true taste for the delicious sensations of the soul.

They who divide profit and honesty, mistake the nature either of the one or the other. We must make a difference between appearance and truth: the real profitable and good are the same.

False appearances of profit are the greatest enemies to true interest. Future sorrows present themselves in the disguise of present pleasures; and short-sighted folly eagerly embraces the deceit.

Every species of vice originates either from insensibility, from want of judgment, or from both. No maxim can be more true than that all vice is folly. For, either by vice we bring misery more immediately on ourselves, or we involve others in misery. If any one bring evil on himself, it is surely folly: if his present pleasure be to make others miserable, were he to escape every other punishment, he must suffer for it by



remorse,—or it is a certain proof he is deprived of that sense or sympathy which is the opposite of dullness : in either of which cases it is evident that all vice is folly.

# REVIEW.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

IT is one of the greatest misfortunes of a Republic like ours, to produce more men of commanding talents than are beneficial to their country. Unhappily, talents and principle rarely harmonize; and as in this country the simplicity of government precludes many of its most celebrated men from those rewards and honours which not unfrequently are the secret source of their greatness, they too frequently suffer their feelings to flow in the most corrupted channel, while their views are turned to depreciate that form of government which cannot gratify their unreasonable wishes; and thus, men of talents, though worthy of the highest consideration of their fellow citizens, when devoted to the good of their country, are in general the most dangerous enemies to the established government. Ever striving after something impossible, their defeated projects convert to rankling conspiracy. Then, what esteem is too high, what respect too sacred, for a man, who, possessed of talents of the first order, and of an influence springing from the patriot heat of the revolution, aloof from all personal bias, gives those talents and this influence to the cause of his country!

In my early years I was delighted with the little volume of poems from the pen of Col. HUMPHREYS, and I have since read them with increased pleasure. This early partiality to his pen has rendered me solicitous of reading whatever has since borne his name. But nothing has excited so much respectful emotion as his late "*Valedictory Discourse*, delivered before the Cincinnati of Connecticut," during the present month. Without any apparent design of tempting the feelings, it possesses the true character of an oration, and has roused all the noble passions of the human heart, enlisting them on the side of the "Civil Virtues, Moderation, Industry, Justice and Valour." In touching on these important topics, he has discovered the feeling of the patriot, the wisdom of a *Constitutional* legislator, and what is more, the man of the most chastened humanity. Though long absent from his native country, he has preserved through the varied scene of a public life those first principles which in his youth already rendered him dear to his country, and has brought home with him a profound knowledge of the feelings of his countrymen, and has illustrated the true spirit of the Constitution of the United States, which, though confessedly little more than the correct feelings of the citizens, he has sanctioned with an ardent wish and belief of a long stability.

This renders the publication most interesting. It is the dispassionate opinion of the confident of WASHINGTON, who generously, under present circumstances, lends his name in support of what every good citizen holds nearest his heart, I mean the dear cherished hope of the long existence of our happy form of government.

His distinction between *Agriculture and Commerce*, as operating on the probable duration of our forms of government; are worthy of the attention of every one. I quote his own words:

"It has been apprehended that the rapid increase of wealth in a country like ours, where the citizens in the seaports, are animated by such a spirit of commercial enterprise, would produce refinements; that refinements would be attended with luxury and effeminacy; and that these would be followed by the loss of liberty. Were all parts of our settlements like our large towns, this might possibly be the case. But the vast quantity

of land to be settled, its superiority and quality over most of that which is already located, the facility of obtaining farms by persons in moderate circumstances, and their natural propensity to make such permanent provision for their families, will doubtless continue Agriculture as the principal business, in United America, for many years. We need not fear that trade will gain an undue ascendancy in our affairs. May no fascinating allurements ever operate more powerfully in seducing our pursuits of agriculture! GOD forbid that we should for wealth or grandeur, by despoiling the fruits of their labour!"

Again:

"The republican character is, more than others, affected by industry or indolence. It would be a solecism to assert, that industrious citizens, could form vicious, or indolent citizens, virtuous republics. Enervating idleness attended by an inordinate love of pleasure, seems incompatible with every masculine and heroic quality. Nor can a nation of Sybarites, under any form of government, defend themselves effectually against any powerful invader. IT IS NOT FICKLE FORTUNE BUT CALCULATED EFFORT, THAT MAKES AND KEEPS MEN FREE AND HAPPY. When they become habitually sluggish, immoral, ignorant, or indifferent to their interests, they are far advanced towards the brink of perdition, and ready to fall an easy prey to a crafty demagogue or daring despot."

But nothing renders this publication so truly patriotic as the following frank opinion of this judicious statesman:

"It is however but too well known to be denied, that the public mind is now unusually agitated, by the approaching election of chief Magistrates. This violent ferment seems likely to be renewed with the recurring period, once in every four years. Perhaps it is an evil inherent in elective governments. In the present state of human nature, I do not know of any remedy. But with all its imperfections and inconveniences, I know not myself, or have learned from others, how the Federal Constitution could be replaced by one less exceptionable. I am, therefore earnestly desirous of giving it a fair experiment. I expect nothing perfect. In case of change—I expect nothing better—nothing so good. It is the first real trial of a well organized Representative Government. It is the last hope of true republicans. For if it fails of success, what government can we look for, but such an one as shall be imposed by chance or force? It will then be too late for deliberation."

Eloquent man! these sentiments proceed from the heart, and will leave a durable impression on your countrymen.

I sincerely hope, that a man like this, will prefer the durable fame of an elegant poet, and the retired reputation of the philosopher, to the bias of any party—until (which Heaven grant may never happen in his day) he shall be called upon to enlist himself on the side of what he has termed the "Civil Virtues."—He can gain nothing in point of public life, he is already secure of one of the fairest pages of his country's history, and may lose what he now possesses, the cordial esteem of his fellow citizens.

Let this voluntary tribute be accepted from one who knows nothing personal of Col. HUMPHREYS, and who offers it to the soldier, to the patriot, and to the poet, and not to the man.

S.

Milton, July 30th.

## AMUSING.

### A REASONABLE WOMAN.

[The following curious letter is taken from the Harleian collection of Manuscripts, No. 7003. fol. 105.]

Lady COMPTON to her HUSBAND.

My sweet Life,

NOW I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your estate, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink and consider within myself what allowance were meetest for me; for considering what care I ever

had of your estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those which, both by the laws of God, of nature, and civil policy, wit, religion, government, and honesty, you, my dear, are bound to,—I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of two thousand six hundred pounds, quarterly, to be paid. Also I would, besides that allowance, have six hundred pounds to be paid quarterly for the performance of charitable works; and those things I would not, neither will be accountable for. Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow;—none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other let; also, because it is an indecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God had blessed their lord and lady with a great estate. Also, when I ride a hunting, or a hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so for either of those said women I must and will have, for either of them a horse. Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses, and a coach for my women, lined with cloth, and laced with gold; the other with scarlet, and laced with silver, with four good horses. Also, I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only carriages, and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all, orderly, not pesterling my things with my women's, nor theirs with either chambermaids, nor theirs with the wash-maids. Also for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages, to see all safe. And the chambermaids I will have go before that the chamber may be ready, sweet, and clean. Also, for that it is indecent to crowd up myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me, either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is, that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones. Also I would have to put in my purse, two thousand and two hundred pounds, and so you to pay my debts. Also I would have six thousand pounds to buy me jewels, and four thousand pounds to buy me a pearl chain.—Now seeing I have been, and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children apparel, and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages. Also, I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging-chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like. So for my drawing-chamber, in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging. Also my desire is, that you would pay your debts, build up Ashby-house, and purchase lands, and lend no money, as you love God, to the Lord Chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life, from you. Remember his son, my Lord Walden, what entertainment he gave me, when you were at Tilt-yard. If you were dead, he said, he would be a husband, a father, a brother, and he said he would marry me. I protest I grieve to see the poor man have so little wit and honesty to use his friends so vilely. Also he fed me with untruths concerning the charter-house; but that is the least; he wished much harm, you know him. God keep you and me from him, and any such as he is! So now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what it is I would not have, I pray when you be an earl, to allow me two thousand pounds more than I now desire, and double attendance. Your loving wife,

ELIZA COMPTON.

### A GOOD JOKE.

IN good King Charles's jovial days, when the most extravagant wit, had, like the loyalty of the time, no harm in it, it is recorded, that when a gentleman drank a lady's health as a toast, by doing her still more honor, he frequently threw some part of his dress into the flames. In this proof of veneration to the laic, his companions were obliged to follow him, by consuming

the same article, whatever it might be. One of the friends of Sir Charles Sedley, after dinner at a tavern, perceiving he had a very rich lace cravat on, when he named the lady to whom honor was due, made a sacrifice of his cravat, and Sir Charles and the rest of the company were all obliged to follow his example. Sir Charles bore his loss with great composure, observing that it was a good joke, but that he would have as good a frolic some other time. On a subsequent day, the same party being assembled, when Sedley had drank a bumper to the health of some beauty of the day, he called the waiter, and ordering a tooth drawer into the room, whom he had previously stationed for the purpose, made him draw a decayed tooth, which had long plagued him. The rules of good fellowship clearly required that every one of the company should loose a tooth also; but they hoped he would not be so unmerciful as rigidly to enforce the law.—All their remonstrances however were vain, and each of his companions successively, *multa gemens*, was obliged to put himself into the hands of the operator.

#### THE BITER BIT.

A WIDOW, who had been induced by the declarations of her husband to believe that she would be well provided for by his legacy, found, after his death, on perusing his will, that he had acted very differently, and excluded her from the property she expected to possess. She made known her disappointment to her female servant, who cheered her spirits by assuring her, that the effect of the will might be avoided, and a new one easily framed. The mistress desired to know by what means. The maid answered, that there was a poor fellow, called *Tom the Barber*, in the neighborhood, who much resembled her late master; and that for a small sum he would feign himself a dying man. If, therefore, an attorney was provided, and proper witnesses, a will of a date subsequent to the true one might be made, which would consequently supersede it.—Tom was sent for immediately, and agreed to play his part. The parties were summoned—the attorney attended, and the supposed expiring husband dictated his last testament to be framed according to the wishes and interest of his imagined wife, for some time; but at length he proposed, that as he had until then complied with her desires, he might leave one legacy according to his own—which was five hundred pounds to *Tom the Barber*;—and, to prevent a discovery of the fraud, the lady was obliged to consent to the proposal, and faithfully to pay the money to the proposer, to insure his secrecy.

#### CALLIGRAPHY.

THE art of fair writing.—Callicartes is said to have written an elegant distich on a sesamum seed. Junius speaks of a person, as very extraordinary, who wrote the Apostle's Creed, and beginning of St. John's Gospel, in the compass of a farthing. What would he have said of our famous Peter Bale, who, in 1575, wrote the Lord's prayer, ten commandments, and two short prayers in Latin, with his own name, motto, day of the month, year of the Lord, and reign of the Queen, in the compass of a single penny, inclosed in a ring and border of gold, and covered with a crystal, all so accurately written as to be very legible with a magnifying glass?

T. A.

#### ANECDOTE.

A BARRISTER, blind of one eye, pleading one day, with his spectacles on, "Gentlemen, in my argument, I shall use nothing but what is necessary," Mr. May replied immediately, "take out, then, one of the glasses of your spectacles."

#### MORAL AND USEFUL.

##### REMEDY FOR THE GOUT.

AN article from Dublin, says, "It has been ascertained in the case of Dr. Stenhouse, that the Gout, which is generally admitted proceeds from obstruction, is cured by the steam of boiling water. This gentleman, who is upwards of 70 years old, got rid of a violent attack of the gout in his hand, by holding it 25 minutes over the steam of a tureen full of hot water; and upon another occasion was perfectly relieved from an attack in his foot, by suspending it during an hour over a pail full of boiling water. He recommends that the

person having the gout in the head or stomach, be immersed as soon as possible in a hoghead of steam; and that, in all cases, the application be once or often repeated, to guard against a return of the disease.

#### DUELLING.

THE great Gustavus Adolphus finding that the custom of duelling was becoming alarmingly prevalent among the officers in his army, determined to suppress, if possible, those fatal practices of honor. Soon after the King had formed this resolution, and issued some very rigorous edicts to suppress the practice, a quarrel arose between two of his generals; who agreed to crave his Majesty's permission to decide their difference by the laws of honor. The King consented; and said he would be a spectator of the combat. He went, accordingly, to the place appointed, attended by a body of guards, and the public executioner. He then told the combatants, that "they must fight till one of them died;" and turning to the executioner, he added, "Do you immediately strike off the head of the survivor."—The Monarch's inflexibility had the desired effect: the difference between the two officers was adjusted; and no more challenges were heard of in the army of Gustavus Adolphus.

#### WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, AUGUST 11, 1804.

#### FOREIGN.

EUROPE.—OUR last arrivals represent the political state of Europe as quiet as could be expected.—We may soon expect sufficient evidence of the disposition of the European powers towards France, in its present power.—A private letter from London, of the 13th June, says, "There is this day a very confident expectation that peace will be speedily restored. Mr. Pitt, on being informed of Bonaparte's pacific disposition, expressed his readiness to attend to any overtures made through a direct and proper channel."—The Danes have remonstrated against the capture of a French vessel in a port of Norway.—Party spirit runs high in the British Parliament.—Of the Invasion, some say it was to take place the 14th July last.—We have a report from Gibraltar, that on the 24th May, near the Island of Corsica, the English fleet under Lord Nelson, and the French Toulon fleet, had met, engaged, and that the latter was totally defeated, with the loss of 8 sail of the line captured by the British. Time must confirm or contradict this report.—By a recent enquiry into the state of mendicity in and round the city of London, it appears that the number of beggars, including their children, exceeds 15,000, and that they collect from the public, in the streets, about 100000l. annually. The present average charge on the rental of England and Wales for the poor, amounts to 4s. 6d. in the pound.

WEST-INDIES.—We have accounts of a very tremendous hurricane at Havana, in which four vessels were upset, several thrown on their beam ends, and considerable damage done to the town.

#### DOMESTICK.

From New-Orleans, we learn that complaints are daily made, of the apathy of the constituted authorities in permitting the laws to be so often violated with impunity. On the second Sunday in June last, new scenes of rioting were exhibited; and not less than 20 persons were knocked down with clubs, &c. many of whom were accidentally passing the streets. If those to whom the execution of the laws are confided, continue in their negligence, the citizens must arm in their own defence, and ensure their safety by their courage.—We still continue to hear much damage being done by lightning, this season.—On the 4th Aug. a man was killed by lightning at Saco.—Several trees have been struck, and the lightning has also struck at Gloucester, Wenham, New-Haven, Woodbridge, Monaghan, &c. The Dedham "Minerva," of the 7th inst. says, "Last Tuesday a heavy shower, attended by much hard thunder, passed over this and adjacent towns. In the meadow, called Fowl Meadow, in Dedham, a number of men in company were getting in hay. They had just loaded a waggon, when the shower became so severe, that the father and son, by the name of Fisher, went under it, while six or eight more, ran to a horse-covered waggon, about thirty rods distant, for shelter. They had not been thus situated long, before a remark-

able stream of lightning struck the loaded waggon, set it on fire, which, with the waggon, was consumed, and both the oxen on the pole, but without doing other injury to those under it, than stunning them. What rendered the scene still more awful and lamentable, before the other party had time to leave their own cover, and go to their assistance, another tremendous electric stream took into the top of the horse-wagon, laid the whole of them in heaps, one of whom, by the name of Talbot, a young man belonging to Sharon, was, when the others revived, taken up for a dead man. The lightning took him on the head, rent his hat and passing from thence down his arm, burnt his clothes asunder, leaving a streak in his flesh, tore a glass bottle, which stood near his feet containing some spirits, into atoms, and passed off. But by a continued application of water, he gradually revived, and was carried home; where we understand, he lived in extreme pain until Friday or Saturday, remaining perfectly deaf, when he expired.—On Wednesday night last, about 12 o'clock, three men broke open the front door of the house of Capt. Winslow Lewis, in Congress-street. The door was secured by a lock and a bolt, and opened into a small entry, the door from which to the parlour happened fortunately to be locked, and thus presented an unexpected obstacle to their progress. The noise they made in attempting to break this door alarmed the family, who immediately called to their assistance their next neighbor, Mr. Homer, brother to Mrs. Lewis, who brought with him a gun loaded with powder only. The villains continued their exertions to enter the room after Mr. H. appeared; and observed, they knew no man slept in the house, (Capt. Lewis is absent at sea,) and were determined to have some booty. They were unatimulated by the threats of Mr. H. to fire upon them; and he at length pushed his musket through a pane of glass in the door against one of the robbers and discharged it. The fellow dropped on the floor immediately; but the two others raised him up and bore him off, and Mr. H. did not think it prudent to pursue them.—Blood was afterwards observed on the entry floor. : : N. E. Palladium.

#### MARRIED.

At Salem, Mr. John Glover, to Miss Lucy Truiston. In this town, Mr. Daniel Webber, to Miss Catherine Meuse.

#### DEATHS.

Suddenly at Rutland, the 3d inst. much lamented, Mr. James Wood, *Æt.* 16, youngest son of the late Mr. J. Wood of that place.

"Alas! he's gone forever from our sight,  
His eyes expressive seal'd in endless night,  
Unpying death destroy'd his vernal bloom,  
And mark'd with iron hand, his early tomb."

At Eastport, Maine, on the 23d July, Mrs. SARAH TRESSCOTT, consort of Lemuel Trescott, Esq. A person peculiarly distinguished for real christian friendship and benevolence, an affectionate and social neighbor; a generous benefactor to the needy and distressed. She leaves a truly sincere husband and friend, with several afflicted relatives to mourn the heavy loss. And the whole neighborhood, as well as a large circle of acquaintance, sincerely lament the removal of so valuable and amiable a character from among them, which is fully demonstrated by the grief and gloomy aspect which stamps the countenance of every class in the vicinity.

At Albany, Mr. John Liswell, *Æt.* 51, formerly of Boston.—At Philad. Maj. Gen. Wm Irvine, a distinguished officer during the revolutionary war.

In this town, Mrs. Hannah Crafts, *Æt.* 64, relict of the late Wm C.—Mrs. Hannah Swett, *Æt.* 22, wife of Mr. John S.—Mrs. Mary Loring, *Æt.* 26, wife of Mr. Wm L.—Mrs. Mary McCleary, *Æt.* 55, relict of the late Mr. Saml M'C.—Wm S. Tilden, *Æt.* 16 mo. son of Mr. Joseph T. and 4 children. Total, 9 for the week ending last evening.

#### ALL THE HIGH PRIZES IN!

AND the drawing to be completed on the 23d inst. a glorious opportunity now offers for adventurers to make their fortune in the *Piscataqua Bridge Lottery*, the wheels having gained \$6312, and containing one prize of \$8000, one of 4000, and many others. Tickets at 6-50 and quarters 1-75, for sale by GILBERT DEAN, and JOHN WEST. Aug. 11.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## ON THE LICENTIOUSNESS OF THE MANNERS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

TO false delights the youth of Boston fly,  
Who court for happiness the wanton's arms;  
Who dart on all the fond inflaming eye,  
And choiceless, yield to all for gold her charms.  
When in the syren's fond embrace you sigh,  
And on her lip impress the burning kiss,  
Doth friendship mingle with the unhallowed joy,  
Or love's pure spirit swell the page of bliss?  
When droops enjoyment, what is then the fair?  
A flower, that blooms, but quickly doo'n'd to fade;  
A sun, that pours a momentary glare,  
And, 'mid the tempest sinks beneath the shade.  
O swains! to modesty's fair daughters turn,  
By mental beauty let your hearts be led;  
Bid, by your flight, the venal fair one mourn,  
And press in tears her solitary bed.  
When round your neck her fondling arms she glues,  
And bent to please, exhausts each winking art;  
With false delights she shamefully subdues,  
And leads the passions captive, not the heart.  
Their midnight orgies whilst they madly hold,  
I, of a tender maid shall be possess'd;  
What bliss her tender beauties to unfold,  
And sooth my slumbers on her faithful breast!  
Time, from her bosom, all its snows may steal,  
His iron hand her cheek's pure blush invade;  
Still to my A— will I fondly kneel,  
And love her more, when all her roses fade.  
Who spurns the weeping fair one from his breast,  
Hard is his heart—in every virtue poor;  
Hard is his heart, to wound the fair distrust,  
Who sighs that she can charm his eye no more.  
Cruel, to bid with grief her bosom heave,  
Because her cheeks no longer glowing warm;  
Base, to forget the joys her beauty gave,  
And oh, forget it, faded in his arms! — A. Q.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT &amp; DEAN,

BY giving the following a place in your Magazine,  
you will much oblige,  
New-York, July 15th, 1804. HONESIUS.

BARD of the pensive song, whose sweet strung lyre,  
Each melting softness joins to richest tones;  
Struck from the chords of true poetic fire,  
Thy sovereign melody each bosom owns.  
Clothing with inspir'd mantle every thought,  
To Grief's sad ear thou pour'st soft Pity's wail,  
Like yonder bird, with tend'rest music fraught,  
Chantress of spring's green woods the nightingale.  
To some lone wretch, who droops 'neath misery's wing,  
Oh Bowles! 'tis thine, whose notes affective flow,  
A soothing requiem to his soul to sing,  
Planting Hope's rose-bud on the thorn of woe:  
Whilst to his heart thou giv'st without alloy,  
Olive crown'd peace, and lily bosom'd joy.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT &amp; DEAN

HAVING admitted into their Magazine, some  
lines by D, inscribed to HARRIOT, they are now re-  
quested to give her answer a place likewise, as with-  
out it they will appear incomplete.

Bristol, R. I. August, 1804.

TO D.

WHEN love hath charmed the virgin's ear,  
She hides the tender thought in vain;  
How oft a blush, a sigh, a tear,  
Betrays the sweetly anxious pain.  
Dear youth, a mutual flame I own;  
The sorrows of thy breast are mine;  
Thy virtues all my heart have won,  
That boasts a passion pure as thine.

No more shalt thou my coldness mourn—  
I trust the drop that dims thy eye;  
I see fair TRUTH thy lips adorn,  
And hear her voice in every sigh.

HARRIOT.

## EXTRACT.

MOST sat'rists are, indeed, a public scourge!  
Their mildest physic is a farrier's purge;  
Their acrid temper turns, as soon as stirr'd,  
The milk of their good purpose all to curd.  
Their zeal begotten, as their works rehearse,  
By lean despair upon an empty purse;  
The wild assassins start into the street,  
Prepar'd to poniard whomsoever they meet.

COWPER.

## BY PRIOR.

YES, ev'ry poet is a fool,  
By demonstration Ned can show it;  
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule  
Prove ev'ry fool to be a poet.

## THE NOVELIST.

## HISTORY OF JAQUETTE,

RELATED BY SIR JOHN AMINGTON.

[From the fair Syrian.]

[Continued from page 164.]

I ENTREATED him to go on, and be as minute as he pleased.

"I had not been at home more than three days, before our relation from Pau came post, to inform me my wife was stolen. There was a pleasant common a mile upon the road to Saint Bertrand, where she had drawn our relation's wife, two or three evenings to enjoy the air and prospects. Upon this common she was seized, screaming violently, by two men, and put into a chaise to a third, which drove off towards St. Bertrand at a great rate.

"I now saw as well as passion would suffer me, into the whole of the contrivance. I ran to the castle; the Count received me with his usual affability, and even put on an air of kindness; but anger such as mine is seldom dissoluble in monkey-grimaces. I taxed him boldly with my injuries, and spoke with the energy my feelings prompted; unfortunately there were too many witnesses, for I found the Count, with the rest of the gentry, walking amongst the workmen. The Count therefore thought proper to treat me with a supercilious disdain, and at length threatened me with a discipline by his servants. I got nothing therefore by this attempt, but the increase of my anger to madness. I lay nine days in a burning fever, with a delirium. Dr. Maret, a physician from Niort, attended me. He was a humane and sensible man, and though physician to the castle, and acquainted with its present temper, he had the audacity to attend me with double assiduity, and to save my life. He could not indeed have done me a greater injury. But he meant well, and I was grateful for his good intention. After my recovery he gave me the best advice—to put up with the wrongs I could not redress; to forget my wife and be happy. My little Jaquette indeed promised me infinite consolation, for I doated on her; but she was the picture of her mother, and how could I forget her? I might indeed have put up with my wrongs, for it was impossible to vindicate them; but the Count could not put up with his. His honor was insulted: for I had unhappily forgot his greatness, and my own littleness, and talked to him as a man would talk to a man. This is an insult the French Noblesse cannot pardon. He even went off for Paris a few days after receiving it, and left orders with his agent to turn me out of my farm. Accordingly he gave me due notice. This was not all. He instituted a suite against me, for some pretended failures in my duty as a tenant. This was a mean revenge; for in reality I had failed in no point of duty; but in a contest of purses, mine must have died of wounds, which his would scarce have felt. Our vicar too directed the spiritual thunder against me for matters as frivolous as false. My kind physician advised me to yield to the storm: I made haste therefore to sell every thing as fast as I was able; and having finished, I divided the whole into two very unequal parts; the greater I left with Dr. Maret, for the support and education of my child; and with the other I

began my travels. In Normandy, I took a small farm, and laid out my little all upon it. It was ungrateful, and made me no returns. I was thrown into a prison at Caen, and retained three years. Here it was I learned to read, to reflect and to value life as it deserved. An Huguenot minister lent me his books; a man grown old in this prison; but his misfortunes had not diminished his enthusiasm. He wanted to convert me, and might have done it, but that I found his religion had soured, at least not sweetened, his temper, and that he railed more than he reasoned.

"At length I was released, and having neither clothes nor money, was obliged to become a hero for bread. I fought, or seemed to fight, for I confess my heroism was never very animated, in Germany several years. No modern war, I believe has had the honour of slaughtering more of the human species; yet fatigue, want, and disease destroyed two for the bullet's one. A thousand times I have marched leagues without a breakfast, sometimes barefoot; and sinking to the ground from perfect weariness, have been pricked up again by the halbert of a sargeant.—I wanted every thing—even hope—and envied my more fortunate comrades the quiet possession of a few feet of earth, even whilst crows and vultures were tearing them from it. Whilst thousands are thus miserable, the master whose restless ambition—but what have I, a reptile, to do, to murmur at Kings. Are they not as Gods unto us?

After the battle of Leipsic, so fruitful in destruction, wearied out still more with the evils I saw, than with those I felt, I ran away and hid myself a year amongst the iron mines. Afterwards I rambled over Poland, Livonia, and Muscovy, laboring when I could obtain work, starving upon charity when I could not, but always thinking of my Jaquette, my little daughter, the Count Valerieux, and my misfortunes.

"A war was talked of between the Russians and Turks; and it being understood that I had been a French soldier, I was partly solicited, partly forced into the Russian service. My post was equivalent to that of a corporal, and whilst the war was only talked of, which was some years, my condition was not quite deplorable.

"At length we marched, and all the horrors of war were perfectly alive in my remembrance. It is said that heroism will make men endure willingly the greatest fatigues. It may be so—I never felt its power—nor the common soldier of the Russian herd neither. Their animating principle is stupidity, and they do wonders with it. It is a seven fold shield on the day of defeat, and on the day of victory, an impenetrable bulwark against the feelings of humanity. Alas! I could not get rid of mine, and my soul sunk within me.

"From this oppression of spirit, the greatest of human evils, the second year of the war delivered me. I had the good luck to be taken prisoner by the Turks, and soon after sold for a slave in the public market of Necopolis in Bulgaria.—This was indeed a new evil, and of a nature most mortifying, but I had undergone an excellent preparation. In spite of the pride of manhood to see itself degraded to a horse, I soon found my condition much mended. I had more food, and more ease and tranquillity. I was several times bought however, only to be sold again; at length I found a master in Adrianople, and he was a good man. I shall scarce gain credit for this with my countrymen—for how can a man be good who is not a christian? It is true the Turkish religion is false, the more is the pity. They ought to be objects of compassion, not of hatred. It is true also they have four wives, whilst a Christian can have but one; and concubines, forbidden fruit to us, as many as they can keep. In other respects, their morality is as pure as ours, and, for any thing I can perceive, they adhere to it as well.

"I think, good Sir, I make my story too long; I must weary you; and the evening draws on apace; I have three miles to walk to a mill; and I am impatient to see my daughter, who, I hear, is married to the owner of it, and who is now the only hope of my old age."

It happened that this mill lay but little out of my way, and I grew so interested in the old man's fortune, that we agreed to go on together, and he continued his story thus:—

[To be continued.]

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At the Lottery and Magazine Office, No 78, State-street.



# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 18,

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE PASSENGER—No. XXX.

IN a former number it was remarked, that one of our company was a gentleman who possessed very eccentric ideas;—in his conversation with the Captain, it might be perceived, that a fondness for argument led him in some instances to oppose opinions generally received, merely for the sake of debate. This inclination, when not accompanied with sense and good nature, renders its possessor insufferable; but as he appeared not to be deficient in those essentials for a controversialist, his society was pleasing. In reply to a remark which had been made, I observed, that the world were generally right in their conclusions. This position he opposed, and offered to demonstrate that in their conclusions, their systems, their establishments, there is a much greater proportion of error than of truth, and of folly than of wisdom. Name, said he, any number of topics you please, of those wherein man is to form conclusions from the strength of his reasoning powers, and if I do not convict him of misapplying those powers, I will submit.

By his offer to demonstrate, a mathematical idea had associated with that of argument, and I gave him *Geometry*, for a trial of his ingenuity in displaying error. Geometry, said he, is controlled by the laws of nature, and therefore comes not within the range of my proposition, but it may be exceedingly well introduced as a contrast to subjects which do. It is not for man to establish the proportion between the diameter and circumference of a circle, but to discover it; this he has accomplished sufficiently near to find that it is in all cases unchangeably the same. It is Nature's law, that in a right angled triangle, the square of one side shall be exactly equal to the amount of the squares of the other two; and man takes pride to himself for his sagacity in making the discovery; happy for him it is, that these laws are not controllable by his caprice, for had that been their fate, his first improvement would have been to subvert them, but they admit neither doubt nor change. Here is a distinction between the laws of nature and human systems, placing them at immeasurable distance; as this distance is in the smallest measure reduced, by an approximation to nature, in any establishment, so far does that establishment approach toward perfection.

Our regulations are generally a compound of wisdom and weakness, sometimes one preponderating and sometimes the other, but very frequently the balance is in favor of the latter. The sum of human knowledge may be comprised in two words, *sciences* and *arts*. The distinction between these, has ever been a subject of uncertainty, no definite line being drawn between them. Here you perceive that even at the threshold of knowledge we stumble. To form this distinction will be a preliminary to my argument. Science, justly speaking, I conceive to be the investigation of the laws of nature; Art is the manner of applying those laws. For instance, Geometry, which you have just named, is a science; nature has formed invariable proportions between certain lines; science discovers them, and art applies the discovery to various purposes of life. No pursuit therefore, which is unfounded in the laws of nature, can be a science; that which depends on opinion, must rank with the arts.

I here took the liberty of observing that by this mode of calculating he would rob us of most of our sciences. Yes, said he, for the greater part of them have no title to that rank; they are but arts, and it is with arts that I am contending. Jurisprudence is classed as a science; yet, not being founded on immutable principles, it depends on the will of man, consequently it is an art entirely under his control.

Then, said I, you will give Theology and Medicine the same rank.

Whatever varies, said he, with the fluctuations of custom or opinion, can possess no other stability than what custom or opinion can give to it, consequently that must be an art, which the art of man can change. By this distinction between science and art, you will easily comprehend what subjects do, and what do not come within the sphere of my remarks, respecting the proportion which wisdom bears to error, in the common concerns or general establishments of life.

Another discrimination must be made to distinguish those arts which depend upon intellect, from those which require bodily labor; and the terms *mental* and *manual* will fully answer the purpose. Thus love and ropemaking are both arts, the one mental and the other manual.

This heterogeneous connection produced a general laugh, and interested some of our company in the conversation, who had not before appeared to hear any part of it. A lady who had scarcely uttered a syllable since our setting off, could hold her peace no longer. Her sedate countenance instantly brightened into the aspect of good humour sparkling with vivacity. She observed, that until now, she had never been informed whether love was to be classed with the sciences or the arts; but, as so much art was displayed in the practice, she concluded the gentleman must be right in the rank he had given to it.

She then requested that he would take this art for a subject, to expose its errors, as he had engaged; for it was her opinion that no topic could be more interesting to the world at large, but particularly to her sex.

He replied that more real mischief was sustained from inconsistencies in this, than perhaps any other pursuit; and readily acceded to the lady's request—His observations will be reserved for a future paper.

### ON FEMALE CONVERSATION AND EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

[From Gisborne's "Enquiry into the Duties of the Female Sex."]

CONVERSATION is an index to the mind. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." The observation is true, not only when referring to those who use the language of openness and sincerity, but also when applied to the reserved man and the disssembler. Closeness indicates distrust; and often, by sharpening curiosity, causes the discovery of what is meant to be concealed. Art sooner or later drops the mask, or gives ample proof that she wears one. If it be admitted, conformably to general opinion, that female fluency in discourse is greater and more persevering than that of the other sex; it behoves women the more steadily to remember, that the fountain will be estimated according to the stream. If the rill runs babbling along, shallow and frothy, the source will be deemed incapable of supplying an ampler current. If the former is muddy, bitter, and corrosive, its offensiveness will be ascribed to the inherent qualities of the latter.

Among the faults which it is usual to hear laid to the charge of young women, when female discourse is canvassed, vanity, affectation, and frivolousness, seem to

be the most prevailing theme of censure. That in a number of instances the censure is warranted, cannot be denied. And every young woman ought to be sensible, that there should be ground for applying it, with justice, to herself. For, if it should be with justice applied to her, let her be assured, that whatever may be the circumstances of palliation by which a part of the blame may be transferred elsewhere, there will yet be, in the most favourable case, a large residuum, for which she ought to be, and must be, personally responsible. But it is no more than common candour to avow, that in addition to those defects which frequently subsist in the plan of female education, there is another cause to which a portion of this vanity, and of its concomitant habits and errors, must be ascribed; namely, the injudicious and reprehensible behaviour of the other sex.

The style and kind of conversation in which men very generally indulge themselves towards unmarried women, not unfrequently towards married women, and towards no women so much as towards those who have been recently introduced into public, are such as would lead an indifferent auditor to conclude, either that their own intellectual powers were very slender, or that they regarded the persons, to whom they were directing their discourse, as nearly devoid of understanding. For antecedently to experience, could it appear probable that a man of sense, when conversing with a woman whom he deemed to possess a cultivated mind, would study, as it should seem, to shun every subject of discourse which might afford scope for the exercise of reason: that his whole aim would apparently be, to excite the noisy gaiety founded on nothing; to call forth a contest of puny witticism and flippant repartee; to discuss the merits of caps and colours, and essences and fans; and to intoxicate the head, and beguile the heart, by every mode and every extravagance of compliment? Yet such is the sort of conversation daily to be heard; and not in public places only, but in private families; and not only from the giddiness of empty young men, but from men of maturer years, and of a more sober cast; men who, themselves, have daughters about to be introduced into the world, and are themselves known, in their serious moments, to lament, and to lament, with sincerity, the temptations and dangers by which those daughters, when introduced, are to be assailed. The effects of such treatment and intercourse on young women are deeply and permanently mischievous. She who is already vain, frivolous, and affected, instead of deriving from the behaviour which she experiences from the other sex motives and encouragements to improvement, is confirmed in her faults more and more; and learns to continue from principle what, perhaps, originated in thoughtlessness. And she who at present is not tainted with these failings, is in constant hazard either of being ensnared by the familiarity of example, and by the comparative disregard shown to those excellences with which she is endowed; or of contracting a disposition equally remote from feminine confidence and christian humility, namely, a propensity to admire her own acquisitions; to rest with proud confidence in her own judgment of persons and things; and to reprehend with censoriousness, or expose with sarcastic ridicule, the manners and the characters of her acquaintance. Young women will act wisely in remembering that men who are addicted to this style of conversation, and profuse in the language of complimentary encomium, are found in general to be inextricable flatterers, and to applaud without inward approbation; and that, if single men, they are often among the least likely to have their affections seriously engaged, and the least worthy to possess the affections of another.

But while, on the one hand, we allow to young women the full benefit of every apology that can be derived from the improper behaviour and example of the other sex in the points under consideration; truth requires us, on the other hand, to observe that this very behaviour on the part of men, which has been justly reprehended, is frequently called forth and encouraged



by the favourable reception which it is seen to attain. Beauty delights to hear its own praise. Where beauty does not captivate in the countenance, grace and elegance may fascinate in the person; and grace and elegance do not yield to beauty in the desire of admiration. Where neither beauty, nor grace and elegance have been liberal of their gifts, vanity is at hand to magnify ever the most slender token of their bounty; and listens with open ears to the applauses which she imagines herself to deserve; and with still greater eagerness to those, her title to which she had previously doubted. If personal attractions have been so sparingly bestowed, as neither to leave room for the expectation of sincere encomium, nor even for the delusive dreams of hope, in which the fancy is prone to indulge: the love of compliment has yet other sources of gratification. Showy accomplishments become the ground on which the tribute of panegyric is claimed: and the tribute, once evidently claimed, will be regularly paid by conviction or by politeness. Hence it is that among a large proportion of young women, and especially among those who are not remarkable for the strength of their understanding, and who have not been accustomed to estimate the worth of objects according to the standard of reason and religion, conversation loaded with flatteries, as silly as they are gross, too often finds welcome hearers. Hence, also, it is confined in circles of this description to scenes, topics, and incidents which embrace little more than the amusements of the preceding or of the ensuing afternoon: the looks and the dress of the present company or of their acquaintance; petty anecdotes of the neighbourhood, and local scandal. Is it wonderful then that the wish prevalent in most men, and especially in young men, to render themselves acceptable in social intercourse to the female sex, should betray them into a mode of behaviour which they perceive to be so generally welcome? Is it wonderful that he who discovers trifling to be the way to please, should become a trifler; that he who by the casual introduction of a subject, which seemed to call upon the reason to exert itself, has brought an ominous yawn over the countenance of his fair auditor, should guard against a repetition of the offence? But it is not only to women of moderate capacity, that hours of trifling and flippant conversation are found acceptable. To those of superior talents they are not unfrequently known to give a degree of entertainment, greater than on slight consideration we might have expected. The matter, however, may easily be explained. Many women who are endowed with strong mental powers, are little inclined to the trouble of exerting them. They love to indulge a supine vacuity of thought; listen to nonsense without dissatisfaction, because to listen to it requires no effort; neither search nor prompt others to search deeper than the surface of the passing topic of discourse; and were it not for an occasional remark that indicates discernment, or a look of intelligence which gleams through the listlessness of sloth, would scarcely be suspected of judgment and penetration. While these persons rarely seem in the common intercourse of life to turn their abilities to the advantage either of themselves or of their friends; others, gifted with equal talents, are tempted to misapply them by the consciousness of possessing them.—Vain of their powers and of their dexterity in the use of them, they cannot resist the impulse which they feel to lead a pert and coxcombical young man, whenever he falls in their way, to expose himself. The prattle which they despise, they encourage; because it amuses them by rendering the speaker ridiculous.—They lead him on, unsuspecting of their design, and secretly pluming himself on the notice which he attracts, and on his own happy talents of rendering himself agreeable, and delighted the most when he is most the object of derision, from one step of folly to another. By degrees they contract an habitual relish for the style of conversation which enables them at once to display their own wit, and to gratify their passion for mirth, and their taste for the ludicrous. They become inwardly impatient when it flags; and more impatient when it meets with interruption. And if a man of grave aspect and more wakeful reflection presumes to step within the circle, they assail the unwelcome intruder with a volley of brilliant raillery and sparkling repartee, which bears down knowledge and learning before it; and convulse the delighted auditors with peals of laughter, while he labours in his heavy accoutrements after his light-armed antagonist, and receives at every turn a shower of arrows, which he can neither parry nor withstand.

[Concluded in our next.]

#### MORAL AND USEFUL.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

NOTICING sometime since, an advertisement in the *Columbian Centinel*, respecting the MINERAL WATER, of Stafford, I was induced to take a near friend of mine, who was at that time in a very debilitated state, to that place.—I am happy in being able to give credit to the accommodations as well as to the enterprising exertions of a young Gentleman, who, like yourselves since he commenced the undertaking, has met with a total destruction of all his previous acquisitions by fire. Those, to be sure, who unreasonably expect all the delicacies and luxuries of this capital, in a situation which not three years since was in a state as rude and uncultivated as the wilds of Niagara, must inevitably be disappointed. Those who are disposed duly to appreciate the unaided exertions of a single individual, stemming a torrent of adversity and pursuing in the face of every discouragement, a design of unquestionable public utility, cannot fail of being gratified.—Those who can feel contented with as well furnished a table and as good refreshments of other kinds, as are generally to be obtained in almost any country town, will have no cause of dissatisfaction.

Nature has furnished the raw materials for rendering that place a very elegant situation, and Dr. Willard, the present proprietor, discovers a disposition to manufacture those materials as fast as time and circumstances will possibly admit. The principal branch of the Wellamantic flows, directly in front of the house, at the distance of about eight rods, and the several streams which form that river, unite about fifteen rods from the house.—The scenery in the vicinity of the spring, is truly Arcadian, and most strikingly picturesque.

Two turnpike companies have lately been incorporated by the General Assembly of Connecticut, one of which has brought on a turnpike road from Hartford to Tolland. The other has been more recently incorporated and will continue the same road from Tolland to the line of Massachusetts in the best directions for the town of Worcester. So soon as the road shall be completed, it will render the place easily accessible from various directions. The testimonials respecting the utility of the water as a remedy in various complaints, are strong and convincing. In almost all cutaneous disorders it has been found a sovereign remedy. In most cases of general or local debility, it has been found highly serviceable.

The house which Dr. Willard has erected is large, and when completely finished, will be elegant and commodious. This spring was formerly much frequented. The revolutionary war gave a great check to the resort thither; and afterwards the almost total want of accommodations for visitors, brought the water into disuse. This evil is already greatly remedied. It has even now become a place of very considerable resort. The time is anticipated when the real merits of the Mineral Waters, the native pleasantness of the situation, and the goodness of the accommodations, will bring together great numbers every season from various parts of the country.

Presuming that the foregoing narrative will at least be amusing to many, by inserting the same in your Magazine, you will oblige a friend to enterprize. J. S.

Boston, August 7, 1804.

#### PROVIDENCE COMPARED TO AN INDULGENT MOTHER.

SEE a fond mother encircled by her children; with pious tenderness she looks around, and her soul even melts with maternal love. One she kisses on its cheek, and clasps another to her bosom; one she sets

upon her knee, and finds a seat upon her foot for another. And while by their actions, their lisping words and asking eyes, she understands their various numberless little wishes, to these she dispenses a look, and a word to those; and whether she smiles or frowns, it is all in tender love. Such to us, though infinitely high and awful, is Providence; so it watches over us; comforting these, providing for those, listening to all, and assisting every one; and if sometimes it denies the favor we implore, it denies but to invite our most earnest prayers, or if seeming to deny a blessing, grants one in the refusal.

#### AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

I HAVE often heard the word Swindling, applied to certain criminal cases, and have reverted to all dictionaries which I know of, and have never yet found such a word. Will you be so kind, as to request in your useful paper, some of the gentlemen lawyers to inform me, where the real word originated. Yours, A. B.

#### CURIOUS MACHINE.

PROFESSOR PETIT, of Helsingør, has invented a nautical machine to save persons from drowning. To try the effects of it against the united currents of the North Sea and the Baltic, a young waggoner, named Peterson, having equipped himself in this machine, sprang into the sea, in the presence of numerous spectators, many of whom accompanied him in sailing boats. At his departure he fired a pistol twice; and on his passage he eat, drank, and smoked a pipe, to shew that he had the entire use of his arms. Being benumbed with cold, he got into a boat to warm himself with rowing; but soon sprang into the water again, and happily reached the Swedish shore, after a passage of one hour and a quarter. On his arrival, he saluted the spectators with a pistol shot, and waved a flag which he drew from the sea. Having remained a short time at Helsingør, he returned to the Danish coast, where he arrived amidst the shouts of the curious, who lined the shore. The machine weighs but seven pounds, and fastens round the waist of the wearer.

#### ON PREJUDICE.

-PREJUDICE and lunacy have certainly very different causes, but I think in effect they are the same. The madman will talk rationally on all subjects, except that which has a particular connection with his malady; and the prejudiced man will talk irrationally on the subject that is connected with his prejudice; so that, if I must distinguish prejudice from lunacy, I can only say, that prejudice is a perversion of the understanding, which is more difficult to be cured.

#### QUICK DISPATCH.

"DOCTOR, (said a London lawyer, who was lately examining a mine in Cornwall, to a clergyman, his friend, who stood at the top) as you know of all things from the surface to the centre, pray how far is it from this pit to that in the infernal regions?" "I cannot exactly ascertain the distance, (replied the divine,) but let go your hold, and you will be there in a minute."

#### DR. PITCAIRN.

WHEN degrees were held in higher estimation, and therefore more coveted, than at present, Pitcairn, then at Edinburgh, in order to affront a Dutch University, where himself had been graduated, and degrees had been much prostituted, sent for a diploma for his valet, which being granted, he sent for another, for his horse; to which last request the Rector Magnificus replied, that, with a view to oblige him, they had consulted their records for a precedent, but they could not find one, though under the name Pitcairn, it appeared that the university once conferred an honorary degree on an ass.

#### MR. POWELL.

THE late Mr. Powell, of Covent-Garden theatre, was a man of some pleasantry and much good nature. He was originally a cook, and took great pleasure in collecting a number of his theatrical brethren to a dinner of beef-steaks, which it was also his pride to dress

with his own hands. If any little bickering took place on these occasions, he would say, "For God's sake, gentlemen, forget your *broils*, and attend to mine."

#### MEDICAL ANECDOTE.

A GENTLEMAN extremely oppressed with low spirits, applied for relief to the late Dr. R—. The Doctor told him his recipe was in the hands of a physician at Exeter, to whom he sent him with a letter. The Exeter physician had sent it to a brother of the faculty at Edinburg, to whom the invalid posted; but the remedy was in the hands of a Dublin doctor. Crossing the sea, he found that the Irishman had just transmitted it to Dr. R—, in London.—When he returned to London, Dr. R— asked him the state of his health. "Why," said he, "I have had an excellent round—for I have lost my disorder."—"That," replied the doctor, "was the medicine I sent you after."

#### CHINESE ANECDOTE.

THE daughter of a Chinese doctor, followed by two young female-servants, passed one day before the pagoda; the door of which being open, she entered to pay her devotions. Not perceiving any person in it, she advanced to the altar of the idol, where she devoutly placed herself on her knees. The superior of the pagoda (who was concealed in a place from which he could see every thing without being himself seen) looked at her attentively; and, finding her very much to his taste, went hastily in search of his companions, and ordered them to seize and carry away these three women. The order was not more speedily given than executed.

The doctor, who was astonished at the disappearance of his daughter, and very much troubled to know what was become of her, made such diligent inquiries, that at length he learned she was in the power of the bonzes. He then addressed himself to the Tartarian general of the province, and complained of his daughter being ravished away from him.

The general, ever ready to render justice, first went to the pagoda with the doctor, and demanded the females they detained. The bonzes replied, that Foë had fallen in love with the doctor's daughter, and had caused herself and the two servants to be taken away. The superior, with extreme effrontery, added, also, that Foë, in being willing to honour the daughter of the doctor with his embraces, conferred on the doctor, and his whole family, the greatest honour.

The Tartarian general, without listening to the fables of the bonzes himself, visited all parts of the house and garden. At length he heard a confused sound of voices, which seemed to come from a grotto hollowed in a rock. He caused an iron door which closed the entrance to be forced open, and found, in a subterranean place, the daughter of the doctor, with many other companions of her misfortunes. They were all restored to their families; and, by order of the general, fire was set to the four corners of the pagoda, which was quickly reduced to ashes, with its infamous ministers.

#### FEMALE PATRIOTISM.

IN the year 1637, judge Crook having a cause to settle concerning ship-money, and being fearful of exposing himself to the resentment of a powerful ministry, had determined to give judgment for the King; but his wife, a woman of true virtue, addressing him in a style of Spartan magnanimity, conjured him not to err against his conscience and his honor, for fear of incurring danger or poverty. For herself, she would be content to suffer want or any misery, rather than be the occasion of his acting against his judgment and his conscience.

Crook, struck with the exalted sentiments, and strengthened with the further encouragements, of so dear and persuasive a friend, altered his purpose, and not only gave his opinion against the King, but argued with a noble boldness and firmness on the side of Law and Liberty.

#### WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, AUGUST 11, 1804.

#### FOREIGN.

EUROPE.—Dates to the 6th of July, were received yesterday, by the *Ehza*, Capt. Smith, from Lon-lon.—In France, the invasion was again talked of, and pre-

parations were in great forwardness since our last accounts. The Imperial constitution did not meet with any obstructions in its execution.—The French fleet in Brest harbour, July 1st, amounted to 22 sail of the line, and 10 frigates; but was blockaded by the British fleet of 35 sail of the line.—In England, King it was said had regained his health, and transacted business as formerly. On the 1st July, the navy in commission, amounted to 507, including 104 sail of the line.—The report of a battle, in the Mediterranean, between the English and French fleets, remains unconfirmed.—Capt. Ely arrived at New York from Amsterdam, informs, that Admiral Verhul, with about sixty sail of gun-boats, schooners and brigs, under his convoy, in the passage from Flushing to Ostend, fell in with a division of Sir Sidney Smith's fleet, and an engagement ensued, in which the latter were beaten off, and the flotilla arrived at the place of its destination, without any other injury than the loss of two gun-boats. Some of the English ships were considerably crippled in their sails and rigging, and one of their brigs was said to have sunk.

"The present state of the Russian Empire does not indicate any preparations for war, particularly if the Emperor is to visit his southern provinces, to which he is very attentive. In Austria, no circumstances indicate war, and the princes are too busy in their new arrangements to desire any such event. The Danes have celebrated their deliverance at their Capital from the Marine force which threatened them, and the Swedes are disposed for the most prudent policy. The last accounts from Spain did not indicate any war. The jealousies respecting the French armies in the southern parts of Italy had begun to abate, and the Ecclesiastical state has discovered a disposition to accept peace from the Emperor of France. The subject of negotiation between France and England has been repeatedly mentioned. Some are persuaded that proposals have been made, but it can hardly be supposed that negotiation has any authority prior to the late establishment of the Empire of France, and sufficient time has not elapsed since to put us in possession of any proofs, or appearances of reconciliation." *Salem Reg.*

#### DOMESTICK.

Of our domestick articles, we have a report from Genoa, of the 25th May, which states, that the British Consul at Tripoly, was likely to succeed in mediating a peace between the United States, and that Regency—the only obstacle being the quantity of tribute money to be paid by the U. S.—For the protection of our commerce, the President of the United States has ordered to the coast of South Carolina and Georgia, gun-boat No. 1, under the command of Lt. Commandant John Powell; and that another will be sent in a few days. Arrangements have also been made for building two more.—It is said the President of the United States, has appointed Mr. Munroe, Governor of Louisiana.—Counterfeit dollars of the following descriptions, are in circulation. The American dollar, dated 1801, plated on copper is a little thicker in the centre, than at the edge, the eagle larger, but the impression equally as good as the true ones. The Spanish plated dollars, dated 1796 and 1798, are well executed, the countenance of them bright and good, but are lighter than the true ones.—We still continue to receive accounts of severe storms in various parts of the United States. An article from Baltimore, of the 9th inst. in noticing a recent storm, says, "A flood equal to this has not been experienced, since the memorable one which demolished the gable of Christ Church, floated a schooner of burthen into the Market place, and occasioned various distresses."—We learn by a gentleman, who left New London on Wednesday, that another American ship, from Bourdeaux for New York, which had been taken by the *Leander*, was brought in there that day. When captured, a Lieutenant and 11 seamen were put on board the ship, and all her crew, except the captain, mate and cook, taken out. These persons rose upon the *Leander's* men, and retook the vessel. : : *Pal.*—Among the many arts practised to cheat and defraud, we notice a recent occurrence at Baltimore. A genteel looking man, put up at a respectable tavern in that city, and departed the next morning, without discharging his bill, leaving a bundle in the care of the bar-keeper—but not returning, it was opened; when wrapt up in a very old dirty shirt, tied

in a silk handkerchief full of holes, were found a large heap of leaves, two or three small stones, a salt herring and one biscuit, with a note stating, "that as they had not been supplied him with fresh provisions, he left them a relish for breakfast."—Yesterday, according to annual usage, the School-Committee attended the visitation of the public Schools in this town. They were accompanied by his Honor the Lieutenant Governor, the Hon. Mr. KING, Mr. GORE, and a number of official characters. From the increased numbers of the pupils, and the necessary additional schools, the performance of this pleasing duty occupied the time from 8 until near 4 o'clock. The numbers present at the various schools, exceeded 1600 of both sexes; and their performances were such as to do themselves honor, and to gratify the visitors.—*Cent.*

#### APOLOGY.

¶ We have to apologize to our Patrons, at the north part of the town and Charlestown, for the neglects and inattention of the carrier, in delivering the Magazine. A new one is provided, who we hope will remedy this inconvenience, and be more faithful.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Musarum Amicus*," has much merit, particularly the first and second stanza; they contain very considerable poetic beauty—but the others require correction; and it would give us pleasure to see it in a neater dress. We request the author's pardon for not having noticed it earlier, as it was mislaid.

We would advise the "*Tenth of Sixteen*," never to give up the time which might be so much better employed, to pursue the idle trade of a Poet—we assure him his stock of ideas are too scanty for him ever to find it a profitable business, either for fame or fortune.

The essay on Connubial Felicity, signed "F." has merit—but its language is incorrect, and besides which, seems only the echo of the sentiments expressed in an essay which appeared in our Magazine, a few weeks since, "On the means necessary to be employed to secure affection in the married state."

Lines "*To Innocence*," have nothing in them very striking—we beg leave to decline them.

"*The Wish*," from an "*Infant Muse*," is too incorrect for insertion—the sentiments expressed are good, but common.

Lines copied from a London paper, do not seem aimed at the fashions of the present day—*waddling* has long been obsolete.

An Allegory is received—but its length is a great obstacle to its admission.

#### MARRIED.

In this town, Mr. James Bulge, to Miss Nancy Nickels—George W. Prescott, Esq. of Portsmouth, to Miss Mary Grafton; Mr. Wm. Baker, of Ipswich, to Miss Sarah Blake.

#### DEATHS.

At Pembroke, Dr. Charles Turner, *Æt.* 38. At Salem, Mrs. Ann Wellman, *Æt.* 32—Mr. Josiah Woodbury, *Æt.* 57. At Concord, Dr. Timothy Minot, *Æt.* 79.

In this town, deeply lamented, on Monday last, the Rev. Dr. Simeon Howard, pastor of the West Church.—Mrs. Rebecca Parker, wife of Daniel P. Esq.—Mr. Thomas Bayley, jun. *Æt.* 53—Mrs. Sally Clouston, *Æt.* 43, wife of Mr. Wm. C.—Mr. Isaac Bird, *Æt.* 83. Sydney Bradford Morse, son of Mr. Sam. M. *Æt.* 15 mo. Master Henry, *Æt.* 6, son of Mr. Wm. B. Practor—and two children. Total 9, for the week ending last evening.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

MRS. ROWSON'S POEMS being in great forwardness; those of her friends who hold subscription papers, are requested to return them immediately to the office of GILBERT & DEAN, in order that a list of the Subscribers' names may be prefixed to the work.

Aug. 12.

For Sale, at this Office,  
A VALEDICTORY DISCOURSE,  
delivered before the Cincinnati of Connecticut, in Hartford, July 4th, 1804, at the dissolution of the Society. By Col. DAVID HUMPHREYS. Published at the request of the Society.  
Aug. 12, 1804.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
TO L\*\*Y.

CEASE, cease, my L\*\*y, to avow,  
Friendship is all you can bestow :  
Ah ! do you think I can approve  
Such coldness, such Platonick love ?  
Friendship nor mirth, sweet ardor glows,  
Nor pleasing soft emotion knows ;  
Those who celestial joys would prove,  
Must yield, my fair, must yield to love.

W.

[The following lines, on the death of Mrs. ANNA MARSTON, consort of Mr. John Marston, should have followed the account of her decease as recently announced in the Magazine.]

"TWAS thine, dear Saint ! with balmy hands to bind  
The wounds inflicted in *misfortune's storm*,  
And blunt severe affliction's sharpest dart !  
'Twas friendship, love, that warm'd chaste Anna's  
mind,  
Beam'd thro' the pensive softness of her form,  
And held thine altars on her spotless heart."

FROM a new miscellany we transcribe the following  
Fable, possessing singular merit, both in the ease and  
ingenuity of the story, and the utility of the moral.

: : : Port Folio.

## GENIUS AND INDUSTRY—A FABLE.

ON every hand it is agreed,  
That Genius never can succeed  
In forming an exalted mind,  
Unless with Perseverance join'd.  
But multitudes, to folly prone,  
Move idly onward like the drone,  
Nor heed the truth applies to them,  
Though foremost others to condemn.  
To such the muse presents a tale ;  
Examples teach, when precepts fail.  
In days of yore, a wondrous well  
There was, as ancient stories tell,  
Amid whose waters, glittering bright,  
Unnumber'd jewels met the light,  
Rich sparkling gems, a glorious show,  
More vivid than Aurora's glow ;  
In substance solid as—you see  
I cannot find a simile.  
These gems were free to every lout  
Who'd take the pains to draw them out.  
It happen'd, on a certain day,  
A youth, call'd Genius, pass'd that way ;  
A starry zone his loins embrac'd,  
A flowing vest his shoulders grac'd,  
On which was drawn, in tints sublime,  
The varied produce of each clime ;  
A flow'ry wreath his temples bound,  
And scatter'd odours all around ;  
His eye-balls flash'd the living fire,  
In his left hand he held a lyre,  
Which oft he swept, while from the lofty key,  
Burst sweetest strains of heavenly harmony.  
Enwrought with wonder and surprise,  
The glittering scene he quickly eyes ;  
And, quite transported with delight,  
Scarce stops to feed his eager sight.  
Tumultuous hopes his breast swell high,  
The rope is seiz'd, his lyre laid by ;  
The wheel revolves, like lightning round ;  
The bucket sweeps the sparkling ground ;  
And now he tugs and works away,  
But ah ! how deep the treasure lay.  
It seem'd a heavy, tiresome load,  
Scarce worth the labour he bestow'd ;  
With joy no more his bosom burns,  
The lazy axle hardly turns ;  
When, looking carelessly around,  
He thinks he hears a whizzing sound,  
And soon in air his piercing eye  
Perceives a beautiful gilded fly.  
Mad to possess the gaudy prize,  
He quits the wheel, and sudden flies,  
While every gem neglected lies.

With ardour now he skims the plain,  
Eager the painted toy to gain,  
And runs, and runs, but runs in vain.  
The fly, as Genius nearer drew,  
Still higher soar'd, still faster flew ;  
Till tir'd, the youth, with slacken'd pace,  
Unwillingly gave up the chase,  
And back return'd to seek the well ;  
But ah ! his grief what tongue can tell.  
When leaning o'er, with doubtful gaze,  
He sees no more rich jewels blaze,  
But muddy waters in their stead,  
O'er all the blacken'd surface spread.  
A ruddy youth call'd INDUSTRY,  
Had in the interim been by,  
And, toiling hard, by labour won,  
What GENIUS would have made his own,  
Had Fancy been abstracted less,  
And Reason curb'd his mind's excess.

## THE NOVELIST.

HISTORY OF JAQUETTE,  
RELATED BY SIR JOHN AMINGTON.  
[From the fair Syrian.]

[Continued from page 168.]

"MY master, as I said before, was kind to me, and I felt but little of the peculiar evils of slavery. Unfortunately he was a public man. I knew very little of the Turkish Government, but it seems, as much as possible, to do all its acts in the dark. One night my master was seized in his bed, and carried, as we believe, to Constantinople. In a fortnight his effects were sold, of which, men and women slaves make always a considerable part. I made my appearance again, in the markets, and after a few changes, I became the purchase of a rich merchant of Constantinople. As to my old master I never heard a syllable more about him.  
"My new master was a native of Georgia, and professed Mehomedanism, but I don't think he was sincere in it. In the first place we had not that strictness of prayer, and ablutions, which is to be found in the houses of most Turks. Secondly, he had but one wife, and never purchased a female slave for beauty. It would have been difficult indeed to have found one, with half his wife's beauty, accomplishments and goodness. I am sure she was a christian at heart, though she said nothing of it. At their country-house, three miles from Constantinople, they lived exactly as christians do. There was no harem here, nor separation of men from women ; but when their household was in the city, it was different.—This was the family in which, had it been possible, I should have forgot my country, and my misfortunes.—From the highest to the lowest we all loved one another. All my master's offspring was two daughters, now drawing towards womanhood, and lovely creatures both in mind and in body. It was impossible such parents should not dote upon such children.

"The son of the Aga of the Janissaries wanted to marry the eldest. He had a fine house at no great distance from my master's and having travelled in the west of Europe, and seen the French taste in gardening, was desirous to imitate it, and particularly the water-works. In pursuance of this inclination, he had made a large pond, by damming up a rivulet which ran into the Propontis near the corner of my master's garden. There are no tides in this sea ; but its height notwithstanding fluctuates a few feet according to the winds that blow. When at the highest, it forms a small bay, where it receives this rivulet, west of my master's country house, whose south aspect looks full upon the Propontis. When at lowest, this bay is left dry, except the bed of the rivulet ; and the sands abound in shells, which our young ladies were fond of gathering to make the shell-work of grottos.

"One fine afternoon I was at work in the flower garden : my mistress and the young ladies came and assisted me in tying them up ; and talked a great deal to me in French, for they read a great deal of French, and asked me much of my family, and talked very kindly to me.—I blessed them when they left me, and wondered how women could be so good. Then I wondered it had not pleased God to make all women good ; for you know, Sir, he might if he pleased, with a stroke of his will—and then men would be good of course, and the world would be happy—and my little Jaquette and her mother—alas, Sir, that was her father's house—

there she was born—from thence I took her blushing to the church, where she vowed to be true ; and who would not have believed such virgin innocence ! Good Heaven ! how often, and how fondly, have we walked along this very path.

"I am ashamed, Sir, I am ashamed," continued the old man, after a burst of sighs and sobs.

"You need not indeed ; why should you be ashamed of memory and feeling ? why should you be ashamed of being a man ?"

"Ah ! Sir, but let me go back to my good mistresses. The young ladies, the day being dry, were gone down to gather shells ; the mother stayed on an eminence in the garden. I heard her shriek, and turning, saw her fall upon the ground. I flew to relieve her. The moment I reached the eminence, what an object presented itself !—The young ladies rolling down a rapid stream, and within an hundred yards of the Propontis ! Merciful Heaven !—I cannot tell you my thoughts at the time, for I don't remember that I had any. My mistress lay at my feet in a swoon—that was nothing. I made but few steps down into the bay, and running with my whole speed, threw myself into the water a little nearer the sea than the ladies had yet reached. Poor girls ! they had caught hold of each other, and their clothes had yet buoyed them up. They were still sensible, and I disposed each to hold by part of my garment, whilst I endeavoured to swim obliquely downwards to the bank. I soon found that with these impediments I could not advance a yard. I struggled until my strength was nearly gone, then yielding to fate, we rushed into the Propontis together. There was now but one possible hope of safety, that of supporting them above water until we might be seen and relieved by a boat or a bark, which, so near the city, was no improbable circumstance. The poor girls, however, hung heavy upon me, I could not have supported them long, when I heard my master's encouraging voice, and saw streamers waving in the air, as if designed for signals. By the blessing of God, they produced the desired effect. We were taken up by a fishing boat within a few minutes of the end of our existence.

"The Aga's son was amongst those who received us upon our landing, an impious man, who uttered imprecations against Mahomet, and blasphemed Allah, because it was the breaking of his new raised mound that occasioned this sad affair.

"Indeed it had a terrible consequence. My poor mistress had been carried home delirious, and never recovered her senses until within two days of her death ; and the parting scene betwixt her and my master, and the young ladies, would have melted a heart of stone. I was present at it ; for I was now highly considered in the family—and I think it hurt me more than all I had suffered in so many years of calamity—for when we suffer in the sufferings of those we dearly love, you know, Sir, the pangs are keener than when we feel but for ourselves.

"My mistress's obsequies being performed, and my master and the ladies having reasoned and wept themselves into some small tranquillity, they came all together to me into the garden, where I was doing some little matters with a spade. My master took it from me. "My friend, said he, no more labour. It is owing, under God, to you, that I am not destroyed in all my hopes, and utterly desolate and forlorn. You are free from this hour. But it would be little to give you freedom, did I not give you the means of supporting it with comfort. You are now growing into years, and age requires repose. As to my part, I have already made some secret sales, and am preparing to spend the rest of my days in Georgia, my native country. Every man loves his native country, even tho' it has used him unkindly. This it is that hinders me from offering you an establishment in my family for life. We should be happy to have you with us, but I urge it not. Chuse your own condition. Only leave us not until we have left this now hateful country. Then we will assign you two thousand sequins for the comfort of your age, and may Heaven prosper your wishes."

"I kissed his hand respectfully, and wept upon it ; for how should I be able to speak ? The dear young ladies took me about the neck and kissed me, as if I were their father, and that tender moment almost determined me to live and die in the family.

[To be concluded in our next.]

PUBLISHED BY GILBERT &amp; DEAN.

# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 25, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

### REFLECTIONS ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

*The beauties of the face despise,  
And mental beauties only prize.*

IT is observed by a very great writer, that persons who are deformed, commonly take pains to cultivate their minds, in order to recommend themselves to the world by the shining qualities of the understanding; and to take off the bad impressions we may receive from the uncouthness of their figure. It may also be observed too truly, that women of remarkable beauty are often so fully satisfied with their outward excellencies, that they totally neglect the improvement of their minds. They are apt to consider beauty as the only qualification requisite in their sex; and since they are endowed with it in such an eminent degree, they look down with disdain on females, less happy in the charms of their persons.

Beauty has undoubtedly great influence over the hearts of men, but wherever it is over-run with affectation and conceit, our admiration will soon be turned into disgust; while women of features but tolerably agreeable, set off with good sense and good humour, will captivate the hearts of worthier men, and more effectually secure their constancy.

Miss B—— was a lady endowed with most exquisite beauty, and her person was perfectly handsome; yet the misfortune of it was, that she was too sensible of her external charms. She would walk for hours together in the Mall, and pride herself highly in the contemptible train of coxcombs who dangled by her side; all their compliments, civilities, and encomiums she looked upon as matters of fact, though every one else knew they were words of course. If she smiled at one, winked at another, or nodded her head at a third, she fondly believed she was conferring a lasting obligation; and assumed such an air of superiority over all the rest of her sex, that one would be induced to believe, she expected mankind in general to fall down and worship her.

Such behaviour caused her to be utterly despised by all men of good sense and sound understanding; and she had the mortification at last to find, that all the empty puppies who had once professed such esteem for her, and had offered up so many sacrifices of adulation to her beauty, deserted and despised her; and she became a contemptible dupe to those very charms, which had led her to dupe so many. She found, too late, that most men are of the opinion of Juba, in the tragedy of Cato, where the author makes him say,

*'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,  
The tincture of a skin, that I admire;  
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,  
Fades in his eye, and falls upon the sense.*

It is very obvious, however, that if Miss B—— had paid more attention to the cultivation of her mind, and spent less time in ornamenting her person, she might have shared all the sweets and happiness this world could have afforded her; she might have been united to a man of sense, worth, and fortune; she might have been loved and cherished by a most endearing husband; and blessed with a little family of dutiful and respectful children. Whereas, on the contrary, her ridiculous conduct has driven her into obscurity, where she must forever lament the extravagance of her former folly and glaring indiscretion.

From the fate of this lady, therefore, let all the sex take warning; and remember, that Providence has bestowed upon them an inward mirror, [Conscience] whereby they may adorn their minds, and regulate every action of their lives, with as much ease as they can adjust the dress by means of a common looking-glass. Nothing is a stronger instance of the goodness of the great Creator, than that delicate inward feeling, so strongly impressed upon every reasonable creature.

This internal monitor, if duly attended to, and diligently cherished and kept alive, would check the co-

quette in her ridiculous career, and make her look back with contempt upon all her vain and frivolous pursuits.

*Beauties in vain their sparkling eyes may roll;  
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.*

### ON FEMALE CONVERSATION AND EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

[From Gisborne's "Enquiry into the Duties of the Female Sex."]

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 170.)

FROM the remarks which have been made on the frivolousness of language and sentiment which often appears agreeable to women; and even to women who are qualified both to communicate and to enjoy the highest pleasures of conversation, which can flow from cultivated minds; let it not be inferred, that the mixed discourse, either of female society, or of young persons of the two sexes, is to resemble the discussions of a board of philosophers; and that ease and gaiety, and laughter and wit, are to be proscribed as inveterate enemies of sobriety and good sense. Let ease exempt from affectation, gaiety prompted by innocence, laughter the effusion of ingenuous delight, and wit unstained with any tincture of malevolence, enliven the hours of social converse. But let it not be thought that their enlivening influence is unreasonably curtailed, if good sense be empowered at all times to superintend their proceedings; and if sobriety be authorised sometimes to interpose topics, which may exercise and improve the faculties of the understanding.

At the close of these remarks on female conversation, it may be allowable to subjoin a few words on a kindred subject, epistolary correspondence. Letters which pass between men, commonly relate, in a greater or a less degree, to actual business. Even young men, on whom the cares of life are not yet devolved in their full weight, will frequently be led to enlarge to their absent friends on topics not only of an interesting nature, but also of a serious cast: On the studies which they are respectively pursuing; on the advantages and disadvantages of the profession to which the one or the other is destined; on the circumstances which appear likely to forward or to impede the success of each in the world. The seriousness of the subject, therefore, has a tendency, though a tendency which, I admit, is not always successful, to guard the writer from an affected and artificial style. Young women, whose minds are comparatively unoccupied by such concerns, are sometimes found to want, in their correspondence, a counterpoise, if not to the desire of shining, yet to the quickness of imagination, and occasionally, to the quickness of feeling, natural to their sex. Hence they are exposed to peculiar danger, a danger aggravated by the nature of some of the fashionable topics which will proceed from engrossing conversation to employ the pen, of learning to clothe their thoughts in studied phrases; and even of losing simplicity both of thought and expression in florid, refined, and sentimental parade. Frequently, too, the desire of shining intermingles itself, and involves them in additional temptations. They are ambitious to be distinguished for writing, as the phrase is, good letters. Not that a lady ought not to write a good letter. But a lady, who makes it her study to write a good letter, commonly produces a composition to which a very different epithet ought to be applied. Those letters only are good, which contain the natural effusions of the heart, expressed in unaffected language. Tinsel and glitter, and laboured phrases dismiss the friend and introduce the authoress. From the use of strained and hyperbolic language, it is but a step to advance to that which is insincere. But though that step be not taken, all that is pleasing in letter-writing, is already lost. And a far heavier loss is to be dreaded, the loss of simplicity of manners and character in other points. For when a woman is habitually betrayed into an artificial mode of proceeding by vanity, by the desire of pleasing, by erroneous judgment, or by any other cause;

can it be improbable that the same cause should extend its influence to other parts of her conduct, and be productive of similar effects? In justice to the female sex, however, it ought to be added, that when women of improved understandings write with simplicity, and employ their pens in a more rational way than retailing the shapes of head-dresses and gowns, and encouraging each other in vanity, their letters are in some respects particularly pleasing. Being unincumbered with grave disquisitions, they possess a peculiar ease; and shew with singular clearness the delicate features and shades, which distinguish the mind of the writer.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

THIS respectable and beloved commander, was born at Marton, in Cleveland, about four miles from Great Ayton, in Yorkshire. His father, who lived in the humble capacity of a farmer's servant, married a woman in the same sphere of life with himself. Both were noted for honesty, sobriety, and industry, qualities which are estimable in the lowest station; and when our navigator was very young, his father's good character procured him the place of bailiff to a gentleman at Great Ayton, thither the family removed. The son followed the same servile employment as far as his tender years would permit, and thus laid the foundation of that hardness of constitution, which enabled him to fulfil his future destinies with comfort and satisfaction.

The early education of Cook seems to have been very slender; however, it was not wholly neglected. At the age of thirteen he was placed under the care of a writing-master, with whom he learned the rudiments of arithmetic and book-keeping; and is said to have shown a remarkable facility in acquiring the science of numbers.

When he had reached his seventeenth year, his father bound him apprentice to a grocer, at Snaithe, a considerable fishing town. But as he evinced a strong partiality for a maritime life, for which his predilection was probably confirmed by the situation of the place, and the prevailing taste of its inhabitants, after eighteen months' servitude, he obtained a release from his engagements, and determined to follow the bent of his genius.

Accordingly, in 1746, he became an apprentice for three years to Messrs. Walker, of Whitby, who were engaged chiefly in the coal-trade; and served the full term to the entire satisfaction of his masters. After performing some voyages to the Baltic, in the capacity of a common sailor, Messrs. Walker, who had penetration enough to discover his talents and his worth, appointed him mate to one of their ships; and after some time made him an offer of the place of captain, which, fortunately for his country, he declined.

Hostilities commencing between Great-Britain and France, in 1755, Cook lying then in the river Thames, and finding press-warrants were issued, with the spirit of a man who disclaimed to be compelled to serve his king, adopted the resolution of entering as a volunteer in the royal navy; "having a mind," as he expressed himself, "to try his fortune in that way."

The first ship in which he served was the Eagle; and captain, afterwards sir Hugh Palliser, being appointed to the command, soon recognized the diligence and attention of Cook, and granted him every encouragement compatible with his humble station. His friends and connections, likewise, in his native country, finding his conduct deserving their patronage, generously interfered in his behalf; and, by the assistance of Mr. Osbaldeston, member for Scarborough, and the warm encomiums of his captain, at last procured a master's warrant to the Mercury, in which he sailed, under sir Charles Saunders, to assist in the reduction of Quebec.

The professional merit, the skill, and intrepidity of Cook, were now sufficiently blazoned; and he was appointed to take the soundings of the river St. Lawrence, directly opposite to the French camp; a service



as hazardous as important, but which he performed to the entire satisfaction of his employers.

There is little reason to believe, that before this period Cook has used a pencil, or was acquainted with the principles of drawing; but such was the vigour of his mind, and his aptitude for the acquisition of knowledge, that he speedily mastered every object to which he applied. Under every disadvantage, he furnished the admiral with a complete draught of the channel and its soundings; and at once established his reputation as a surveyor.

After the conquest of Canada, so honourable to every person who bore a part in it, he was appointed master of the Northumberland, under lord Colville, on the Nova-Scotia station; and ingratiated himself with his noble commander to a high degree. Sensible that he was now in the road to promotion, he redoubled his ardour to qualify himself for adorning every station to which he might be raised. He devoted his leisure hours to the study of such branches of knowledge as add utility to, or reflect a lustre on, naval life. He read Euclid's elements, and studied astronomy; and, by application and perseverance, overcame every obstacle of situation, and made a progress, which a man of less genius could never have attained, under much superior advantages.

In April, 1760, he received his lieutenant's commission, and daily advanced in the career of glory. Stimulated by the success that had attended his past labours, and animated by the hopes of future promotion, he diligently applied himself to acquire a knowledge of the North American coast, and to facilitate its navigation. His abilities, as an accurate draughtsman, were now so well known, that he was employed by different commanders to make charts and surveys; and the unanimous voice of the best judges, confirms his merit in this respect.

Towards the close of 1762, he returned to England, and espoused a young lady of the name of Batts, whom he tenderly loved, and who had every claim to his warmest affection and esteem. It has been said, that Cook stood as her godfather, and had declared at that time his wish for their future union. If this anecdote be true, it shews the firmness of his character, and the strength of his attachment in a very amiable and conspicuous point of view. His situation in life, however, and the high and important services to which he was called, did not long suffer him to enjoy connubial bliss; for we find him variously engaged in North America and the West-Indies, during some of the subsequent years.

That our navigator had made a considerable proficiency in practical astronomy before 1766, is evident from an "observation of an eclipse of the sun at the island of Newfoundland," taken that year, "with the longitude deduced from it." This was published in the Philosophical Transactions; and lieutenant Cook now acquired reputation for his scientific, as he had formerly for his professional skill.

But we are now come to a period of Cook's life that requires little illustration from our pen: his services are well known to Europe and the world; and in this place can only be summed up in a very cursory manner. The history of his voyages, which details his achievements, will be read and remembered as long as curiosity is an active principle of the human mind. We have traced the progressive steps by which this great nautical character rose; and it cannot fail to be consolatory to those, who, like him, aspire by merit to distinction, that the path is still open, and that honour and fame await the brave, the enterprising, and the meritorious.

[To be concluded in our next.]

#### MORAL AND USEFUL.

##### THE UNWORTHINESS OF MAN.

IN the sacred volume we are throughout reminded, that we are originally the creatures of God's formation and continual dependants on his bounty. There too we learn the painful lesson of man's degradation and unworthiness. We learn that humiliation and contrition are the tempers of mind best suited to our fallen condition, and most acceptable in the sight of our Creator. We learn that these (to the repression and extinction of that spirit of arrogance and self-importance, so natural to the heart of man) it should be our habitual care to cherish and cultivate; studiously maintaining a continual sense, that, not only for all the natural advantages over others which we may possess,

but that for all our moral superiority also, we are altogether indebted to the unmerited goodness of God. It might perhaps be said to be the great end and purpose of all revelation, and especially to be the design of the Gospel, to reclaim us from our natural pride and selfishness, and their fatal consequences; to bring us to a just sense of our weakness and depravity; and to dispose us, with unfeigned humiliation, to abase ourselves and give glory to God. "No flesh may glory in his presents; he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord"—"The lofty looks of man shall be humbled, and the haughtiness of man shall be bowed down, and the Lord alone shall be exalted."

##### DEGRADATION.

PRAY, Sir, how much wine can you drink at a sitting, and not endanger your health?

With segars and a good song occasionally, I think I can put three or four bottles under my jacket in an afternoon and evening, and retire with decency.

Then I presume, Sir, you are seldom mortified by the necessity of declining a sitting party because you can't drink?

O never; I have an excellent strong head, wine affects me no more than a cup of green tea does a lady. Indeed, very much the same—it makes me a little gay and loquacious.

Strange perversion of reason! strange idea of glory, that a man should vaunt a real degradation of his nature! Is physical insensibility an honor? Is it a real cause of satisfaction that by force of pernicious habit the principle of life is so far extinguished that the highest stimulants produce no derangement of the system?

##### IMPORTANT RESUSCITATION.

IN a late Connecticut paper, we notice a publication signed by Mr. *Solomon Rockwell*, of a method he used, by ashes, of restoring a drowned child to life. It is worthy of particular notice. The following is the conclusion of Mr. R's account. "On Monday, the 9th of July, a child of Mr. Caleb Munson, about fifteen months old, was taken out of the water apparently dead. From the place where it fell in, it had floated down the stream about 60 feet, in a swift current through a gate hole in the bottom of the mill trough, where the water falls six feet, and was found lodged in trash under water. It must have been in the water at least fifteen minutes, and it was the universal opinion of those present, that any attempt whatever to restore it to life, would be totally unavailing. I however determined to try the experiment of ashes: accordingly had his clothes taken off, spread some warm ashes taken from the fire place, on flannel, and wrapped the child in the flannel, with the ashes next his skin; ordered tobacco smok to be injected into his body, and soon applied an addition of hot ashes directly on his bowels. After operating in this way eight or ten minutes, together with blowing into his mouth, to the astonishment of all present, signs of life began to appear, water in large quantities issued from his mouth. A portion of physic was given him in about two hours, and in twenty-four hours he was able to walk, and is now entirely recovered. This successful experiment, ought to operate as a caution to all who read the account, not to abandon too hastily to their fate, those who are so unfortunate as to be drowned, but to make trial of the most approved means, in circumstances, wherein is the least possibility of success, for it is better to make an experiment on 99 persons, and fail of success, than suffer one to perish, who might be restored to life."

##### CAUTION AGAINST CROPPING CORN-STALKS AT TOO EARLY A PERIOD.

THE kernels of Indian Corn, receive their nourishment, as well from the stalk above, as from the stock and root below the ear; and they continue to be nourished in a measure from the stalk until they are nearly ripe: therefore by cutting down the upper stalks of Indian Corn prematurely, the crop must be essentially injured.

A man in the neighbourhood of this place, who had, the present year, a small field of Indian Corn, of promising appearance, happening to crop off the corn-stalks while the plants were in too green a state, the consequence was, that the grain became remarkably shrivelled, and probably fell short one quarter or one third of the weight and substance, which it might otherwise have had.

It is the opinion of some farmers that if the upper stalks of Indian Corn were not cropped at all, the superior weight of the grain would more than compensate for the loss of the fodder.

#### AMUSING.

##### CANADA GOOSE.

THE following remarkable account of a Canada goose is extracted from "Lysons' Environs of London."

The Canada geese are not fond of a poultry-yard, but are rather of a rambling disposition. At Little Grove, in the parish of East Barnet, one of these birds was observed, however, to attach itself, in the strongest and most affectionate manner, to the house-dog; would never quit the kennel except for the purpose of feeding, when it would return again immediately. It always sat by the dog, but never presumed to go into the kennel, except in rainy weather. Whenever the dog barked, the goose would cackle, and run at the person she supposed the dog barked at, and try to bite him by the heels. Sometimes she would attempt to feed with the dog; but this the dog, who treated his faithful companion rather with indifference, would not suffer. This bird would not go to roost with the others at night, unless driven by main force; and when in the morning she was turned into the field, she would never stir from the yard-gate, but set there the whole day in sight of the dog. At last, orders were given that she should be no longer molested, but suffered to accompany the dog as she liked: being thus left to herself, she ran about the yard with him all night; and what is particularly extraordinary, and can be attested by the whole parish, whenever the dog went out of the yard, and run into the village, the goose always accompanied him, contriving to keep up with him by the assistance of her wings, and in this way of running and flying, followed him all over the parish. This extraordinary affection of the goose towards the dog, which continued till his death, two years after it was first observed, is supposed to have originated from his having accidentally saved her from a fox in the very moment of distress. While the dog was ill, the goose never quitted him day nor night, not even to feed; and it was apprehended that she would have been starved to death, had not orders been given for a pan of corn to be sat every day close to the kennel. At this time the goose generally sat in the kennel, and would not suffer any one to approach it, except the person who brought the dog's or her own food. The end of this faithful bird was melancholy; for when the dog died she would still keep possession of the kennel; and a new house-dog being introduced, which in size and colour resembled that lately lost, the poor goose was unhappily deceived, and going into the kennel as usual, the new inhabitant seized her by the throat and killed her.

##### FASHIONABLE FINE NAMES RIDICULED.

NOTHING is a greater proof of our progress in refinement than the modern revolution in your English nomenclature. In days of yore, an empress was content to be called *Maud*, or a heroine *Joan*. In these days our milk-maids are *Carolines* and *Arabelles*; our fish-fags *Louises*, and *Soppias*. Passing through a street the other day, our ears were assailed by the voice of a mother, exclaiming, "*Julia Maria Matilda, come out of the kennel, you dirty little b——h.*"

##### A LADY'S THREAD CASE.

THE following *inside view* of a Lady's Thread Case will probably amuse some of our readers; and possibly may be the means of exciting some of the females to overhaul their own, lest, at some unlucky moment, they meet the fate of the one described.—The advertisement is copied from a late Connecticut paper.

[West. Star.]

##### "FOUND."

"IN the Main street, in this city, a *Thread Case*, containing a small sum of money, besides a complication of articles—such as silk, calico patches, a little snarl of thread, &c. a love letter, couched in terms of high commendation of the *beauty*, and *attractive charms* of the *Fair Addressee*—at the same time in a *sympathetic strain*, bewailing at her *cruel* treatment—this letter also contains a *lock of hair*; several poetical pieces, cut from newspapers; a curiously twisted silken knot,

wrought, no doubt, by some visionary goddess or votress of Cupid—or, more likely, the *cruel fair one*, complained of in the letter, relented and intended this *love token* as a return for the *lock of hair*—which, out of pity to the *love sick swain*, we hope was the case; with many other articles—the whole comprising the usual collection to be found in a lady's thread case, being a little bit of every thing. The owner may have it, by proving property, and paying for this advertisement."

#### ANECDOTES.

THE Count de — was in the situation of many others, who bear the title of *Count*, without having any *county*. He once undertook to rally an *Abbé*, who, according to the ordinary custom, enjoyed the title, without possessing any one *benefice*. "There is one thing," said he to the *Abbé*, "which very much embarrasses me; we have known each other a long time, and I have not yet discovered where your *convent* is situated." "How!" replied the *Abbé*, "not know it!—why it is in your *county*!"

A French officer having been wounded in the head by a blow given with a musquet, at the siege of Rochelle, the surgeons, who dressed him, observed, that the wound was very dangerous, and that his brain was left naked to the sight. "Ah! parbleu," said he! "do, gentlemen, take a little, and send it to the Cardinal de Richelieu, who has told me a thousand times that I had none."

MISS Woffington, a London actress, after having played a breeches character with much success, said, on entering the green-room: "I believe half the audience have taken me for a man." "Do not be uneasy," replied one of her comrades, "the other half are perfectly assured of the contrary."

#### BON MOT.

LOUIS XI. being told that the chancellor of Burgundy, Nicholas Raulin, who was a great professional extortioner, had at the close of his life founded a magnificent hospital, said: "That after having made so many thousands poor, it was but just that he should found a place to lodge them."

#### THE FASHIONS.

LONDON—FOR JULY, 1804.

*Walking Dresses.*—Dress of white muslin, made high round the neck, with a lace frill. A large shawl of fawn colour, with an embroidered lilac border. A large Obi hat of lilac crape or muslin. A round dress of clear white muslin over blue silk; full long sleeves, confined with medallions. Habit shirt of lace or fine muslin. A large gipsy hat of white chip, ornamented with a wreath of flowers. A dress of white muslin, the back made full and very low. A scarf of plain leno, fastened on the left shoulder. A gipsy hat of white muslin, with a flower in front.

*Full Dresses.*—A full dress of sprigged muslin over a silk slip, short sleeves of lace. A cap of white lace over silk. White ostrich feathers. White gloves. A round dress of white muslin, with a drapery of the same, trimmed all round with Vandyke satin; a plain sleeve with a cuff, lace tucker. Cap of black lace and green satin, with a bunch of roses in front. Green shoes. White gloves.

*General Observations.*—The prevailing colours are blue, green, buff, lilac, and yellow. Gipsy or Obi hats, ornamented with feathers or flowers, are much worn. Long scarf cloaks lined with colored silk, and trimmed on the neck with lace, are very prevalent. The dresses are generally trimmed with lace, and worn over coloured sarsenets.

#### WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, AUGUST 25, 1804.

#### FOREIGN.

EAST-INDIES.—On the 31st Aug. and 1st Sept. last, at half an hour after midnight, a very severe shock of an Earthquake was felt at Matura, which lasted some minutes; many of the Pachas' buildings were cast down—and the fair inhabitants were obliged to take refuge in the streets, in dishabilles. The principal mosque of the place, erected on an eminence, by the famous Ghanze Khaun, as a token of his triumph over the infidelity of the Hindoos, has been shattered to pieces and a considerable part of the dome was swal-

lowed during the opening of the earth. — A late Annual Register gives the following as the true History of George Thomas, an Irish adventurer. He deserted from a ship in which he was cabin boy, on the Coromandel coast, and entered as a private soldier into the Nizam's army, married the Benjamin of Somroo, and soon became powerful enough, to command at one time, 10,000 infantry, 1000 cavalry and 50 pieces of cannon. This man proposes to attack the Sikhs, whom he represents as enemies to the Mahrattas as well as English, that he might direct the Mahrattas from any interference, and assist the English in prevailing on them to refuse to interfere. Without money, arms or troops from the English, he engages in three years to be delivered to the company his own army, and the Punjab, which will give a revenue of two crores of rupees a year. He declares it is his ambition to serve his country in this manner.

EUROPE.—We have no late accounts to present to our readers this week.—The Prussian and Austrian Courts, it is said, are highly pleased with the news of the Empire of France. The naval armaments of France continue—the troops are disciplined for war, and have the disposition for immediate action.—On the other hand, the defence of the Island of Great Britain, is still continued; and England was preparing a military force to act abroad, and opinion had assigned Hanover as the scene of their operations. Mr. Pitt's offensive and defensive measures, had produced much "talk" in England.—The town of Jersey, lately came very near being injured by their powder Magazine. After firing salutes, in honour of the King's birth day, a corporal received the matches and locked them in the magazine at the top of the hill, which is bomb proof; it contained 209 barrels of powder, a quantity of loaded bombs, caissons full of cartridges and other combustibles.—About six in the evening the sentries observed a smoke issuing from an air hole at the end of the magazine, and immediately gave the alarm of fire, when the Signal Officer meeting two brothers, named Touzel, endeavoured to prevail on them to break open the door. One of them however refused, and went in search of the keys; but the other, having requested a soldier, named Ponteny, to accompany him, he acquiesced, and they agreed to sacrifice their lives. Touzel then proceeded to break open the door with an axe and a wooden bat, when finding the magazine on fire, he rushed into the flames, and threw out heaps of burning matches. At length, by the intrepidity of this man, in particular, the fire was subdued before the soldiers or inhabitants could reach the top of the hill.

#### DOMESTICK.

Some discontent appears in Louisiana. A remonstrance of their grievances, has been drawn up, and the inhabitants have chosen two citizens, M. Derbigny, and M. Destrehar, to bear the representation to Congress.

—The American prisoners in Algiers, it is said, were in good health, on the 4th April; and the officers of the Philadelphia, had received permission to ride occasionally in the country—but they were not allowed to visit the Consuls.—The Captain of the Leander British man of war, off New-York harbour, has sent a letter to the British Consul General, relative to the circumstances of the Revenue Cutter. The Captain says, "It was reported to me that a French privateer was passing near his Majesty's ship, and on examination, the vessel did appear to carry a large French pendant, without an ensign. The boats were immediately armed, and a gun fired to bring this vessel too.—She hoisted American Colors; we fired no more; and the boats instantly were recalled. This little incident I am grieved to find, has been construed into *premeditated insult* to the American national flag; than which, nothing can be further from my intention, or more directly contrary to the sentiments of the British government, and the particular orders of the Admiral under whom I have the honor to serve."—Several persons have been convicted at New York, for Stealing, &c. among which, we notice the following:—Catharine Tillman, for receiving stolen goods, to be confined ten years in the state-prison. She had been liberated in June last, by pardon.—Maria Tillman, a girl only about 13 years old, (she has also a sister in the state-prison) and daughter of the above named, at whose instance she stole the goods, which her mother was convicted of receiving, to three years imprisonment. The case of Catherine Tillman, is marked by circumstances of peculiar turpitude. The evil of her example, and the wickedness of her coun-

sels, have involved in her crime and in her punishments, two of her own offspring; who probably but for these counsels and examples, might have become useful to that society to which they are now a disgrace; and whose temporal as well as eternal interests she has perhaps wholly destroyed. The pardon which had been granted to the mother produced no other effect than to stimulate her to the commission of new crimes; and it is much to be feared that the liberation of the children at the expiration of their sentence will only add to the numerous evidences we have on record, how much, with the seeds of depravity so early and so effectually implanted, a prison is the grave of private morals.—Among the great variety, at *Bowen's Museum*, two live *Ostriches* may be classed as a great natural curiosity. These birds are the largest of the feathered creation; they will stretch their necks 9 feet—and are truly worthy the attention of the curious.—On Wednesday next, will be "Commencement," at Cambridge.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The essay on Duelling, we decline, for very obvious reasons.

The poetical description of an *old Bachelor*, may, when opportunity offers, fill our poetical department.

*Pity*, by "Edwin," shall appear shortly.

Lines signed "W." declined.

Though we acknowledge the descriptive letter has a very considerable degree of merit, as a friendly epistle, from a sprightly intelligent wife, to a fond husband—yet few such epistles would be interesting to an indifferent individual, or would bear the test of public criticism; and we cannot say this epistle is an exception to the general rule.

Lines to *A Detractor*, next week.

*Quaker's Love Letter*—declined.

*Thunder Storm*, excellent, and shall soon grace our Miscellany.

The Fragment, is, to us, unintelligible.

"*Molestus*" shall receive attention—as also, "*An Impartial Observer*."

#### MARRIED.

In this town, Mr. Samuel B. Goddard, merchant, to Miss Emily Daves, eldest daughter of the Hon. Thomas D. jun. Esq.

BAPTIZED.—On Sunday last, at the West Boston Church, a child of Mr. ANDREW COLBURN, by the name of *Simon Howard*, after the late Rev. Dr. Howard.

#### DIED.

At Salem, Capt. John Beckett, *Æt.* 58. In Georgia, Mr. Henry Brazier, merchant, late of this town.

"At Eastport, Mr. Caleb Boyington, *Æt.* 70, one of the first settlers in the Bay of Passamaquaddy—lately, Col. Alexander Hackett, *Æt.* 50, a native of Scotland."—In Derby, Mr. Samuel W. Horsey, mer. of this town. In Portland, Mr. Jos. Skinner, formerly of this town.

At Sheshequin, (drowned,) on Sunday, the 29th of July, Miss Cyrene Drown, daughter of Mr. John Drown, in the 18th year of her age—Miss Rebecca Rodgers, in the 12th year of her age, and William Rodgers, *Æt.* 7 years, children of Mr. Matthew R.; they were fording the Susquehanna river on horse-back, from an island to which they had been in pursuit of cherries, the horse stumbled and threw them all into the river. Cyrene held by the mane and the two children held by her; the mare went down the river about 12 rods before she struck the bottom, when she cleared herself from Cyrene, who was on her feet holding the little boy in her arms, and Rebecca was still holding by her. In this situation, Cyrene exclaimed to the children, on shore, "I can come out myself, but cannot bring the children," and they then almost instantly disappeared. Notwithstanding the peculiar situation of Cyrene, it did not paralyze her exertions; she was calm and made every effort to the last to preserve the children. The children were taken out of the water in twenty or thirty minutes. Cyrene was in nearly an hour. It is to be regretted that no timely and judicious prescriptions were given agreeably to the directions of the various humane societies, for restoring suspended animation; they are gone—a heavy and grievous affliction to their parents and relatives—a solemn admonition to us all.

In this town, Mrs. Rachel Appleton, *Æt.* 67, widow of the late Nath. A. Esq.—Miss Augusta Baxter, *Æt.* 27—Mr. Wm. Stone, *Æt.* 25—Mrs. Mary Graham, *Æt.* 74—and 3 children. Total 7.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## MASONIC SONG.

WHEN first out of chaos this wonderful ball  
Was call'd by the Pow'r who created us all;  
Who mark'd out the path where each planet should roll;  
What beauty and symmetry shone through the whole;  
Just wak'd into being, Man saw with surprise,  
A scene thus stupendously glorious and wise;  
And gazing with wonder his bosom was fir'd,  
To imitate what he so greatly admir'd.  
From Heaven's first impulse the thought had its birth,  
Thus early was Masonry founded on earth.

To prove the Creator approv'd the great plan,  
A wondrous design was imparted to man;  
The ark was beheld with delight and surprise;  
The heaven-taught architect, bade it arise.  
So wise its construction, 'twould easily brave  
The impetuous deluge our master to save;  
For Noah, our primitive master was there,  
Whom Heaven, though wroth, was determined to spare;  
To save for his truth, for his honour, and worth,  
That Masonry ever might flourish on earth.

When the wisest of men sat on Judea's throne,  
The sect he approv'd, and was proud to be one  
He bade them, and well was the mandate observ'd,  
A temple erect to the God whom they serv'd.  
Tho' time has since raz'd that great effort of art,  
The Temple each Mason still bears in his heart,  
Where Truth, Love, and Mercy, with Charity wait,  
And Silence is plac'd as a guard at the gate;  
While cheerful good humour and innocent mirth,  
Make Masons the happiest people on earth.

Then search round the universe, where shall we find,  
A sect so united, so firmly combin'd?  
No party dispute here, or misjudging zeal,  
Can enter to damp the affection we feel.  
But heart springs to heart, and united each brother,  
Reciprocal smiles as they greet one another.  
Hand in hand then united, our voices shall rise,  
And this fervent prayer ascend to the skies;  
May Peace, Love, and Mercy, in union rush forth,  
Till Masonry spread far and wide through the earth.

## SONG—BY COWPER.

NO longer I follow a sound;  
No longer a dream I pursue;  
O Happiness, not to be found,  
Unattainable treasure, adieu!

I have sought thee in splendor and dress;  
In the regions of pleasure and taste:  
I have sought thee, and seem'd to possess,  
But have prov'd thee a vision at last.

An humble ambition and hope  
The voice of true wisdom inspires;  
'Tis sufficient, if Peace be the scope,  
And the summit of all our desires.

Peace may be the lot of the mind,  
That seeks it in meekness and love;  
But rapture and bliss are confin'd  
To the glorified spirits above.

## THE SLUT.

A LUCKLESS unpropitious hour  
Once put me in a slattern's power;  
And that blest day which set me clear  
I keep a festival each year.

When Luna full'd, and when she chang'd,  
Her face was wash'd, her hair arrang'd.  
Her clothes—upon my word and honor,  
Were never put, but pitch'd upon her;  
They scorn'd a pin—so amply greas'd  
They'd cling wherever madam pleas'd.

Her cook'ry too! (some muse assist  
Or the great theme must be dismiss'd.)  
A Hottentot would sooner die  
Than taste her soup, or touch her pie.  
Her roasted pullets ne'er were drawn;  
No pig could bear her black sapawn:  
And hungry Towser turn'd away  
From where her odious morsels lay.

Her rancid butter, rough with hair,  
Forbade the least incision there;  
And the green animated cheese  
Grew less by unperceived degrees.

Her sausages, if fry'd or boil'd,  
Or roasted, stew'd, or bak'd, or broil'd,  
Maintain'd their bulk from day to day,  
And unattacked smoking lay.

No broom was in her mansion found,  
But huge tough cobwebs hung around,  
In wreaths and festoons widely spread,  
The work of spiders long since dead.

To sum her character in short,  
She liv'd in and she liv'd on dirt.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

WRITTEN EXTENTRE ON A COLLECTION OF BAD EPIGRAMS.

SINCE Epigrams all think some point should contain,  
Or have to that name no pretence;  
The author of these, marks some points very plain,  
That he has neither genius or sense.

## THE NOVELIST.

## HISTORY OF JAQUETTE,

RELATED BY SIR JOHN AMINGTON.

[From the fair Syrian.]

[Concluded from page 172.]

"BUT then, Sir, it came into my head that I was myself a father, and how transporting would be the dutiful embraces of a child of my own, lovely and good, perhaps, like the ladies who stood before me. My heart pants with expectation—for see, sir, the mill where my daughter lives is before us; it is a mill for grinding the stronger kind of edge tools; and the person who occupies it, is a young man of good character, but of no great means, has married my daughter. This I learnt yesterday, and also, that Dr. Maret is dead. Oh, sir, I feel as it approaches, how terrible is the trial. If she proves unworthy, old as I am, I will yet go back to Georgia, and lay my bones in the tomb of my master. And, what, I wonder has become of my once dear Jaquette? Alas, I have not dared to enquire.—Sir, you have had the patience to hear my tedious story, have the goodness to see the event of it. A few minutes will probably determine what portion of happiness the small remainder of my life is destined to experience. I tremble with hope and fear."

A man sat upon a stone at the door of the mill, with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed upon the ground. Another beside him, seemed to have been crying. I enquired if any thing was the matter:—

"Not half an hour since, sir, our largest stone split into a thousand pieces; one of them struck my master and killed him on the spot; and I think it will be the death of my mistress too; and then God help the poor children. There is sad work in the parlour; I can't bear to see it."

Inattentive to ceremony, I sprung forward to the parlour, and the old man followed panting. The dead body, dressed as it was, lay on the floor in the middle of the room. In one corner, sat a young woman, whose sorrow was turbulent and loud, and broke forth in shrieks and lamentations.—In another, an elderly woman with two female children upon her lap, one of whom clung affrighted round her neck, the other had buried its little face in her bosom. But the most interested object, one excepted, my eyes ever beheld, was another woman about thirty, sitting on a chair not a yard distant from the corpse, from which, indeed, they had lately raised her. Her eyes were fixed immovable upon the face of the deceased.—She shed no tears; she uttered no complaints; her hands hung torpid by her side; she did not seem to breathe; nor scarce to live. There was something so moving, so sacred in her grief, that, though there were women in the room, not one regarded any object but herself, not one dared to disturb her. At length the old man, unable to bear his feelings longer, cried out, "It is my daughter, the very image of her mother! My Jaquette," says he, taking one hand, "look upon me; I am your father." A heavy sigh broke from her, but she did not alter her position.—"What! will you not look upon me, Jaquette, upon

your poor old father that has been miserable thirty years?"

"Father!" says she, faintly, just glancing her eye, and returning it.

"Yes, Jaquette, I am your true father; come to comfort you, and be comforted by you; to live with you, and to die with you, my Jaquette."

"Father!" says she, looking at him.

"Yes, my Jaquette, your father, that has been a wanderer thirty years, and a slave among Turks."

"Oh dear, how hard that was; and this is hard too," looking at her husband; "is it not?"

"Yes, very hard, my dear Jaquette; but God is good; he has sent me to be a comfort to you, and a help to your children."

"My children, my poor children! where are they?"

The woman brought them. She made an effort to take the youngest in her arms, but was too weak. The old man took it in his, and kissed it. The mother smiled—but it was the smile of insensibility, and was the last that ever beamed upon her countenance. Her frame was overpowered, and a convulsion fit ended her life in a few minutes.

I will no longer torture your gentle heart with the minutie of this sad scene. I cannot forget it; and I can fix upon no circumstances that I can remember without horror. What a moment had fate chosen for its work!—Poor old man! he would certainly have sunk under this fatal stroke, had not I incessantly placed before his eyes, the necessity of living for the children's sake. He is now become more tranquil; has settled in a small house in the same village; and taken into the house the old woman (aunt to the deceased husband) because of her known affection to the children, and of theirs to her. The mill is still worked in their name, and for their profit. I have negotiated his draft of 2000 sequins, and placed it safely out; and by paying a few debts left by the late proprietor, I flatter myself I have smoothed the path of life for the little ones, and given the old man, all the comfort he is able to receive.

## BERTRAND AND AMARILLA.

A FRAGMENT.

—SEE yonder precipice! which rudely hangs its head o'er the wide sheeted lake: On that the lovely Amarilla her nightly vigils kept with the lov'd ghost of Bertrand. Bertrand the gay, the witty, and the brave (peace to his shade) ador'd his Amarilla. But she, alas! enslav'd by the silly caprice of the sex, disdain'd his proffer'd vows, although within her bosom there dwelt a flame as bright as heavenly fire, or that which reigns within the bosom of an Anchorite, when his uplifted soul is placed on heavenly things. The youth being led by that dire rage which too oft attends disdain'd love, and hurried on by the impetuous whirlwind of passion, mounted the summit of that awful rock, and, with a frightful wildness in his looks, leaped from the dreary top!

The spirits of the lake received him in their azure arms, and soon by gentlest wafting rested his corpse upon the willowed bank.

The nymph when first she heard the news of Bertrand's death—not all the eloquence of piety, though urged in heavenly strains, could hinder her from falling into an ecstasy of passion,—tearing her auburn locks, and nightly upon the summit of the rock held converse with the shade of Bertrand. Long did she observe this custom; 'till one rude boisterous night, a mighty whirlwind rose, and with irresistible force hurried the fair mourner into the dread abyss!

## LOTTERIES.

ON the 19th September, the 3d class of *Amoskeag Lottery* will commence drawing—the highest prize \$4000, after the 5th the prize will be \$5-50.—*South Hadley Canal* will also soon commence drawing. Make no delay.—Tickets and quarters for sale at the Fortunate Lottery Office of GILBERT & DEAN. A. 25.

BOSTON, (Massachusetts.)

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# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 1, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

### HELPS FOR MEMORY.

AS memory is the store-house of knowledge, it may be of use to point out a few methods of enlarging it, or accommodating its present size to a more convenient disposal of its contents. Those who labour under any defects in the nature of this faculty, should carefully attend to them, and apply suitable remedies.

The state of the memory principally depends on that of the brain; and if the latter be too hot or too cold, the former will suffer loss. A proper mixture of heat and cold, is most favourable to memory. Lord Bacon in some part of his works prescribes particular medicines for restoring it to a just balance, where it is wanting. Our own experience, however, will teach us how to act in many cases. Too much sleep, by stupifying the head, and too little, by inflaming it, are extremes equally pernicious to the attainment of learning. The student must avoid nightly watchings and morning slumbers, as he would intemperance, which is not less fatal to the mind.

Having seen how the brain is disposed by nature, our care must be directed to the application of it as it respects memory. We should be careful not to commit things to be remembered, until they are well digested, and accurately understood; the views of the mind should be clear and pointed. Every object of thought should be reviewed in succession, and canvassed with a scrupulous exactness. When there is an imperfect comprehension of ideas, the knowledge resulting is unimportant and transitory. There can be no extensive degree of retention, without understanding. The traces which ideas, passing through the brain, leave upon it, are deeper or fainter, in proportion to the vigour of conception. Men who think superficially, are seldom retentive; impressions follow one another sufficiently quick; but like circles in the water, they vanish as soon as they are made. Inattention is the source of this imperfection. They are at no pains to examine their ideas, to compare them with each other, and discern their agreement or difference. Hence their ideas are retained for a short time, and the mind is always kept in a state of blank.

Besides a just understanding, *method*, is also necessary. It not only assists us in the act of committing to memory, but will serve to retain or recall ideas which appear to be lost. Every one's experience shews the advantages of method. For example, how easily the scholar gets off any passage from an author who observes a connection of thought; while the same number of lines, composed of independent sentences, cost him infinite labour, and perhaps are at last badly committed. When there is no bond of union amongst our conceptions, but only a random relation to each other, it cannot be expected that the mind should be ready in recollection, or dexterous in passing from one thing to another.

As man is constantly busy in amassing materials of knowledge, he would be embarrassed how to adopt the whole to useful ends, if he had not the art of *connecting ideas of the same species or class*. When any new idea is acquired, it should be immediately annexed to that bundle of them peculiar to it. Thus knowledge is divided into parts or sections, according to its quality; and upon each addition, the mind takes a general survey of that part of it to which the newly entered idea belongs. Hence arises a double advantage, viz. of imprinting fresh ideas, and recovering the memory of old ones.

Nothing can be more prejudicial to literary acquisitions than that hurry of mind to which some busy spirits are subjected. *Coolness and deliberation*, on which the formation of true ideas, as well as the retention of them, is dependent, belong to souls inclined to peace and tranquillity. How can memory exercise her powers amidst tumult and distraction? There must be no intellectual commotion while a train of thought is carried on; but the utmost composure should be studied.

Whatever is read or thought, should become the *subject of conversation*. It is of inconceivable help to memory, by deepening impressions on the mind, and evincing how far our studies have been well digested. Conversation, like a mirror, discovers our imperfections in knowledge, and often removes the flattering opinions which we had formed of our powers.

*Writing* also has a very *impressive tendency*. Whoever is at pains to write out any thing in a fair legible hand, will facilitate the business of memory. The act of writing fixing the attention on each letter and word, the mind, in recollection, easily recalls them in the order of succession, and joins sentences or paragraphs, according to their relative places. It is Plato, surely, who remarks, that writing is apt to produce carelessness; and by releasing memory from the severity of her task, to weaken her capacity. But this objection holds not good in experience. Writing is generally found to strengthen weak memories, and to render strong ones accurate. Care must be taken not to *overcharge* the memory. Small portions must employ its first essays, and a gradual increase be made, according to its power. If it be too much strained, it will lose its elasticity and force, and, like a weak body oppressed with weight, grow in imbecility. A few trials will convince a person to what point he may safely go; and to exceed it, is not only ineffectual to any good purpose, but as before observed, hurtful. Many teachers, from neglecting to estimate the strength of boys' memories, often do them a serious injury, for which nothing can compensate.

There have been many devices formed for assisting the memory, upon the ingenious scheme of Simonides; but all of them are tedious and confined. The best way for acquiring a sound memory, is by a moderate and constant exercise of that faculty. All habits are strengthened by practice; and memory will as soon yield the fruit of it as any other. To improve the power of retention, should be the constant care of the student, in order that industry and improvement may attend each other as uniformly as cause and effect.

### Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### ON THE WISDOM OF PROVIDENCE.

NO speculation can afford greater pleasure to a reasonable mind, than the contemplating the wisdom of Providence. If we consider the vast extent of the habitable world, the many regions contained therein, all different from each other in soil and climate; and at the same time observe with what amazing care and propriety the fruits, the flowers, minerals, and whatever else is produced in them, are all suited to the genius of the place where they grow: We cannot but admire the omniscience of the Almighty Ruler, and adore his beneficence whose mercy is over all his works.

If we extend our inquiries farther, and take in also the animal creation, a new field is opened to astonishment; the fleecy sheep in the northern and colder realms, afford a warm and comforting clothing, and in the sultry climes of Asia, the worms spin from their bowels the finest and most beautiful thread, which is converted into the fairest and richest garments, such as agree with the temperature of the air, and at once are equally agreeable and useful.

Thence carrying our thoughts to the human species, how various shall we find their genius, how different their dispositions; how phlegmatic, dull, and senseless do some nations appear, how active and full of fire are others! yet we ought not rashly to conclude this or that people excel the other; a narrower inspection will convince us that nature, without any partial views, adjusts the wit of men, so as to render them the fittest for the places where they inhabit.

The *Savoyedes*, who dwell in the cold marshy provinces of Muscovite Tartary, are objects of compassion to us, and we pity them as the most unfortunate of men. But are they really so? Quite the contrary; they look on their chilly frozen coasts, as the paradise of the world; instead of envying other regions, they

contemn them; and in case they are by any accident removed from their native land, they discover the same earnest longings for those inhospitable dwellings, as if they had been borne away from Italy, or the pleasantest plains of Hungary. A CUSTOMER.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

[Concluded from page 174.]

The Royal Society having resolved, that it would be beneficial to science to send proper persons into the South Seas, to observe the expected transit of Venus over the sun's disk, Lieutenant Cook, whose abilities as an astronomer were now well known, was not only appointed to the command of a vessel, liberally fitted out by government for this purpose, but also constituted joint astronomer with Mr. Charles Green. The present illustrious sir Joseph Banks also volunteered his services on this occasion, and Dr. Solander, a disciple of Linnaeus, added to the scientific attendants of the voyage. Cook, with the rank of captain, sailed down the river Thames, on the 50th of July, 1768, on an expedition the most honourable to his country. Seldom have distant regions been explored by authority, unless for the purposes of avarice and ambition; on this occasion however, the thirst of knowledge was the grand stimulus to adventure. In the course of the voyage, Captain Cook visited the Society islands; determined the insularity of New Zealand; sailed through the straits which separate the two islands, now called after his name, and made a complete survey of both. He afterwards explored the eastern coast of New Holland, hitherto unknown, and thus added an extent of more than two thousand miles to our geographical knowledge of the terraqueous globe. In this voyage, which lasted nearly three years, Captain Cook, besides effecting the immediate object of his mission, made discoveries equal in number and importance to all the navigators of his own, or any other country, collectively, from the time of Columbus to the present.

Soon after his return, it was determined to equip two ships to complete the discovery of the southern hemisphere. It had long been a prevailing idea among geographers, that the unexplored part contained another continent, and Captain Cook was again employed to ascertain this important point. Accordingly he sailed from Deptford in the Resolution, accompanied by the Adventure, on April 9, 1772, and effectually resolved the problem of a southern continent; having traversed that hemisphere in such a manner as not to leave a possibility of its existence, unless near the pole and out of the reach of navigation. During this expedition he discovered New Caledonia, one of the largest islands in the South Pacific Ocean, the island of South Georgia, and Sandwich-land, the Thule of the southern hemisphere; and having twice visited the tropical seas, he settled the positions of the former, and made several fresh discoveries.

So many services performed by one man, might have been an honourable acquittance from further toils, and his country considered it in this light; but Captain Cook, animated by the love of true glory, wished to complete the geography of the globe; and having been consulted respecting the appointment of a proper officer to conduct a voyage of further discovery, to determine the practicability of a north-west passage, he immediately tendered his own services, which were accepted with all possible gratitude and acknowledgement.

On this third, and unhappily his last voyage, he sailed in July 1776; and, besides several islands in the Southern Pacific, he discovered, to the north of the equinoctial line, the group called the Sandwich islands; which, from their situation and product, bid fair to become an object of consequence in the system of European navigation and commerce. After this he proceeded on the grand object of his expedition, and explored what had hitherto remained unknown of the western coast of America, containing an extent of three



thousand five hundred miles : ascertained the proximity of the two great continents of Asia and America, passed the straits that divided them, and surveyed the coast on each side, to such a height of northern latitude, as fully demonstrated the impracticability of a passage, in that hemisphere, from the Atlantic into the Pacific Ocean, either by an eastern or a western course.

After having achieved so much, it is painful to reflect that he did not live to enjoy the honours which would have been paid to his meritorious labours. On his return, he was unfortunately cut off, in an affray with the natives of O'whyhee, one of the Sandwich islands, part of the fruits of his discoveries, and the scene of his melancholy death.—The loss of this estimable man was sincerely lamented, not only by Britain, but by every nation which loved science, or was capable of appreciating useful talents and services. The most honourable eulogies have been paid to his memory, by some whose slightest praise is fame; but no panegyric can exceed his deserts, nor are monuments necessary to perpetuate his remembrance;—those he erected with his own hands will be eternal.

His character is thus drawn by his amiable coadjutor, captain King:—"The constitution of his body was robust, injured to labour, and capable of undergoing the severest hardships. His stomach bore, without difficulty, the coarsest and most ungrateful food. Indeed, temperance in him, was scarcely a virtue; so great was the indifference with which he submitted to any kind of self-denial. The qualities of his mind were of the same hardy, vigorous kind with those of his body. His courage was cool and determined, and accompanied with an admirable presence of mind in the moment of danger. His manners were plain and unaffected. His temper might, perhaps, have been justly blamed as to hastiness and passion, had not these been disarmed by a disposition the most benevolent and humane. But the distinguishing feature of his character was unremitting perseverance in pursuit of his object, which was not only superior to the opposition of dangers, and the pressure of hardships, but even exempt from the want of ordinary relaxation."

As a commander, his benevolent attention to the health of his men, and the success which attended it, forms a distinguished part of his praise. By the judicious methods he pursued, he has shewn the world, that the longest voyages, through every climate, may be performed with as little risque of life from natural causes, as under our native sky, and surrounded with every comfort. He has proved, that the scurvy, which has frequently been the pest of other expeditions, may be avoided, or its ravages repelled. For his easy and practicable means of securing the health of seamen, which he communicated to the Royal Society, the gold medal was voted to him, with a most appropriate speech by the president, after his departure on his last voyage. This testimony of gratitude never reached his ears; but for the services which obtained it, his name will descend to future ages, among the friends and benefactors of mankind.

#### REMARKABLE.

##### AN EXTRAORDINARY PESTILENCE.

"In the month of July, 1799, a very corpulent lady died at — in —. Before her death, she begged as a particular favour to be buried in the parochial church. She had died on the Wednesday, and on the following Saturday was buried according to her desire. The next day the clergyman preached her funeral sermon; the weather was uncommonly hot; and it ought to be observed, that for several months preceding her death, a great drought had prevailed, not a drop of rain had fallen, and consequently it was an uncommon sultry season. The succeeding Sunday, a week after the body had been buried, the Protestant clergyman had a very full congregation, upwards of nine hundred persons attending, that being the day for administering the holy sacrament. The weather still continuing very hot, many were obliged, during the service, to walk out for a little while to prevent their fainting, whilst some had actually fainted away. It is the custom in Germany, that when people wish to receive the sacrament, they neither eat nor drink until the ceremony is entirely over.

"The worthy clergyman preached about an hour

and a quarter; he then consecrated the bread and wine, which ought to be uncovered during the ceremony. There were about 180 communicants. A quarter of an hour after the ceremony, before they had quitted the church, more than 60 of the communicants were taken ill; several died in the most violent agonies; others of a more vigorous constitution, survived by the help of medical assistance: a most violent consternation prevailed amongst the whole congregation, and throughout the town. It was concluded that the wine had been poisoned, and so it was generally believed. The sacristan, and several others belonging to the vestry, were immediately arrested and put in irons.

"The clergyman on the succeeding Sunday, preached with a great deal of enthusiasm, and pointed out to the congregation several others concerned in the plot. This enthusiastic sermon, I am sorry to say, is in print; as also the violent proceedings of the clergyman and the magistrate against many of the unfortunate people arrested. The persons accused underwent very great hardships: during the space of a week they were confined in a dungeon, and some of them were put to the torture, but still persisted in their innocence.

"On the Sunday following, the magistrate ordered that a chalice of wine, uncovered, should be placed for the space of an hour upon the altar, which had scarcely elapsed, when they beheld the wine filled with myriads of insects; and, by tracing whence they came, it was at length perceived by the rays of the sun, that they issued from the grave of the lady who had been buried the preceding fortnight. The people not belonging to the vestry were dismissed, and four men were employed to open the grave and the coffin; in doing which, two of them dropped down and expired on the spot, and the other two were only saved by the utmost exertion of medical talents. It is beyond the power of words to describe the horrid sight of the corpse when the coffin was opened. The whole was an entire mass of putrefaction; and it was now clearly demonstrated, that the numerous insects, both large and small, together with the effluvia which had issued from the body, had caused this pestilential infection, which was, a week before, attributed to poison. I am happy to add, that, on this discovery, the persons accused were instantly liberated, and every atonement made by the clergyman and magistrate for their misguided conduct."

[*Reader's Tour in Germany.*]

#### USEFUL.

[Extracts from a Dissertation on the breed of MERINO SHEEP, imported into this country by Col. DAVID HUMPHREYS. From his Miscellaneous Works lately published.]

CONVINCED that this race of sheep, of which I believe not one had been brought to the United States until the importation by myself, might be introduced with great benefit to our country, I contracted with a person of the most respectable character, to deliver to me, at Lisbon, one hundred, composed of twenty-five rams and seventy-five ewes, from one to two years old. They were conducted, with proper passports, across the country of Portugal by three Spanish shepherds, and escorted by a small guard of Portuguese soldiers. On the 10th of April last they were embarked in the Tagus, on board the ship *Perseverance*, of 250 tons, Caleb Coggeshall master. In about fifty days twenty-one rams and seventy ewes were landed at Derby, in Connecticut; they having been shifted at New-York on board of a sloop destined to that river. The nine which died were principally killed in consequence of bruises received by the violent rolling of the vessel on the banks of Newfoundland. To prevent that and other disasters as far as might be by prudent precautions, the whole space between decks was divided into four pens of twenty five sheep each, the rams having been kept separate in one, and the least vigorous ewes in another, with convenient racks, troughs, and tubs for feeding and watering them. The change from the open air to close confinement, and from green to dry food, occasioned them to suffer less inconvenience than I had apprehended. They eat more than a pound of English hay each, together with about a gill of Indian corn, or an equivalent of bran, with salt occasionally, and drank at the rate of nearly a quart of water a day. This was double the ration which the Spanish shepherds calculated. I mention these minute incidents for the sake

of those who may hereafter make importations. Some of the sheep appeared to have so voracious an appetite, that it was deemed expedient to limit the quantity of forage, for fear of their injuring themselves. A few which would not eat Indian corn, probably because their teeth had become loose, were debarked very weak, and others much fatigued. All soon recovered, by being permitted to feed freely in hilly pastures in the day, and put under cover at night, until they could be gradually accustomed to remain altogether in the field without danger to their health.

It is true, in the New-England and neighbouring States much has been done in families, towards providing and preparing their own clothing. No real patriot can behold, without feeling unusual emotions of pleasure, the employment of the wool cards, the spinning wheels, and the domestic looms, in those nurseries of manufactures. From the manner in which this portion of the country is filled with inhabitants, and the habits of occupation which they acquire from their infancy, I shall not perhaps be too bold in predicting that they will soon make a progress which will surpass all calculation hitherto formed. We have the materials and dispositions. Destitute of the great sources of riches, which, as it were, inundate our brethren in the south, on industry and economy, in farming, fishing, navigating and manufacturing, must we, in this part of the union, depend, under Providence, for our prosperity. Whoever, then, can add occasions and motives for the practice of industry and economy, cannot fail to be a benefactor.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

##### THE OSTRICH.

THESE stupendous birds are natives of Barbary, and are the largest of all the feathered tribe.—Their wings are exceedingly strong, but they are too short to enable them to fly, though they serve them as sails, and assist them to run with great expedition. "The Arabs of the desert generally follow the employment of plundering or hunting, the latter of which is most common, and their principal object is the Ostrich, which is there in great abundance. Though these birds are so large, that they cannot fly; yet, by the fluttering of their wings, and the swift motion of their feet, they will, for sometime, run so fast, that it is difficult even for a horse to overtake them; and when they find their pursuers near, they will throw back the stones and sand on them with prodigious force: their great bulk however, at length tiring them out, they are obliged to submit, when their pursuers quickly dispatch them. It has been generally received opinion of the Ostrich's laying its eggs in the sand, and leaving them to be hatched by the sun; notwithstanding which, a late author affirms, that they sit on their eggs like other birds, and that the male and female take it by turns; that they do not abandon their young immediately after they come out of the shell, but bring them grass, and are very careful in defending them from danger. The notion of their digesting iron, &c. is a popular error, they only taking up nails and bits of iron, as hens and other fowls do small stones, to assist in comminuting and digesting their food." Dr. Brooke, in his *Natural History*, says, "An Ostrich is the most greedy bird that is known, for it will devour any thing given him; however, he does not digest iron and stones, as some have pretended, but voids them whole."

\* The stories that are told of Ostriches digesting iron and other hard substances are fabulous. Mr. Pidcock had one opened, and in its gizzard were found between forty and fifty halfpence, a quantity of nails, glass, small pebbles, &c. some of which he gave me. They were covered with a kind of green matter. They had been thrown into its cage when travelling in different parts of the country.

† The Birds described above, may be seen at Bowser's Museum, Milk Street, Boston.

#### AMUSING.

##### TWO ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALE CHARACTERS.

PYTHUS, king of the Lydians, to an avaricious, selfish, and sordid principle, added an inhuman severity towards his subjects, whom he constantly employed in the most laborious and useless occupation, that of obli-

ing them to work in the gold and silver mines, with which his dominions abounded. His subjects one day took the advantage of his absence, and fell on their knees to his queen, beseeching her to use her interest to release them in some measure from their present horrid state of slavery. She sent them away satisfied with her assurances to do every thing for them that lay in her power. Being anxious to perform her promise she thought of a very extraordinary expedient to make her husband sensible of the injustice of his ridiculous and ruinous conduct. On his return, she ordered a repast to be served up, magnificent indeed in appearance, but which was no repast at all, since it consisted only of gold and silver in the form of various kinds of eatables. "See, (said the queen) the only productions you suffer your subjects to prepare for you." The prince, who then happened to be hungry, finding nothing among all those pretended delicacies, of which he could make a meal, became sensible of his error, acknowledged that gold and silver were nothing more than mere ornaments; and that to neglect the cultivation of his lands as he had done, by employing his subjects in his mines, was distressing his people, and ruining his country. He therefore assumed a different conduct, by giving proper encouragement to agriculture and the arts of husbandry. Thus the wisdom of a woman saved a nation from ruin, and rescued thousands of useful subjects from the most abject slavery; for which she lived revered, and died universally lamented.

The other illustrious lady was the wife of the immortal Grotius. This great man, being condemned to perpetual imprisonment, was shut up in the castle of Louvesteen. After he had suffered the most rigorous treatment for more than a year and a half, his wife observed that the guards did not visit him so frequently as usual, and were less careful in examining the box in which the foul linen was sent out to be washed: Having advised her husband to get into the box, she bored holes opposite the place where his head lay, in order to supply him with fresh air to breathe. This stratagem succeeded, and in this manner he was carried to Gorkum, where he was received at the house of a friend, and from thence went to Anvers in the disguise of a journeyman-carpenter. The wife, in order to give her husband time to escape, and put it out of the power of his enemies to pursue him, pretended that he was very ill; but, as soon as she thought him to be safely out of their reach, she then bantered the guards for the little care they had taken of their prisoner, and told them that the bird was fled, and that nothing but the nest remained. They then proceeded criminally against her, and the judges condemned her to remain in prison for life instead of her husband; but afterwards, by a plurality of voices, she was set at liberty, and extolled by every one for having procured liberty for her husband in so ingenious a manner.

#### FORTUNATE CIRCUMSTANCE.

A SEA captain, going a foreign voyage, was requested by a number of ladies of his acquaintance, to purchase them silks; and they gave him their memorandums; but, *except one*, enclosed him no money. After returning from the voyage, the ladies waited on him, and inquired whether the silks were bought. "No," replied the captain, "an unlucky accident put it out of my power to oblige you: As soon as we had arrived within sight of port, I took out your memorandums and laid them on the binnacle, that I might arrange them in some proper order; when a sudden gust of wind swept them off and scattered them over the water." "That was very odd indeed," exclaimed one of the ladies, in an angry tone; "however, you had the kindness to purchase for Mrs. — the silk that she sent for." "True," replied the captain, "I purchased silks for Mrs. —; which was owing to a peculiarly fortunate circumstance; for she had the precaution to enclose a number of guineas, which, by their weight, saved her memorandum from being blown away with the others."

#### THE LUCKY MISTAKE.

A YOUNG Swiss recruit, when his regimentals were making, procured a round iron plate, bordered with small holes, which he desired the tailor to fasten on the inside of his coat, above his left breast to prevent his being shot through the heart. The tailor, being a fellow of some humour, fastened it in the seat of his breeches. The recruit had scarcely time to try on the clothes, when he was ordered in the field, so that he had no opportunity

to get the awkward mistake rectified, before he found himself engaged in battle. It may be easily supposed that he did not resist the onset of the enemy with intrepid firmness—he fled; but unfortunately, in attempting to get over a hedge in his way, he stuck fast till he was overtaken by one of his pursuers, who on coming up, gave him a thrust in the breech with his bayonet. It luckily hit on the iron plate, and pushed the young soldier clear out of the hedge. This favourable circumstance made the Swiss honestly confess, that the tailor had more sense than himself, and knew better *where his heart lay* !!!

#### REFLECTIONS, MAXIMS, &c.

ALL men wish to be more happy than they can be; yet most men might easily be more happy than they really are.

A GOOD book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how justly to appreciate their value. There are men however, who judge of both from the beauty of the covering.

PUT yourself always in the place of those whom you wish to injure or annoy, and you will not offend them.

WE regard the death of others as an evil which has fallen upon them; instead of considering it is an intimation of one which threatens ourselves.

IT is a great misfortune not to have sense enough to speak well, nor judgment enough to speak little.

THE ignorant are generally the most decisive and dogmatical; because they do not see any reason for doubting.

#### ANECDOTES.

A VERY crooked person, was met in the road by a sailor, who asked him if he came *straight* from home, and being answered in the affirmative,—"Then," says the sailor, "your honor was very much *warped* by the way."

TWO Lawyers, one day, in riding the road, came up with a Clergyman. Says one of them to his fellow traveller, "We'll crack a joke upon the priest." Pleased with the idea of their sport, they rode up, one on either side. After mutual salutations, one of them says, "How happens it, Daddy, that gentlemen of your cloth make such egregious blunders in the pulpit? I heard one not long since, when he wished to say, O, king of Bashan, say, Hog, king of Bacon." "Oh," replied the divine, "we are men of like infirmities with the rest of our fellow creatures;—I lately, when I should have said, the devil is the father of liars—said, the devil is the father of lawyers." "Ah," replied the other, "which are you, a knave, or a fool?" I believe, gentlemen," he replied, "I am BETWEEN BOTH."

#### WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, SEPT. 1, 1804.

#### FOREIGN.

EUROPE.—By the John Adams, dates are received down to the 14th July, 1804. Their contents are not important.—The threatened invasion still remains in *statu quo*.—Louis 18th, has published a protest against the usurpation of the throne of France, by Bonaparte.—The French General, Moreau, it is said, has been sent to the United States.—Georges, and 11 other conspirators, who were guillotined in France, on the 25th June, cried "*Vive le Roi*!" until the moment of their execution.—The rumours of peace had subsided. The "Sun" however, a ministerial paper, says, a peace is possible, even if Mr. Pitt should remain at the head of affairs.—Changes were still talked of in Italy.—The American minister, Mr. Livingston, has returned to Paris, with good bills, for 15 millions of livres.

WEST-INDIES.—From Port-de-Paix, of the 18th July, we learn that it is very sickly there. Five persons were buried from one American vessel.—The yellow fever, is said to prevail on board a fleet of British ships at New Providence.—Gen. Dessalins, is about to be proclaimed "*Emperor of Hayti*."

#### DOMESTICK.

The Emperor of France, and two other great characters of that nation, Marbois and Denon, are admitted honorary members of the New York Academy of Arts.—Many works on the subject of slavery, have lately been printed at Philadelphia. It is an interesting subject to mankind.—A new historical work, is to

be published by subscription, by the Rev. Mr. Holmes, of Cambridge, entitled, "*American Annals; or a chronological history of America, from its discovery by Columbus, to the present time.*"—We have rumours from Cadiz, that a rupture between Spain and this country was expected. It appears to have been imagined by individuals that our government would very highly resent the refusal of the Court of Madrid to ratify the Convention which provided for the claims of American citizens for Spanish excesses. We understand that His Most Catholic Majesty had not only declined to sanction that Convention, but that his Minister had refused to negotiate further with the American Ambassador on the subject.—It is added, that our Envoy had been so offended at the treatment he received, as to have demanded passports, intending to return to America. Our government undoubtedly have dispatches from Mr. Pinckney.—The Dysentery is very prevalent in many towns in the interior.—A fire destroyed a house near Halifax, on the 30th July, and in the flames two young girls perished!—A letter from a gentleman at Wyeth Court-House, Virginia, contains the following account of a singular phenomenon: We have for ten days, been clouded with a dark smoke, and this day I was informed by a gentleman from Kentucky, that the Clinch mountain had sunk for many miles, to the depth of 50 feet! after which, clouds of smoke issued therefrom, so that the inhabitants at the distance of twenty miles from the place, were not able to discover an object at 20 feet distance. This I suppose was occasioned by the burning of the stone coal, which is in the mountain.—A grammar school, and three schools for writing, reading and arithmetic, are maintained in the town of Salem.—The yellow fever has made its appearance in Charleston, South Carolina. On Monday, the 23d July, it is said 17 deaths took place.—On the 25th ult. at Reading, in Connecticut, a man by the name of *Chauncey Merchant*, struck his wife on the head with a hatchet, which put an immediate end to her life. The next day he was found dead in his own well!—William Southick, of New Salem, the person who attempted to obtain the \$1500 of Gilbert & Dean, in the 5th class of South Hadley Canal, by an altered ticket, was found guilty at the session of the Supreme Court, now sitting in this town, and sentenced to three years hard labour, and pay costs. Every printer ought to publish this, it being the first crime of the kind, which has occurred in this country.

#### MARRIED.

At Newburyport, Mr. Walter Todd, mer. of Salem, to Miss Sophia Jewett. At Cohasset, Mr. William Robertson, of this town, to Miss Jane Bourn. In this town, Capt. Henry W. Selby, to Miss Pamela James—Mr. Samuel Ellison, to Miss Eliza Shead.—Mr. Aaron Richardson, to Miss Nancy Holland, fifth daughter of Mr. Thos. H.

#### DIED.

At Unity, (P.) Mrs. Speer, consort of the Rev. Mr. S. She was killed by lightning on the 8th August, and what adds to the affliction, she was in daily expectation of confinement.—At Medford, Mrs. Sarah, consort of Dr. John Hosmer.—At Salem, Miss Betsy Archer, *Æt.* 12, a dutiful daughter of Mr. Jona. A. In this town, Mrs. Hannah Hill, *Æt.* 64—Mr. Thos. H. Collison, *Æt.* 37—Caroline, *Æt.* 14 mo. daughter of Mr. Samuel Harris—Miss Marcy, *Æt.* 14, daughter of Mr. Richard Cook—Mrs. Hannah Everett, *Æt.* 25, consort of Mr. Otis E.—Mrs. Hannah Thomas, *Æt.* 94—Mrs. Sally Sumner, *Æt.* 32—Mrs. Ruby Whitney, *Æt.* 24—Mrs. Reed, *Æt.* 33—Mrs. Eunice Quincy, *Æt.* 68—A child of Mr. Hudson, *Æt.* 8—Two from the Alms-House. Three children under a year.—Total 16.

#### NOTICE.

AN official printed List of all the Prizes in the 1st class of *Piscataqua Bridge Lottery*, may be seen at GILBERT & DEAN'S—where prize tickets will be received in pay for tickets in the third class of *Amoskeag Canal*. Tickets in the Amoskeag are now at \$5 and quarters at \$1 37, but after *Wednesday next*, wholes will be \$5 50, and quarters \$1 50. The drawing commences on the 19th inst. *Also for sale*, tickets and quarters, in the 6th class of *South Hadley*; which commences drawing the 25th October, and after the 25th inst. all unsold tickets pass into the hands of a company, who will raise the price to \$5 50.

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## ENQUIRY.

When her eyes are softly telling,  
What your heart must understand;  
When you see her bosom swelling,  
As you slightly touch her hand;  
Should affection prompt the action,  
Can you decide which most is blest;  
By the fingers soft contraction,  
The hand which presses, or is prest?

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## TO A DETRACTOR.

MISTAKEN wretch, industrious to defame  
With lies thy neighbour, and asperse his name;  
Unmov'd I suffer thy reviling tongue,  
Then least injurious, when it most would wrong.  
Whose praise or blame by contraries we take,  
Like men whose looks belie the vows they make;  
In harmless slander may'st thou persevere;  
But on thy life malicious praise forbear,  
Lest, bent on vengeance for thy wrongs on me,  
I next proceed to say the truth of thee.

W.

## WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT IN A THUNDER STORM.

LET coward guilt with pallid fear,  
To sheltering caverns fly,  
And justly dread the vengeful fate  
That thunders thro' the sky;  
Protected by that hand, whose law  
The threatening storm obeys;  
Intrepid virtue smiles secure,  
As in the blaze of day.  
In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,  
The lightnings lurid glare;  
It views the same all gracious power  
That breathes the vernal air;  
Thro' nature's ever varying scene,  
By different ways pursued,  
The one eternal end of Heaven  
Is universal good.  
With like beneficent effect,  
O'er flaming Æther glows,  
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,  
Or blushes in the rose.  
By reason taught to scorn those fears  
That vulgar minds molest;  
Let no fantastic terrors break,  
My dear \*\*\*\*, thy rest.  
Thy life may all the tenderest care  
Of Providence defend;  
And delegated angels round  
There guardian wings extend.  
When thro' creation's vast expanse,  
The last dread thunders roll;  
Untune the concord of the spheres,  
And shake the rising soul;  
Unmov'd may'st thou the final storm  
Of jarring worlds survey,  
That ushers in the glad serene  
Of everlasting day.

## THE NOVELIST.

## HISTORY OF MR. TROPIC, FROM CHARLES TOWNLY.

DESCENDED from a respectable family, I received an education which fitted me for an elevated station. Life promised me numberless joys. I was apparent heir to a splendid fortune, which had been bequeathed to my father by a friend, to whom he had rendered essential services. I had health, spirits, and good humour. My acquaintances all appeared to be my friends; and to crown all those flattering prospects, I obtained the affection of one of the most amiable of her sex, and our hands were united with my father's appro-

bation. Three years after our marriage, we resided in the house of this best of parents, in which time we were blest with two lovely children—never was there a happier household—But what is human happiness;—A gentleman related to that friend who had left his fortune to my father, returned at this period from India, where he had amassed prodigious wealth. He had been absent from England many years previous to the death of our benefactor, who conceiving he had a right to dispose of his possessions, and being confirmed in this opinion by several eminent lawyers, with whom he had consulted, bequeathed them to my father, in preference to this relation from whom he had received many injuries. But what availed his precautions against the powerful influence of villainy, aided by wealth. Mr. Visapour, our opponent, instituted a suit against us, as being the heir at law of his cousin, and brought suborned evidence to prove the testator had been insane at the time he perfected the will in my father's favor. In fine, he not only obtained possession of the estate, but also a verdict for the recovery of assets, arrears, and costs of suit, for which he threw my worthy parent into prison, where, at that time, an infectious distemper raged. In vain I pleaded that it was to no purpose to heap afflictions on his venerable head; to extort satisfaction for demands he had no means of discharging.—In vain I offered to surrender myself to bondage if he were set at liberty. I could not obtain the least mitigation of his sufferings. Our enemy knew not compassion. My father, my kind, revered father, caught the fatal contagion, and died.

Heaven, which freed him from calamity and tyranny, permitted that my wife, my infants, and myself should feel still further miseries.

Affection to those dear objects aroused me from the grief with which this heart-rending incident had overwhelmed me. I was sick of life, and would willingly have rested from care in the sepulchre where I saw my parent's cold relics deposited, but those soft ties still clung round my heart, and claimed it to a world with whose ways I was disgusted. I beheld the partner of my soul and my dear little ones wretched and helpless, stripped of every comfort, and driven from a home where the blessings of ease, affluence, and content had surrounded them, to encounter hourly distresses, and experience the scorn of an unfeeling world. It was too much for my fortitude; I flew from friend to friend for assistance; I found them all cold, inattentive, and unkind. No one opened an asylum to receive us, none interested themselves for us. We were soon neglected and abandoned by all. Nay, some censured us for our former extravagance, which was literally supporting our station of life in a manner becoming our fortune, and many mocked our misfortune, saying, it was just that those who had usurped the rights of others should be stripped of their borrowed feathers. One humane heart alone appeared to be endued with human feelings on our behalf. The bishop of the diocese in which the estate I was deprived of lay, having an only son, whom he was about to send on his travels, made choice of me as a proper person to accompany the young man. He sent for me, and not only proposed to allow me a handsome income during the time I should be employed as preceptor to his son, but also advised me to enter into orders immediately, and promised to give me a living which he expected would soon be in his gift, the present incumbent being aged and infirm. I gladly embraced the offer, and having long before taken my degree at Cambridge, put on the clerical habit, than which nothing could be better adapted to my inclinations. The parting from my beloved wife and little ones, even for a short time, was a severe trial, but it was to obtain a sustenance for them, and this consideration subdued my feelings. The Bishop settled them in a neat house, and I assigned over two-thirds of my income for their maintenance. I took leave of my reverend benefactor with tears of gratitude. Alas! it was an everlasting leave.—He died during the second year of my absence from England. My pupil was recalled home by his guardians, and immediately after our return, I was dismissed, and thus bereft of all my expectations.

Again indigent, friendless, and forlorn, I, with my helpless family, was driven out to seek for bread. My late pupil, a dissipated thoughtless young man, but not void of good nature, paid me a visit, previous to his going to settle in a distant part of the country, (where

his estate lay) and put a little pocket-book, enclosing a bank-bill for fifty pounds, into my son's hand. With this, our whole worldly treasure, we set out in a wagon for this metropolis, where I hoped such talents as I possessed might be employed to obtain sustenance for lives ten thousand times dearer to me than my own, but I had the mortification to find them useless, indeed, generally speaking, patronage is a necessary passport to the press. I offered myself as a translator, a daily writer, a pamphleteer, all in vain. I experienced every day new insults, new disappointments: My misery was jested with, my pretensions derided, and often after spending the day in fruitless applications, have I returned to the mean little lodging which contained all my soul held dear, wearied so much with life, that death would have been a welcome relief.

The gift of my pupil was now, in spite of our strictest frugality, just on the point of being exhausted. Ruin and despair hovered over our desolate heads. Dignity of sentiment gave way to the necessity of my wife and offspring. The oppressor of my father resided in a magnificent dwelling near the street, in which I occupied a miserable garret. To him I determined to apply. I stifled my sense of the injury he had done us. I drew up a pathetic detail of the wretchedness of our circumstances. The feelings of the husband and the father gave energy to my pen, and in terms the most respectful and submissive I solicited his assistance to procure me some employment, whereby I might be enabled to support myself and family. With an aching heart and dejected pace I sought his abode. Nothing but splendor and luxury were visible there; even the domestics displayed the lavish magnificence of their master. Surely (thought I) the heart at ease must be accessible to the claims of pity, and they who experience the sweets of plenty and content, find an enlargement of happiness in diffusing a share of the blessings they possess to their indigent fellow creatures. I delivered my petition to one of the footmen, who indolently loitered in the great man's hall, and presented him with half a crown (the half of my worldly substance) to induce him to deliver it. The fellow desired me to call at the same hour the following day, and he would by that time prevail on his master's valet de chambre to present my letter, and if possible obtain a favorable answer. I suppose by your appearance (said he) you are soliciting subscriptions, and his honor generally comes down pretty handsomely on such like occasions, more especially if so be as the book is to be dedicated to himself; but, harkee friend, if you are a writer of sermons you're in the wrong box, for my master won't give you a doil. It was but the other day I heard him say, no man of taste would suffer his name to be made use of to countenance such stuff.

I past an anxious and sleepless night; doubt, hope, fear, and expectation, with ten thousand nameless feelings, agitated my breast. In the morning my little son grew clamorous for bread. Alas! we had none. My last half-crown I was obliged to give our landlady the preceding day in part of payment of the sum due to her for rent, and my darlings had not tasted food in consequence. His sister, older than him by a year, endeavoured to soothe him. Fie, Henry, said the sweet innocent, will you awaken poor mamma? see, she is not crying now, but she will cry if you make her open her eyes. No, Emily, returned the boy, papa is here now, and she never cries until he is gone. I turned, and looked on the face of my sleeping wife. It was emaciated, and deadly pale. A torrent of tears gushed from my eyes; I threw myself on my knees in an agony of soul, which language cannot express.—Almighty power (said I) if it is not impious in thy creature to wish to hasten the accomplishment of thy decrees, take, oh! take me from this scene of suffering to a state of eternal rest.—And she, the dear unassuming partner of my distress, remove her from the accumulated horrors that surround us. I started up, and quitted the house with precipitation; my thoughts were wild, and my whole deportment disordered; at length, observing the passengers gaze at my frantic appearance, I turned towards the Park, and getting into an unfrequented walk, endeavoured to compose my spirits, and wait patiently for the issue of my application. [To be continued.]

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# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 8, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE GOSSIP.—No. XLIX.

—sed improvisa lethi  
Vis rapuit, rapietque gentes.

PERHAPS there is no passion of the human mind, that so generally predominates as that of ambition. In all ages, ranks, or sexes, the desire of being acknowledged, or at least, thought by our intimates, superior to those who move in the same circle with ourselves, or follow the same pursuits, is universal. But there are few who take the trouble to be in reality, what they would wish to appear.

Ambition, when directed to laudable objects, when inciting to excellence in virtue, industry, or the general service of our fellow creatures, is in some degree commendable; but when employed in the pursuit of power, titles, riches, the very impulse of the soul, which on the one hand approaches so nearly to an active virtue, on the other becomes a positive vice.

And what has absolute power,—the most elevated titles, or unbounded wealth to bestow, worthy an hour's anxiety from a rational being? Look through the historic page, and see how the privileged murderers of antiquity, waded knee deep in blood to purchase them. And what did they acquire by the possession? Peace of mind?—No.—The love of their fellow citizens? No.—Their names were transmitted unsullied to posterity? Alas! no.—Monuments were raised to their memories, and the consecrated fane sheltered their sacred relics from sacrilegious outrage? No! no.—Their lives were a continued scene of perturbation. Their fellow citizens at once envied, flattered, and despised them. And but a few short years elapse, before their bones are torn up by barbarous hands, the tomb which canopied them is razed to the ground; and even the spot where they reposed is no more remembered.—What then avails the staff of dignity, the royal diadem, or the purple robe?—Vain and worthless trifles. Those who have possessed them are now crumbling into dust, and those who hold them now must shortly submit to the same fate.

I had been reading the History of England one afternoon, and was particularly struck with the circumstance of the tomb erected in Normandy to the memory of William the Conqueror, being torn down, and his bones thrown out by the insulting enemy: the subject gave rise to the above reflections, in the midst of which I fell into a dose, as is my usual custom after dinner. Though a torpor pervaded my corporeal system, my mental faculties still active, and pursuing the same train of ideas, transported me to the shores of Egypt, and sinking the immense period that had elapsed since the death of that hero, employed me in assisting to bury the great Pompey: while in conjunction with the affectionate soldier I was raising the little mound of sand over his ashes, methought a grave figure in the habit of a Roman citizen accosted me in these words.—“You are spending your time to very little purpose, for could you raise a mountain, over the grave of this man, it would endure but a short period; the sea might wash it away, an earthquake swallow it, or, should that not be the case, time, by imperceptible degrees, will undermine it, or crumble it away, till it becomes a contemptible mole-hill, and will at last totally disappear.” “But, Sir,” said I,

“did not this man deserve a monument, that would endure for ages?” “Perhaps as much so,” he replied, “as any who may be deemed heroes, but the man who invents one useful machine to forward the progress of agriculture, or manufacture, deserves more of posterity, than the ambitious mortal, who had strided over thousands of his slaughtered enemies.—Come with me, and I will shew you the demerits of the earth, the men who arrogantly styled themselves conquerors of the world.”—I followed him along the sea shore, until winding among the high rocks, he suddenly descended into a vast cavern, which seemed to lie under the bed of the ocean. My wonder would have been excited by the beauty of this place, hung around as it was with glittering spars and gems, whose lustre seemed to emulate the day, but that my attention was forcibly drawn to a stupendous scene which opened to my view at the farther end of the cavern.—It is impossible to describe the horror which seized me when I beheld Xerxes, lashed and goaded by those slaves whose lives had been sacrificed to his lawless ambition; every feature convulsed with despair, every limb agonized with torture, he turned from one side to the other, but here a distracted father presented the severed body of his only child, and demanded vengeance on the murderer; on one side were a band of helpless orphans calling for their slaughtered sires; on the other, a legion of widows frantic for the loss of their husbands, imprecated curses on him. He hurried forward and was succeeded by the Macedonian mad man—who was followed by a multitude of others, equally ambitious, sanguinary, and guilty; all hunted by the most terrific phantoms; all tormented by the remembrance of the rapine, murder, and injustice of every kind, which their conquests had cost them. My soul sickened at the sight, and I turned with a look of horror to my companion, and exclaimed, “How dreadful is the fate of these heroes.” “You misapply the term,” he replied, “these were only aspiring maniacs; turn to the right and tell me what you see.” I looked, and beheld a grave majestic figure with an infant wrapped in his robe, with his right hand defending the helpless innocent from the fangs of an harpy, and with a dignified motion rejecting a crown which she offered him; beside him stood Justice with an even balance; behind him a multitude of both sexes were offering up benedictions for him, and sending the air with his praises, while fame proclaimed his name and virtues, and the genius of history engraved them on a column of white Adamant; it was *Lycurgus*. Next I beheld *Camillus* restoring the children of the Veians to their agonised parents, and conquering his enemies by acts of mercy. Here stood *Regulus* supported by fortitude and pure unshaken patriotism, enduring without a murmur, the most savage barbarities, rather than by a word of advice, lead his countrymen to endanger the liberty of Rome. And here was the great *Cincinnatus*, dispensing with one hand the blessings of peace and civil liberty to an admiring nation, and with the other directing the agriculture of his little farm; his shield and casque were borne by Honour, and his rustic mantle girded round him by Temperance. At some distance I beheld the immortal *Alfred*, constructing those salutary laws, and directing the structure of those wooden-bulwarks, which has since ensured Britain's safety, and made her the queen of European nations. Here too I saw the shade of that illustrious chief, whose wise counsels, and energetic genius secured Independence to Columbia. Religion was his supporter, and

Mercy and Truth his companions. They had been his associates through life, and had accompanied him to the regions of immortality.—Here were no gaudy trappings, no royal insignia, all was simplicity, peace and harmony.—The rich fields waved with the golden harvest. The fleets of commerce whitened the bosom of the outstretch'd ocean; the industrious artisan plied his trade, and was rewarded by a rich competence of the comforts of life; the rustic swain sat beneath his own vine and fig tree, and the united strain of gratitude to those who had secured to them the blessings of Plenty, Peace and Liberty, ascended from the plain, and filled the air with the most delightful harmony.

“These were the men who deserve the appellations of heroes, and patriots,” said my companion, “and the fascinating scene you behold has been the fruits of their laudable ambition.” “Who can behold,” said I, “and not be inspired with admiration at their virtue, magnanimity, and unshaken integrity? But can you tell me, sir, why the names of those other men are handed down to posterity as characters worthy applause and imitation?” “Because,” he replied, “the world will ever contain spirits as restless, as mistaken as themselves; but vain is the sculptured marble, the elevated dome, the gorgeous trophy to perpetuate their memory. Time sweeps down all—effaces their names from the tablet of remembrance, and wraps them in the veil of oblivion. But the man who has benefitted his native country by his wisdom, has encouraged the arts, and set an example of virtue in his own private character, has with his own hands erected a monument, which will endure to the end of all things.”

As my companion pronounced these words, methought the sound of rustic merriment grew louder and came nearer; it burst the bands of sleep; when looking from my window, I saw my neighbour's team drawing a fine load of clover towards his barn, and a parcel of merry urchins on the top of it, vociferating with all their power of lungs—“Hail Columbia, happy land.” The vision I had seen in my dream seemed realized, and I involuntarily exclaimed, “God of mercy, continue thy blessings to this highly favoured people. I thank thee for having cast my lot among them, and I thank thee for having made that lot an humble one.—If neither trophy, bust, nor column will transmit my name to posterity, it is grateful to my soul to reflect, that no one hereafter will execrate my memory.”

### ON HYPOCRISY IN THE FACE.

ACCORDING to nature and observation, the features of the face, and the gestures of the body are esteemed the interpreters of the mind, and the silent language of the heart. The different formation of our looks is thought to be as expressive as the different tone of our voices. Hence the soft or angry eye; the varying-coloured cheek: the contracted or open brow, denote the passions of horror, grief, rage, love or admiration: If then the outward looks ought to convey the inward sentiments of the soul, and the features of the face bear a similitude with the conception of the heart, I cannot but think those guilty of an immorality who put on a look foreign to their mind, cheat you by their aspect, and carry a lie imprinted on their countenance.—But the fashionable mode of the world, and the hypocritical grimace, have so far prevailed over an open behaviour and an honest ingenuous look, that it would be dangerous in this age to trust any for the honesty of their features, or believe their words for the pleasantness of their smiles.

I need not mention how hurtful to society this vice must be, when it tends to destroy all the noble senti-



ments of friendship and honesty, when we must look on every man as a hypocrite, and suspect the sincere joy of our acquaintance to be the delusive product of design: The means therefore to put a stop to it in common life, would be to expose such a hypocrite to all who were acquainted with him, that they might know their danger, and treat him as an enemy to mankind.

OBSERVER.

## BIOGRAPHY.

## SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF THE CELEBRATED ABBE PREVOST.

RELATED BY HIMSELF.

THE character of every man is governed by circumstances; and we may often observe, that one incident alone, especially at that period of juvenile impression when the soul is yet unblunted by a promiscuous intercourse with the world, shall give the law to our ideas, if not to our actions, ever after.

Of this truth, which, after all, is but one of the many proofs that philosophy has to adduce of the intimate connection of mind with matter, we have a striking instance in the gentleman who forms the subject of the present memoir, and who not a little distinguished in the circles of *Belles lettres* on the Continent, is particularly admired for the graces, *charming*, however gloomy, with which, as a professed novelist, he has repeatedly enriched the regions of sentiment and moral fiction.

One evening, as he was at supper with a few intimate friends, men of letters like himself, the conversation insensibly turned upon the morals of the people; and in the course of a desultory comment on this topic, one of the company took occasion to observe, that no man however benevolent his disposition, or inoffensive his manners, could engage that he would never be himself subjected to the capital punishment of a criminal.

"Right (cried the Abbe Prevost): With truth too might you have added, Sir, it would be equally presumptuous in him to alledge, that he would never merit likewise that punishment."

To this doctrine, however, he could obtain no votaries.

"Well, gentlemen (resumed the Abbe) it matters not whether you are disposed to believe or disbelieve my position; but still I scruple not to maintain, that even with a disposition the most benevolent, and manners the most inoffensive, as our friend here has expressed himself, a man may sink into an abyss of guilt from which in this world he can never be extricated, and for which he shall himself acknowledge that the punishment of a halter would be but an imperfect atonement."

Here the company, with looks of astonishment at such language from the Abbe Prevost, declared with one voice, that he talked of an impossibility, or, at least, of what barely came within the line of being possible.

The Abbe, however, true to his text, thus proceeded:—

"Come, gentlemen, we are all friends, and, relying on your discretion, I will furnish you with a lamentable proof, in my own person, of the truth of what I assert.—But, first, let me ask, does any person entertain the smallest suspicion concerning my integrity, my honour, my abhorrence of vice in every shape?"

"Oh! by no means! (exclaimed every gentleman in the room).—We are convinced that a better man breathes not than the Abbe Prevost."

"But there breathe, I hope, millions and millions more innocent (returned he).—Alas! What guilt can exceed that of a parricide?—Yet am I the very wretch I name.—Yes, gentlemen, strange as it may appear, in me you behold the unhappy murderer of a beloved father!"

Even after this solemn exordium, the company knew not what to think, unless that, disposed to be gravely jocular, he had a mind to play upon their credulity, and to make a mock of their feelings. With one accord, however, they begged of him to relate his story; and accordingly, without further ceremony or interruption, he thus briefly unfolded it:

"Hardly, said he, had I quitted the University, when, visiting daily, a little girl in the neighborhood, of my own age, I became fond of her to distraction. Equally enraptured was her tenderness for me; nor was I long before, unable to repress those fascinating im-

pulses of nature which our cruel stars denied us the liberty of sanctifying by marriage, we indulged ourselves in all the stolen sweets of a commerce, which however guiltless under circumstances like ours, the *knavery* of religion has for ages taught us to be criminal in all cases.

"Be this as it may, the consequence of our clandestine intercourse was, that she became pregnant; a circumstance which, far from cooling my affections, served to inflame them, and to rivet my heart more firmly than ever to that of an amiable innocent, who, in yielding to me her love, had sacrificed to me also her honour.—Every minute of absence from her was now a minute of misery to me; and I seemed to exist but in proportion as I had opportunities of evincing, in her dear presence, the unalterable fervour of a passion pure as it was unbounded.

"My relations, mean while, were daily complaining of my idleness, and urging me to fix upon some line of employment in which, justifying the fond expectations of a worthy family, I might establish myself for life in a state of honourable independence. But every employment I disdained which had not for its object the care of my beloved girl; nor did I know an ambition beyond the heart soothing one of pleasing and being pleased by her.

"Matters, however, remained not long in this state of tranquillity; and the busy Demon of Scandal having, under the mask of friendship, communicated to my father the news of my amour, he, one day—fatal accident!—surprised me in the arms of my mistress, who by this time, was within two or three months of her delivery.—With a look that denounced vengeance upon us both, he bitterly upbraided her for her guilty connexion with his son; and, treating her as a common seductress, he even scrupled not to accuse her of being the base, the contaminated source of ruin to all his hopes.

"Thunderstruck at the sight of a father whom I knew it impossible for me to appease, I trembled in every joint; and at the sound of his voice, ready to sink into the earth with confusion, I found myself literally speechless. Not so the hapless girl. She, with an animation which conscious innocence alone could inspire, justified herself, and with streaming eyes, vindicated me.—Vain, however, were all her tears, her sighs, her entreaties; and if they produced any effect at all, it was that of adding fuel to the fire which already raged in the bosom of an incensed parent, and which it was no longer in the power of nature, much less of reason, to extinguish.

"At length he so far forgot himself as to strike her; and a scuffle ensuing from my attempts to shield her from his violence, she received from him a kick upon the stomach, which threw her senseless upon the floor.

"I was now perfectly frantick; and in the delirium of my rage, darting at my father, I drove him headlong over the staircase.—The consequence, Heavens! that I should live to relate it! The consequence was, that his skull being fractured by the fall, he expired the same evening; though not without declaring, in the presence of a multitude of witnesses, that he owed his untimely death to accident, and not without breathing forth at the same time a fervent benediction on his son, the very wretch who had been his unnatural destroyer.

"Every suspicion of murder being thus done away, he was interred without further enquiry; and thus was I, through an exertion of generosity and tenderness, of which few parents perhaps would be capable at so dreadful a crisis;—thus was I, gentlemen, exempted from the ignominy and horror of terminating my existence upon a gibbet. Yet was I not exempted by it from feeling, in its utmost extent, the enormity of my crime. His dying kindness to me, on the contrary, served but to furnish fresh stings to my remorse; and at length, torn with all the pangs that can consume a wretch conscious that he is unworthy to live, yet conscious also that he is unfit to die, I determined to hide my sorrows from the world in the recesses of some cloister, gloomy as my own distracted soul.

"Hence it was that I came to embrace the order of *Clugny*; and perhaps it is to this circumstance of irreparable guilt in my early youth, that, driven from the natural bias of my genius, I am indebted for those situations of terror, for those events of bloodshed, which, heightened with all the colouring of misanthropic gloom, have so long, and indeed so deservedly, been pronounced the characteristics of my novels."

Here the Abbe closed his narrative of woe, leaving the company to make their own reflections upon it.—In these, as it may well be supposed, they discovered a mixture of pity and horror; sensations to which they would have given a more decided expression, however, could they have been yet convinced of the truth of what he had so pathetically related.—In fine, the general opinion still was, that the whole of the Abbe's adventure deserved to be considered but as a mere incident, which he had planned for some future novel or romance, and of which, by previously relating it as an affair of his own, he was desirous to ascertain the effect it would produce upon the sensibility of a set of enlightened readers.

We are inclined to think, however, that, whether it was an adventure of reality, or an adventure of imagination, it exhibited a scene of which no man would wish to appear the hero; and certain it is, that the Abbe himself, though repeatedly questioned concerning the authenticity of his story afterwards, still persisted in declaring every syllable of it to be a melancholy truth, and no fiction.

## AMUSING.

## FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESS FOR 1777.

[WE give the following letter a place in our miscellany, because we are willing to own, the world was not wiser or better in former times than it is now; but while we allow the volatile *Anstis* to laugh at the dimensions and expense of a head dress which might have been worn by her grandmother—we advise her not to forget the good old fashioned virtues, which were in vogue in her grand mother's days; and we do assure her, that she shall be allowed to invent and wear Macaroni traps of every kind, if she will only, every day when preparing to put them on, ask herself these questions. Are the animals, called Macaronies, worth entrapping? Are the cobweb nets thus displayed, capable of ensnaring or of strength sufficient to retain, a being of real value? If reason answers in the negative, let her throw aside the flimsy decorations of extravagant fashion. And try the effect of neatness and simplicity, without particularity; using for ornaments, good sense, good humour, good breeding, and strict modesty. They will infallibly improve her complexion, give brilliancy to her eyes, and make the plainest dress appear graceful and becoming.]

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. EDITORS,

THE insertion of the following in the Magazine may assist many young girls, as it has me, when they are fretted and teased, by odd, peevish, and whimsical mothers, aunts, &c. about their extravagance and expensive attires or parties, by bringing plump in their faces, a picture, or description of a head-dress in the year 1777, which I have transcribed from a paper, with the Milliner's bill. Yours, ANSTIS.

## THE MACCARONI TRAP;

or, The Ladies new fashioned CAP.

From the top down to the side, 2 feet 4 inches; breadth through the centre, 3 feet 8 inches; diameter, 5 feet 4 inches. The bill for the above cap, is copied from Mrs. LAPPET's day-book, viz.

|            |                                                      |         |
|------------|------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| May 28, 77 | Mrs. —, to a Head Tricer, Dr.                        |         |
| 1777.      | For making a Maccaroni Trap, of                      |         |
|            | the 3d rate, - - - - -                               | £4 19 0 |
|            | For flouncing the turban and finding gauze for do. 3 | 13 0    |
|            | For 68 yards of pink ribbon for streamers, pen-      |         |
|            | nants, &c. &c. - - - - -                             | 3 12 0  |
|            | To a pound and an half of wool for the steeple       |         |
|            | and belfry, - - - - -                                | 4 6     |
|            | To a Cornely's took with wings, - - - - -            | 1 13    |
|            | To a Duchess of Kingston's pad, - - - - -            | 16 6    |
|            |                                                      | £14 18  |

## APPOSITE SIMILITUDE.

FATHER ANDRE, a French preacher, once made the singular comparison, in his sermon, of a poor man to a chicken, and a rich one to a lap-dog. "God treats the rich, while they live," said he, "as women treat their little dogs. They feed them with all their little delicacies, decorate them with the prettiest ribbons, and caress them with the greatest fondness; but when the dog is dead, he is thrown upon a dunghill. A chicken is a miserable being, which is fed with the meanest

food; but when dead, it is served with honour at the table of its master. Thus the rich during his life, is happy; but after death, is thrown into hell; while the poor is placed in the bosom of Abraham."

## BIBLIOTHEQUE AMUSANTE.

## LITERARY SKETCHES.

WE see a world of pains taken and the best years of life spent in collecting a set of thoughts in a college, for the conduct of life; and after all, the man so qualified shall hesitate in his speech to a good suit of clothes, and a want of common sense before an agreeable woman.

THERE is no country in the world where the task of a school-master is so slavish as in America. In the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the wise liberality of the founders of the seats of learning made abundant provision for the teachers of science, and supposed that misery and oppression did not contribute to a tutor's mind. On the contrary, here, where Dr. Franklin has taught men to lay great stress upon the saving of pins and needles, and where five-penny-bit calculations are made with elaborate accuracy, the occupation of a school master has a striking resemblance to that of a scavenger. Dr. Goldsmith very humorously says, "If you are for a genteel easy profession, bind yourself seven years an apprentice to turn a cutler's wheel; but, avoid a school by any means."

The following humorous account of a political and allegorical drama, is from the pen of Sir Richard Steele.

THE author of the play has represented *Absolute Power*, in the person of a tall man, with a hat and feather, who gives his first minister, that stands just before him, a huge kick; the minister gives the kick to the next before; and soon to the end of the stage. In this moral and practicable jest, you are made to understand, that there is in absolute government, no gratification but giving the kick you receive from one above you to one below you. This is performed to a grave and melancholy air; but on a sudden the tune moves quicker, and the whole company falls into a circle and take hands; then, at a certain sharp note, they move round and kick as kick can. This latter performance he makes to be the representation of a free state, where, if you all mind your steps, you may go round and round very jollily, with a motion pleasant to yourselves and those you dance with: nay, if you put yourselves out, at the worst you only kick and are kicked like friends and equals.

## ANECDOTES.

A PERSON who kept a Parrot, used frequently to put his fingers into the cage to him—the parrot bit him, and the man said, "Curse it, how you pinch!" The Parrot being out of the cage, a Hawk took him up, and flew off with him, while the Parrot kept crying, "Curse it, how you pinch!"

## DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

WHEN he was about three years old, says Sir John Hawkins, (Mrs. Poerrie says "five,") his mother had a brood of eleven ducks which she permitted him to call his own, and as he was one day playing heedlessly among them, he had the misfortune to tread on one of the little creatures, and crushed it to death. Alarmed at the accident and full of emotion, he immediately snatched up the duck and running to his mother bade her write, "write child" said she too much astonished at the request to be concerned at the accident, "what must I write?" "Why write" answered the child, "thus—(He then gave his first indication of poetic genius by prompting an epitaph, which is thus recorded by Sir John Hawkins:—

"Here lies good master duck,  
"That Samuel Johnson trod on;  
"If it liv'd 'twould have been good luck,  
"For then, there'd been an odd one."

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, SEPT. 8, 1804.

## FOREIGN.

EUROPE.—Yesterday arrived at this port the ship Packet, Capt. Trott, from Liverpool, bringing London dates to the 25th July. The most prominent news in them, is the increased prospect of speedy War be-

tween Russia and France. The event appeared almost inevitable, if any reliance can be placed on European appearances. The former was making great preparations for hostilities in the Baltic and the Black seas. The Emperor Alexander had refused to acknowledge the Emperor Napoleon.—Sweden, it was said would unite with Russia in the war.—All the powers of Europe, excepting Russia, Great-Britain and Sweden, had acknowledged Bonaparte Emperor of the French.—Bonaparte has extended pardon to such of the conspirators against his life, as he judged proper subjects of his mercy. He continues to extend his personal care to the military schools, which he visits, and the command of the Legion of Honor is assigned to the senate and council of the Empire. The new orders are not confined to civil and military affairs. The orders of the church are reassumed and the business of the missionaries is to be re-established in its full extent.—Splendid preparations were making for the Coronation of the Emperor of France, which is to be on the 9th of November next.—From England, we have no intelligence which opens a new scene of things. The King remained in good health. On the 31st July he was to prorogue his Parliament in person.—The British government still expected that the Invasion would be hourly attempted by France.—The season has been very favourable in Portugal, and unfavourable in some parts of Spain.—Throughout the globe a disposition to enquire into the history of nature evidently increases.—This is pleasant knowledge and often profitable. A Glasgow paper mentions a Fish not yet described, belonging to the class of Chetodens of uncommon brightness. It was sent to the Liverpool museum. Some of this numerous family have been brought into this part of our country. Cepede describes it with small teeth, flexible and moveable, the body and tail much compressed, with small scales on the dorsal and other fins, the height often greater than the length, the opening of the mouth small, projecting; one dorsal fin; and opercules simple. The colours beautiful. He arranges them in five families and 40 species. He represents them as inhabitants of the torrid zone, and observes, that although unknown until the discovery of America, and the Indies, yet that there is scarcely any country on the globe, in which they are not found in a fossil state, and in which are the remains of the precise form of some species of the true Chetoden. He observes that they are discovered under the beds of lava of Mount Bolca, near Verona, in high preservation, such exactly, as are caught in the seas of Japan, in those of the Indies, and in the seas of Arabia. *Sal. Reg.*

WEST-INDIES.—The French it is said, still hold the Spanish part of St. Domingo, with the city of that name; and the part of St. Jago. General Ferrand commands in chief. He has defeated Dessalines, who lost a 1000 men. Capt. Castel, and aid-de-camp of Gen. F. has arrived in the United States, to demand succors of M. Pichon.—We have a report from St. Domingo, that the black Governor declared war against Spain about the middle of July.—The reason is not intimated. But if the report is true, perhaps he felt provoked to the measure by the indulgences afforded in Spanish ports to French privateers, which capture vessels bound to or from "Hayti."—Reports of the prevalence of the fever at New Providence, are not to be fully credited.

## DOMESTICK.

Serious differences appear to exist between the United States and Spain. The following letter from an American Captain at Cadiz, dated July 18, furnishes the following: "There is at present a great coolness between the King and Mr. Pickney; the former has refused the demands made by the United States, and has also refused Mr. Pickney his passports to leave the country. This has very much alarmed the merchants here, inasmuch that those who have American vessels consigned to them, are hurrying them away as fast as possible, lest something serious should take place."

From Gibraltar, to the 20th July, we learn that the American squadron was off Tripoli. Commodore Preble was at Naples preparing the gun boats. The misunderstanding with Tunis had been adjusted.—In our country, the public attention is turned to the petition of Louisiana. At present we discover an attempt to hasten on the time, when the inhabitants shall possess all the immunities contemplated in the full

execution of the Treaty. How many have concentrated their wishes in this petition, and by what influence in Europe or America they are excited, cannot at present be known.—As our country is explored we have additional accounts of the curiosities which it contains.—From one of the Gazettes is the following account of another curious arch found in Virginia, in Lee County. It is described as a natural Bridge, being 339 feet perpendicular, and being 134 feet higher than that in Rockbridge County, and having a projection at its summit of 89 feet. The arch itself has an elevation in front of 200 feet, descending to 60 feet at 106 feet from the entrance. It is straight as far as 300, and its entrance is 406 feet wide. After the first angle the arch descends to 18 feet, and is 340 feet from the intersection of the first to the second angle, after which the arch rises considerably.—A stream passes constantly through, which is sometimes swelled into 12 feet in depth. A road passes over it, and this curiosity might be passed unnoticed, did not the fall of the water below arrest the attention of the traveller.—It is said on good authority, that the yellow-fever was not in Charleston, as was represented.—John W. Gurley, Esq. late of this town, is appointed a Member of the Municipality at New Orleans.—The university of Dartmouth at the late Commencement, conferred the Degree of Doctor of Laws, on the Hon. David Humphreys. The same title has been conferred by the University at Cambridge, on Theophilus Parsons, Esq. of Boston.—Near a dozen ships have been recently launched in this town, Weymouth, Charlestown and Newburyport. This must give pleasure to the friends of commerce.—At Salem, two new houses have been raised for public worship—one for a Society long established, the other for one lately formed.—About a fortnight since, a young woman was drowned in Saco River. The same week a Mr. Brown was instantly killed by a flash of lightning—the sun shining clearly at the same time. And on Saturday, the 20th ult. Mr. Ephraim Curtis fell from his horse into a small pond and was drowned. All the above persons belonged to Saco.

## MARRIAGES.

"Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings;  
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile  
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd."

At Conway, by the Rev. Mr. Welles, of Whately, Mr. Calvin Day, of Portland, Senior Editor of the Eastern Argus, to Miss Mary Farnum, of the former place.—At Dorchester, Mr. Josiah Cushing, of Boston, to Miss Lucy Holden.

In this town, Mr. Eben Woodward, to Miss Martha Bowen.

## DIED.

At Hanover, Hon. Bezalzel Woodward, Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy in Dartmouth College.

At Salem, Mrs. Eleanor, *Æt.* 27, wife of Mr. Joseph Daland, jun.

In this town, Mrs. Deborah, *Æt.* 58, wife of Mr. Joseph Hastings.—Mrs. Mary, *Æt.* 33, wife of Mr. John Sloane.—George, *Æt.* 10 months, youngest child of Mr. William Mackay.—Mr. Richard Brush, *Æt.* 32, merchant of Madeira.—Mrs. Mary McKown, *Æt.* 59.—Mr. John Ingersoll, *Æt.* 79.—Winslow Henry Homer, *Æt.* 3, youngest son of Mr. Wm. H.—Henry Aline, Esq. *Æt.* 68.—Mrs. Pook, *Æt.* 43.—John H. Shepard, *Æt.* 1, and 9 children under a year. Total 20 for the week ending last evening.

Yesterday, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Mary-Anna Hale, *Æt.* 37, wife of Mr. Benjamin Hale. As an amiable and affectionate consort, tender parent, sincere friend, she was peculiarly uniform.—She met the approach of death with serenity and fortitude, leaving relatives and numerous friends, to whom her decease will continue a source of sorrow and regret.

## REMEMBER,

THAT the *Amoskeag Lottery*, will commence drawing the 19th inst.—and the 6th class of *South Hadley Canal* will also soon commence drawing. Make no delay.—Tickets and quarters for sale at the Fortunate Lottery Office of GILBERT & DEAN. *At 10,*

In the 2d class of Piscataqua Bridge Lottery, highest prize \$10,000. Prizes taken in payment in either of the above Lotteries. Sept 8.

## POETRY.

## THE MARRIAGE OF THE MYRTLE AND THE YEW.

Addressed to all young ladies inclined to form degrading matrimonial connections.

A MYRTLE flourish'd 'mongst the flowers,  
And happy pass'd her maiden hours :  
The lovely Rose, the garden's queen,  
Companion of this shrub was seen ;  
The Lily fair, the Violet blue,  
The Eglantine beside her grew :  
The Woodbine's arms did round her twine,  
With the pale genteele Jessamine :  
With hers the Tuberose mix'd her sweet ;  
The flow'rs were gracious, she discreet.

The envious Shrub with some regret ;  
Saw all her friends in wedlock met ;  
Up the tall Elm the Woodbine swarms,  
And twines her marriageable arms ;  
A gorgeous bower the Jess'mine chose,  
The glory of some ancient house ;  
With joy she views the short-liv'd maid,  
The Violet, drooping in the shade ;  
And sees (which pleas'd her to the quick)  
The Lily hug a sapless stick.  
" And must Myrtilla still be seen  
" Pining in sickness ever-green ?  
" Shall she "

With that she arm'd her brow,  
Which once had conquests gain'd, but now—  
Too old to choose, too proud to sue,  
Strikes flag to her good cousin Yew.

This Yew was fair, and large, and good,  
Esteem'd a pretty stick of wood ;  
But never in the garden plac'd,  
Or to be borne by nymphs of taste,  
But in a wilderness, or waste :  
And cut and clip, whate'er you do,  
This pretty stick was still but Yew.  
The pois'nous drops, the baleful shade  
Struck each genteeler flower dead ;  
But Myrtle, being ever-green,  
Thought Nature taught to wed her kin,  
And careless of th' event, withdrew  
From her old friends, and sought her Yew.

Behold the am'rous shrub transplanted,  
And her last prayer in vengeance granted.  
The bride and bridegroom cling together,  
Enjoy the fair, and scorn foul weather.  
Visits are pay'd : around are seen  
The scrubbed race of ever-green,  
Th' ill-natur'd Holly, ragged Box,  
And Yew's own family in flocks :  
But not a flow'r of scent or flavour  
Would do the bride so great a favour,  
But in contempt drew in their leaves,  
And shrunk away, as Sensitive.  
The blushing Queen, with decent pride,  
Turn'd as she pass'd, her head aside ;  
The Lily nice, was like to spue  
To see MYRTILLA Mrs. YEW :  
The Eglantine, a prude by nature,  
Wou'd never go a-near the Creecher ;  
And the gay Woodbine gave a flaunt,  
Nor answer'd her but with a taunt.

Poor MYRTLE, strangely mortify'd,  
Too late resumes her proper pride ;  
Which, heighten'd now by pique and spleen,  
Paints her condition doubly mean.  
She sour'd her mind, grew broken-hearted,  
And soon this spiteful world departed ;  
And now lies decently interr'd,  
Near the old Yew in—church-yard.

## TO A LADY EMINENTLY SKILLED IN EMBROIDERY.

ARACHNE once, as poets tell,  
A goddess at her art defy'd ;  
But soon the daring mortal fell  
The hapless victim of her pride.  
O then beware Arachne's fate,  
Be prudent, Anna and submit ;  
For you'll more surely feel her hate,  
Who rival both her Art and Wit.

## THE NOVELIST.

## HISTORY OF MR. TROPIC, FROM CHARLES TOWNLY.

[Continued from page 160.]

AT the hour appointed I again presented myself in the great man's hall—my ambassador immediately recognized me, and advancing, presented me with a letter, which I hastily opened ; its contents were couched as nearly as I can recollect, in the following terms :

" SIR,  
" ENCLOSED you have your very elaborate epistle ; if you change the address, it will do for some other person, who may perhaps be weak enough to encourage vagrants in idleness. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,  
S. VISAPOUR."

Surprise and indignation bereft me of the power of utterance. I tore the insulting scrawl to fragments, and casting them from my hands, immediately quitted the house.—Unmindful of the way I took, I again involuntarily bent my steps to the place I had quitted in the Park, and casting myself on the earth, remained a time in a state of mind I have not words to describe ; from this agonizing reverie I was roused by the salutation of a person dressed in a ragged green frock, with some vestiges of a tarnished gold binding : He seemed young, and had, though shabby, an air of gentility, and a strong expression of good nature in his countenance. " You will forgive this abrupt address from a stranger, Sir, (said he) when you consider all mankind are brethren by the common ties of humanity ; I was waiting in Mr. Visapour's hall, to solicit his subscription to some poems I am about to publish, and learning some particulars of your story, from one of the servants who had formerly known you, I took the liberty of pursuing you hither to offer my best services. Courage, my dear Sir, unpromising as my appearance is, I may perhaps have the happiness of being useful to you, and I entreat you will freely command me.

" Rise, Sir, (added he) I beseech you, and sit on this bench with me ; you must not decline my services, nor treat me with reserve. I am a giddy and a poor fellow, but a very honest one ; however, Sir, I will give you a particular account of myself, if you have patience to hear it, and afterwards we will proceed to discourse upon business.

" My name, Sir, is Rymer ; my father was an eminent haberdasher, and gave me a good education, but having the misfortune to shew distinguished abilities at school, and moreover, having written some poems which were handed about the country, and much admired, I became totally disqualified from succeeding my father in business, so he centered all his views in my younger brother, who was a good arithmetician, and spent his entire time behind the counter. The abilities I was supposed to possess procured me admission every where, and being not only a Wit and a Poet, but also a Beau, my time passed very gaily, and I was caressed in the genteel circles our neighbourhood afforded : At length my father died, and left the whole of his wealth to my brother except one thousand pounds which he bequeathed to me, to support me until my abilities should put me in a way to do for myself. A poet is never mercenary : I wrote an elegy on my father, received my legacy from my brother, who deducted a proper allowance for prompt payment, it being, as he said, the way in trade, putting myself into the most fashionable mourning, I began the world for myself. Things went on swimmingly for near a year from this period, and I can safely say, I was not left out of a convivial meeting, a ball, or a card party in our vicinity. A man of fine imagination cannot long escape the power of love. Miss Clackit, who always praised my verses, and held herself disengaged until I asked her to dance, became the sovereign lady of my affections ; she acknowledged a mutual flame, and we vowed eternal constancy. One morning when he had been largely expatiating on the praise of disinterested attachments, I took occasion to explain the state of my circumstances more fully than I had ever done before. " And pray, Mr. Rymer, (said my charmer) have you not an 'uncle in the West Indies, from whom you are likely to inherit a considerable fortune ?" Oh, said I, all hope from that quarter is at an end, for the old gentleman has married his clerk's daughter, and settled every thing, negroes, sugarworks, plantations, and all upon her : but love, my dear Miss Clackit, will so sharpen my wit and my dili-

gence, that we can never want the means of living with elegance."

" Miss Clackit smiled, and I went away the happiest man in the world. Judge then, Sir, how great was my surprise, when I went to pay my devotion to this idol of my wishes the next day, to be informed by the good lady her mother, that she was extremely sorry for my disappointment, but her daughter, being a prudent young woman, had that morning bestowed her fair hand on my brother the haberdasher, who had long been her admirer although he had not leisure to dangle after her.

" Nature had given me a temper which nothing could discompose, I wished my "sometimes mistress, now my sister," much felicity ; wrote a very pretty epithalamium on the happy occasion, and thought no more of the incident.—Soon after this time I found myself under the necessity of running in debt with my tailor and shoemaker, and was now and then obliged to borrow ten or twenty guineas from my acquaintances. Things proceeded from bad to worse, and finding the difficulty of borrowing increase with the necessity of doing so, I sold my watch, my diamond ring, my dress buckles, and my inlaid hilted sword ; in fine, my wardrobe moved off article by article, to the pawnbrokers, until I was reduced to this identical frock, which now makes such a shabby appearance, and instead of having my card-racks stuck full of invitations, I was left at full liberty to dine with Duke Humphrey as often as I pleased. All this while I had friends who said a thousand good things of me—every body allowed I was the best humoured inoffensive creature in the world, a little dissipated indeed, but no one was more ready to do an obliging thing, or lost their money at play with more unaffected cheerfulness ; but this latter good quality I was soon deprived of the opportunities of displaying, for after one ill-fated night, when I had lost more than I could pay, I was forgotten by all the ladies of my acquaintance in their evening invitations.—In short, Sir, finding my friends confined their kindness merely to verbal instances, and that a necessity of eating recurred every day, I thought it high time to do something for myself, being fully assured of my own abilities. I considered, that to acquire both wealth and fame, I had nothing to do only to repair to the proper scene to exert them. London was the obvious spot, and accordingly thither I determined to bend my course. After passing a sleepless night in revolving my plan, I arose, put on a pair of fashionable boots I had taken from my shoemaker some time before, brushed up my frock, had my hair dressed for the occasion. Thus equipped, I went about to visit all my friends, and acquainted them of my resolution. I had the pleasure of finding it met with general approbation, and received many good wishes for my success ; among others I called on my brother, and being much pressed by him and my sister-in-law, staid dinner. When the cloth was removed, my brother thus addressed me : " Tom, now that I see you are willing to try to do for yourself, I will shew you how ready I am to assist you ; here is a bank-bill for fifty pounds, and I wish you success in your undertaking." This was a welcome present to me, who had not fifty ducats in the world, besides it enabled me in some measure to discharge what I looked upon as an indispensable obligation ; accordingly I that very evening summoned all my trades-people to meet me at a tavern, and when they were all assembled, addressed them in a concise speech, informing them of my situation and intended plan, and then producing the bill I had just got from my brother, offered to divide with them until I could fully discharge their respective demands. A murmur ensued, and after they had conferred together awhile apart from me, my tailor, a very well spoken man, advanced, and declared it was their unanimous determination not to straighten a gentleman, who in distress had shewn such principles of integrity, but to wait the time I could pay them with less inconvenience to myself. Struck with this proof of their consideration for me, I insisted at least on entertaining them for that evening, and ordered the best supper the house afforded. They were as joyous as if their bills had been paid, and I was merry as if I did not owe a penny in the world. We parted late, with much cordial shaking of hands, and when I called for an account of the charges of our repast, I found the whole had been discharged in my name by my friend the tailor.

[To be concluded in our next.]

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# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 15, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE PASSENGER—No. XXXI.

IT will readily be acknowledged, said the gentleman, that among the evils we suffer, matrimonial inquietude is to be ranked as one of the greatest. If I can make it evident that inconsistencies in the art of Love, have a direct tendency to produce this evil, you will acquit me as having fulfilled my engagement on this topic.

In the common concerns of life, those who raise our expectations to disappoint them, are justly considered as unworthy of confidence. I will select for an instance this journey, and suppose that you had undertaken it for pleasure, in consequence of my representing an easy carriage, fine roads, enchanting prospects, and genteel inns; but upon trial, you find yourself jolted over the worst of roads, through the gloom of woods, where no refreshment is to be obtained; what, madam, would be your opinion of me? My opinion, said the lady, would be that you were a worthless being. Yet, said he, the deception would fall short of what is constantly practised by both sexes, in forming that connexion which ought in all stages to be supported on the immutable principles of truth and sincerity.

As it respects your sex, Sir, I will not contradict you.

If yours, madam, led not the example, we should be inexcusable. The example of my sex, sir, is of little avail, whether it be good or bad. The example and influence of your sex, madam, may be considered as the reins by which moral action is directed. Adam threw the blame on Eve, sir. And Eve, madam, presents an instance in point; from her time to the present, women have held the controlling power over human actions. If it were so, sir, I would control your argument within the bounds of your real opinion. My opinion ever bounds my assertions, madam, even in conversation with the ladies. They will hardly be disposed to give you credit for it in this instance, sir. Whether I deserve the credit of sincerity shall be decided by yourself, provided you will favour me with direct answers to the questions I shall put: I will answer them, sir, if they are unexceptionable.

Is not a desire to be beloved, one of the first propensities in childhood? Yes. Is not the same desire, under a different modification, one of the strongest propensities in manhood? I suppose it is. Is it not natural to pursue that course which shall lead to the attainment of what we earnestly seek? Undoubtedly it is. If the regard of your sex were to be obtained only on condition of our possessing estimable qualities, would not the possession of those qualities be an object of our highest ambition? It is reasonable to suppose so. Is it not equally reasonable to suppose that the example you set, will, in a greater or less extent, govern us in our endeavours to please? I cannot deny that our example may have its influence. Respecting the subject we are upon, is not the whole tenor of female conduct a system of disguise? And is not this disguise the bane of that respect on which affection should be founded? Why sir! said the lady, you would not require us to say all we think on this subject. By no means, madam, only say nothing you do not think. The woman who practises disguise in her conduct towards the other sex, has no plea if it be retaliated. By your answers to my questions you have acknowledged the power

er possessed by your sex; if the basis of this power be not undisguised sincerity, the fruits of it must be pernicious; you have tacitly admitted that sincerity is foreign to the feminine custom in this engagement, and the consequent evils you cannot deny. This prevalent and pernicious custom, tends to poison the springs of future felicity.

But, Sir, how is it possible for us to become sufficiently acquainted with the characters or designs of men, to hazard our sentiments with unreserved sincerity, previous to an acquaintance with them? I have not recommended unreserved sincerity, madam; reserve is your security, but without deception; be upon your guard, with as much circumspection as you please, but deceive not, lest you be deceived.

As to a knowledge of the characters and designs of men, I do not conceive it difficult to form general rules of judging which shall unmask the most ambiguous. It is true that the application of those rules requires accurate observation, and to observe accurately is a lesson which your sex ought early to acquire in their own defence. Well, sir, it might be of service to explain those rules; I will listen with pleasure if they be enforced with the same mode of reasoning as you have hitherto pursued.

He began with observing that all rules which could be devised, must be founded on this general principle, that every human being possesses two characters, one of them ostensible, or what he would wish to appear to be, the other latent, or what he really is. The lady objected to the position by observing, that this description she thought applicable only to the bad part of society. He asked her if she considered herself a perfect character; she readily answered in the negative; he then asked if she would wish to show any of her imperfections; she replied that she did not, but only endeavoured to act aright, as nearly as her judgment would direct. Then, said he, you have given me your aid in explaining my distinction. The good thus bring their latent character up as nearly as possible to correspond with the ostensible, while the bad are in the habit of acting so widely different from their professions, that their real character is a complete contrast to what they wish to appear to be. And how is it possible, said she, for us to ascertain the real character of any person who disguises baseness under the mask of fair appearances, and carefully holds out to view only what we must approve.

There is not, said he, a feature of the countenance, a tone of the voice, nor an action of the limbs, but what may be considered as letters of an alphabet, whereby to spell out the real character of man. To the observing, one glance shall satisfy to begin the estimate; a single expression shall assist in extending, and a short interview in completing it. The God of Nature has stamped upon every visage an index to the soul that animates it. This knowledge depends on observation alone; no explanation can elucidate this part of the subject; but in other particulars indications appear, admitting of description; on a few of these I will remark.

Men of sense and intelligence have generally courted silence; noise and blustering are therefore to be set down as indications of ignorance. You may also suspect a noisy being for a tyrant, nor be doubtful in judging him such without hesitation, provided his gait be long strides, and his head tossed up with lofty airs: On the contrary, little pit pat steps, and hurried motions, discover a contracted mind where petulance resides.

A remarkably soft voice and fine expressions are also unfavourable symptoms; if I were seeking for an intriguer or mischief maker, I would pitch on such an one.

He who is rude to an inferior, or cruel to a brute, will be so to a companion.

One who is fond of disputation, will turn peace out of doors.

A habit of telling improbable stories gives a just suspicion of a man's veracity; or if his representations are not improbable, and he appears anxious that you should believe him, it is a suspicious trait; but if he swears to the truth of his assertions, you may very safely set him down for a liar.

A treacherous memory is often accompanied with sound judgment.

Acute sense and strong passions are generally accompaniments; the former is to be avoided if the latter have not been subdued by reason.

He who takes remarkable pains to display some amiable characteristic, may be suspected of being deficient in that requisite.

Thus may a tolerably just estimate of characters be formed, by remarking on these and numerous other little things; for it is in little things that the artful are unguarded, while objects of importance are attended to with caution. In short, no being can uniformly act a character which is foreign to his heart, without betraying himself to an accurate observer, by a thousand inconsistencies, which speak the truth, in spite of his efforts to deceive.

Here the conversation was interrupted by the stopping of the carriage.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### DEFENCE OF GHOSTS!!

"Not that fam'd ghost, which in presaging sound  
Call'd Brutus to Philippi's fatal ground;  
Nor can Tiberius Gracchus' gory shade  
These ever-doubting disputants persuade.—  
Oh might some ghost at dead of night appear,  
And make you own conviction by your fear!"

GAY.

PERHAPS no person ever existed, who has not, at some period of mature life, and under particular circumstances, experienced emotions of timidity from the idea of apparitions. However those who pretend to wisdom and illumination may affect to ridicule the notion of their existence, as originating in ignorance and superstition, few, if any, are proof against the fears which those airy beings excite. The possibility of their existence is undeniable; and the evidence of their having existed in all ages, and in all countries, is such, as would be more than sufficient to establish any point, in any court of justice.

"That the dead are seen no more," says Dr. JOHNSON, "I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages, and of all nations. There are no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which perhaps prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth: those that never heard of one another, would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it by their fears."

After this testimony in favour of the hypothesis by



by so respectable and learned a personage, its belief cannot be pronounced childishness or folly; and the subject deserves to be opposed with other weapons than that of ridicule.

The ancients were so far from discrediting the general belief, that one of their philosophers, [Lucretius] has attempted to account for the appearance of spectres on philosophical principles. But philosophy can furnish no satisfactory explanation. Arguments on this subject, deduced from natural principles, bear the marks of weakness and absurdity.

As we are totally unacquainted with the manner in which spirits exist, separate from the body, it is impossible for us to reason clearly on the subject. How immaterial beings can become perceptible to the sight, and impress us, through the medium of our senses, with ideas of colour, shape, and motion, is to us, indeed, incomprehensible; but the incomprehensible does not always involve the impossible, or even the improbable. The absolute immateriality of spectres, admitting they exist, cannot be indisputably established.

That very few of the stories, always in circulation, are founded in truth, or that many occurrences of this nature which cannot be explained, are nevertheless not supernatural, we do not pretend to deny. It is perhaps owing to the existence of so many tales of the marvellous, which are either known to be totally fabulous, or are easily accounted for, that men of sense, in the present age, have withheld their assent from the truth of any, however credibly supported. Be this as it may, there are clear and minute accounts of appearances and events, which, though so wonderful as almost to stagger belief, yet are upheld with such force and multiplicity of evidence, as to compel us to doubt, if not to believe; and though some are determined they will not be convinced, yet they find it impossible to render a reason.

If our philosophy teaches us, that each planet in the solar system, as well as our earth, is inhabited by intelligent beings, although some are exposed to the most intense heat, and others are almost beyond the reach of the solar rays, shall we, while we readily assent to this hypothesis, refuse to credit another, which is far more consistent with probability, and is infinitely better supported by evidence? Is not the doctrine of *ghosts* supported by scripture, as well as by experience? Witness the ghost of Samuel. What christian, then, shall presume to deny, that spectres have been exhibited to human sight, or that they may not now be so exhibited for certain wise and special purposes? L'OMBRE.

Salem, Sept. 11.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

OF THE LOVELY BUT UNFORTUNATE  
MADAME LAVERGNE.

Wife of the Governor of Fort Longway, in the department of Moselle.

Taken from *M. Du Broca's Anecdotes of conspicuous female characters who suffered from the revolution in France.*

"THE beautiful and accomplished Madame Lavergne had been married but a short time to M. Lavergne, Governor of Longway, when that town surrendered to the Prussians; but in two months afterwards was retaken by the French, and the Governor arrested, and sent Prisoner to Paris, without being permitted to enjoy the society of his amiable wife. Though M. Lavergne was at that time upwards of sixty, and Madame had scarcely attained a third of that age, yet the sweetness of his disposition and the superiority of his abilities, had excited in her bosom the liveliest tenderness and esteem; and she determined not only to follow him to the capital, but to exert every faculty she possessed to obtain the preservation of his life.

"The dreadful epocha of the Revolution had already arrived, when the scaffold was daily reeking with

the blood of those victims whom savage cruelty had unjustly slain, and M. Lavergne hourly expected his would augment the sanguinary stream! The horrors of a prison, and the damps of a dungeon soon produced the most alarming effects on his health; yet his amiable wife considered it as a fortunate circumstance, conceiving they would not bring him to trial in so debilitated a state. A perilous disease, she imagined, would prove a present safeguard, and time and exertion bring the wished for relief? Vain expectation; his name appeared on the list from which no appeal could save him, and the ill-fated sufferer was doomed to attend.

"Madame Lavergne was no sooner made acquainted with this decision, than she presented herself before the committee of general safety. With a countenance expressive of the anguish of her feelings, and her eyes streaming with apprehensive tears, she demanded that her husband's trial should be delayed until he had regained his faculties by a restoration of health; assuring them he was not in a state to confront his accusers, as disease had impaired his reason, as much as his strength.

"Imagine, oh! citizens (said the agonised wife of Lavergne) such an unfortunate being as I have described, dragged before a tribunal that decides upon life and death! whilst reason abandons him, can he understand the charges alleged against him? Or can he have power to declare his innocence, whose bodily sufferings are now threatening to terminate his life? Will you, Oh! citizens of France, call a man to trial while in a phrenzy of delirium? Will you summon him, who perhaps at this moment is expiring on the bed of pain, to hear that irrevocable sentence which admits no medium between liberty and the scaffold? And if you unite humanity and justice can you suffer an old man?—At these words every eye was directed to Madame Lavergne, whose youth and beauty, contrasted with the idea of an aged and infirm husband, gave rise to very different emotions in the breast of the members of the committee, from those which she so eloquently endeavoured to inspire; and they interrupted her speech with the most indecent jests, and the coarsest of raillery. One of the members with a scornful smile, assured her, that young and handsome as she was it would not be so difficult as she appeared to imagine, to find means of consolation for the loss of a husband, who in the common course of nature had completely lived out his time.—Another of them equally brutal, and still more ferocious, added, that the fervor with which she pleaded the cause of her husband, was unnatural excess, and therefore the committee could not attend to her petition.

"Horror, indignation and despair, took possession of the unfortunate Madame Lavergne's soul. She heard the purest and most exalted affection for one of the worthiest men, condemned and vilified as a degrading appetite! She had been wantonly insulted, whilst demanding justice by the administrators of the law; and she rushed in silence from those inhuman monsters, to hide the agony that almost burst the heart.

"One ray of hope still rose to chase the gloom of deep despondency away. Dumas, one of the judges of the tribunal, she had known in former times; him therefore, she resolved to seek, and in spite of the antipathy his present actions had inspired, implore him to let the trial be delayed. In all the agony of increasing apprehension, she threw herself at this inflexible monster's feet, used all the arguments suggested by affection, only to have the fatal hour delayed. Dumas replied, that it did not belong to him to grant the favor she solicited; neither should he chuse to make such a request of the tribunal; and then increasing the bitterness of disappointment by the insolence of sarcasm, he inquired whether it was so great a misfortune to be delivered from a troublesome husband of sixty, whose death would leave her at liberty to employ her youthful charms more usefully to the state?

"Such a reiteration of insult roused the unfortunate wife of Lavergne to desperation. She shrieked with anguish too insupportable to bear; and rising from the posture of supplication, she extended her out stretched arms to heaven, and in a phrenzied voice, exclaimed, "Just God! will not the crimes of these atrocious men awake thy vengeance? go, monster!" she cried, addressing herself to Dumas, "I no longer want thy aid: no longer will I deign to supplicate thy pity! away to the

tribunal; there will I also appear; then shall it be known, whether I deserve the outrages thou and thy base associates have heaped upon my head!"

"From the presence of the odious Dumas, and with a fixed determination to quit a life that has now become hateful to her, Madame Lavergne repaired to the hall of the tribunal, and mixing with the motley crowd, waited impatiently for the hour of trial. The barbarous proceedings of the day begin, and the unfortunate Lavergne is called! The jailors convey him thither on a mattress, and a few trifling questions are proposed, to which with difficulty he replies, when the mock trial closes, and the ill-fated governor is doomed to die!

"Scarcely had the sentence passed the Judge's lips, when Madame Lavergne cried with a loud voice *Vive la Roi!* In vain the surrounding multitude endeavoured to prevent the sound; for the more they tried to deaden its extension, the more vehement her cries; and she continued exclaiming *Vive la Roi* till the guard forced her away.

"So great had been the interests which the distress of this amiable young woman had excited that she was followed to the place of confinement by a numerous throng, who anxiously endeavoured to avert the fate which awaited her, by an attempt to drown her cries.

"When the public accuser interrogated her upon the motives of her extraordinary conduct, she informed him, she was not actuated either by revenge or despair, but by the loyalty which was rooted in her heart.—"I adore," cried she "the system that you have destroyed; and I expect no mercy from you, for I am your enemy. I abhor your republic, and will persist in the confession I have publicly made as long as I live."

"To this declaration no reply was made;—but Madame Lavergne's name was instantly added to the suspected list, and in a few minutes she was brought before the tribunal where she again uttered her own condemnation, and was decreed to die. From that instant the agitation of her spirits subsided; serenity appeared to have re-possessed her mind, and her beautiful countenance announced the peace and comfort of her soul.

"On the day of execution, Madame Lavergne first ascended the fatal cart, and requested that she might be placed in a position to view her husband's face; that unfortunate husband had fallen into a swoon and lay extended upon a truss without the slightest appearance of life. The motion of the cart had loosened the bosom of his shirt, and exposed his breast to the scorching rays of a vertical sun, which the amiable wife perceiving, entreated the executioner to take a pin from her husband's shirt and unite his shirt—Madame Lavergne's attention was never for one moment directed from the object of her tenderness; and perceiving by the change of his countenance that his senses revived, in soft accents she pronounced his name. At the sound of that voice, whose melody had so long been a stranger to his ears, he raised his eyes, and fixed them on the object of his love, with a look expressive of alarm and tenderness. "Do not be alarmed," said she, "it was your faithful wife who called. We could not live but we shall die together!" The agitated Lavergne burst into tears of gratitude; and his oppressed heart poured forth its soft sensations into that bosom which shared all its sorrows; and though the tyrants would have divided them, it was death that joined them in a better life.

#### USEFUL.

##### AN INGENIOUS METHOD OF PROPAGATING CUCUMBERS, FOR SEVERAL CROPS IN SUCCESSION, WITHOUT SOWING THEM.

AS soon as there appear several flowerbeds on a plant bend the 2d or 3d joint of a branch below the blossom, fasten it firmly in the ground, and cut off the capillary point of the plant. The vegetable speedily takes root, when you separate it from the parent stock. Proceed thus with the most vigorous plants; and, as each root has to support only a few fruits with nourishment, you save both labor, to procure a constant succession of Cucumbers, for a number of months, from one sort, which is not so liable to degenerate, as if they were raised from a variety of seeds.

##### EXTRAORDINARY ANTIDOTE TO THE BITE OF A RATTLE SNAKE.

BENJAMIN ALDER, who lives near Shark River,

Monmouth County, New-Jersey, was bitten on the 2d of this month by a Rattle Snake with 3 rattles, as he was stooping to pick up some chips. The snake fastened his fangs in his finger until he lifted it near three feet from the ground. The wound bled, and in a few minutes began to swell and pain him up to his elbow, he went to a place where bricks had been made, and mixed some of the clay with his urine, and applied it to the wound. In half an hour the pain ceased, and he has not suffered any further inconvenience from it.

*True American.*

### AMUSING.

#### HANGMAN OUTWITTED.

A MAN convicted at the last Surry Assizes, for stealing pewter pots, was sentenced to be publicly whipped from the prison gate Horsemonger-lane, through the Borough and back again. Having no money to fee the hangman, to soften the lash of justice, he at last hit upon an expedient. In the prison there were several half quartern gin measures, the tops of which he broke off, and deposited in a leather pocket he had previously cut from his breeches, tied it up, and when the executioner came to conduct him to receive his punishment, the culprit, in his way to the cart's tail, slipped the pretended purse into his hand, exclaiming—"there are nine half crowns, 'tis all I have in the world, pray be merciful." The hangman took the bribe with a smile, and bade him keep up his spirits for he should not be hurt. The cart then proceeded, and the consequence was, that the deep one returned very little worse for the flagellation. Upon being delivered in to the hands of the prison-keeper, he burst into a loud laugh, and when asked what made him so merry? he related the manner in which he had bribed his chastiser, adding, that it would ever be a subject of mirth, when he reflected how he had outwitted the hangman.

### Moderation.

A POOR man asked alms. How much do you want? said the person whom he asked, astonished at the peculiar honesty of his countenance. How shall I dare to fix the sum? answered the needy person; give me what you please, Sir, I shall be contented and thankful. Not so, replied the physiognomist; as God lives I shall give you what you want, be it little or much. Then sir, be pleased to give me eight shillings. Here they are, had you asked a hundred guineas, you should have had them.

### IRISH ANECDOTE.

TWO Irishmen fighting together, one of them knocked the other down, and seeing him lie motionless, thought he had killed him; taking him by the hand he cried, "O my dear Paddy, now be after speaking to me and if I have killed you tell me honey!" To which the other answered—"No, my dear Mac, I can't dead at all; but by my shoul I am speechless."

### WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, SEPT. 15, 1834.

### FOREIGN.

EUROPE.—WE have nothing particularly striking to add this week, to our usual summary of Foreign events, there being no arrivals later than the Packet, from Liverpool.—Ireland, by the last accounts, was not wholly tranquil. Some disturbances had taken place in the county of Kildare.—At Mulmason, his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon is collecting a Museum, to be called *Museum Josephine*. No less than 20 artists are travelling all over Europe to make purchases and collections worthy such a place. The sum of 3,000,000 livres, (600,000 dollars) is to be expended to perfect it. This money is to be given from the Emperor's private purse.—According to a recent enumeration, it appears that in London there are 346 places of worship, viz. 112 Parish-churches, 58 licensed Chapels and Chapels of ease, 19 for foreign Protestants, 12 for the Roman Catholics, 133 Meeting-houses and Methodist Chapels, of various sects, dissenting from the Established Church, 6 Quakers' Meeting-houses, and 6 Jews' Synagogues.

WEST-INDIES.—Governor Green, of Surinam, has issued a proclamation laying a tax of \$300 on letters of manumission of slaves of 14 years old and upwards, and \$100 for all under that age,—to put a check to

the prevailing fashion of the people freeing their negroes."—The Blacks of St. Domingo were determined to be independent of all nations, and to resent injuries from all. So says the "*Emperor of Hayti*."

### DOMESTICK.

We continue to receive accounts of an approaching rupture between Spain and the United States—but the State of the negotiation is not known. Some communications have been made to our government, but some time must elapse before the issue can be known.—Favourable accounts are received from our fleet in the Mediterranean—and we hope soon to have the pleasure of announcing the liberation of the American captives in Tunis, as great exertions are now making therefor.

From the Natchez, we learn, that some disturbances have lately taken place—and many of the inhabitants residing on the Mobile river, have threatened to possess themselves of some fortified places and the adjacent territory.—From Charleston, (S. C.) under date of the 25th Aug. we learn "that a very malignant fever raged in every part of the town; that many of the ships' crews were carried off by it—that most of the inhabitants who were able to remove, were gone and going to different places of safety." The fever is also said to rage at Savannah, in Georgia. In the northern States health is general.—We experienced a severe N. E. storm on Tuesday and Wednesday last. Much damage has been done among the small craft on and near the coast. The sch. Union, Capt. Hardy, was lost on Scituate beach—capt. and two men perished—another sch. was lost on Cohasset rocks.—Sch. Lizard of Gloucester, was lost near the same place, and all hands perished—a sch. of about 20 tons was lost on point Alderton, and the people belonging to her. Two South end fishing boats have not been heard of since the storm.—The Luzerne paper mentions, "it asserted, as fact, a snake has lately been killed in the Cayuga lake, measuring 103 feet 4½ inches in length, and his size proportionably great: From his head projected a horn of considerable length. The skin was to be saved for Mr. Peale's museum, Philadelphia.—Several distressing accidents have recently happened in this town. Yesterday a labourer fell from a house in Dock-square, and bruised himself very severely."

On Thursday next, at the Old South Meeting-House. The exercises will consist of a Discourse by the Rev. Dr. Lathrop, several original and selected Odes, &c. The increasing utility of this benevolent institution, has deservedly ranked it among the most popular and interesting establishments in Boston.

A Discourse will be delivered before the Roxbury Charitable Society, by LUTHER RICHARDSON, Esq. on Monday next, at 4 o'clock P. M. in the Rev. Mr. PORTER's Meeting House. It being the anniversary meeting of this useful institution, we have no doubt of its being generally attended.

On Thursday evening next, will be the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Mechanic Association, at More's Hall, Elm-street. As the choice of Officers, and other business of importance will then take place, it is hoped every Member will punctually attend.

### MARRIED.

At Albany, Mr. John Gore, jun. merchant, to Miss Mary Leman, both of Boston.

In this town, Mr. Henry Hastings, to Miss Martha H. Grieve.—Mr. Nathaniel R. Sturges, merchant, to Miss Susan Parkman, daughter of Samuel P. Esq.—Mr. Caleb C. Cowley, to Miss Charlotte Berry.—Mr. John Williams, late of Brattleboro', to Mrs. Mary Peniman.—Capt. Charles L. Sargent, to Miss Mary Turner.—Mr. Joseph Rider, to Miss Hannah May, of Milton.

### DEATHS.

At Providence, R. I. Sept 7, where he had gone for his health, Mr Jonathan Homer, only child of the Rev. Mr. Homer, of Newton, A. 21. If flattering prospects, most affectionate parents, purity of mind and manners, and the universal esteem of a numerous acquaintance could have ensured long life, this young gentleman would have attained a patriarchal age; but alas! the tallest and most useful plants are felled by the tempest, while the grovelling weed escapes the

blast, and thrives. His early escape from the contagion of vice and folly with which the world abounds, as far as it regards himself, is not to be lamented; but the sufferings of his parents, deprived of the hope and solace of their declining years, must be felt by every heart of sensibility. But they are CHRISTIANS, and have the christian's hope for their support and comfort, under this heavy and heart-wriving affliction.

At Gloucester, Brigadier Gen. Eliphalet Davis, A. 48.—At sea, Mr. Benjamin Bridge, A. 22, of this town.—At Baltimore, Dr. Nahum Fay, of Boston.—At Lexington, (V.) Mrs. Mary Smith. She was found dead, setting cross-legged in her chair, her spectacles on with work in her lap, and she in the attitude of sewing!—At Dorchester, captain William Davis, of this town.

In this town, Mr. Patrick Cambell, A. 61.—Mr. Wm. Wheeler.—Mr. James Griffith, A. 40.—Mrs. Hannah Weld, A. 71, consort of Mr. Edward W.—Miss Sarah Ann Thompson, A. 13.—Mr. Henry Handreum, A. 27—a mulatto girl—and several children, 4 being under a year. Total 14.

### P O E T R Y.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### LINES

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. JONATHAN HOMER, Obi. Sept. 7, 1834, A. 21 years.

YOUTH, fortune, doting friends, and prosperous days  
Seem'd beck'ning as he enter'd life's career;  
But like the summer meteor's transient blaze,  
That only shows its light to disappear.

Youth, fortune, friends, and prosperous days in vain,  
Becon'd him onward—death with ruthless pow'r  
Aim'd the unerring shaft, while ling'ring pain  
Clos'd the bright prospect at an early hour.

So have I seen the blossom on the spray,  
Expand its leaves, sweet, fragrant, fresh, and fair;  
Fade ere 'twas noon, wither and drop away,  
Nor longer with its perfume scent the air.

So have I seen the rose its buds put forth,  
Sweet to the sense and lovely to the eye;  
A canker wastes it, or the chilling north  
Blights it, and all its promis'd beauties die.

The gard'ner mourns not, when the blossom falls,  
Nor weeps the florist, when the rose decays;  
He knows returning spring each charm recalls,  
And nature in her richest robe arrays.

Nor will we mourn, for sure the spring will come,  
When the fell tyrant who, thus in its prime,  
Nipp'd the long cherish'd flow'r, forbade its bloom,  
Shall lose his power, nor more restrain'd by Time.

Mortality shall break his icy chain,  
Nor longer in the gloomy mansion lie;  
Burst into renovated life again,  
And bloom immortal, and eternally.

Then the lamenting PARENTS who now mourn  
The BLOSSOM faded, and the frost nipp'd flow'r,  
With him shall burst from the sepulchral urn,  
And meet, extatic thought! to part no more.

S. R.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### RETROSPECT.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

How cheerful the dawning of youths' early day,  
How bright shines the sun, and how fair bloom the  
The heart it beats light, and the spirits are gay, flowers;  
And white pinion'd joy leads the gay dancing hours.  
Fancy breaks from control, while Love, mischievous  
boy,  
Shows his garland of roses, whose thorns are conceal'd;  
Be happy, Juvenia, for who would destroy  
The flattering illusion those prospects must yield.  
For me, no such scenes ever greeted my view,  
The sun of my youth was overclouded by care;  
My sorrows were many, my pleasures were few,  
And e'en fancy's visions dissolv'd into air.

For I pictured a scene of domestic delight,  
Which in some future day I was destined to find;  
But the form I had drawn never broke on my sight,  
And its virtues, alas! only liv'd in my mind.

See what clouds are now rushing to Hymen's gay fane,  
His chains he ingeniously converts in part;  
Ah pause, my Juvenia—your freedom retain,  
Nor relinquish your hand, 'till you've given your heart.

In what words shall the anguish of her be express'd,  
Who with a cold heart, to the hallow'd fane went;  
Whose days are all joyless, whose nights are unblest,  
Who sleeps to forget, and who wakes to repent.

But how happy the pair, whom a pure ardent flame  
Has led to make vows tender, solemn, and chaste:  
Whose thoughts, whose pursuits, and whose tastes are  
The same,

But those are delights which I never can taste.

Come, apathy, come, with thy bosom of snow,  
And clasp my poor heart in thy frigid embrace;  
Incase it in ice, nor permit it to know,  
Or delight in the charms of a mind, or a face.

Yet hold, ghastly Phantom, the wish I recall,  
Let her heart-rending pains, and few pleasures be  
I would not resign them, tho' certain to fall [mine;  
A victim before Sensibility's shrine.

## THE NOVELIST.

## HISTORY OF MR. TROPIC, FROM CHARLES TOWNLY.

[Concluded from page 184.]

TO London then I came, Sir, fully assured I had nothing to do but make myself known to reap the harvest of bays and profit due to a first-rate genius. My imagination represented great men and great beauties courting immortality from my pen—all the learned and ingenious of the age soliciting my acquaintance and conversation; and booksellers contending to obtain the preference in the purchase of my works. Alas! all this was merely imaginary. I went from bookseller to bookseller with my manuscripts; some refused to read them, being already overstocked with trash; some read and disapproved of them, because Pope and Milton had written better; others advised me to dispose of them to the pastry-cooks. My tragedy too, Sir, a work that had been extolled to the skies by all my friends in the country, and had even extorted tears from three ancient maiden sisters, to whom I read it on the same principle that Moliere read his productions to an old woman—my tragedy, after being returned unperused by the manager, was refused admittance to the press, because it had been rejected at the theatre. What was to be done? Eat I must, and had neither money nor credit. I pawned my frock, by which means my wardrobe was reduced to a waistcoat and surtout, but this was a temporary relief; in this exigence I composed a sheet of paragraphs, with which I proceeded to the printer of a periodical journal. Fortunately for me the best writer retained for this paper lay extremely ill in a fever, so my *coup d'essai* was most graciously received, and I was appointed to fill the place of the sick man. I went on swimmingly in this new employment, for a whole month; but these were Halcyon days, and much too good to be permanent; my predecessor in office recovered, and I was instantly dismissed.

Why should I expatiate on the many ills I suffered in the various characters of a coffee-house porter, a scene-shifter, or a professor of writing letters at two-pence a-piece; or tell how I baffled the demons *hunger* and *thirst* by relating facetious stories in tap-houses, or making honorable love to my landlady, who distributes threads and tapes in a shop little bigger than a bird-cage, situated in a blind alley. I will hasten to the disastrous period, when having released my frock, I sallied out to solicit subscriptions for my poems. The very first day of my expedition, I met one of my friends, who had formerly lent me ten guineas, for which I had given him my note, payable on demand. This demand he made after the first salutation, I had it not in my power to comply, whereupon he gogged me home, and had me arrested the next morning before my eyes were well open. I was hurried away to a spunging-house, but not until my landlady had slyly conveyed half a guinea into my hand, which was a lucky circumstance,

as I had only fivepence of all this world's wealth in my possession. From the spunging-house I wrote to my creditor, making him the fairest promises imaginable; but he, without considering I had nothing else to give, informed me he could not possibly restore my liberty without more substantial satisfaction. I wrote to my brother, who answered by return of post, he was likely to have an increasing family to support and could not squander his substance to uphold me in idleness; so finding I had no resource, and my money being expended to the last farthing, I summoned the commander in chief of the fortress, and told him he had as good remove me to prison, as I had nothing to defray any future expenses I might incur, if I remained in his house; he appeared visibly affected, and after a few moments silence thus addressed me: "Look, Master, you've a merry heart, and tell a story well, that I'll say for you, besides you have had the civility to keep all my accounts *gratis* since you were brought here, which used to cost me something in the week, so do you see, in God's name, continue where you are, and you shall have a bed and share of what's going, untill you can raise the wind to pay off your arrest." I thanked my host for this proof of benevolence, so uncommon in one of his profession, and told him I would accept of his kind offer, upon condition he would suffer me to make myself useful to him—He consented, and I am at this moment his clerk, accountant, and prisoner, though permitted to come abroad to transact my affairs, upon parole of honor. And now, Sir, that you have had the patience to hear me speak so much of myself, and my own affairs, I will tell you how I think I can be the instrument of some good to you. A letter was sent this morning by the printer I already mentioned to you, to my late lodging, and forwarded to me by my little landlady, who, *entre nous*, is disconsolate for my absence. Here it is, Sir; it contains an offer of employing me to write articles for a Dictionary, a learned friend of his means to publish, at a guinea per week. If this suits you, I will agree with him; you shall furnish the articles and have all the emolument."

A proposal so disinterested coming from a person in circumstances apparently distressful, excited my utmost astonishment; spite of his *outré* appearance and strange loquacity, I could not help feeling both affection and respect for him. Sir, said I, the motive which dictated this benevolent offer will ever engage my esteem and gratitude, but sunk as I am to the lowest state of indigence, I cannot yet be so selfish as to avail myself of your good fortune, and deprive you of the means of making your situation more comfortable, or, perhaps, extricating yourself from the restriction under which you now labour—No, Sir, enjoy every advantage of the proposal thus made to you, and receive my best thanks for a conduct, which at once has reconciled me with human nature, and convinced me of the uncommon goodness of your heart. "My dear Sir, (returned Mr. Rymer) if you refuse to oblige me in this particular, you will mortify me more than you are aware of; you owe me no manner of thanks on the occasion; I really am not equal to the execution of a performance of this nature; the Muses, dear seducing nymphs as they are, ever will be my divinities, to them I dedicated my time, my thoughts, and my talents. Lord bless me, Sir, were I to set about such an abstruse task, I should infallibly be conning rhymes when I ought to be employed in tracing etymologies; besides, I am now in possession of a valuable employment; you must know, a colonel of the guards has conceived a violent penchant for a widow lady of distinguished poetical taste with a large jointure, and finding he had no chance of rivaling the pretensions of Sir Humphrey Stanza, unless he could celebrate her charms in better verses than his, resolved his wealth should procure what his genius denied, he accordingly applied to his valet de chambre to look out for some unfortunate son of Phœbus, who would be satisfied to barter the offspring of his brain for money. With the valet I had the honor of being very well acquainted behind the scenes, when we both belonged to the Theatre, and having the good fortune to meet him in the critical moment he was in search of a person qualified for his master's purpose, I was by him recommended and taken into pay. The colonel allows me handsomely for furnishing him weekly with poetical offerings to present at the widow's shrine. We have made Sir Humphrey look about him, distinguished as he fancied

himself in the republic of letters, and will beat him off the field, I flatter myself, in spite of his utmost exertions; so you see, Sir, you have no reason to apprehend any ill consequence accruing to me from your compliance with my request. 'This post will prove a mine of wealth to me, for the widow's vanity will prolong the time of her reign as long as possible, and the colonel cannot dismiss me unless he relinquishes his suit, which is an event beyond the bounds of possibility, unless an inundation should sweep away her jointure lands in Kent, or an earthquake shake down her houses in Shrewsbury.

Thus urged I complied at length with the solicitations of my new friend, who thereupon delivered to me a paper, specifying the articles I was at first to proceed upon. This (said he, when he presented them) is certainly not an employment worthy of great abilities; but, my dear Sir, men of genius must sometimes stoop to the opprobrium of science, and exert their powers to procure fame for others. The commanding officer often decks his brow with the laurel which has been reaped by the sword of the private soldier. And now, Sir, I will take my leave, as the constable of the castle by this time expects me; but first, here is the guinea earnest sent with the proposal, which is undoubtedly your property; and I must beg to be favoured with your address, as I shall do myself the pleasure of calling on you to-morrow, to carry your essay to the printer. I named the place of my residence, and Rymer hastily bowing, was out of sight in a moment.

It was not until some months after I learned, on conversing with the printer, that he had not sent any earnest whatsoever with the proposal, so this guinea was the bounty of this worthy creature himself, out of the first payment of his stipend from the colonel. Could I have imagined this, I would sooner have died than have accepted of it, but his address so well concealed the real state of the matter, that I took it as the immediate gift of Heaven, and returned to my home with an heart overflowing with thanks to that Providence of whose goodness I had been so impious as almost to despair.

The prospect of relief opened to me by Rymer's kindness, the supply thus unexpectedly given to our wants, and the cheerfulness involuntarily arising from his conversation, gave a new turn to my ideas, the alteration in my looks and manner diffused satisfaction to my dear wife, and my pretty darlings caught a gleam of joy, and made our dwelling echo with their lively prattle; we dined comfortably, and I related to the beloved partner of my distresses the adventures of the morning. Ever pious and resigned, she blest the goodness of that Almighty Power against whose inflictions she had never murmured; and thus raised from dejection by the humanity of a man who was himself struggling with a degree of indigence, which would have centred the views of a narrow soul in cold self-interest; we past the evening in a state of more sincere pleasure than our opulent oppressor could possibly know.

This benevolent creature came the next day, according to his promise, and was received like an old and dear friend—his cheerfulness was catching—he led off a dance with my little boy and girl, and set my wife laughing more heartily than I had observed her to do for many months before. He read to us an imitation of one of Petrarch's sonnets he had penned that morning, and addressed to the widow; it was really a very elegant one, and gave me a much higher opinion of his genius than I before entertained; he took the sheet I had written, according to the instructions given me, to the printer; it was so well approved of by Mr. Problem, under whose direction the compilation was to be published, that he requested a conversation with the person who had produced it. Rymer directly waited on him, and informed him I was the real and he only the nominal assistant—He also introduced me to him; and I was thus established in an employment which enabled me and my family to subsist. When this business was finished, Mr. Problem gave me more work in another branch of literature. He also recommended me as private tutor in some families of his acquaintance.

BOSTON, (Massachusetts),

PUBLISHED BY GILBERT DEAN.

\* \* \* Printing in its various branches, executed with neatness and dispatch

# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 22, 1803.

## ESSAYS.

### HOPE.

WHAT is, then, this secret instinct that makes us in love with the future, and constantly draws the mind to the time at which we have not yet arrived?—It is Hope.—Hope carries its consoling rays into the recesses of the dungeon; smiles on the pillow of the sick; and watches night and day at the door of the indigent.

"The Creator," says the author of the *Henriade*, "has placed among us too friendly beings; constant and amiable inhabitants of the earth; our supporters in peril,—our treasures in indigence;—Hope and Sleep, the foes of care."

Religion makes hope a virtue—paganism has made it a divinity. The poets represent it as the sister of sleep, which suspends our sorrows; and death that ends them.

Pindar calls Hope the "nurse of Old Age." It sustains us in every period of life; it blooms in every season, like the myrtle that preserves its verdure through the year:—it is not without reason.

A certain author says,—"Hope makes us live."—The human mind is essentially active; when it ceases to hope, it begins to languish.

It has been observed, that a sentiment is more or less permanent in proportion to its violence: nothing is more fleeting than surprise, anger, fright. Nature, desirous that Hope should be extinguished only with life, has made it a milder sentiment. Most of the passions are like the burning rays of the meridian sun. The illusions of Hope are the beams of the moon shining nulkly in the night.

Hope makes upon the soul the same impression that green colour, which is its symbol, produces on the sight. But what gives a peculiar charm to Hope, is the tender melancholy that always accompanies it; the comparison between the present and the future; the privation of good, and the perspective of its enjoyment, produce a mixture of sadness and joy that takes entire possession of the soul, and fills it with a delicious sensation.

How often, in the times of revolution and civil discord, have victims been given up to the sword by the very persons on whom they had heaped favours?—When so many unfortunate beings have been betrayed by their friends and abandoned by their relatives, what an affecting spectacle to behold Hope still stretching out the hand!—Hope alone remained at the post of Friendship: at its voice the doors of eternal bliss flew open, and the scaffold became the ladder of heaven!

But if Hope has sometimes consoled the unhappy, it often becomes, by mistaking its object, a source of care and sorrow. Nothing is so nearly connected with despair as foolish expectations.—Hope does not always take reason for its guide: it follows more willingly the imagination, which always flatters its portraits. Hope also often deceives itself from want of experience, for experience is only acquired by a knowledge of the past, and Hope knows only the future.—Thus our hopes are often no more than the dreams of the night; and we resemble the glass-man in the story, who overset his fortune with a kick of his foot, and awoke from his reverie to disappointment.

### TEMPER.

IT is particularly necessary for girls to acquire command of temper in arguing, because much of the effect of their powers of reasoning, and of their wit, when they grow up, will depend upon the gentleness and good humor with which they conduct themselves. A woman, who should attempt to thunder like Demosthenes, would not find her eloquence increase her domestic happiness. We by no means wish that women should yield their better judgment to their fathers or husbands; but, without using any of that debasing, cunning which Rousseau recommends, they may support the cause of reason with all the graces of female gentleness.

A man, in a furious passion, is terrible to his enemies; but a woman in a passion, is disgusting to her friends; she has not masculine strength and courage to enforce any other species of respect. These circumstances should be considered by writers who advise that no difference should be made in the education of the two sexes. We cannot help thinking that their happiness is of more consequence than their speculative rights, and we wish to educate women so that they may be happy in the situations in which they are most likely to be placed. So much depends upon the temper of women, that it ought to be most carefully cultivated in early life; girls should be more inured to restraint than boys, because they are likely to meet with more restraint in society. Girls should learn the habit of bearing slight reproaches, without thinking them matters of great consequence; but then they should always be permitted to state their arguments, and they should perceive that justice is shown to them, and that they increase the affection and esteem of their friends by command of temper. Many passionate men are extremely good natured and make amends for extravagancies by their candor, and their eagerness to please those whom they have injured during their fits of anger. It is said, that the servants of Dean Swift used to throw themselves in his way whenever he was in a passion, because they knew that his generosity would recompense them for standing the full fire of his anger. A woman, who permitted herself to treat her servants with ill humor, and who believed that she could pay them for ill usage, would make a very bad mistress of a family; her husband and her children would suffer from her ill temper, without being recompensed for their misery. We should not let girls imagine that they can balance ill humor by some good quality or accomplishment; because, in fact, there are none which can supply the want of temper in the female sex.

A just idea of the nature of dignity, opposed to what is commonly called *spirit*, should be given early to our female pupils. Many women, who are not disposed to violence of temper, affect a certain degree of petulance, and a certain stubbornness of opinion, merely because they imagine that to be gentle, is to be mean; and that to listen to reason, is to be deficient in spirit.

### ON GOOD BREEDING.

A WELL bred man hath in his behaviour an equal mixture of modesty and boldness, of loquacity and taciturnity, of freedom and reserve, and of every other quality, that degree which is useful or commendable, but whose extremes are either criminal or ridiculous. Such a man is always condescending, without falling into the meanness of adoration: He is not backward in professing, but more solicitous in doing acts of beneficence: He is not scrupulous of owning his regard for merit, and of giving due praise, for fear of being thought a flatterer; nor of expressing a just dislike of vice however dignified to avoid the imputation of rigidity. In short, all his actions flow from a good heart, and are noble, generous, sincere, uniform and graceful.

If these observations be true, good breeding is a social virtue: It is benevolence brought into action with all the advantages and beauty of proportion and symmetry: Complaisance is indeed its resemblance, as a shadow is of a substance; but complaisance is only the varnish, good breeding is the real beauty of the soul, made visible and set in the fairest point of light. The only difference therefore between the virtuous and the well bred man is, that the latter seems to act his part in life with a superior grace.

OBSERVER.

### AMUSING.

AN INSTANCE OF STRONG SUPERSTITIOUS CREDULITY, SAID TO BE AN AUTHENTIC FACT.

A WIDOW lately at Paris, aged about 63, who lodged in a two pair of stairs floor, in the Rue da la

Ferronerie, with only a maid servant, was accustomed to spend several hours every day before the altar dedicated to St. Paul in a neighboring church. Some villains observing her extreme bigotry, resolved as she was known to be very rich to share her wealth. One of them, accordingly, took the opportunity to conceal himself behind the carved work of the altar, and, when no person but the old lady was there, in the dusk of the evening, he contrived to throw a letter just before her. She took it up, and, not perceiving any one near, supposed it came by a miracle. In this she was the more confirmed, when she saw it signed Paul the Apostle, expressing the satisfaction he received by her prayers addressed to him, when so many newly canonized saints engrossed the devotion of the world, and robbed the primitive saints of their wonted adoration; and, to shew his regard for the devotee, he promised to come from heaven, with the Angel Gabriel, and sup with her at eight in the evening. It seems scarcely credible that any one could be deceived by so gross a fraud; yet to what length of credulity will not superstition carry a weak mind? The infatuated lady believed the whole; and rose from her knees in transport, to prepare an entertainment for her heavenly guests.

The supper being bespoke, and the side board set out to the best advantage, she thought that her own plate, worth about 400*l.* did not make so elegant an appearance as might be wished; and therefore sent to her brother, a Counsellor in the Parliament of Paris, to borrow all his plate. The maid, however, was charged not to disclose the occasion; but only to say that she had company to supper, and would be obliged to him if he would lend his plate for that evening. The Counsellor surprised at the application, well knowing his sister's frugal life, began to suspect that she was enamoured of some fortune-hunter, who might marry her, and thus deprive his family of what he expected at his sister's death. He therefore positively refused to send the plate, unless the maid would tell him what guests were expected. The girl, alarmed for her mistress' honor, declared that her pious lady had no thoughts of a husband; but St. Paul having sent her a letter from heaven, promising that he and the Angel Gabriel, would sup with her, she wanted to make the entertainment as elegant as possible.

The Counsellor immediately suspected that some villains had imposed on her; and sending the maid with the plate proceeded directly to the Commissary of that quarter. On the magistrate's going with him to a house adjoining, they saw just before eight o'clock, a tall man, dressed in long vestments with a white beard, and a young man in white with large wings at his shoulders, alight from a hackney-coach, and go up to his sister's apartments.

The Commissary immediately ordered twelve of the police guards to post themselves on the stairs while he knocked at the door, and desired admittance. The lady replied, that she had company, and could not speak to any one. But the Commissary answered, that he must come in, for that he was St. Peter, and had come to ask St. Paul and the Angel Gabriel how they came out of Heaven without his knowledge. The divine visitors were astonished at this, not expecting any more saints to join them; but the lady overjoyed at having so great an Apostle with her, ran eagerly to the door, when the Commissary, her brother, and the police guards rushed in, presented their muskets, seized her guests and conducted them to prison.

On searching the criminal, two cords, a razor, and a pistol, were found in St. Paul's pocket, and a gag in that of the Angel Gabriel. Three days after, the trial came; when they pleaded in their defence, that one was a soldier in the French infantry, and the other a barber's apprentice—that they had no other design than to procure a good supper at the widow's expense—that it being carnival time, they had borrowed these dresses, and the soldier having picked up the two cords, put them into his pocket—that the razor was that with which he had constantly shaved himself—that the pistol was to defend them from any insults to which their strange habits might expose them in going home—and that the



apprentice, whose master was a tooth-drawer, merely had the gag which they sometimes used in their business. These excuses, frivolous as they were, proved of some avail; and as they had manifested no evil design by an *overt act* they were both acquitted.

But the counsellor, who foresaw what might happen, through the defect of evidence, had provided another stroke for them. No sooner, therefore, were they discharged from the civil power, than the apparitor of the Archbishop of Paris immediately seized them, and conveyed them to the ecclesiastical prison. In three days more they were tried and convicted of a most scandalous profanation, by assuming to themselves the names, characters, and appearances of a Holy Apostle and a blessed Angel, with an intent to deceive a pious and well-meaning woman, and to the scandal of religion. They were accordingly condemned to be publicly whipped, burnt on the shoulder with a hot iron, and sent to the galleys for fourteen years. A sentence which was in a few days faithfully put in execution.

#### ANCIENT LIVING.

PART of the Journal of the celebrated Elizabeth Woodville, previous to her marriage with Lord Grey. She was afterwards Queen to Edward IV. and died in confinement at Southwark, under Henry VII. in 1426. This was extracted from an ancient manuscript, preserved in Drummond Castle, and communicated to the public by Lady Ruthven.

"Monday morning.—Rose at 4 o'clock, and helped Catherine to milk the cows; Rachael, the other dairy maid, having scalded her hand in so bad a manner the night before. Made a poultice for Rachael, and gave Robin a penny, to get something from the apothecary.

"Six o'clock.—The buttock of beef too much boiled, and beer a little of the stalest.—*Mem.* To talk with the cook about the first fault, and to mend the second myself, by tapping a fresh barrel directly.

"Seven o'clock.—Went to walk with the Lady, my mother, in the court yard; fed twenty-five men and women; chid Roger severely for expressing some ill will at attending us with broken meat.

"Eight o'clock.—Went into the paddock behind the house, with my maid Dorothy, caught Thump, the little pony myself, and rode a matter of six miles, without a saddle or bridle.

"Ten o'clock.—Went to dinner; John Grey, a most comely youth; but what is that to me? a virtuous maiden should be entirely under the direction of her parents. John ate but little, and stole a great many tender looks at me, said women would never be handsome in his opinion who were not good tempered. I hope my temper is not intolerable; nobody finds fault with it but Roger, and he is the most disorderly serving man in our family. John Grey likes white teeth; my teeth are of a pretty good colour, I think; and my hair is as black as jet, though I say it; and John, if I mistake not, is of the same opinion.

"Eleven o'clock.—Rose from the table: the company all desirous of walking in the fields; John Grey would lift me over every stile, and twice he squeezed my hand with much vehemence. I cannot say I should have any objection to John Grey! he plays at prison base as well as any of the country gentlemen, is remarkable dutiful to his parents, my Lord and Lady, and never misses church on a Sunday.

"Three o'clock.—Poor farmer Robinson's house burnt down by accidental fire; John Grey proposed a subscription among the company, for the relief of the farmer, and gave no less than four pounds for this benevolent intent.—*Mem.* Never saw him look so comely as at that moment.

"Four o'clock.—Went to prayers.

"Six o'clock.—Fed the hogs and poultry.

"Seven o'clock.—Supper on the table; delayed till that hour, on account of farmer Robinson's misfortune.—*Mem.* The goose pye too much baked, and the pork roasted to rags.

"Nine o'clock.—The company fast asleep.—These late hours very disagreeable; said my prayers a second time, John Grey distracted my thoughts so much the first time. Fell asleep and dreamed of John Grey."

#### AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

OF all the emperors of the East, Selim was the most just. Not a day passed in which he was not proclaimed

from the tower of the palace, *Selim is just! Selim never sleeps while injustice triumphs.* The name of Selim mingled itself with the religion of his subjects; no praise ascended to Alla, in which Selim was not named, no tears were shed which accused Selim, no wrinkles of age darted a deeper furrow to the account of Selim. His presence among his people was benign as the dew of heaven to the tropic latitudes. Razai lived far from the capital, content to cultivate a few paternal acres. An opulent neighbour in draining his own lands, had overflowed the little patrimony of Razai. In vain Razai remonstrated, and then proceeded to the capital to throw himself at the feet of Selim, often repeating by the way, *Selim is just!* Not a day passes in which is not proclaimed from the tower of the palace, *Selim never sleeps while injustice triumphs.* Razai had never seen the capital, and when he entered it, his enquiring eyes and earnest looks arrested the attention of every body. He told his story an hundred times before he arrived at the palace, every one telling him that *Selim was just*, that it was daily proclaimed from the tower, that *Selim never slept while injustice triumphed.* He approached the palace, and just before he entered, he heard the sound of a trumpet proclaiming, *Selim is just! Selim never sleeps while injustice triumphs.* Razai's heart was in his eyes, his heart was all over him, he exclaimed in the warmth of his feelings, *Selim is just!* and I shall return a happy man to Schirah. Razai entered the palace, and thought he found himself already in the presence of Selim, so splendid was the person who received him. It was one of Selim's favourite officers of the household. Razai related his case, and the officer responded, *Selim is just!* But all who approach Selim must first purify themselves, at the entrance of the palace, with an offering to justice. He was then conducted one step nearer to the throne of Selim, who was sitting in judgment. He was received by another splendid personage: Razai related his story, and the officer replied, *Selim is just!* Behold the eternal light of justice! bright as the sun, and pure as its rays: but all who approach Selim, must first nourish the lamp with oil. This done, Razai was directed to the chief Aga, who responded, *Selim is just!* But all who approach—At this moment, Razai saw several persons returning from the royal presence. With a heart bursting, dubious, alarmed, he cried out, "Is Selim just!" With one voice they all exclaimed, "Selim is just! But alas! we perish under a load of justice!"

#### THE FORCED STORY.

LORD Kelly was, like his prototype Falstaff, "not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in other men." Mr. Andrew Balfour, the Scottish advocate, a man of considerable humour, accompanied by great formality of manners, happened to be one of a convivial party, when his Lordship was at the head of the table. After dinner he was asked to sing, but absolutely refused to comply with the pressing solicitation of the company. At length Lord Kelly told him he should not *escape*, he must either sing a song, tell a story, or drink a pint bumper. Mr. Balfour, being an abstemious man, chose rather to tell a story, than to incur the forfeit. "One day," (said he, in a pompous manner) a thief in the course of his rounds, saw the door of a church invitingly open. He walked in, thinking that even *there*, he might lay hold of something. Having secured the pulpit cloth, he was retreating, when lo! he found the door shut. After some consideration, he adopted the only mean of escape left, namely, to let himself down by the bell-rope. The bell of course rang, the people were alarmed, and the thief was taken, just as he had reached the ground. When they were dragging him away, he looked up and emphatically addressing the bell, *as I now address your Lordship*; "Had it not been," said he, "for your long tongue, and empty head, I had made my escape."

#### FILIAL AFFECTION.

DURING an eruption of Mount Aetna, many years since, the danger it occasioned to the inhabitants of the adjacent country became very imminent, and the flames flying about, they were obliged to retire to a greater distance. Amidst the hurry and confusion of such a scene (everyone flying, and carrying away whatever they deemed most precious) two sons, the one named Anapias, the other Amphinimus, in the height of their solicitude for the preservation of their wealth and goods, recollected their father and mother, who,

being both very old, were unable to save themselves by flight. Filial tenderness set aside every other consideration; and, "Where (cried the generous youths) shall we find a more precious treasure than those who begat and gave us being?" This said, the one took up his father on his shoulders, the other his mother, and so made their way through the surrounding smoke and flames. The fact struck all beholders with the highest admiration; and they and their posterity ever after called the path they took in their retreat, "The field of the Pious," in memory of this pleasing accident.

#### PARENTAL DUTY.

THE Emperor Decimus, intending and desiring to place the crown on the head of Decius his son, the young prince refused it in the most strenuous manner, saying, "I am afraid, lest, being made an emperor, I should forget that I am a son. I had rather be no emperor, and a dutiful son, than an emperor, and such a son as hath forsaken his due obedience. Let then my father bear the rule; and let this only be my empire—to obey with all humility, and to fulfill whatsoever he shall command me." Thus the solemnity was waved, and the young man was not crowned; unless mankind shall say that this signal piety towards an indulgent parent was a more glorious diadem to the son than that which consisted merely of gold and jewels.

#### FEMALE COURAGE.

WITH respect to courage, the author of *L'A-pologie de beau Sexe*, relates a story, which if true, has seldom been equalled by man. A servant girl of Lisle, remarkable for her fearless disposition, laid a wager, that she would go into a charnel-house, at midnight, without a light, and bring from thence a dead man's skull. Accordingly at the time appointed, she went; but the person with whom she had made the bet, intending to terrify her, had gone before, and hid himself in the place. When he heard her descend and take up the skull, he called out, in a hollow, dismal voice, "Leave me my head!" The girl, instead of discovering any symptoms of horror or fright, very coolly laid it down, and said, "Well, there it is, then!" and took up another; upon which the voice again repeated, "Leave me my head!" But the heroic girl, observing it was the same voice that had called before, answered in her country dialect, "Nea, nea, friend, yo' connot ha' two heads!"

#### PUNISHMENT FOR SCOLDING.

IN the first code of laws in Massachusetts, we find the following wholesome provision made to restrain scolding: "Whereas there is no express punishment by any law hitherto established, affixed to the evil practice of sundry persons, by exorbitancy of the tongue in railing and scolding: It is therefore ordered, that all such persons convicted before any court or magistrate, that hath proper cognizance of the case, shall be gagged or set in a ducking stool, and dipped over head and ears three times in some convenient place of fresh or salt water, as the court or magistrate shall judge meet."

#### ANECDOTES.

A VERY low, proud, and illiterate fellow being made a justice of the peace on account of his great riches, became so enamoured with the title of "your Worship," that nothing could atone for the omission of it. A gentleman once before him by no means inclined to sacrifice to his vanity, repeatedly made use of the monosyllables, yes! and no! this gave so much offence to his new-made worship, that he could not help repeating the words "Yes and no, is that all—do you know to whom you are addressing yourself?" "Yes" answered the gentleman, "you are three vowels." "Three vowels," exclaimed the justice, "what can they be?" "O, I, and E." "O, I, and E," rejoined the justice, "I'll commit you, Sir, for that's abuse." "No" replied the gentleman, "It is a goose."

\* Oie, French for goose.

#### MORAL AND USEFUL.

#### ADVICE TO YOUNG UNMARRIED-LADIES.

IF in conversation you think a person wrong, rather hint a difference of opinion than offer a contradiction.

If you discover a person to be telling an absolute falsehood, unless it is particularly injurious, let it pass in silence; for it is not worth your while to make any one your enemy, by proving him or her a liar.

Never touch the sore place in any one's character; for be assured, whoever you are, that you have a sore place in your own; and a young woman is a flower that may be blasted in a moment.

It is always in your power to make a friend by smiles—what a folly then to make enemies by frowns!

When you have an opportunity to praise, do it with all your heart.

When you are forced to blame, appear at least to do it with reluctance.

Make it a rule to please all, and never appear insensible to any desire of pleasing or obeying you, however awkwardly it may be excused.

If you are disposed to be pettish or insolent, it is better to exercise your ill humours on your dog, your cat, or your femme de chambre, than on your friends.

If you would preserve beauty, rise early.

If you would preserve esteem, be gentle.

If you would obtain power, be condescending.

If you would live happy, endeavour to promote the happiness of others.

# WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, SEPT. 22, 1804.

## FOREIGN.

EUROPE.—Since our last, London papers to the 11th August, have been received—but they are barren of interesting events.—Prospect of war between France and Russia.—The activity of the French Government, both in military and naval preparations, is unrelaxed.

Five British fleets of merchantmen, have all safely arrived, the duties on which alone, it is said, will be more than *Four Millions* of pounds sterling!—A Russian fleet has sailed from Revel.—An insurrection has taken place in the British colony at New South Wales.—The Salem Gazette of yesterday, says,

“Captain Andrews, who arrived from Eckwarden, brings no news of a political nature, but has furnished us with the following description of a child of most uncommon bulk, whom he saw in Oldenburg. It was a girl in the *sixth* year of her age. She weighed 165 pounds English weight; her height was four feet 2 inches; she measured round the waist 4 feet 1 inch; the circumference of her head was 2 feet 4 inches; just above her wrist, 11 inches round; the calf of her leg, 1 foot 5 inches. It was with great difficulty she could walk across the room, and appeared to be very much distressed for breath; and her frame seemed scarcely able to sustain such a load of flesh. Her mother was a very small woman, and has had several children. She said that a gentleman had offered her 1500l. sterling for the loan of the child for a twelvemonth, to carry to England as a sight. She had been carried to Hamburg and Bremen, with her mother, and exhibited in those cities. The above description may be depended upon, as Captain Andrews was so struck with her appearance, that he was at the trouble of taking the dimensions himself.”

## DOMESTICK.

The corporation of the city of New-York, have ordered quarantine on all vessels arriving from Charleston, S. Carolina, in consequence of the prevalence of the fever in that city. It is also said to prevail in a considerable degree in the city of New Orleans.

The “Louisiana,” a national schooner of 16 guns, has been launched at Baltimore. Her station is to be at the mouth of the Mississippi.—A letter from Marietta, State of Ohio, dated the 26 ult. says—“I have received information from a gentleman whose integrity is unquestionable, that a *Toad* or *Highland Frog*, was lately found on the western frontier of Virginia, 35 feet below the surface of the earth, enclosed in a small space in a solid rock, the rock commencing four feet below the surface, and continuing to that depth. The frog was in a torpid state, but on being brought to the surface became animated and hopped off.”—Another letter from the same place says—“About six weeks ago, a Horn, of very gigantic size, was carried up the Ohio, on its way to Philadelphia.—It measured in length 9 feet 7 inches; in circumference 22 1-2 inches, weighing 144 lbs.—the shape was more crooked than the horns of neat cattle generally are—the hollow of the horn was about 7 inches, tapering to a point; the butt

had decayed, and it is probable that one third of the horn had rubbed off. This remarkable horn was found at the Ohio Salt Lick.”—A valuable Lead Mine has been lately discovered on Perkiomen creek, near the Schuylkill. The richness of it has been ascertained by chemical process to be about 70 per cent. The lead produced has proved to contain much silver. The bank of oar is said to be extensive, and advantageously situated to carry on the working of it with economy.

—The following melancholy event may serve as a caveat to parents and others, to be cautious in the use of fire arms: On Friday morning last, a son of Mr. J. D. Selden, of Lansingburgh, in company with some others, went out for the purpose of hunting. Not long after, they separated, and all except the unfortunate deceased returned. His parents finding the rest of the company could give no account of him, were much agitated, and began to entertain fears of some accident; but various reports of his being seen in this and that place, in a degree lulled their anxiety, and no search was made until Saturday morning, when Mr. Selden rode into the neighbourhood where he learned he had gone, and made enquiry of all the inhabitants, but could hear nothing of him. Thus were the parents suspended between hope and fear until towards the close of Saturday, when the villagers assembled to search the wood. They had proceeded but a little distance, when death in ghastly form, presented itself to their astonished sight. On the declivity of a precipice, lifeless and putrid, mangled and torn, lay the fond mother's hopes—the father's joy. From what can be gathered, it appears he paid the debt due to “nature and nature's God,” on Friday, about 3 o'clock, P. M. In ascending the hill, it is probable he used his gun to assist him, as the whole contents entered his head just below his ear. From the magnitude of the wound his struggle with death must have been but momentary.

Yesterday, was the 4th anniversary of the institution of the “*Boston Female Asylum*.” The performances took place at the Old South Meeting House; and were peculiarly adapted to the interesting occasion—before a very crowded audience, composed principally of Ladies. The orphans (27 in number) were uniformly clad, looked in excellent health, and their manners were docile and engaging. The collection amounted to \$312-98.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Evening Circle, a fragment, shall have a speedy insertion.

L. M. is informed such low stuff as he sent, is inadmissible.

The boundaries of the United States in verse, is very puerile.

On Miss M. B.—s needle book, declined.

Letter to Miss Anna Maria, contains much good advice, and shall appear.

Lines to Miss S. N.—indifferent poetry.

## MARRIAGES.

At Philad. Mr. Win Moon, to Miss Mary Star. A wit is of opinion, “that by uniting the moon with a star, something like a sun might be produced.”—At Wiscasset, Mr. John Babson, senior editor of the “*Eastern Repository*,” to Miss Nabby Hays.—“At Bath, Mr. John B. Swanton, to Miss Lydia Bosworth.”—“At Machias, Mr. Joseph Otis Smith, to M's. Elizabeth Coffin, of Addison.”—At Lowville, (N. J.) Mr. Gibbs W. Eddy, to Miss Sarah Ruggles, both of Boston.—At Greenwich, Mr. Oliver Brewster, merchant, of Boston, to Miss Catherine Jones.—At Canton, Mr. P. Horton, of Boston, to Miss Mary Belcher.

In this town, Mr. David Francis, printer, to Miss Mary Moore.—Mr. Joseph Pulcifer, to Miss Mary Edes.

## DIED.

At Portland, Mr. Benjamin Smith, *Æt.* 24, late of Boston.—At Salem, Miss Eliza Williams, *Æt.* 22, eldest daughter of Dr. Isaac W.—“At Machias, Mr. Eliza Allen, *Æt.* 93—the oldest person in that town.”—At Dresden, (Mas.) Hon. Jona. Bowman, Esq. *Æt.* 69. In this town, Mr. Samuel Bass, *Æt.* 84.—Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, *Æt.* 43, widow of the late Capt. Charles P.—Mrs. Nancy Robbins, *Æt.* 84, wife of Capt Robert R.—Mrs. Noble, *Æt.* 28, wife of Mr. John N.—Capt. John Palfrey, *Æt.* 56, 4 children under a year. Total 9.

## Mrs. Rowson's Poems.

Just Published by GILBERT & DEAN,

THE MISCELLANEOUS POEMS of Mrs. SANNAN ROWSON, Preceptress of the Ladies' Academy, Newton, (Mass.) author of *Charlotte, Inquisitor, Reuben and Rachel, &c. &c.* Subscribers are requested to call on the Publishers, or W. P. & L. BLAKE, No. 1, Cornhill, and receive their books.

## Lottery Tickets Rising.

THE AMOSKEAG LOTTERY, now drawing, will be completed in a few days. It contains only 6000 tickets, \$4000 highest prize, and all prizes free from deduction.

The SOUTH HADLEY, will commence on the 25th October—\$10,000 highest prize. The price of tickets will rise AFTER TUESDAY NEXT. Please to remember this.

The PISCATAQUA BRIDGE, will also soon commence drawing.—12000 tickets, and \$10,000 highest prize.

Please to apply to GILBERT & DEAN, No. 78, State-Street;—Prize tickets taken in pay, and Letters, post paid, duly attended to. *Sept. 22.*

## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### PITY.

WHEN my fond heart is torn with grief,  
And sorrows rend my breast,  
Pity, then thou canst give relief,  
And soothe my cares to rest.

Thou dost assuage the aching heart,  
And dry the tears of woe;  
Thou blunt'st the edge of sorrow's dart,  
From which sad source they flow.

Cheer'd by the gentle evening shower,  
The drooping plant revives;  
So the sad heart's exhausted power,  
New warmth from thee derives.

Come, Pity, then, thou heavenly maid,  
With thy soft rays descend,  
O! deign to grant thy generous aid,  
To guard my much-lov'd friend.

Inspire her with thy gentle laws,  
My friendship to approve,  
And let me gain in Pity's cause,  
What'er I lost in love.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### ON THE DEATH OF A LOVELY CHILD.

SHE was milder than breezes of May,  
More sweet than the eglantine flow'r;  
How engaging she was, I would say,  
But the language is not in my pow'r.

And would you her innocence know,  
Go hence to the regions above,  
For such purity only can flow  
From the lips of the angels of love.

N. G.

### THE EXIT OF OLD AGE.

HUSH, hush, my friends, why stand you round me  
You shock my fortitude, too weak already, [weeping]  
Save that dear infant, he may long be useful,  
My day is over.

With pleasure and with pain, I in retrospect,  
View my past life, see a thousand failings,  
Yet here and there a man, who, when an orphan,  
Fed at my table.

My door was ever open to the stranger,  
My heart to the distress'd, my hand was ready  
To reach a morsel to the poor and needy,  
If but a morsel.

The sick I visited, I felt the anguish  
I could not heal, but kindness was a cordial,  
Their earnest looks acknowledged my compassion  
They bless'd me dying.

These feet, unable now to bear the burthen  
Impos'd upon them, by the law of nature.  
How nimbly have they mov'd this active body,  
When sorrows call'd me.

A mental touch of the benefic spirit  
Moulded my texture to these deeds of mercy,  
With pleasure I have south'd the sobing bosom,  
Sunk by oppression.

Indulgent Heaven, not greater was thy glory,  
Of power and wisdom sung at the creation,  
By morning stars, than fourscore years experience,  
Proclaims thy goodness.

From thee this wondrous frame of mind proceeded,  
By Thee, too feeble, it is still protracted,  
To Thee it gravitates, as to the centre,  
Of its existence.

Let uncreated love's mysterious mantle,  
Woven to cover naked human nature,  
Hide what the child, the youth, or man has acted  
That age would blush at.

Farewell, a long farewell to sin and sorrow,  
Now death's cold hand is reaching me a potion,  
To cure the maladies of human nature,  
Age is the last one.

If in the nurse's arms, we are not smother'd,  
Yet soon or late, will death rock o'er the cradle,  
As there the young, here the old infant tumbles,  
Into his coffin.

Good night, my friends, when this last nap is o'er,  
I rest in hope, awaking from my slumber,  
I shall arise and bid you a good morning,  
In life eternal.

### THE NOVELIST.

#### PROVIDENCE; OR, THE SHIPWRECK.

IT was a dreadful storm. The wind blowed full on the sea-shore, rolled tremendous waves on the beach, while the half sunk rocks at the entrance of the bay were enveloped in a mist of white foam. A ship appeared in the offing, driving impetuous under her bare poles to land; now tilting aloft on the surging waves, now plunging into the intervening hollows. Presently she rushed among the rocks and there struck, the billows beating over her deck, and climbing up her shattered rigging. "Mercy! mercy!" exclaimed an ancient Solitary, as he viewed from a cliff the dismal scene. It was in vain. The ship fell on her side and was seen no more.

Soon, however, a small dark object appeared coming from the rocks towards the shore; at first dimly described through the foam, then quite plain as it rode on the summit of a wave, then for a time totally lost. It approached, and showed itself to be a boat with men in it rowing for their lives. The Solitary hastened down to the beach, and in all the agonizing vicissitudes of hope and fear, watched its advance. At length, after the most imminent hazards, the boat was thrown most violently on the shore, and the drooping half-dead mariners crawled out to the dry land.

"Heaven be praised!" cried the Solitary; "what a providential escape!" And he led the poor men to his cell, where kindling a good fire, and bringing out his little store of provision, he restored them to health and spirits. "And are you six men the only ones saved?" said he. "That we are," answered one of them. "Three score and fifteen men, women, and children, were in the ship when she struck. You may think what a clamour and confusion there was: Women clinging to their husband's necks, and children hanging about their clothes, all shrieking, crying, and praying! There was no time to be lost. We got out the small boat in a twinkling; jumped in, without staying for our captain, who was fool enough to be minding the passengers; cut the rope and pushed away just time enough to be clear of the ship as she went down: and here we are, all alive and merry!" An oath concluded his speech. The Solitary was shocked, and could not help secretly wishing that it had pleased Providence to have saved some of the innocent passengers, rather than these reprobates.

The sailors having got what they could, departed, scarcely thanking their benefactor, and marched up the country. Night came on. They descried a light at some distance, and made up to it. It proceeded from the window of a good looking house, surrounded with a farm-

yard and garden. They knocked at the door, and in a supplicating tone made known their distress, and begged relief. They were admitted, and treated with compassion and hospitality. In the house were the mistress, her children and women-servants, an old man and a boy: the master was abroad. The sailors, sitting round the kitchen fire, whispered to each other that here was an opportunity of making a booty that would amply compensate for the loss of clothes and wages. They settled their plan; and on the old man's coming with logs to the fire, one of them broke his skull with the poker, and laid him dead. Another took up a knife which had been brought with the loaf and cheese, and running after the boy, who was making his escape out of the house, stabbed him to the heart. The rest locked the doors, and after tying all the women and children, began to ransack the house. One of the children continuing to make loud exclamations, a fellow went and strangled it. They had nearly finished packing up such of the most valuable things as they could carry off, when the master of the house came home. He was a smuggler as well as a farmer, and had just returned from an expedition, leaving his companions and goods at a neighbouring public house. Surprised at finding the doors locked, and at seeing lights moving about in the chambers, he suspected somewhat amiss; and upon listening, he heard strange voices, and saw some of the sailors through the windows. He hastened back to his companions, and brought them with him just as the robbers opened the door and were coming out with their pillage, having first set fire to the house in order to conceal what they had done. The smuggler and his friends let fly their blunderbusses in the midst of them, and then rushing forwards, seized the survivors and secured them. The villains were next day led to prison amidst the curses of the neighbourhood.

The good Solitary, on hearing of the event, at first exclaimed, "What a wonderful interference of Providence to punish guilt and protect innocence!" Pausing a while, he added, "Yet had Providence thought fit to have drowned these sailors in their passage from the ship, where they left so many better people to perish, the lives of three innocent persons would have been saved, and these wretches would have died without such accumulated guilt and ignominy. On the other hand, had the master of the house been at home, instead of following a lawless and desperate trade, he would perhaps have perished with all his family, and the villains have escaped with their booty. What am I to think of all this?" Thus pensive and perplexed he laid him down to rest, and after sometime spent in gloomy reflections, fell asleep.

In this dream he fancied himself seated on the top of a high mountain, where he was accosted by a venerable figure in long white garments, who asked him the cause of the melancholy expressed on his countenance. "It is," said he, "because I am unable to reconcile the decrees of Providence with my ideas of wisdom and justice." "That," replied the stranger, "is probably because thy notions of Providence are narrow and erroneous. Thou seest it in particular events, and dost not raise thy survey to the great whole. Every occurrence in the universe is providential, because it is the consequence of those laws which divine wisdom has established as most productive of the general good. But to select individual facts as more directed by the hand of Providence than others, because we think we see a particular good purpose answered by them, is an infallible inlet to error and superstition. Follow me to the edge of this cliff." He seemed to follow.

"Now look down," said the stranger, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," replied the Solitary, "a hawk darting amidst a flock of small birds, one of which he has caught, while the others escape." "And canst thou think," rejoined the stranger, "that the single bird, made a prey of by the hawk, lies under any particular doom of Providence, or that those which fly away are more the objects of divine favour than it? Hawks by nature were made to feed upon living prey, and were endowed with strength and swiftness to enable them to overtake and master it. Thus life is sacrificed to the support of life. But to this destruction limits are set. The small birds are much more numerous and prolific than the birds of prey; and though they cannot resist his force, they have dexterity and nimbleness of flight sufficient in general to elude his pursuit. It is in this balance that the wisdom of Providence is seen and what can be a greater proof of it,

than that both species, the destroyer and his prey, have subsisted together from the first creation. Now look again, and tell me what thou seest."

"I see," said the Solitary, "a thick black cloud gathering in the sky. I hear the thunder rolling from side to side of the vault of heaven. I behold the red lightning darting from the bosom of darkness. Now it has fallen on a stately tree and shattered it to pieces, striking to the ground an ox sheltered at its foot. Now it falls again in the midst of a flock of timorous sheep, and several of them are left on the plain;—and see! the shepherd himself lies extended by their side. Now, it strikes a lofty spire, and at the same time sets in a blaze an humble cottage beneath. It is an awful and terrible sight?"

"It is so," returned the stranger, "but what dost thou conclude from it? Dost thou not know, that from the genial heat, which gives life to plants and animals, and ripens the fruits of the earth, proceeds this electrical fire, which ascending to the clouds, and charging them beyond what they are able to contain, is launched again in burning bolts to the earth? Must it leave its direct course to strike the tree rather than the dome of worship, or to spend its fury on the herd rather than the herdsman? Millions of millions of living creatures have owed their birth to this active element; and shall we think it strange if a few meet their deaths from it? Thus the mountain torrent that rushes down to fertilize the plain, in its course may sweep away the works of human industry, and man himself with them; but could its benefits be purchased at another price?"

"All this," said the Solitary, "I tolerably comprehend; but may I presume to ask whence have proceeded the moral evils of the painful scenes of yesterday? What good end is answered by making man the scourge of man, and preserving the guilty at the cost of the innocent?"

"That, too," replied the venerable stranger, "is a consequence of the same wise laws of Providence. If it was right to make man a creature of habit, and render those things easy to him with which he is most familiar, the sailor must of course be better able to shift for himself in a shipwreck than the passenger; while that self-love which is essential to the preservation of life, must in general, cause him to consult his own safety preferable to that of others. The same force of habit, in a way of life full of peril and hardship, must conduce to form a rough, bold and unfeeling character. This, under the direction of principle, will make a brave man; without it a robber and a murderer. In the latter case, human laws step in to remove the evil which they have not been able to prevent. Wickedness meets with the fate which sooner or later always awaits it; and innocence, though occasionally a sufferer, is proved in the end to be the surest path to happiness."

"But," resumed the Solitary, "can it be said, that the lot of innocence is *always* preferable to that of guilt in this world?"

"If it cannot," replied the other, "thinkest thou that the Almighty is unable to make retribution in a future world? Dismiss then from thy mind the care of single events, secure that the great whole is ordered for the best. Expect not a particular interposition of heaven, because such an interposition would seem to thee seasonable. Thou, perhaps, would stop the vast machine of the universe to save a fly from being crushed under its wheels. But innumerable flies and men are crushed every day, and yet the grand motion goes on, to fulfil the benevolent intentions of its author."

He ceased, and sleep on a sudden left the eyelids of the Solitary. He looked abroad from his cell, and beheld all nature smiling around him. The rising sun shone on a clear sky. Birds were sporting in the air, and fish glancing on the surface of the waters. Fleets were pursuing their steady course, gently wafted by the pleasant breeze. Light fleecy clouds were sailing over the blue expanse of heaven. His soul sympathized with the scene, and peace and joy filled his bosom.

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# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 29, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE PASSENGER—No. XXXII.

WHILE the carriage waited to exchange horses, that on the opposite route passed by, and a gentleman therein paid his compliments to our conversable stage-mate, with the address of *Major*,—by which title I shall distinguish him in future. After recommending our motion, he thus proceeded:

Integrity and compassion are the two first requisites to be sought in a connection for life. Where these hold possession, the search for other qualifications, though not to be omitted, is a secondary consideration. The being who is under the influence of integrity, will not deceive; he who has compassion cannot be a tyrant. To avoid deception and tyranny, is guarding against two of the most formidable foes of domestic quiet. Few, very few matrimonial connections are formed, in which *neither party* exercises a domineering spirit, or the arts of hypocrisy; and I hold it as a maxim, that wherever these reside, harmony must be absent; on the contrary, where sincerity and compassion dwell, social joy must be an inmate.

Do you then, Sir, rest domestic happiness on two particulars alone?

No, Madam, it may be *allayed* by innumerable circumstances, but, in the common course of events it can never be *destroyed*, while these requisites govern in the conduct of both parties. For this reason my remarks have been particularly directed to means for discovering those two evils in the human character which are as frequently predominant in one sex as the other.

Are you disposed to acknowledge, Madam, that undeviating integrity is a principle so *important* as I have described, in searching for the qualities which shall produce domestic felicity?

Yes—fully.

Have not the disguised manners of your sex, when conversing upon this topic, an immediate tendency to destroy this principle?

I am at a loss to answer that question, said the lady; I cannot give it an unqualified negative, while acceding to it, will give you the argument against my own sex. Instead of a direct reply permit me to put a question. Are there not women, who hold falsehood and disguise in as sincere abhorrence as any of you lords of creation?

Yes, undoubtedly;—but I challenge you to find one of that character who *ever* was in the habit of amusing herself and imposing on her friends by the arts of deception; for this habit, like the bond of matrimony, is contracted for life, and I would no more respect the veracity of a woman, who should utter falsehoods concerning love or marriage, than if they related to any other subject.

You are too severe, Sir; custom has ever permitted *lovers and poets* to take a licence denied to others.

Then custom sanctions a practice which has a direct influence to mar the loveliest charm of social intercourse. Let us, if you please, trace a few of the consequences of this custom.

Upon the subject of love, assertions are made by either, or both the parties concerned, without truth or meaning;—the contract of marriage succeeds, and is made of the same materials. In a short period each discovers that the other has never relinquished what

you style the lover's licence. Certain engagements had been made at the altar, but under the influence of this licence they become a dead letter. The husband commences tyrant over the wife whom he had engaged to cherish. The wife, by a thousand vexations, tortures the husband to whom she had promised her affectionate attention. The tenderness of love has escaped, and left naught in its place but the lover's licence;—mutual deception begets mutual disgust, and misery resides where truth and love should dwell.

Well, said the lady, you have chased the subject of love, until it has gone off, and deserted your field of argument.

Yes, Madam; but you will observe that it has led me into a more extensive one, namely, matrimony.

When a contract is formed respecting any other concern of life, the contracting parties may appeal to the laws to enforce its fulfilment. If I dispose of an estate which is not my own, the purchaser has his remedy, and can oblige me, either to refund the money, or secure him in the title. If I purchase property with counterfeit coin, he who receives it has a legal claim against me for the amount in current specie. But in the matrimonial exchange, there is no remedy for neglect of contract, or imposition by counterfeits, which crowd the market. Thus our DOLLARS and CENTS are guarded by all the ingenuity of the legislative, in devising laws; and all the energy of the executive in enforcing them; while the HAPPINESS OF LIFE, and the contracts which are to secure it, are left under the legislation of chance, and the executive management of tyrannical passions.

Does not this instance, Madam, present more of folly than of wisdom?

Certainly it does, Sir, provided any measures could be adopted, whereby matrimonial obligations could be rendered as secure as those of a pecuniary nature.

That they may be made *more* secure, is evident; for if a man becomes responsible for a greater sum than he can possibly raise, the creditor *must* suffer the breach of contract;—neither imprisonment nor any other measure can enforce the insolvent debtor's compliance with an engagement which is out of his power to fulfil; but the case is different in the marriage contract; the parties engage *no more* than they have the power of performing, and proper courts for enforcing a due observance of the bond, could not fail of producing a salutary effect.

Ha! ha! ha!—I suppose, said the lady, you would have a matrimonial court, where the husband should sue his wife for reading curtain-lectures!

Yes, said the Major, if her lectures destroyed that harmony which she had bound herself to promote;—and she should have the same means of redress for any wilful breaches of contract on his part. By the mediation of such a court, with other measures which I would recommend, domestic broils would be prevented or quelled; harmony would take the place of discord; and the rising generation would become a nursery of the VIRTUES and the GRACES.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
PUBLIC CHARITY.

"From magnanimity, all fear above;  
"From nobler recompense, above applause  
"Which owes to man's short-out-look all its charms."

YOUNG.

CHARITY has been long a subject for public discussion, and private and religious contemplation. A-

mong the many virtues, however, which our duty bids us cultivate, not one more particularly merits our attention, or deserves our admiration than that of CHARITY. There is surely nothing which so highly exalts the mind, or expands the sphere of its delights, as a pure and sincere desire to alleviate, or to remove the distresses of others. The delight is purely spiritual: it is something which it derives from itself; it springs up and grows to maturity within the soul.

Charity is a virtue, which, wherever it is found, strikes us with love and admiration for the possessor: it is the imperial diadem of the christian, and we acknowledge its influence with a sacred veneration. To know why it thus universally maintains this superiority over every other christian virtue, we need but contemplate a moment its nature and its effects. Let us take a single figure, that we may not be distracted by the group. Behold the charitable man in every situation of life; he is beloved. If then in every situation we love him, then also must we love that virtue which renders him so lovely.

See there the upright, and charitable man; the man in whom there is no guile! If it be inquired, is that man reviled?—I will reply; He revileth not again. Is he in sickness or in trouble? His reliance on his God supports him, through every scene of life. Is he in the full enjoyment of health? He praises Omnipotence for the blessing and is grateful for the gift. Does he hear the cry of the widow or the orphan? his hand is instantly stretched out to save them, and to wipe from their eyes the tears of sorrow. Hath Heaven bestowed upon him the blessings of fortune? his heart bounds within him at the thought of being charitable: Behold him opening his hand, and filling all who surround him with joy and happiness.

See you neat and comfortable habitation, which raises its roof amid the trees. Examine it within and without: It was reared by the charitable man. Behold him advance towards the door: See little children flock from every quarter to crowd about him and to share his smiles. That is the man who daily spreads a board of plenty for them: it is he who generously throws open seminaries of learning, and so disciplines their minds, that they may come forth into the world useful and ornamental.

Who doth not lament when that man is sad? who doth not rejoice when he is joyful? Who doth not weep when he declines into the tomb? All mankind must sympathize with him, for he was the friend of humanity. All must lament when he is gone, for all are made widows and orphans by his loss: he was the father and the friend of them who had none to help them.

There are few who have experienced the delight of performing an act of Charity, but have also experienced pleasure in the contemplation of it. The good and charitable mind will ever embrace that mean, by which a greater proportion of happiness may be more universally dispensed; for however transporting a private act of charity may be associated, Charity is still capable of affording greater delight to the mind, by being rendered more beneficial, not to one only, but to thousands. As then, the benefit of many is to be preferred to the advantage of an individual, the cultivation of Public Charity, is more useful and more desirable than private bounty.

Public Charity is, when we come forward with the avowed intention of bestowing our mite. Let not the o-



ver delicate mind shrink from this. Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth : but be cautious lest thy right hand shrink from the performance of a good deed, through an over-modest desire of keeping it concealed ; nor let thy left be unemployed through ignorance of thy right hand's bounty. Often would the left remain inactive were it not called to assist the right, and often does it involuntarily fly to actions because the right was first employed.

We need not a more striking instance of the good effects of associated Charity, than is conspicuous in that laudable institution, which reflects such high honor upon the town of Boston, under the appellation of the FEMALE ASYLUM.

This association was established, and is supported entirely by the bounty and liberality of the LADIES of Boston. Women, who will have established not only their private reputations with that of humanity, and transmitted a striking example of their generosity and public spirit, to the latest posterity ; but will have come forward, as an honour to their own age, and an ornament to their country.

Such virtue as theirs, disdains eulogium : it would be an insult to offer it. The object of our admiration is there—it will remain forever—posterity must do it justice.

But less cannot be done, than to take a transient view of the good effects arising from this noble institution. The Female Asylum has now been established about four years, during which time it has received the honor of being formed into an incorporated body. Since then, its members have displayed the utmost conduct and order. By strict economy, they have been able to preserve from indigence and want, a great number of female infants. And by their tenderness and humanity, they have given a mother to the motherless : They have clothed, they have fed, they have educated the indigent. Show me in nature, a subject more transporting than this !—Behold that fair female, modest, and kind, and gentle, bending like an angel over an infant, whose mother has just expired ! Behold, she presses the indigent babe to her bosom, with her soft maternal hand. She raises her eyes to Heaven, and see, the ready tear of pity sparkles in them ! they overflow ! Her tears fall upon the cheek of the smiling innocent !—Thanks be to God, for the motherless has found a mother ! Rejoice then, America, for the very female whom thou so admirest, is thy daughter !

Whenever a proper object of charity is found, it is the nature of this humane institution to provide comfortably for her present wants, and to educate her in such manner, as will enable her to become most immediately useful. When thus qualified, it is the care of the Managers to place this child out at service, in some approved family, where she may not only improve in industry and useful occupations, but also in morality and religion, which were so early instilled into her mind. Thus, under the particular care of the first women in point of understanding and goodness, is there formed a nursery for female domestics ; a school, where morality, industry and virtue, the first qualifications of a servant, are particularly inculcated.

There are doubtless many who daily perform many acts of private benevolence, yet there can be but few individuals who are able to determine with exactness their effects. An action may be charitable, if it do more than secure the object from immediate want, or it may be charitable, though it set it above indigence in future, but as the latter is surely preferable to the former, so is associated charity most commonly preferable to a private act of bounty. Extensive indeed must be the means of private munificence, if it be able to place even one indi-

vidual above want through life. Some instances may occur, it is true : yet they are rare. But when it is associated, like the rays of the sun concentrated by a lens it is rendered adequate to useful and beneficial ends. Each individual of a charitable institution, may have reason to comfort his soul, when on the bed of sickness or death, with these consoling reflections :—*I have founded an Asylum for the helpless, I have clothed, I have fed, I have instructed the orphan.*

But, how many of us are there, who harbour within our breasts good and noble principles, without being aware of the store we possess. We all retain within us principles, highly worthy of our natures, which often remain forever unemployed, but for the want of active virtues, to bring them into use. They are sometimes slightly set in motion by accidental impulses of feeling : but we too often neglect even that opportunity of warming them completely into action. There are some nations of the world, who pique themselves upon the wealth which lies within the earth on which they daily tread : and how much wiser, let me ask, are we, who content ourselves with the belief that we possess those virtues which we pretend to esteem so highly, and which only lie dormant within our breasts !

True Charity, is one of the most active virtues we possess. Charity begets Charity, and stimulates every other virtue. Nothing, therefore, can tend so much to the improvement of those other virtues, as Charity, when excited by public spirit. Even the coward is known to rush upon danger, when surrounded by his fellow soldiers, and often before he joins the combat, does his ardour become real.

Let not then the christian soldier, suppress the first noble feelings of his soul—let him not move tamely, but rush on, arm in arm, with zeal to action in the glorious cause of Charity. Let him reflect, that a generous feeling once suppressed, rises not so high the second time, still less high the third, until it ceases to vibrate, and it is at last unknown to exist. Let him only who fancies that the blasts of autumn will produce the blossoms of spring, or that autumnal fruits will bend the bough, when the earth is white with the frosts of winter, postpone until the decline of life, the cultivation of those virtues which can only secure him substantial felicity here, or hereafter. Cultivate industriously then, every generous feeling of the soul, and especially remember, that when Charity knocks at thy door, do not answer her from thy lattice ; and when she craves the crumbs that fall from thy table, do not spurn her from thy gates. MODESTUS.

#### USEFUL.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### LETTER TO ANNA MARIA.

MISS ANNA,

WHAT I am now going to say to you, rest assured, will be dictated by a sincere good will towards your welfare—this consideration I hope will induce you to take in good part my admonitions.

It may with truth be said that you are now arrived at the most interesting period of your life,—interesting, because your whole future comfort in this life is dependent upon the use you make of the present time. Would you then trifle with moments so precious ? Would you neglect the important duty of cultivating your mind and of rendering yourself capable of taking charge of a family at some future period, merely to gratify the childish vanity of the present, in attracting the libertine stare of our young men while walking the streets ? And what opinion, think you, do they form of you ? That you are a sensible, discreet accomplished young lady ? Assuredly not. No, this I will ven-

ture to say is the general sentiment, as often uttered by them : “ There goes a little coquette who is very fond of parading the streets to shew herself. Her flippant conduct denotes her an easy prey to any seducer who will take the trouble of availing himself of the opportunities she herself affords him.” Some will say still more—they even go so far as to doubt the purity of Anna Maria already !—Should you beguile yourself into a belief that you are taking the surest method to procure a lover, rest assured that you are deceiving yourself, laying aside the absurdity of a young lady of thirteen or fourteen thinking of such a thing. No young man of common sense would entertain one serious thought of you as a wife, after seeing your coquetish actions. His affections being beyond the power of coquetry, all her arts in vain might assail them. This is supposing a young man of common sense—and surely none other would be worthy of so much loss of time to Miss Anna Maria, for I have too good opinion of her to believe she would wish to captivate a fool. Make yourself worthy of the first, and in proper season he will find you out, without causing you the humiliating trouble of courting him. You have at least five years yet to devote to the improvement of your mind, before you should think of entering upon the cares of the married state. Devote them to your lasting advantage—devote them to intellectual improvement. Seclude yourself from your thoughtless, trifling acquaintances. Study history and geography. Allow a portion of your time to mathematics ; as a branch of which arithmetic, an essential part of female accomplishment, should share your attention. Music, that great solace of human woes, should not be neglected—it is a graceful, and when combined with a good even temper and a well cultivated mind, an irresistible accomplishment. Some judicious friend will direct you to other pursuits, which come in as secondary ; also in the choice of your books you will require that assistance. In the geography, and political history of your native country strive to perfect yourself. In the histories of other countries learn to draw the line of comparison with your own. Read biography and avail yourself of the experience of others to your own best advantage. These, believe we, will form your surest attractions—these will in their proper time render you a blessing to some virtuous young man who knows how to appreciate your real worth.

L'ÉPÉE.

Boston, September, 1834.

#### AMUSING.

##### ON BEARDS.

(From a French Journal.)

A BEARD is the ornament of goats, philosophers, and orientalists.

Is a long beard handsomer than a short one ? or is it better to shave it than let it grow ? These are indeed important questions, since they have been the subject of war between nations, and disputation between religious sects. It is a question difficult to resolve, since after so many ages we see on the surface of the earth as many people without as with beards.

A maxim in bad latin says, *De gustibus non est disputandum* ; and there is one in good French which says, *Il ne faut disputer ni de goûts ne de couleurs*. This might decide the point, if it were true that taste, not chance, influenced the destinies of the beard. But the history of all possible beards, from those of Moses, Agan non, and Socrates, to that of Henry the IV. and the grand Lama, proves quite the contrary.

The Greeks wore their beards long until the time of Alexander the Great. But this prince, who was no fool, ordered the Macedonians to cut off their beards from fear that the Persians would not wear theirs long.

When the Romans found that the Carthaginians wore beards, they laid aside theirs, which they had worn until then, and the fashion did not make its appearance again until the reigns of the emperors Marcus Aurelius, Antoninus, &c. who set the example, and

# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 6, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE GOSSIP—No. LXIV.

*—alacris palmas utrasque tetendit,  
Effusæque genis lacrymæ; et vox excidit ore—  
Venisti tandem!*

I ALWAYS derive much pleasure from the perusal of the ancient poets, and would rather sit of an evening by a handful of fire in a poorly furnished apartment, by a glimmering lamp or small candle, with a good author for my companion, than mix with a giddy multitude in a brilliant drawing room, if by so doing I must be compelled to listen to the unmeaning prattle of the fool, the petty spite of the envious; or the malignant censure of the illiberal. I love society, no one more; and the author's beauties would be doubly charming, the dreary apartment appear cheerful, and the glimmering taper have the lustre of a wax light, did a rational companion partake the pleasure, and give a zest to study by mutual communication.—So far from being an enemy to a splendid drawing room, I think it really a very pleasant scene, especially if we meet there one, yes, if it be *only one*, who, by a look, a word, or a slight pressure of the fingers, intimate that their sentiments are in unison with ours, and seem to say, we partake these scenes of amusement with pleasure, they are necessary to renovate the spirits, to give nature a gentle fillip, and fit it for the enjoyments of retirement and reflection. But to run from one motley society to another, merely to shew a new fashion, hear the news of the day, or animadvert on the conduct of my neighbours, was ever my aversion.—Among the authors that particularly attracted my attention, and I may say won my affection, even in childhood, were *Homer* and *Virgil*; at a very early period, I became enamoured of the beauties of the former, from perusing the elegant translation of *Pope*, though the *Iliad* had its charms and in many places strongly interested my feelings, awakening in my young mind sensations it is impossible to describe, yet the *Odyssey* was most particularly attractive, and the delight I experienced while reading it, from the comments and instructive conversation of a gentleman of genius, sense, and extensive literary knowledge, who visited at my father's, and who, though I was then not more than eight years old, would seat me beside him, listen to my puerile remarks, and explain to me the beautiful moral allegory contained in that poem, can never be exceeded. Even at this distant period, it is never recalled to memory but with sensations of the purest pleasure. Indeed, those who have assisted to correct my judgment, inform my mind, or expand my reasoning faculties, have always stood highest in my estimation, and if there have been any (as sure there have) who have reproved a folly, or called forth any laudable feeling of the soul, to them that soul turns with an ardour of affection indescribable, and seems to claim an interest in them, that shall extend beyond this sublunary sphere, and be renewed with increased fervour in the world of spirits. The Indians are represented in the 8th vol. of the "Spectator," as supposing the attachment they bore in life towards animals and even inanimate things to continue with them when they enter on another being; I was ever charmed with that paper, and think it a more than probable conjecture that the propensities which

most strongly predominated in this life, will follow us to another; if innocent, increasing our happiness;—if guilty, inflicting our punishment.

The beautiful passage in the *Odyssey* where *Ulysses* meets his mother *Anticlea* in the realms of *Pluto*, and that in the *Æneid*, where the spirit of *Anchises* welcomes his son to the *Elysian* fields are never read by the, but they call forth the tears of delightful sensibility.

\* \* \* \* \*  
*Crossing the verdant mead, he saw his son,  
With outstretch'd hands; tears gushing from his eyes,  
Tears of the purest joy; Anchises cries,  
And art thou come at last?*

Can any thing more forcibly convey the desire of a pure and virtuous soul to have those most dear to it on earth, partake with it in the pleasures of immortality than the pathetic exclamation, so expressive of the impatience of delay—

*And art thou come at last?*

But setting aside the poets, or the phantasies of Mythology, it does not appear incompatible with the doctrines of christianity to believe, and hope; that we shall know and enjoy the society of our virtuous friends in the next world. *Dives* is represented by our Saviour as knowing the despised *Lazarus* when he saw him in *Abraham's* bosom. If this rich unfeeling son of sensuality was permitted for his punishment to know the unfortunate being he had so ill-used, why may not the virtuous man who has laboured to improve, correct and amend a beloved fellow creature, and whose precept and example has been instrumental to their eternal welfare, be permitted to rejoice in the felicity of which he has in some degree been the cause.

We are told, indeed, in the case where the woman had married seven brothers; that, in "Heaven they neither marry, nor are given in marriage;" but this does not prove that we shall not know each other; no, in my opinion it only intimates, that every degrading passion will be subdued, and that only those affections which were sanctified and approved by our Heavenly Father, will be allowed to enter his eternal kingdom. Alas, woful indeed would be the lot of many, if the matrimonial engagements entered into in this world were to be renewed in eternity, and on the other hand, wretched would be the fate of the good and virtuous pair whom a parity of sentiment and inclination has united in the sacred bond of connubial affection, was their union to terminate with this uncertain state of being. What can be a more sublime, more elevating, transporting thought, than that of the virtuous parents, of a virtuous offspring, whom they have educated in the principles of religion, whom they have seen grow up in the practice of piety and moral duty, indulging in the extatic hope of meeting each other together with these beloved children in the regions of immortality, and rejoicing with them forever and ever, in the presence of their Creator.

If this belief is an illusion, it is at least an innocent one, and I should most unwillingly part with it; yet if it should be deemed by any serious theologian as a dangerous error, I should be pleased to have the opinion combatted with all the strength of reason, all the convincing power of argument. In this world, pleasure is not pleasure to me, unless participated by those most dear to me—and methinks when I enter on another world, should I be deemed worthy to stand in the presence of the Judge of all the earth, the joy, the ineffable

pleasure would not be complete, unless I could say—"Father, I stand at the foot-stool of thy mercy, with the virtuous friends whom thou hast given me."

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### ON PROFESSED YOUNG BACHELORS.

THIS justly despised and execrable race, it is the duty of every one to censure—they can have no claim to the regard of mankind, as their hearts must be shut against all sympathy and gratitude; for no man ever formed the determination *never to marry*, that had not something in him at least, *secretly* wrong, though ever so correct in appearance, still he may be *deep in error*. A man elevated and amiable enough for domestic life, will of course be happy in partaking of its sweets, and not content himself to live in that state of depravity, and (in the end) wretchedness which bachelors generally must and do—carrying on intrigues with married women, and trifling with all the girls they meet; so that in time, their minds become as corrupt as their hearts hardened. It is only the most selfish or mortified part of mankind that can possibly reconcile to themselves, such a mode of life.—To live merely for one's self—how despicable! They fear to marry, thinking it must deprive them in some degree of liberty, and put restrictions upon them, which they are unwilling, from their love of pleasure and ease, to submit to. Every woman of virtue ought therefore to be upon her guard, against a *professed* young bachelor; though he may not from fear, *absolutely* offer her an insult, yet he will endeavour with the deepest dissimulation to gain her affections, by shewing to advantage his few good qualities; boasting of those he never could possess; and interesting himself in all that concerns her, with solicitude and apparent affection, until he has attained his end; which finally (if a man of sense) by his unremitting attentions, he may gain by degress her heart entire—which, when he discovers, if he perceives her to be a simple girl, he trifles with her feelings until some new object presents itself—but should he on the contrary, find her a girl of pride, sense, and delicacy, (perceiving he had gone too far entirely to recede, with honor) skulks off by degrees, and excuses himself under the prostituted name of *friendship*; taking care at the same time, to make it appear by that means, he conducts from the principles of honor, and out of pity for the love-sick girl. This is the life that the *professed* young bachelors generally lead, until they arrive at that period, when their follies must cease—then surely discontent, or the dark passions having nothing to divert them, appear, and usurp even the bosoms of those, that had they sought a partner to soothe their cares in the decline of life, might have proved an ornament to their country. A virtuous woman, the consoler of a man's life—his friend when all the rest of the world desert him, is a blessing which a bachelor can never possess. He lives apparently alone, in the midst of the world, and finally sinks to the grave, a sour misanthrope, without a friend seriously to lament him—with the detestable epithet of a *despised old bachelor*.

AN IMPARTIAL OBSERVER.

### COURAGE.

THAT man is only truly brave, who fears nothing so much as doing a shameful action; and that dares resolutely and undauntedly go where his duty, how dangerous soever it is, may call him.

## BIOGRAPHY.

THE PICTURE OF LEOPOLD,  
EMPEROR OF GERMANY, DRAWN FOR HIM IN 1785,  
WHEN HE WAS

## GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY.

LEOPOLD loves his people, and has suppressed all such imposts as were not necessary: he has disbanded almost all his troops, retaining only sufficient to preserve the art of military discipline.

He has destroyed the fortifications of Pisa, the maintenance of which was very expensive; he has overthrown the stones which devoured mankind.

He found that his court concealed from him his people; he has no longer any court. He has established manufactures. He has every where opened superb roads, and at his own expense. He has founded hospitals.—You would imagine the hospitals in Tuscany, were palaces of the grand duke. I have visited them, and found in them all, cleanliness, good order, and the most humane and attentive care. I have seen sick old men, who seemed as if waited on by their children. I have seen sick children, who seemed as if nursed by their mothers. I could not, without shedding tears, behold this luxury of compassion and humanity. In the inscriptions on the front of these hospitals, they have bestowed on Leopold, the title of 'Father of the Poor.' The hospitals themselves give him this title. These monuments stand in no need of inscriptions.

The grand duke comes frequently to visit his poor and sick; he does not neglect the good he has done; he possesses not only the sudden feelings of humanity, he has a humane soul. He never makes his appearance in this abode of anguish and sorrow, without causing tears of joy; he never leaves it without being followed with benedictions which are the gratitude of a happy people; and these songs of thanksgiving are sent from an hospital!

You may be presented to the grand duke without having four hundred years nobility, without descending from those who disputed the crown with his ancestors. His palace, like the temples, is open to all his subjects without exception. Three days only in a week are more particularly consecrated to a certain class of men; neither to the great nor the rich, neither to painters, poets, nor musicians; but to the wretched.

In other countries, commerce and industry, like the lands, are become the patrimony of a small number of individuals: with Leopold, every thing you can do, you may do it; you have a living if you possess any peculiar talent; and there is no exclusive privilege but genius.

The prayers offered up to God for harvests no longer bring down famine on the country. This prince has enriched the year with a great number of working days, which he has recovered from superstition, to restore them to agriculture, to the arts, and to good morals. He is occupied in a total reform of his legislation. He has discovered a new light in some French publications. He began by simplifying the civil, and mitigating the criminal code. Blood has not been shed on a scaffold in Tuscany for these ten years.

This mitigation of the laws has softened the manners of the people. Atrocious crimes are become rare, since barbarous punishments have been banished: The prisons of Tuscany have been empty these three months.

I had almost forgot an apothegm of this modern Titus. A person was regretting one day before the grand duke that his territories were not more extensive. "Alas," cried he, "they contain but too many who are wretched."

## REMARKABLE.

A Roughkeeper's paper of the 11th ult. contains the following.

## THE HERMITESS OF NORTH-SALEM.

WHEN the train of human events appears to deviate from its wonted course, and becomes productive of characters altogether new and unexampled, it has a claim on the world to be perpetuated.

An instance of this kind, where nature has appeared surprisingly to wander from its wonted operations, is displayed in the character, and manner of life, exhibited by a certain female in the vicinity of this town.

We often hear of men from various motives, preferring a life of solitude in some gloomy cavern of the earth; but to find one of the fair sex immured in a cave, wholly secluded from human society, is a rare phenomenon.

Acquainted with all their delicacy of body, their natural timidity of mind, their loquacity of temper, and their inordinate love of seeing and of being seen, to find them forsaking all human society for the dreary haunts of savage beasts, appear when related, too romantic to gain belief. Yet, the reader may rely on the sequel, as a simple narrative of facts.

Sarah Bishop, (for this was the name of the Hermitess) is a person of about fifty years of age. About thirty years ago she was a young lady of considerable beauty, a competent share of mental endowments, and education; she was possessed of a handsome fortune, but she was of a tender and delicate constitution, and enjoyed but a low degree of health; and could be hardly comfortable without constant resource to medicine, and careful attendance; and added to this, she always discovered an unusual antipathy to men; and was often heard to say that she had no dread of any animal on earth, but man. Disgusted with them, and consequently with the world, about twenty-three years ago, she withdrew herself from all human society, and in the bloom of life resorted to the mountains, which divide Salem from North Salem; where she has spent her days to the present time, in a cave, or rather in the cleft of a rock, withdrawn from the society of every living creature. Yesterday, in company with two Captain Smiths of this town, I went into the mountains to visit this surprising hermitage, a just portrait of which, is contained in the following lines.

As you pass the southern and most elevated ridge of the mountain, and begin to descend the southern step, you meet with a perpendicular descent of a rock of about ten feet in the front of which is this cave. At the foot of this rock is a gentle descent of rich and fertile ground, extending about ten rods, when it instantly forms a frightful precipice, descending about half a mile to the pond, known by the name of Long-Pond.

On the right and left of this fertile ground, the mountain rises in cliffs, and almost encloses it, being a square of about one half acre. In the front of the rock on the north, where the cave is, and level with the ground, there appears to be a large frustrum on the rock, of a cubit fathom size, thrown out of the rock by some unknown convulsion of nature, and lies in front of the cavity from whence it was rent, partly inclosing the mouth, and forming a room of the same dimensions with the frustrum itself, the rock is left entire above, and forms the roof of this humble mansion.

The cavity is the habitation of this hermitess, in which she has spent 23 of her best years, self excluded from all human society.—She keeps no domesticated animal, nor even a fowl, a cat or a dog. Her little plantation, consisting of one half acre is cleared of its wood and reduced to grass, but she makes little use of it, excepting that she has raised a few peach trees on it, and she plants yearly a few hills of beans, cucumbers and potatoes. The whole plot is surrounded with a luxuriant growth of grape-vines, which overspread all the surrounding wood, and produce grapes in great abundance. On the opposite side of the little tenement, or cave, is a fine fountain of excellent water, which issues from the side of the mountain, and loses itself in this little place.

At this fountain we found this wonderful woman, whose appearance it is a little difficult to describe; indeed, like nature in its first estate, she was without form, that is, she appeared in no form or position I had ever seen before; her dress appeared little else but one confused and shapeless mass of rags, patched together without any order, which obscured any human shape, excepting her head, which was clothed with a luxuriance of lank grey hair, depending on every side, just as nature and time had formed it, wholly devoid of any artificial covering or ornament.

When she had discovered our approach she exhibited the appearance of any other wild and timid animal. She started, looked wild, and hastened with the utmost precipitation to her cave, which she entered and barricaded the entrance with old shells which she pulled from the decayed trees.

To this humble mansion we approached, and after

\* By shell, we suppose our correspondent means the pieces of timber split from trees.

some conversation with her, we obtained liberty to remove the palisades and look in; for we were not able to enter, the room being only sufficient to accommodate a single person. We conversed with her for some considerable time, found her to be of a sound mind, a religious turn of thought, and to be entirely happy and contented with her situation; of this she has given to others repeated demonstration, who have in vain, solicited her to quit this dreary abode. We saw no utensil either for labor or cookery, excepting an old pewter bason, and a gourd shell; no bed but the solid rock, unless it were a few old rags, scattered here and there upon it; no bed clothes of any kind; nor the least appearance of any sort of food, and no fire.

She had indeed a place in one corner of her cell, where she kindles a fire at times, but it does not appear that any fire had been kindled there this spring. To confirm this opinion a gentleman says that he passed her cell five or six days after the great fall of snow in the beginning of March last, that she had no fire then, and had not been out of her cave since the snow had fallen. How she subsists during the severe seasons, is yet a mystery.

She says she eats but little flesh of any kind, and it is difficult to imagine how she is supported through the winter season. In the summer she subsists on the berries, nuts, and roots, which the mountains afford. It may be that she secrets her winter store in some other fissure in the rock, more convenient for that purpose than the cell she inhabits.

She keeps a Bible with her, and says she takes much satisfaction, and spends much time in reading it, and meditating thereon. It may be this woman is a sincere worshipper of God; if so, she is yet more rich, happy, than thousands in affluence and honor, who despise and hold her with astonishment and scorn.

At any rate, from this humble, yet astonishing page of human nature—we read a most interesting lecture on the human heart. It was the peculiar state of this woman's heart, which drove her to forsake the society of man, and led her to this solitary mansion. The peculiar relish of the human heart will embrace solitude, dishonour, deformity, and death itself for happiness, whilst its antipathies can embitter a paradise of joy.—Reason has no power against its influence; it is not the energy of science, but a heart forced to a wise, decent, and useful life, that must regenerate the world.

## AMUSING.

## DR. JOHNSON'S OPINION OF LEVELLING PRINCIPLES.

[From Boswell's Life of that celebrated writer.]

DR. JOHNSON insisted on the duty of maintaining subordination and rank.—"Sir, I would no more deprive a nobleman of his respect than his money. I consider myself as acting a part in the great system of society, and I do to others as I would have them do to me. I would behave to a nobleman as I should expect he would behave to me, were I a nobleman, and he Sam. Johnson. Sir, there is one Mrs. Macaulay, in this town, a great republican: one day when I was at her house, I put on a very grave countenance, and said to her, "Madam, I have now become a convert to your way of thinking—I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing; and to give you an unquestionable proof, madam, that I am in earnest here is a very sensible, civil well-behaved fellow-citizen, your footman. I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us." This, sir, showed her the absurdity of the levelling doctrine. She has never liked me since. Sir, your levellers wish to level down as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling up to themselves. They would all have some people under them; why then not have some people above them? I (Boswell) mentioned a certain author who disgusted me by his forwardness, and by showing no difference to noblemen into whose company he was admitted.

JOHNSON—"Suppose a shoe-maker should claim an equality with him, as he does with a lord; how would he stare—"Why, sir, do you stare?" says the shoe-maker, "I do great service to society: it is true I am paid for it; but so are you, sir, and I am sorry to say it, better paid than I am, for doing something not so necessary. For mankind could do better without your boots than my shoes." Thus, sir, there would be a perpetual struggle for precedence, were there no fixed in-

variable rules for the distinction of rank, which creates no jealousy, as it is allowed to be accidental."

#### ANECDOTE OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

THE king was one day alone in his little chamber at Sans Souci; before the open window was a casket full of parcels of ducats. He slumbered, and of course did not see one of his lacqueys, who, at that moment, passed under the window, and seeing the king asleep, took without ceremony a parcel of ducats; but Frederick soon perceived that this parcel was missing. He called one of the hussars of his chamber, and said to him, there is a parcel of these ducats wanting, and I must learn who has stolen it. The hussar, in a great fright, assured the king that he knew nothing of it, and that his majesty was perhaps mistaken, for it appeared impossible that these ducats could be stolen in his own presence. "If you cannot," answered the king, "name the thief, I shall render you responsible for the robbery." The poor hussar, in great consternation, represented again to the king, that he could not answer for what passed in his apartment, when he was not there. "I am not unjust," said Frederick, "but you must know your comrades, and know if there be a rogue among them." The hussar immediately enquired among the domestics to discover the thief, and succeeded. The king summoned the knave to his chamber, and said to him, "You rogue, you have stolen a parcel of ducats, hold, here is another of equal value; run, leave my house, and this country as quickly as you can; lose no time, for if they catch you, you will infallibly be hanged."

#### MATRIMONY.—AN EXTRACT.

"When kind tumults seize the veins and all the yielding soul is love," let the aspiring youth "beware" of making promises.

If a smiling season and the glowing cheek of beauty have exposed your heart to the arrows of love, make a truce with Cupid, until you experience the effect of December's chill frosts upon the ardor of your passion.

Spring love often freezes in the winter; and love once congealed, seldom pursues its old channel again. Early marriages are a public blessing; but unhappy matches a private curse. A man in love is always generous, and a generous person never thinks himself poor.

A young man is too poor to marry until he has the certain means of earning, at least, three times as much in a year as he expends when single. While I am upon the subject of economics, I will suggest an economical and I think, judicious way of carrying on a courtship:—Instead of riding into the adjacent towns, and spending a dollar or two every week or a fortnight, let the young tradesman establish himself in business, and the young farmer procure a small farm and decent house, free from debt, and the business, though, perhaps, never thought of, is at least, half performed.

It is a light objection that your acquaintance with the sex will be too superficial for a good choice. The roving rake, who tells you he is in pursuit of a good wife, is hunting bad women—leave him to his course, and he will be overtaken by an untimely, an inclement winter. Let temperance and industry strew your path, through the season of life, with the flowers of perpetual May.

#### ANECDOTES.

SOME travellers in a mail coach, among whom were a lady and an Irishman, enjoying a nap towards the opening of morning, a sudden noise disturbed the repose of honest Thady, who on enquiring what was the matter, was answered, some ruffians were robbing the mail: that they many do, replied Thady; but (throwing his arms around the lady) they shall never plunder the female.

A Mr. Wymen, who was famed for nothing but stupidity and indolence, as he was going from home one day, was desired by his wife, not to be gone so much. "She was afraid to be left alone." "Poh," said he, "Naught is never in danger." "I know that," said she, "but Naught's wife is."

A GENTLEMAN having a pad that started and broke his wife's neck, a neighbouring squire told him he wished to purchase him for his wife to ride upon. "No," said the other, "I shall not sell the little fellow; because I intend to marry again myself."

#### WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 6, 1804.

#### FOREIGN.

EUROPE.—The gleanings from the latest papers give no precise ideas of European politics. The French interest had decisively prevailed in Prussia, and in Austria the French influence continued. In August, the French commercial agents remained at Petersburg, and the King of Sweden was busy in the affairs of Germany. Important changes in the present Germanic constitution, are apprehended. The expected disposition of the imperial cities, and of the new departments on the Rhine, leads to many interesting political enquiries. From the new state of things in France, new measures are expected in Switzerland. The destiny of Italy is uncertain. What objects are to be pursued by Russia, is not to be determined from the reports respecting the military and naval forces of this empire. The fleet and the troops intended for the Mediterranean excite no terror. The fleet of the Baltic has not passed from that sea, and the forces at home are not provided for any extraordinary operations. From Sweden and Denmark, no hostilities will commence, and the relief of the north from the present positions of the French by land, and of the English by sea, seems more seriously to be expected.

An Earthquake took place lately at Zante. It continued for many minutes, with great alarm.

Capt. SWAINE, arrived at New-York, from Lisbon, informs, that shortly before he left that city, a frigate had sailed from that port, for France, with a CROWN for BUONAPARTE, a present from the Queen of Portugal, which was said to have cost two millions sterling, being ornamented with diamonds and precious stones.

SOUTH-AMERICA.—A report is in circulation, that the negroes have become troublesome in the Portuguese settlements of South America, and that some energetic measures had been thought necessary to meet this evil, and to arrest its progress at its first appearance. The evils from such a population are so instant, that every such report combined with the many facts which render it at all times probable, must alarm those who, instead of the humane system of Dr. Tucker, of Virginia, for diminishing it, are ready to adopt hasty measures for its unlimited increase.

WEST-INDIES.—Gen. Dessalines, has begun his march for the purpose of besieging the city of St. Domingo.—The British, it is said, have blockaded the city of Aux Cayes.—The Centaur, an English 74 gun ship, in chasing a French privateer, got becalmed near Fort Royal, and was obliged to surrender.—In August last, the Treasury at Havana was robbed of \$250,000 in gold.—The London and Cork fleets arrived safe at Barbadoes.

The destruction by the late disastrous tornadoes was very extensive. In the West Indies, it has been severely felt—and of eighty odd sail of vessels, mostly Americans at St. Thomas and Martinico, only 6 or 7 escaped damage. The plantations of many Islands were considerably injured; and the gale lasted four days and four nights. Every arrival brings accounts of its destruction—but we cannot enter into particular circumstances.

#### DOMESTICK.

Lieut. Dalton, arrived at New-York, from Cadiz, is the bearer of important dispatches for Government, from Mr. Pinckney, our Minister at the Court of Madrid. M. P. was to leave Madrid, about the 20th of August—and it is said, there was no prospect of an accommodation with Spain—her demands being such, as the American Government cannot accede to.

By the last news from the Mediterranean, commodore Preble had sailed from Sicily for the Barbary coast, and prepared to meet the enemy. We may expect to hear a favourable account from his courage and enterprise.

The violent storm in South Carolina, on the 8th Sept. announced in the last Magazine, was also severely felt in Georgia. The damage done to buildings, to wharves, and to vessels, was very great. The loss of lives was also added to the horrors of the scene. The water rose 10 feet beyond the common spring tides—and the vessels on the wharves are completely above the reach of the tide.

Camp-Meetings still continue to distinguish our

times. A Baltimore paper tells us from good authority, that at a Camp-Meeting 11 miles from that city, were present 92 hacks, 93 private carriages, 85 waggons, and 38 carts. The number of tents was given at 83. The meeting on Sunday Sept. 23, including 12,000. Much is said of this religious effect. The facts respecting the Assembly are fully ascertained.

We have congratulated ourselves upon the many appearances of a successful resistance to the spread of the yellow fever in the United States. Yet the many alarms discover that no relaxation should be indulged in our great cities in those rules of cleanliness, which are found to afford the best hopes allotted to our nature, of our preservation. The fever, though certainly checked in its ravages, has made its appearance in Charleston, and in Georgia. It has existed in New-Province, in the Bahama Isles, and has appeared in St. Domingo and Guadeloupe, in Jamaica, and New Orleans, and in other places with which we have intercourse. We find that it can rage in our climate, and that the atmosphere of even Norway has carried death to its inhabitants. It is to be hoped that proper care will be taken of the ventilation of our vessels, as upon this, more perhaps than upon any thing else, may be found to depend the health of our mariners, and the safety of our ports.

Among our military exhibitions, we have long been accustomed to give a high rank to those of Middlesex. The eminent military talents of Gen. Hull, have given him the greatest success in his division. We are assured, that 2500 men of the Second Middlesex Brigade, made their appearance on Tuesday last, in uniform, amidst a vast croud of spectators; and that the exhibition was correct and spirited.

On Tuesday next, Brigadier-General BADHAM's brigade, will be reviewed by Maj. Gen. ELLIOT, near Neponset Bridge, Dorchester. After which, there will be a representation of a re-engagement.

On Thursday night, a small wooden shed, in Beach-street, erected for the shelter of labourers employed in filling up the wharves adjacent, was consumed by fire; in which one of them perished.

We are indebted to the "Salem Register," for many articles of our summary this week.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A Fragment—too puerile to interest the feelings of the reader.

Epitaph on a glutton—has nothing to recommend it. We should like to see a few more numbers of "The Tattler," before we give a decided answer.

An Enigma, declined.

"Eliza," has our thanks for many poetical favours.

The poetry on Liberty is mislaid.

Z. W. &c. is informed, that we never print prophanity; and as to the art of writing nonsense, he is himself without a competitor.

INSTALLER.—At Gloucester, the Rev. Thomas Jones, to the care of the First Christian Independent Society, of that town.—At Lynn, the Rev. Mr. Frothingham, to the care of the Second Congregational Church and Society of that town.

#### MARRIED.

On Sunday evening last, in Duxbury, Capt. Sylvanus Smith, to Miss Lucia Smith Alden, daughter of Judah Alden, Esq. of the former town.

In this town, Mr. Thomas W. Storrey, merchant, to Miss Sally P. Brown.—Mr. John Binney, merchant, to Miss Sarah A. Callender.—Mr. Jacob Rogers, merchant, to Miss Julia Shellebeck.—Mr. Henry Prentiss, of New Ipswich, to Miss Sally Whipple.

#### DIED.

At New York, a child, between 3 and 4 years old, it accidentally got hold of a bottle of spirituous liquor, and drank so much as to occasion its death.—At Charlestown, (S. C.) Mr. Joseph, Bolter, *Æt.* 26, late of Boston.—At Salem, Capt. Nathan Millet.—At Dorchester, Miss Elizabeth Sawyer, *Æt.* 18, of Boston.—At Savannah, Mr. Peter J. Sever, *Æt.* 34, a native of Boston.

In this town, Mrs. Nancy Burr, wife of Mr. Peter B.—Mr. Gregory Fortune, *Æt.* 38.—Mr. Thomas Slown;—several children. Total 11.

Subscribers to Mrs. Rowson's POEMS, are requested to call and receive their Books



## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## ON READING THE LIFE OF PETRARCH, AND HIS SONNETS.

WHEN, PETRARCH, thy sad fate I read,  
And LAURA's virtues contemplate,  
How does my heart with pity bleed,  
As I retrace thy wayward fate.

To have a heart thus form'd to feel  
The noblest passion of the mind;  
To love, nor dare that love reveal;  
To know worth, beauty; yet be blind.

Blind, no; thy bosom own'd its sway,  
Though chaste'n'd, yet thine eye would speak;  
And as thy LAURA's caught the ray,  
Compassion's glow would dye her cheek.

But whilst I pity, I admire,  
That firm integrity of soul  
Which bade stern honour check the fire,  
And kept it under strick control.

Yes, PETRARCH, thou didst surely prove  
Affection, pure, as it was strong;  
Chaste as the object of thy love,  
And elevated as thy song.

Yet while we pity thy distress,  
And sympathize in all thy pains,  
We cannot wish those sufferings less,  
Which caused such fascinating strains.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF DR. JOSEPH WHIPPLE.

CAST but your eyes to yonder silent tomb;  
There rests the brightest ornament the world can  
Disease had mark'd him for an early doom, [boast;  
Regardless of the heartfelt pangs it cost.

His form was elegance and graceful ease;  
His looks express'd a great and noble mind.  
He spoke, to win attention, and to please,  
His language pure, his sentiments refin'd.

While we thus feelingly his loss deplore,  
Religion cheers the melancholy gloom,  
Tells us he lives again, to die no more,  
In realms beyond the limits of the tomb.

And there, fond partner, turn your streaming eyes,  
There hope to meet his cherish'd form again;  
Let reason dry your tears, suppress your sighs;  
Yours is the partial loss, but his th' eternal gain.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THE HAPPY CHANGE.

THRO' city and country for pleasure I rambled,  
Possessing a plenty of good health and rhino;  
Yet never felt pleasure such as I expected,  
But daily was tortur'd by all kinds of sorrow.

Kind Heaven perceiving my errors were many,  
Resolved to make me a kind of example;  
And emptying my pockets, not leaving a penny,  
Of poverty gave me, for trial, a sample.

Oblig'd now by labour to gain a subsistence,  
My hands were soon harden'd by blister on blister;  
I finally gloried in such an existence, [her,  
And now, of dame fortune, you can't say I miss'd

For frugal of that which I gained with much labour  
I made out to lay up a fund for hereafter;  
And, now I am able to call in my neighbour, [ter.  
And treat him, and punish past follies with laugh-

JACQUE.

## EPIGRAM TO A FALSE MISTRESS.

MY heart still hovering round about you,  
I thought I could not live without you;  
Now we have been two months asunder,  
Now I liv'd with you is the wonder!

## THE NOVELIST.

## THE FAITHFUL SLAVE; OR THE HISTORY OF THEODOSIUS.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.  
[Concluded from page 196.]

IT was upon this refusal that Theodosius was appointed to succeed Polydorus. From this time, the fortune of Theodosius and his friends, though not decided, was less desirable. Their promotion, on a superficial view, was pleasing, but the consequences were disagreeable and serious. Envy proved a powerful adversary, and it was the more potent, as being joined with subtlety. The disappointed gentleman had many partizans, all agreeing in the hardship and injustice of giving such a preference to a man so lately introduced. They determined it necessary to give a check to such hasty promotions, and resolved to make them uneasy to the possessors. Every art and stratagem were exercised which ingenuity or malice could invent, and the friends of a person who appeared to be so injuriously treated every day increased both in number and consequence. Public injuries, whether real or pretended, are of all others the most dangerous to the oppressors; it is a common concern, and the most latent sparks of philanthropy and patriotism will be revived and kindled on such occasions.

For some months Theodosius neither adverted to his own situation or that of his friend. He did not even suspect that a spirit of envy had been excited by his good fortune, or that the advancement of Polydorus had been the principal cause of it. He never once dreamed that his life was in danger from the artful machinations of disappointed ambition. The information of a trusty slave, who had gained some intelligence of the projected villany, at last alarmed him, and the most dreadful consequences were to be apprehended from this run of good fortune.—Theodosius lost no time to communicate this intelligence to Polydorus; but, although it was done with the utmost tenderness and delicacy, it was rejected in a tone of voice to which he was a stranger. This conduct roused Theodosius from his lethargy, as this seeming disaffection of his friend afforded ground to suppose that the plot was of a very dangerous nature, and conducted with the utmost art and secrecy. Such a change of conduct in his friend he could no ways account for; as he had ever consulted their joint interest and advantage, he was very unwilling to attribute it to disaffection, but he was equally at a loss what other foundation it could possibly have. He consulted his trusty slave, and obtained from him the intelligence he so much desired. He found that every means had been used to destroy the confidence his friend had reposed in him, as the first and preparatory step for effecting their purpose. This he had already discovered they had been but too successful in accomplishing.

This information left it past a doubt that no time was to be lost. Every minute now seemed too precious to be wasted. It was more than probable that both their lives, as well as the riches they had honourably acquired in the service of their country, might become a sacrifice to the turbulent passions of their enemies. Theodosius placed the utmost confidence in his slave, and he was doubly assiduous in endeavouring to discover the whole plot which was projected for their ruin. He communicated his discoveries from time to time to his master; he had learned the object of his master's enemies, which was not barely to estrange the confidence of Polydorus from him, but afterwards to make them both the victims of their resentment. This was to be effected immediately after the departure of the next fleet for Europe, as they cautiously concluded that, by taking such a step, it would be many months longer before the news of the disaster could possibly reach England, and it would be in their power before this time to prevent the execution of justice, should it ever be publicly known. But this they had concerted measures to prevent.

It was incumbent on Theodosius to save his friend as well as himself from the meditated blow. The task was difficult, but he did not despair of success. He was doubtful whether he could sufficiently alarm Polydorus without risking a discovery. His intimations of the threatened danger were therefore distant, and he soon perceived that all efforts short of imprudence would be fruitless. He therefore took measures for

departing abruptly from this distracting scene, and by means of his faithful slave he converted his property into the most valuable produce of the East: these he found an opportunity secretly to convey on board an English vessel in the road, which was to sail the next day, wherein he was determined to embark for Europe with his trusty servant. Before he took his final leave, he was resolved to make one more effort to save Polydorus: he waited on him but a few minutes before he designed to embark, and, pretending that he was in haste to go on board the vessel, which was just ready to sail, to deliver a commission to the captain to execute for him in London, prevailed on his friend, with some difficulty, to accompany him in the boat. They were soon on board the ship, when Theodosius discovered the danger which threatened; he informed his friend of the measures he had taken to render his return to land unnecessary. He had secured enough on board that and other vessels to maintain him in a respectably independent style in England; he was contented with what he had acquired, and wished not for an opportunity of getting more at such a risk.

Polydorus was now as much alarmed as Theodosius had been. He was convinced, from these precautions, of the truth of this information: he saw his danger, he perceived the drift of that advice which had induced him to treat Theodosius with so much coolness and indifference, and was satisfied how much his friend had hazarded for him. "Good God! (cries he) how have I been infatuated!" He burst into tears, the tears of sensibility;—"Forgive me, Theodosius, forgive me, Theodosius, forgive my improper and unfriendly conduct!" The captain was in the secret, and corroborated every thing which had been told to Polydorus; the trusty slave was also desired to give his testimony; who confirmed every syllable of what had been said.

After his surprise was a little abated, he asked Theodosius what he would advise to be done. To induce him to speak his mind with freedom, he declared that he would follow his directions implicitly, as he was too much agitated with the thought of his danger to judge or determine any thing for himself. The time was short, and much was to be done. He had sent some considerable remittances to England, but not sufficient to maintain him in that style of life which he had a right to expect. The captain engaged to wait another day, and it was agreed that he should return to his house, and collect every thing valuable which he could possibly remove without suspicion. It was fortunate that he had that day purchased several very valuable diamonds, which he had soon secured, and he employed his opportunity so well, that within the time limited he had sent treasures aboard to the value of five lacks of rupees. This he thought would be sufficient with economy to support him in a reputable stile of life, and the moment in which they set sail was to him the happiest of his existence. He left the splendor and luxury of the East, a magnificent house, and every means of gratified ambition, without a sigh. He was happy in divesting himself of those honours which had nearly brought them to ruin, and he was grateful to Providence, which had so powerfully interposed to his deliverance. They arrived safe in England, after a speedy passage, and took measures to discover the whole of the plot, and to bring the persons guilty of the premeditated violence to account for their conduct. After being brought to London under a proper guard, they were obliged to submit to the decision of a court of justice, and sentenced to very heavy fines to the parties injured. Such was the consequence of that firmness and resolution which Theodosius exercised to save his friend; a firmness which not only prevented the execution of crimes the most flagrant that disappointed envy and malice could project and resolve on, but was the means of procuring such a recompence, though inadequate to the crime, as made them both comfortable and happy through life. The advocates of justice applauded their vigorous exertion of spirit, and they long continued to enjoy the society and conversation of all worthy and deserving persons, whilst the others were execrated and despised for their complicated and detestable villany.

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# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 13, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE PASSENGER—No. XXXIII.

THE lady in reply to the Major's remarks, observed that there was one difficulty attending his new matrimonial establishment, which she feared he could not remove. If the husband should keep possession of the purse, as is sometimes the case, how, said she, could the poor wife pay the penalty which the court might inflict?

You mistake my scheme, Madam, I will explain it more fully. In the court which I propose, no cause of a pecuniary nature would ever be tried; instead of taxing the purse for a penalty, I should assess it upon the pride of the parties, of which it is to be presumed each would hold a stock independent of the other. This court would be the last resort except divorce; for the measures to be pursued previous to a suit, would be so operative upon minds possessed of any sensibility, that only the most refractory would ever be summoned to a trial; beside which, those who are to pursue these previous measures, like a grand jury in criminal cases, would examine complaints, and present only such as justly demand a trial; thereby preventing the malicious from commencing a suit where no real cause exists.

One of the rites of the Episcopal church, I should adopt with some variation. It is there the custom, that sponsors stand for infants at baptism; I should require them for the parents. No marriage should be held valid, until the parties produce guarantees for their good behaviour.

In our present establishment, no individual or body politic has a power for investigating the causes of matrimonial inquietude, or checking the malady until it becomes too obstinate for cure by any measure short of a divorce, which is literally separating the head from the body. The surgeon who should amputate a limb, rather than attempt to heal a curable wound, would be stigmatised as a butcher; but what would be thought of him who, to restore the sight, should take off the head! Yet this is the mode of proceeding in the case before us;—and my simile is not unapt, for the evil proceeds from a temporary loss of sight in the parties, whereby they are blinded to their true interest; but by skilful measures seasonably applied, a restoration might be effected.

To this end, the sponsors I propose should be arbitrators, to whose united consideration the complaints of the suffering party should be submitted, and after conversing with both together, and separate, such advice, and reproof if necessary, should be given in writing, as in their judgment should tend to heal divisions, and restore harmony;—a copy of this award to be presented to each party.

But, said the lady, another difficulty arises in my mind, which I wish you to remove;—these arbitrators would probably be partial to their own sex, and as I suppose you would select them from among men, a suffering wife would run the hazard of having their judgment go against her, be the case as it would.

No, said the Major, the sponsors on each side should be a married couple, respectable for knowing and fulfilling the duties of their station: such only would be fit for the delicate office of judging in matrimonial dis-

agreements, and such could always be found as sponsors for persons who had not rendered themselves unworthy of notice.—To these should the husband and wife be amenable for conducting rationally; and if after repeated complaints, their admonitions should be disregarded, until they despair of producing harmony, they should give notice to the offending party, that henceforth they would relinquish all attempts at reconciliation, and upon the next just complaint, would present the transgressor as a subject for trial at the matrimonial court, where themselves would appear as evidences of those facts which had transpired during their repeated endeavours to restore domestic quiet.

This court should convene, debate, decide, and publish their decision in the manner of a Court-Martial; after which, if redress should not be obtained, the aggrieved party could, as the last resort, seek a separation in divorce; instances of which would be extremely rare, with such a system established as I have proposed.

There is one part of your system which you have not explained, said the lady; of whom would your court be composed?

Why, madam, in the first place I would have a certain number of judges annually appointed, from among the most venerable and respectable heads of families. These should elect a president among themselves, to whom a written presentment, signed by the sponsors, or a majority of them should be addressed, requesting that a court might be convened for the purpose of trying the case described in the presentment. The president should call a meeting of the judges, by whom the members of the court should be chosen, from such characters in the community, as by their integrity, discernment, and respectability, had rendered themselves worthy of deciding in the cause.

By this court the parties and their sponsors would be summoned, and the case should be tried. The judgment of the court, with a record of their proceedings, should be laid before the judges for their approbation, in a similar manner as the sentence of a Court-Martial is presented to the commander in chief; after which the proceedings and judgment should be published with such admonition or reproof to the offending party, as the nature of the case should demand.

Why you would make a very serious and public affair of domestic quarrels, sir!

Yes madam,—for if any thing which concerns the human race, is of a serious nature, this is;—and if the publishing of errors will tend to prevent their multiplying, none require it more. The power of concealment, is one of the principal causes of the base conduct of many individuals in the married state. Had the suffering party the means of bringing the aggressor before such a court, a sense of fear would insure humanity and decency of conduct, where a sense of propriety fails to do it, and a single exhibition of domestic abuses before the public would prevent thousands from being exercised in private.

To exemplify my theory, I will name the common vice of theft. If every instance of robbery could be brought to light, and the perpetrator exposed, security for property would be needless, and locks and bolts superfluous, which now are so necessary for our safety, because the power of concealment makes thieves.

## A CAUTION AGAINST THE ATTEMPTS OF LIBERTINE WITS.

THE soul of man is eager after popularity and esteem; hence mankind is shocked by nothing more than by contempt; and they who can bear most uneasiness, cannot endure to be made the objects of jest and derision. Nothing has more extinguished the virtuous principles in the minds of young gentlemen, than their incapacity of bearing a jest. When a man of wit with a debauched nature, but ingenuous ridicule, attacks a modest innocence, and exposes a religious behaviour, the bashful youth, who is possessed of those amiable qualities, is too often put out of countenance; and not having philosophy enough to disregard their repeated railery, becomes fashionably vicious, rather than be esteemed unpolitely innocent.

To guard against these libertine and merry wits we should consider whether that contempt they shew has any just foundation, or makes us seem contemptible in the eyes of the prudent part of mankind.

The praises of ill men are in themselves the worst satires: and on the other hand, their satires are the best encomiums they can pay. Thus thought Socrates, when, on account of his eminent virtue, he received in a public Theatre, the universal hiss of his fellow-citizens. He looked on the derision and hisses of wicked and ignorant men, but as a manifest proof of his own piety and merit; and he might justly have looked on it as such; for no commendation is so free from flattery as the detestation of a wicked man.

Having said thus much to arm young gentlemen against the ridicule of witty debauchees, I would just give them a hint that what is called the best company is not the most innocent or the wisest; and that those commonly styled men of figure, are such as a reasonable creature would often be ashamed to converse with. The acquaintance with men of fortune when men of sense and virtue, is what all should be desirous of; but to give up our reason and our morality for the honour of debauching with a man of fortune or title, can be nothing but the ridiculous ambition of a fool.

OBSERVER.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### CHARACTER OF WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM, WITH SEVERAL ANECDOTES CONCERNING HIM.

LORD CHATHAM being asked his opinion of Cromwell, at Lord Rockingham's table, gave the following short, but forcible character of him:—

"He was a saint-like thief, who under the cloak of liberty, committed a burglary on the Constitution, murdered his Royal Master to get possession of his diadem, and stole from the public their title to freedom."

Lord Chatham intrigued less than any minister perhaps that his country ever knew; and the public were so sensible of it, and had such full confidence in his integrity, that the business of Parliament, during a very great and perilous war, was conducted as uninterrupted as the business of a petty office. His successes fully silenced the clamour of opposition.

He was so sensible of his own independence as a minister, that one day being told in the House of the strength of his majorities, he vehemently replied, "I know of no majorities but what the sense of the House occasionally gives me; if there are any other majorities, they belong to the Duke of Newcastle, and I trust he has come honestly by them."

He was so delicate even in previously conferring with his friends on any parliamentary question, that his nearest intimates frequently used to go down to the House ignorant of the intended question. On being remonstrated with on this subject, he used to say, "he always trusted to the utility of his measure, and if his friends did not see it in that light he did not want their support."

Of his invariable attachment to the interests of his country, he gave the strongest proof in going down to the House of Lords on that day which was the last of his political existence. The evening and night before this day he was so very weak, that Lady Chatham, after trying all she could to dissuade him from going abroad, sent Mrs. Howe to him, a very intimate friend and relation, who, after using many other arguments, told him his life might be the consequence of it.—"I know it, Madam," says he, with great firmness and composure; "I know at the most, I have not above a month's life in me; perhaps this day may be my last; but my duty requires that I should be found at my post, and for other consequences God's will be done." Saying this, he ordered his clothes to be got ready for dress, and went down to the House attended by Lord Stanhope (then Lord Mahon) and his youngest son.

As every little particular of this great man's life must be a desideratum to the public, we have no scruple in relating the following particulars. He was dressed that day in a suit of black velvet, with a full wig, and covered up to the knees in flannel. On his arrival at the House, he refreshed himself in the Lord Chancellor's room, where he staid until prayers were over, and he was informed that business was going to begin. He was then led into the House by his son and son-in-law, (the present Minister and Lord Stanhope) all the Lords standing up out of respect to him, and making a lane for him to pass to the Earl's bench, he bowed very gracefully to them as he passed. He looked pale and much emaciated; but his eye retained all its native vigour, which, joined to his general deportment and the attention of the House, formed a spectacle very awful, grand and impressive.

The subject of debate was, "the independence of America," which he combated in a speech of very near an hour, with great force of eloquence. The Duke of Richmond replied to him: and towards the close of the Duke's speech, we could observe something as if struggling for vent in the throat of Lord Chatham. He seemed however, to disregard this; and as soon as the Duke sat down, he made an effort to rise, but was scarcely on his legs before he fell back upon the bench quite speechless. The House was in a general alarm, and instantly adjourned to the next day. His Lordship was then removed to one of the adjoining chambers, where he got some immediate relief from the attention of Dr. Brocklesby, who happened to be below the bar when the accident happened. From this he was removed the same evening to Mr. Strutt's, one of the Clerk's of the House of Lords, and when he could be further removed with any safety, was carried to his own house, where he languished for about a month, and then died.

Such was the glorious end of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham;

*"Qualis ab incepto  
Processerit et fidei constat."*

A name which will ever be honoured by Englishmen, and whose administration, when it shall become history, will place his country in the highest point of political situation.

We shall close these anecdotes with the following character given of him near twenty years ago, and then so highly approved of, as to be alternately attributed to Hume and Dr. Robertson; but which, upon very good authority, we assert was written by the Right Hon. Henry Grattan, the celebrated Irish orator:

THE Secretary stood alone—modern degeneracy had not reached him—original and unaccommodating—the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity—his august mind overawed majesty; and one of his sovereigns thought majesty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery—no narrow system of vicious politics—no idle contest for ministerial victories, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great—but overbearing, persuasive and impracticable—his object was England—his ambition was fame.

Without dividing, he destroyed party—without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous—France sunk beneath him—with one hand he smote the House of Bourbon, and wielded on the other the democracy of England; the sight of his mind was infinite and his scheme were to affect not England—not the present age only—but

Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always reasonable, always adequate—the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour and enlightened by prophesy.

The ordinary feelings which made life amiable and indolent—those sensations which soften, allure, and vulgarize, were unknown to him.—No domestic difficulties—no domestic weaknesses reached him—but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system to counsel and to decide.—A character so exalted, so strenuous, so varied, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the Treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this Statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories—but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents. His eloquence was an era in the senate peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instructive wisdom: Not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully, it resembled sometimes the thunder and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation. Nor was he, like Townsend, forever on the rack of exertion, but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of his mind, which like those of his eye, were felt but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform—an understanding—a spirit and an eloquence to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empires, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through its universe.

#### AMUSING.

##### TWO EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTES RELATED BY THE LATE DR. BROWN.

A GENTLEMAN in Scotland came to dine with his brother who lived with me and my family, in a house in the neighborhood of Edinburgh. He ate and drank so sparingly, that I predicted, from a knowledge I had of his manner of living, which was an excess of temperance and abstemiousness to a faulty degree, that if he did not indulge a little more in these respects, he would soon fall into a disease of debility. The prediction was verified in a few days; when his brother having occasion to go to town, found him in the intervals of a violence of vomiting, making his testament. By a good dose of the diffusible stimulus, he removed the whole disease at once, and enabled him, with the help of some good sound Port and genuine Madeira, in a few minutes to eat heartily of beef-stakes. Before his brother's arrival he had been treated in the usual evacuent, and, as they call it, the antiphlogistic way. Upon the return of his medical friends a clyster was prescribed, which threw him back into his disease, from which, with the same ease, and in the same short space of time, he was extricated upon his brother's return to his post. This young gentleman from that beginning, became a most respectable man in his profession. Some time after that, he performed the greatest cure that ever happened since the beginning of the annals of medicine. In a very dirty ship, the Dutton, which was going to the East-Indies, he stemmed, in the latitude of Rio Janeiro, a fever that was carrying off numbers every day, losing not one, as can be attested by the ship's books, for no less than five weeks.

A GENTLEMAN engaged in a literary composition, which required an uninterrupted exertion of his mental faculties, for more than forty hours, was enabled to go through it with alacrity, by supporting himself in this manner. After dining well and settling to business he took a glass of wine every hour. Ten hours after he ate something nourishing, but sparing in quantity, and for some hours kept himself up with punch not too strong. And when he found himself at last like to be overcome by an inclination to sleep, he changed all his stimuli for an opiate; and finished his bu-

siness in forty hours. He had next to watch and correct the proofs, which cost him between four and five hours further continuance of vigilance and activity. To effect this he took a glass with the master printer, while his men were going on with their part of the work. The succession of stimuli in this case, was first food, next stimulus of the intellectual function, then wine, then the food varied, then punch, then opium, then punch and conversation.

#### INSTANCES OF EXTRAORDINARY ANTIPATHIES.

HENRY of Heer, obs. 29, speaks of a young woman of Namur, who was very uneasy, and seemed ready to faint away, every time she heard the sound of a bell.

John Keller, rector of Weil, a small village of Sillesia, every time he saw served up at table a sort of pastry made of the flesh of a smoked hog (a very common dish of meat in that country, and very agreeable to the taste of the inhabitants) burst out into such immoderate fits of laughter, that he would have died laughing, if it was not immediately removed out of his sight.

Bertholme, Cent. IV. relates another fact of the same kind, which had been communicated to him by Dr. Borrichius, who, being in England, had heard the celebrated Boyle say, that the harsh and disagreeable sound of a knife, whetting on a grindstone, never failed making the gums bleed of a servant he then had.

There was a young woman at Schelestau, in Germany, who (as M. Fehr relates, in his account of her case, to the Academy of the Curious) had conceived, for sixteen years, such an aversion for wine and every thing relating to it, that she could take no remedies in which were either the salt or cream of tartar, spirit of wine, &c. And if it happened, without knowing of it, that she had taken any thing of the like, a sweat over-spread her whole body, with anxieties, oppressions and weakness. This young woman, notwithstanding, was formerly accustomed to drink wine.

John Peckman, a learned divine, could not, from his earliest youth, hear the floor swept, without being immediately uneasy, which was soon followed by a difficulty of breathing; continual sighs, and a dread of being suffocated. Once, at his prayers, being surprised by the sweeping of an adjoining room, he grew pale and restless, sweated abundantly, and having opened his window, gaped at the air with great greediness, fetching at the same time very deep groans; and he would often jump out of the window, if he perceived his servant-maid following him with a broom. In the public streets, if contrary to his expectation the ground was scraped or swept, he was wont to run away, as mad; and even assisting at public disputations, if to disturb him, the ground was rubbed at a distance with the ferril of a cane, so as that the noise might reach his ears, he was obliged to fly for it, or open the next window for air; so that it was certain that his aversion was not in the least feigned or pretended. Perhaps from his infancy he could not endure this noise, as very disagreeable to him; and that afterwards, either by disturbing, thwarting, threatening, or striking him, this antipathy was still increased; according to the maxim, "We always eagerly seek after what we are forbidden, and wish for what we are refused." Thus, the more we contradicted, the more his imagination, under the appearance of an evil, or a thing contrary to nature, had conceived a horror against brooms.

A woman of Batavia could never handle or keep in her hands any thing made of iron, as nails, needles or the like, without being all over immediately bathed in sweat.—Otherwise, whatever motion she made, not the least drop of sweat appeared on her body; and she was even all the time cold, as is usual to women of her country, for her grandmother was a Japanese.

#### USEFUL.

##### EXAMPLE FOR JURIES.

A JUDGE, who lately travelled the North-West circuit in Ireland, came to the trial of a cause, in which much of the local consequences of certain demagogues in the neighbourhood were concerned; it was the case of a landlord's prosecution against a poor man, his tenant, for assault and battery, committed on the person

of the prosecutor by the defendant, in the defence of his only child, an innocent and beautiful girl, from ravishment. Not only the bench, but the whole bar, dined with the prosecutor's father the day before the trial; and some of them praise the venison and the claret even to this day.

When the poor man was brought into court, and put to the bar, the prosecutor appeared and swore most manfully to every tittle in the indictment. He was cross-examined by the jurors, who were composed of honest tradesmen and reputable farmers. The poor man had no lawyers to tell his story; he pleaded his own cause—and he pleaded, not to the fancy, but to the judgment and the heart. The jury found him—*Not Guilty*.

The court was enraged; but the surrounding spectators, gladdened to exultation, uttered a shout of applause. The judge told the jury they must go back to their jury-room, and re-consider the matter; adding, "He was astonished they could presume to return so infamous a verdict." The jury bowed, went back, and in a quarter of an hour returned, when the foreman, a venerable old man, thus addressed the bench:

"My lord, in compliance with your desire, we went back to our jury-room; but as we found then no reason to alter our opinions or our verdict, we return it to you in the same words as before—*Not Guilty*. We heard your lordship's extraordinary language of reproof—but we do not accept it as properly or warrantably applying to us. It is true, my lord, that we ourselves individually considered, in our private capacities, may be poor insignificant men—therefore, in that light, we claim nothing, out of this box, above the common regards of our humble but honest stations; but, my lord, assembled here as a jury, we cannot be insensible to the great and constitutional importance of the department we now fill; we feel, my lord, that we are appointed, as you are, by the law and the constitution—not only as an impartial tribunal to judge between the king and his subjects—the offended and the offender—but that, by the favour of that constitution, we act in the situation of a still greater confidence; for we form, as a jury, the barrier of the people, against the possible influence, prejudice, passion, or corruption of the bench!

"To you, my lord, meeting you within these walls, I, for my own part, might possibly measure my respect by your private virtues—in this place your private character is invisible; for it is, in my eyes, veiled in your official one, and to open conduct in that only we can look.

"This jury, my lord, does not in this business, presume to offer that bench the smallest degree of disrespect, much less of insult; we pay it the respect one tribunal should pay to another, for the common honour of both. This jury, my lord, did not arraign that bench with partiality, prejudice, infamous decision, nor yet with influence, passion, corruption, oppression or tyranny; no, we look to it as the mercy-seat of royalty—as the sanctuary of truth and justice—still, my lord, we cannot blot from our minds the records of our school-books, nor erase the early inscriptions written in the first pages of our intellects and memories. Hence we must be mindful, that the monarchs and judges are but fallible mortals, that tyrants have sat on thrones, and that the mercy-seat of royalty, and the sanctuary of justice have been polluted by a Tressilian, a Scraggs, and a Jefferies.

[Here a frown from the bench.]

"Nay, my lord, I am a poor man, but I am a free-born subject of the kingdom of Ireland—a member of the constitution—nay, I am now higher, for I am the representative thereof. I therefore claim, for myself and fellow jurors, the liberty of speech; and if I am refused it here, I shall assume it before the people at the door of this court house, and tell them why I deliver my mind there instead of in this place.

[Here the bench re-assumed complacency.]

"I say, my lord, we have nothing to do with your private character—we know you here only in that of judge; and as such we would respect you—you know nothing of us but as a jury—and in that situation we should look to you for reciprocal respect, because we know of no man, however high his titles or his rank, in whom the law or the constitution would warrant the presumption of an unprovoked insult towards that tribunal, in whom they have vested the dearest and most

valuable privilege they possess. I before said, my lord, that we are here met, not individually, nor do we assume pre-eminence; but, in the sacred character of a jury, we should be wanting in reverence to the constitution itself, if we did not look for the respect of every man who regards it. We sit here, my lord, sworn to give a verdict according to our consciences, and the best of our opinions, on the evidence before us. We have in our minds, acquitted our duty as honest men. If we have erred, we are answerable, not to your lordship, nor that bench, nor to the king who placed you there, but to an higher power, the King of kings."

The bench was dumb, the bar was silent; but astonishment murmured throughout the crowd—and the poor man was discharged.

### WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 13, 1804.

#### FOREIGN.

EUROPE.—An arrival at New-York, from Glasgow, has brought London dates to the 16th August, five days later than before received. No event of magnitude had occurred in Europe.—The most prominent article, by this arrival, is the order of the British Government for the blockade of all the northern ports of France. This appears to indicate offensive operations on the part of Great Britain. Such have been expected.—The prospect of Russia engaging in the war neither increased nor diminished. Her naval and military preparations are extensive and active.—The French have five sail of the line, and two frigates, ready for sea, at Rochefort; and two new 74's equipping with the utmost expedition.

WEST-INDIES.—Dessalines, the black general, was proclaimed *Emperor of Hayti*, at Cape-Francois, on the 15th ult. On the occasion, the city was illuminated, and the public rejoicings continued three days.

#### DOMESTICK.

TERRIBLE STORM. The storm which raged from Tuesday to Wednesday morning last, is pronounced by the oldest citizens to be the most severe and the most destructive of any that has ever occurred in this place since the recollection of any one, and without doubt has not been equalled since the first settlement of the country. The town and harbour on the morning of Wednesday presented indeed a melancholy spectacle. A large porportion of the beautiful trees which ornamented the town, were torn up by the roots, and thrown across the streets. Bricks, slates, splinters, &c. thrown from the neighbouring houses, covered the ground in many places, and a number of valuable buildings were either unroofed, or entirely demolished. The wharves presented a sight still more distressing. Several of the shipping were sunk at the wharves, and others broke from their fastenings, and were driven on shore. The sterns and sides of many others were beaten in, and their bowsprits carried away; and very few escaped without considerable damage.

We give the following particulars as a small part of the ravages of this tremendous hurricane. The North Church Steeple fell on an adjoining house and crushed it to pieces. The family who rented the house were all of them fortunately on a visit at the time, or they must have perished amid the ruins. The roof of the tower of the Stone Chapel was wrenched off by the violence of the wind, and carried above 200 feet before it fell. Several of the new brick buildings are so twisted, as to render their being wholly pulled down necessary. The battlements of Mr. E. Eaton's new house fell upon a contiguous one, in which he lived, and entirely demolished a principal part of it; burying in its ruins, every person left in the house: among whom was a servant woman by the name of Benet, killed, and another woman, with a man badly wounded. The furnace of Messrs. Reverses was blown down. One of the Western Stages, in passing West-Boston Bridge, was upset by the force of the wind, and several of the passengers considerably hurt.—In Charlestown, the Baptist meeting-house is partly unroofed, and the spire of the Rev. Dr. Morse's meeting-house, very much bent. The new brick building in the U. S. Navy Yard, is so far injured, that it must be taken down, if it does not fall of itself; a large dwelling-house, belonging to Mr. John Harris, and another to Mr. Bo-

ton, are blown down.—The south meeting-house at Danvers was partly unroofed: the Baptist meeting-house at the New Mills was unroofed, one side blown in, and the pews ripped to pieces.—The spire of the Beverly East meeting-house was broken off.—At May's wharf, the sloop Polly, belonging to Dea. John Waite, with lumber, drifted against the wharf, bilged and sunk. A boat near this wharf upset and two men who were on board drowned. At Long Wharf, schr. Dorcas, capt. Rider, of Chatham, loaded with fish, beat nearly to pieces, and sunk—sloop Laura, capt. Griffin, of Cape Ann, nearly beat to pieces and cargo very much damaged. At Foster's wharf, the brig Brilliant, (formerly the John) has bilged and sunk. At Fellows' wharf, a ship belonging to Mr. Fellows, was drove from her fastenings, upon Dorchester flats, where she now lies high and dry. A sloop (lighter) belonging to Mr. Franks, sunk near the channel; a lad, by the name of Smith, who had been attempting to keep her free of water, finding the vessel sinking, clung to a plank, from which he was soon after washed off, and drowned. Several boats went off, and attempted to save him, but their exertions were fruitless. The schr. Louisiana, Laufer, and schr. Nancy, Perkins, of Penobscot, were drove from their anchorage, and drifted to Dorchester flats, without receiving any material injury. Two schooners, two sloops, and two lighters, were also driven on shore near South Boston bridge.—At Salem, every vessel in the harbour was driven on shore; but fortunately in a situation, where they experienced but little damage.—At Gloucester, (Cape Ann) near fresh water Cove, a Kennebunk sloop, loaded with rum, is entirely lost, with a lady passenger on board, the master and crew saved. Four or five others were driven out of the harbour, and it is supposed are lost, with their crews; three small fishing schooners were driven from Manchester bay, and are probably lost.—At Marblehead, it is feared the gale has proved fatal to a number of vessels which were blown out of the harbour. Twenty or thirty, riding at anchor, were driven ashore on the S. W. beach.—In the country, the fruit and other trees have been generally blown down, the fences destroyed, and much damage done by the heavy rain which fell during the storm.—The chain of mountains running near Peterborough, Rindge, &c. are covered with snow; and in many towns adjacent, the snow is said to be from 4 inches to 2 and 3 feet deep.

The Theatrical campaign will commence on Monday evening next, with the favourite comedy of *Speed the Plough*. Henry, Mr. Fox.—To conclude with the musical entertainment of the Quaker. Lubin, Mr. Fox.

#### A CARD.

The SECRETARY of the "MASSACHUSETTS MECHANIC ASSOCIATION," respectfully acquaints the Members, that he shall be happy to wait on them, at any time, on the business relating to the Association, at the Office of GILBERT & DEAN, No. 78, State-Street. Oct. 13, 1804.

#### MARRIAGES.

At Salem, Mr. Joseph H. Fenno, to Miss Abigail Low. At Dedham, Mr. Rufus Ellis, merchant of this town, to Miss Harriot Dixon, of Sterling, Con.

In this town, Mr. Benjamin Black, mer. to Miss E. Smith—Mr. Eleazer G. House, printer, to Miss Ann Cunningham—Mr. Daniel Norcross, to Miss Elizabeth Holland.

#### DIED.

At New-Orleans, Mr. John Childs, *Æt.* 22, mer. formerly of this town.—At Salem, Mr. James Austin, *Æt.* 24.—At Beverly, Miss Elizabeth Trask, *Æt.* 88.

In this town, Mrs. Elizabeth Green, *Æt.* 27, wife of Mr. Amos G.—Mr. Thomas Tannatt, *Æt.* 52—Mrs. Sarah Merry, *Æt.* 85.—William, *Æt.* 16 mo. son of Mr. John Andrews.—Edwin Augustus, *Æt.* 20 mo. son of Mr. Seth H. Moore.—Miss Hannah Hill, *Æt.* 34.—Mrs. Rebecca Rich, *Æt.* 78—Mr. Thomas Luckin, jun. *Æt.* 45—several children. Total 17.

Just Published by GILBERT & DEAN;

THE MISCELLANEOUS POEMS of Mrs. SUSANNA ROWSON, Preceptress of the Ladies' Academy, Newton, (Mass.) author of *Charlotte, Lucinda, Reuben and Rachel, &c. &c.* &c. Subscribers are requested to call on the Publishers, or W. P. & L. BLAKE, No. 1, Cornhill, and receive their books.



## P O E T R Y.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## TO HOPE.

DEJECTION rules the silent hour,  
Mark'd by the deep'ning shades of night;  
Come, Hope, exert thy vivid power,  
Come, pierce the gloom with rays of light.  
Yes, thou canst ease the grief-swoln breast,  
Canst wipe the tear from sorrow's eye;  
Canst bring the troubled spirit rest,  
And check the painful heart-felt sigh.  
When shrouded deep in misery's veil,  
The child of woe forgets to smile;  
Thy soothing presence will not fail,  
The care-worn moments to beguile.  
Benign enchantress! hither come,  
And let thy magic wand pourtray  
Bright scenes of bliss, my future doom,  
To cheer the melancholy day.

Sweet balm of life! thy healing power  
Affliction's deepest wound can close;  
And Disappointment's keenest hour,  
Finds thee a solace for its woes.

B—, August 25th, 1804.

ELIZA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## TO \*\*\*\*\*.

WHEN I beheld thee every day,  
Time fled on light and downy wing;  
At noon I rose alert and gay,  
For eve would certain pleasure bring.  
If but a moment thou wert seen,  
That moment was an age to me;  
Thought leapt the tedious hours between,  
I scarce existed while from thee.  
If our existence we must measure,  
By usefulness, mine's but a day;  
And less to count the space by pleasure,  
\*\*\*\*\*, time stops when you're away.  
Return, return, ye tranquil hours;  
When ushered in by soft delight,  
Hope strewed at morn her fairest flow'rs,  
Which fancy gather'd fresh at night.  
Though oft I felt the rankling pain,  
Caus'd by the thorn beneath the leaves;  
I'd bear it o'er and o'er again,  
To taste the joy their perfume gives.  
So when thy presence yields the day,  
Nor falls the tear, nor breaths the sigh;  
Thou turn'st misfortune's shafts away,  
The wound not deep if thou art by.  
Oh come then, \*\*\*\*\*, try thy art  
To soothe the sorrow of my breast;  
At thy approach will care depart,  
And anguish's self sink into rest.

## A LAUGH.

At the respectable State of Matrimony.

BY P. PINDAR.

THAT I have often been in love—deep love,  
A hundred doleful ditties plainly prove!  
By *matrimony*—never have I been disjoined—  
For *matrimony* deals prodigious blows,  
And yet, for this same stormy state—God knows,  
I've groan'd—and thank my stars—been disappointed.  
With Love's dear passion will I never war;  
Let every man forever be in love—  
E'en if he bears in age old Par;  
'Tis for his chilly veins, a good warm glove;  
It bids the blood with brisker motion start,  
Thawing time's icicles, around his heart!  
Wedlock's a saucy, sad, familiar state,  
Where folks are very apt to scold and hate!  
Love keeps a modest distance—is divine,  
Obliging—and says every thing that's fine!  
Love—writes sweet sonnets—deals in tender ter,

Marriage—in epigram so keen—and satire—

Love seeketh always to oblige the fair,  
Full of kind wishes, and exalted hope!

Marriage—desires to see her in the air,  
Suspended, at the bottom of a rope!

Love, wishes in the vale or on the down,  
To give his dear, dear, idol a new gown!

Marriage—the brute so snappish and ill-bred,  
Can kick his sighing turtle, out of bed—

Turns, rudely, from the charms that taste adores!  
And pulls his nightcap o'er his eyes—and snores!!!

Wedlock—at first indeed is vastly pleasant,  
A very showy bird—a fine cock pheasant!

By time, it changeth to a different fowl,  
Sometimes a Cuckoo—often a horn'd Owl!!!

Wedlock's a lock however large and thick,  
That every rascal has a key to pick—

O Love, for Heav'n's sake never leave my heart—  
No, thou and I will never—never part!

Go, Wedlock, to the men of leaden brains,  
Who hate variety—and sigh for chains!!!

## THE NOVELIST.

ROSALIE. [FROM MORMONIA.]

NEAR one of the largest cities in Spain, stood a cottage, situated between two lofty and picturesque rocks, whose stupendous height seemed to be above the clouds; from the top of which burst a most beautiful cataract, which became calm at the base, and forming a clear crystal stream run bubbling by the door, under whose straw-formed roof the voice of flattery never beguiled, though its inhabitants had moved in a sphere above that in which the unkindness of fortune had now placed them. Don Alonzo had been a captain in the Walloon guards, and served in the last war, when one night, on the piquet watch, they were surprised by a party of English, and being in no condition to make any long defence, most of them were taken prisoners. Don Alonzo was among the few who escaped by flight, and in taking advantage of the dark and thick woods, he arrived at his own house, in the hope of soothing his fortunes by domestic comfort, and losing the memory of disgrace in the smiles of his child; but he learnt that his wife and only daughter had taken refuge in a peasant's cottage, about three miles from their late place of residence, which, (for misfortunes seldom come alone) had been destroyed by fire; thither he repaired, as soon as possible, but only to close the eyes of a beloved and faithful wife; for hearing that he had fallen in the late misfortune, she, in the paroxysm of grief, which an event so unexpected had wrought into phrenzy, burst a blood vessel, and he arrived but to see the object he adored in her last moments, and to close her dying eyes. This was a healing balm to her peace, though to him a barbed arrow; for he came too late to save her. A few short minutes before her dissolution, she called her husband and daughter, and taking the dear hand of each, she spoke thus, or rather faltered out a last request: "The only wish that now remains to me, since we must part for ever, (and surely you cannot deny a weeping mother, and an expiring wife,) is your leaving the army, and living upon the small wrecks of a fortune, which, tho' little, my Rosalie, (pressing the hand of her agonized daughter) will be contented with. I shall die happy if I leave her in the care of a parent, whose paternal heart, tho' lighted with the torch of glory, ought not, nay, will not, leave her unprotected, to the mercy of an un pitying world." "Ah! talk not of dying, (cried her daughter, frantic with fears, for hopes she could have none) you may yet be happy." Doña Alonzo shook her head, gave a deep sigh, and with a smile of anxiety added, "Will you not promise me?" "I do, I do, (cried he) but am afraid that I shall soon leave her, for I feel I cannot survive you." "Murmure not at the decrees of Providence, said she, my end approaches, send me Father Francis, and leave me; for calmed by your assurance, there are some moments now to be dedicated to Him, who having watched over the past, will likewise protect the future footsteps of my child." They obeyed with silent anguish, and in a few hours she expired, in the joint arms of Rosalie and Don Alonzo, who had again entered the melancholy chamber—the former fainted, and was carried from her inconsolable father, without sense or motion. For some time their grief was so great, that they considered not the danger which they were in from the enemy,

whose tents were pitched very near, until they were reminded of it by Father Francis, who visited them almost every day; he soothed, exhorted, pitied, and improved them, and taught them that it was a Christian's duty to submit to evils which could not be resisted; it was a father's duty to live for his child; it was a compliment to departed virtue, as sweet as it was provident, to obey the sainted injunctions of a mother, not more lamented than revered, and provide a retirement suitable to a shattered fortune, and innocence unprotected. This seemed to bring them to themselves, and they settled in the cottage between the rocks, marked equally by solitude and exuberant views, where they for some time enjoyed a melancholy tranquillity, but this was too soon interrupted; for the rage of war, which had spread a devastation wide and violent, at length drew near their retreat; and, on one fatal evening, the enemy, whose approach was little expected, rushed into their dwelling, and seizing upon both in the same instant, made them prisoners. Don Alonzo, in sullen agony, yielded, because he could not resist, and became a monument of despair, while the poor Rosalie, in livelier expressions of terror, rent the air with her cries. Common soldiers put on brutality with their regimentals, and in the field of battle, or the more qualifying scenes of plunder, seem to have forgot humanity; but an officer of more than usual appearance, commanding them to release the afflicted beauty, offered her his protection, and would have taught her to fear no rudeness. "Indeed! (said the weeping Rosalie) but my father! what will become of my father?" "He, too, shall be my charge, (said the generous Englishman) we are not enemies to the unfortunate." Don Alonzo and his daughter accompanied him to the camp, were treated with superior respect, particularly by Col. Viner, who was agreeable and well-bred, instructive in conversation, amusing in his manners; his disposition was elegant, benevolent, and amiable, and he possessed that true courage a soldier ought ever to have, and never to disgrace. A man like this, is always more likely to gain the heart of a woman, than the conceited fops of the age; such indeed Rosalie found it; for though surrounded by flatterers of all kinds, which there naturally is in a camp, the Colonel secured the glowing affections of a heart alive to gratitude, before he seemed to have made any advances towards it; for from the first moment he beheld her with all the ardency of a lover, yet the delicacy of his passion hindered him from making proposals, before he knew whether her affections were engaged; and he was even solicitous never to betray his love by the slightest inadvertency. Rosalie knew not what to stile, or how to assuage that passion which had got intire possession of her, but deceived herself with the idea, that it was only grateful esteem. Her father perceived not the fondness of Rosalie, but imputed her attentions to the pure flame which glows in the bosom of sensibility and always thought it friendship refined, until an effort of nature discovered what artless simplicity had long concealed. One morning the Colonel, who was drafted off to head some troops in a dangerous enterprize, came to take, as he termed it, a short leave of his dear guests; the tumults in Rosalie's mind, agitated every feature of a face, which beauty's self would be proud to call her own; she attempted to speak, but the words faltered on her lips, which grew pale with apprehension, and trembled with sorrow; her father saw with astonishment the rapid advances of a passion he had not suspected, but was silent; and the two lovers, unconscious of each other's affections, parted with embarrassments, such as none can experience whose hearts mix not the delicacy of sentiment with the fervency of ardour. [To be continued.]

## Amoskeag Lottery.

COMPLETED drawing yesterday.—The prizes in this Lottery, sold by GILBERT & DEAN, are very many, of which a statement will soon be made.—It is however, worth noticing, that a ticket sold by them on Thursday evening, drew the prize of \$1000, No. 4821.—A rare speculation in a few hours.—No. 196, drew a prize of \$500, and was also sold by G. & D. on Tuesday last! The above Lottery office still retains its appropriate name. Remember this adventurers.

Oct. 13.

PUBLISHED BY GILBERT &amp; DEAN.

# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 20, 1804.

## ESSAYS.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### ON THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PASSIONS.

TO preserve the mind free from passion, to be present to ones self on all events, to hold the rudder with a steady hand, is the great art of life; by virtue of this alone we may be capable of steering with safety through the tumultuous storms of life, and amidst rocks and quicksands. This equality is so absolutely necessary to all both in high and low life, that whenever it is lost, the human reason, for that time, subsides, that great pilot is in confusion, and every thing goes wrong.

That this equanimity may be learnt and obtained by keeping a constant guard upon our temper, although our natural constitution may be irascible and inflammatory, has been and may be proved by many examples. When the Physiognomist told Socrates his fortune before his disciples, from a curious enquiry into the lines and features of his face, he pronounced him to be greatly addicted to lust, revenge, violence, injustice, in a word, a creature absolutely a slave to his passions. Upon this declaration of the fortune-teller, his scholars burst into a loud laugh, and ridiculed the man for making so wrong a judgment, a judgment so immediately, so directly contrary to the known and celebrated virtues and morals of that divine philosopher. But Socrates having first gently reprehended them for their unreasonable and injudicious railery, said: "This man has spoke the truth; I am by nature what he has declared me to be by the rules of his art; I am subject, by my natural constitution to every vice; but I have rectified the errors of my nature by philosophy, and healed the malignant disposition of my blood by virtue: from this example you may learn to what heights you may arise by a constant adherence to philosophy, notwithstanding any obstacles or temptations whatsoever."

The first great necessary towards attaining this equality of temper, is to check the least motion that presumes to disturb you, to endeavour to cool by reflection the least warmth that you may feel kindling within you, though on never so just a provocation; by this means you will, in time, learn never to give fire to your passions on any occasion. You will by this watchful and faithful guard over yourself, be instructed so to sort and temper your ideas, that no sudden attack will ever surprise you, no injustice will be able to deprive you of the entire and cool use of your reason, by this you stand always armed and ready to defend yourself: By this you will be able to dispatch the most weighty, various, and intricate business without the least hurry or confusion: for heat is ever attended with disorder and irregularity, and therefore incapable of doing any thing right.

OBSERVER.

### AN ENQUIRY INTO THE EFFECTS OF LOVE ON LIFE AND MANNERS.

THERE is something irresistibly pleasing in the conversation of a fine woman; even though her tongue be silent, the eloquence of her eyes teaches wisdom. The mind sympathizes with the regularity of the object in view, and struck with external grace, vibrates into respondent harmony. In this agreeable disposition, I lately found myself in company with a friend and his niece. Our conversation turned upon love, which she seemed equally capable of defending and inspiring. We were each of different opinions upon this subject; the lady insisted that it was a natural and universal passion, and produced the happiness of those who cultivated it with proper precaution. My friend denied it to be the work of nature, but allowed it to have a real existence, and affirmed that it was of infinite service in refining society; while I, to keep up the dispute, affirmed it to be merely a name, first used by the cunning part of the fair sex, and admitted by the silly part of ours, therefore no way more natural than taking snuff, or chewing opium.

"How is it possible," cried I, "that such a passion can be natural, when our opinions even of beauty, which inspires it, are entirely the result of fashion and caprice? The ancients, who pretended to be connoisseurs in the art have praised narrow foreheads, red hair, and eyebrows that joined each other over the nose. Such were the charms that once captivated Catullus, Ovid, and Anacreon. Ladies would at present be out of humour, if their lovers praised them for such graces; and should an antique beauty now revive, her face would certainly be put under the discipline of the tweezer forehead-cloth, and lead-comb, before it could be seen in public company."

"But the difference between the ancients and moderns, is not so great as between the different countries of the present world. A lover of Gongora, for instance, sighs for thick lips; a Chinese lover is poetical in praise of thin. In Circassia, a straight nose is thought most consistent with beauty; cross but a mountain which separates it from the Tartars, and there flat noses, tawny skins, and eyes three inches asunder, are all the fashion. In Persia, and some other countries, a man when he marries, chuses to have his bride a maid; in the Philippine islands, if a bridegroom happens to perceive on the first night, that he is put off with a virgin, the marriage is declared void to all intents and purposes, and the bride sent back with disgrace. In some parts of the East, a woman of beauty, properly fed, p for sale, often amounts to one hundred crowns; in the kingdom of Loango, ladies of the very best fashion are sold for a pig; queens however, sell better, and sometimes amount to a cow. In short, turn over to England, don't I there see a beautiful part of the sex neglected; and none now marrying, or making love, but old men and old women, that have saved money? Don't I see beauty, from fifteen to twenty-one, rendered null and void, to all intents and purposes, and those six precious years of womanhood, put under the statute of virginity? What! shall I call that rancid passion, love, which passes between an old bachelor of fifty-six, and a widow lady of forty-nine? Never! never! What advantage is society to reap from an intercourse, where the big belly is oftenest on the man's side? Would any persuade me that such a passion was natural, unless the human race were more fit for love, as they approach the decline, and like silk-worms, became breeders, just before they expired?"

"Whether love be natural or no," replied my friend gravely, "it contributes to the happiness of every society in which it is introduced. All our pleasures are short, and can only charm at intervals; love is a method of protracting our greatest pleasure; and surely that gamester, who plays the greatest stake to the best advantage, will at the end of life, rise victorious. This was the opinion of Vanini, who affirmed that, "every hour was lost which was not spent in love." His accusers were unable to comprehend his meaning, and the poor advocate for love was burned in flames, alas! no way metaphorical. But whatever advantages the individual may reap from this passion, society will certainly be refined and improved by its introduction; all laws, calculated to discourage it, tend to enbrute the species, and weaken the state. Though it cannot plant morals in the human breast, it cultivates them when their: pity, generosity, and honour, receive a brighter polish from its assistance; and a single amour is sufficient entirely to brush off the clown.

"But it is an exotic of the most delicate constitution; it requires the greatest art to introduce it into a state; and the smallest discouragement is sufficient to repress it again. Let us only consider with what ease it was formerly extinguished in Rome, and with what difficulty it was lately revived in Europe: it seemed to sleep for ages, and at last fought its way among us, through tilts, tournaments, dragons, and all the dreams of chivalry. The rest of the world are, and have ever been, utter strangers to its delights and advantages. In other countries as men find themselves stronger than women, they lay a claim to rigorous superiority; this is natural, and love which gives up this natural advantage,

must certainly be the effect of art. An art calculated to lengthen out our happier moments, and add new graces to society."

"I entirely acquiesce in your sentiments," says the lady, "with regard to the advantages of this passion, but cannot avoid giving it a nobler origin than you have been pleased to assign. I must think, that those countries where it is rejected, are obliged to have recourse to art to stifle so natural a projection, and those nations where it is cultivated, only make nearer advances to nature. The same efforts, that are used in some places to suppress pity and other natural passions, may have been employed to extinguish love. No nation, however unpolished, is remarkable for innocence, that has not been famous for passion: it has flourished in the coldest, as well as the warmest regions. Even in the sultry wiles of southern America, the lover is not satisfied with possessing his mistress's person, without having her mind

*In all my Bona's beauties blest,  
Amidst profusion still to pine;  
For tho' she gives me up her breast,  
Its panting tenant is not mine.*

"But the effects of love are too violent to be the result of an artful passion. Nor is it in the power of fashion, to force the constitution into those changes, which we every day observe. Several have died of it. Few lovers are unacquainted with the fate of the two Italian lovers, De Corsin and Julia Bellamano, who, after a long separation, expired with pleasure in each other's arms. Such instances are too strong confirmations of the reality of passion, and serve to shew that suppressing it, is but opposing the natural dictates of the heart."

## USEFUL.

### MRS. ROWSON'S EXHIBITION.

ON Thursday last, the annual exhibition of painting, needlework, &c. performed by the pupils of Mrs. Rowson's Academy, Newton, was displayed at Harrington's Hall, Watertown. The young ladies went through their exercises with a degree of precision, which did honour to themselves, and gave satisfaction to a very respectable audience, though the inclemency of the weather, prevented its being so numerous as it otherwise would have been. There was some excellent reading and speaking, particularly the following conclusion to an exercise, which had given a slight account of the discovery and settlement of the United States of America, was delivered with grace and propriety.

"Thus then by the blood of our forefathers was this land purchased for us at first, and by the blood of our nearer connections it is secured to us in peace, plenty and independence; how shall we evince our gratitude for the former, or our rapturous emotions in the enjoyment of the latter precious privilege.—There is but one way—nor is that one a hard one, my friends and school-mates, she who best discharges the duties of her station, is best deserving these inestimable blessings.—Are we poor, let industry, neatness, simplicity and content be our characteristics; are we in affluence, let benevolence of heart, purity of soul, elegance of manner, and a cultivated understanding, strongly mark the national character of the American female citizen. Let us look back to the time when the wives and daughters of our enterprising progenitors, were satisfied to wear the manufactures of their own hands and eat the fruits of their husband's industry, with contented thankfulness. When the insatiate fiend dissipation had not made her appearance in this rising country; but when pleasure confined within the small circle united by family interest, friendship and love, sported playfully round the fire which blazed in the spacious chimney, or in the large unfinished room danced in wild measure to the rude strains of some old and favourite domestic. My friends, much I fear what we have gained in refinement since that period, we have lost in real felicity. 'Tis true, we have

now splendid drawing rooms, dazzling lustres, elegant suppers, and crowded parties. But alas! how many an aching heart in the morning laments the expenses of the preceding evening, how many a tear shed under the dark covert of the night, washes away the small, very small portion of pleasure the preceding brilliant scene may have given to the heart.—But I transgress; children as we are—our judgments weak, our observations puerile, and our conclusions probably erroneous—what have we to do but to seek wisdom, and pray for hearts willing and capable of being guided by her dictates—to endeavour to the utmost of our power to be dutiful daughters, affectionate sisters and sincere friends, as preparatory to our becoming in some future period, good wives, good mothers, and respectable mistresses of families—neat in our dress—frugal in our expenses, simple and unaffected in our conversation and manners, let us so live as may ensure us peace of mind in this world, and inspire a well grounded hope of felicity in that which is to come.”

The paintings and needlework were generally approved—the display of penmanship was excellent—and the multiplicity of productions in each branch is a convincing proof that neither teachers nor pupils have been negligent of their duty.

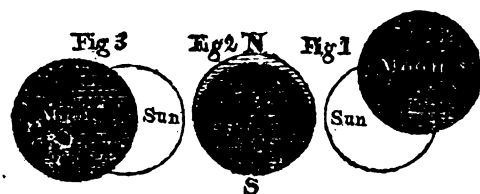
### ASTRONOMY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

IF you think the annexed account, (or calculation) of a solar eclipse, worth notice, you are at liberty to publish it. Yours, OSGOOD CARLETON.

On the 11th of June, A. D. 1806, there will be an Eclipse of the Sun, which, (as it will appear at and near Boston) will be the most extraordinary of any that ever has (or perhaps ever will for a century) be seen here. The Sun will be totally obscured for about two and an half minutes; the air will have a nightly chill and dampness, and probably the Stars will be seen, although it will be near the middle of the day.



The Calculations are as follows—viz—

|                                                                                                                                                            |        |  |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|--|
| The Moon's E. S. E. limb in contact with the Sun's W. N. W. limb, when the Eclipse begins.                                                                 | h m    |  |
| Moon's E. S. E. limb in contact with the Sun's centre, as represented by Figure 1.                                                                         | 9 56½  |  |
| Moon's Eastern limb in contact with the Sun's Eastern limb, when total obscuration begins.                                                                 | 10 38½ |  |
| Middle of the Eclipse is represented by Figure 2, in which the outer circle represents the Moon—the inner one the Sun, which will then be behind the Moon. | 11 21½ |  |
| Moon's Western limb in contact with the Sun's Western limb, when total obscuration ends, and the Sun's Western limb begins to appear.                      | 11 22½ |  |
| Moon's Western limb in contact with the Sun's centre, as represented by Figure 3.                                                                          | 11 23½ |  |
| Moon's Western limb in contact with the Sun's Eastern limb, & end of the Eclipse.                                                                          | 0 5½   |  |
| Duration of total obscuration.                                                                                                                             | 0 46½  |  |
| Whole duration of the Eclipse.                                                                                                                             | 0 2½   |  |
|                                                                                                                                                            | 2 48   |  |

Apparent time.

### NEW ASTRONOMICAL THEORY.

AN inhabitant of Pau, in the department of the lower Pyrenees, in France, has discovered a method by

which the Sun may be examined without injuring the sight. He has himself examined it, and through the same medium has shewn it to others. It turns incessantly on its axis, and the parts of its surface are more brilliant, the more remote they are from its poles, so that its equator is the most splendid part. It revolves with rapidity beyond calculation, but which is supposed to be about a hundred times in a minute.

Picot, the astronomer, who has made this discovery, is persuaded that this very rapid rotation of the sun furnishes a simple and more natural explanation of the movements of the planetary world.—He proposes the following, as a theory for the consideration of able men: “As the sun revolves with great velocity, it must give motion to a quantity of ether through a distance proportionate to its density, its magnitude, and above all, to the rapidity of its motion; this distance must consequently extend far beyond the Georgium Sidus of Herschel.

“The circular movements which the ether must necessarily have, must communicate itself to the planets, the atmosphere of which it surrounds; and as the motion of the ether must be the more rapid the nearer it is to the sun, it follows first—That the planets will be driven round the sun with a velocity, which will be in the inverse ratio of their distance.

“Second—That as the atmosphere of each planet, will be acted upon by a movement more rapid on the side which is next to the sun, than on that which is opposite, the planets must make revolutions in themselves presenting successively the whole circumference of their orbs to the sun.”

### AMUSING.

#### A WHIMSICAL CHARACTER.

THE youth of Kentish Town laugh when Old Nobs is named: their fathers have been used to tell them of the man whose motions were as regular as those of the shadows of the dial, denoting the time without error. From generation to generation, at the certain hour, passed by the venerable figure, they remember him labouring the steep hill in the dog days, and running up the ascent in winter; in frost close buttoned, and bidding the bleak north defiance; and in the autumn open to the waist; his hat, wig, and cane, the load of one hand, while the other beat as an oar against the air, damp, dusty, and bald headed.

His walk was to the summit of the hill; he reached it in a certain period, and he had (so he boasted) counted forty thousand times how many steps carried him through the journey. At Highgate he drank deliberately his single bottle; looked down for an hour upon the miserable scene of smog and dirt which he had quitted; and as soon as he had done, most peaceably returned to it again.

He had by heart every turning of the path; and, without looking down, knew where he was to lift his foot over the rough pebble; he could measure the ground blindfold; had his eyes been taken from him, you would no more have been able to lead him five steps beyond the inn-door, than to whip the laborious animal that drew up the water at the inn, through one circle more after the bucket reached the surface.

Every body knew Old Nobs upon the road, and Nobs knew every body; he returned the civilities of a stranger; but the oldest acquaintance could not prevail with him to turn in at his door, or refresh himself; he knew he could go through his walk, and he was not sure he could not add to it: but he would never allow himself to drink till he had earned his bottle by the stipulated labour.

As all the inhabitants of the road were acquainted with the old man, there was not one among them all but loved him. The inoffensive is the character with which men pass best of all through life; and that was his most eminently. He had his singularities, but they diverted; and it seemed a common loss when death stopped his journey.

As he knew every step, he knew where every house was placed, and if he went by with his eyes shut, as was often the case when the dust offended him, he never mistook the inhabitant. He had his phrase for every one at the more notable places; and he adapted it to the person: nothing in all this gave offence; for it was understood, as it was meant, only to say, Nobs is going by you.

Skim was the word as he went past the Dairy, and the rosy milkmaids would reply, “Mr. Nobs, a good walk to you.” As he passed the shed, in which the Taylor laboured, Top\* was pronounced with a good natured nod, and the return was, “Ha, old True-Penny!” At the Tall-Tree house he struck upon the dog-kennel, and Bow-wow called out the surly inhabitants in answer: He took his leave of the place with the clerk's house, and he sung out a good Amen as he passed by it. It was the only word of two syllables he employed; but he had always, good man, a respect for things sacred.

Rain could only keep him within doors; but even then he walked to Highgate. He had laid his two chambers into one for this purpose; and he regularly set out at his hour for the journey. As he knew how many steps carried him to the place, he walked backward and forward the length of the double room, until he had numbered out the quantity, and so gone through the journey.

You will say, but he wanted the reliefs at his several stages? Not at all. When he had counted as many steps as reached the Dairy, he cried Skim! when he measured as many more as brought him to the shed, he repeated Top! as regularly as if the cross-legged brotherhood were there to answer him; he cried Bow-wow! at the Tall-Tree-Place, and slapped the table by way of dog-kennel; and when he had sung out his Amen! he would shrug up his shoulders with joy that he approached the end of his journey.

He would turn short every imaginary corner; at the bridge he snuffed up the imaginary hay-field: he would lift up his feet higher as he climbed the hill; and a couple of chairs were set back to back in a corner of the room, over which he clambered once for every stile in the foot-way.

He would puff when he arrived at the station of his inn: he would open his bottle; fancy he saw the extended prospect from one of his windows; and when he had rested and refreshed his hour, he measured back the descent and plain, reclinable every stile, and paid his stationary compliments.

You who laugh at this whimsical old fellow, change your merriment to imitation; by so much exercise taken daily, he kept alive to ninety-six. A father to the afflicted; a patron to the indigent. He was the best natured man of his time. Cheerful in himself, he loved to see cheerfulness in others; and what he loved he would purchase. He would give to the miserable the price you pay a mistress, and with their smiles he bought their prayers. Let the marble hide the dust, this remembrance of the soul will live forever.

Those who only saw him, loved the man for his singularity: those who wanted his assistance, revered him for his virtue. In the course of so long a life, no man could say, he had injured him, even in thought. Upon the income of an inconsiderable place in the revenue, he, during almost sixty years, distinguished himself by the name of Charitable Nobs; and, at the end of it, he left his family a little portion. He left them with it, that inestimable inheritance, the blessings which flow from heaven upon the children of the merciful. \* A technical term signifying, snuff the candle.

#### HOW TO PREVENT DWELLING-HOUSES FROM BEING HAUNTED.

MANY people whose circumstances might enable them to enjoy even more than a common portion of domestic felicity, are rendered miserable, by reason that the houses they live in are haunted. A fiend of most frightful aspect, enters even their bolted doors, stalks through their kitchens, parlours, and bed-chambers, making frightful noises—sometimes hoarse, sometimes shrill—overturning the chairs, tables, crockery, &c. and throwing every thing into confusion. The name of this foul fiend is Domestic Discord; and it is of that species of demons, which, when once having obtained strong possession, is almost impossible to be cast out.—Therefore I shall propose means to prevent the evil, rather than remedies for its inveterate stage of existence.

Before giving your hand in marriage, examine critically the character of the person with whom you propose forming this important connection; and prefer those qualities which will wear well, to such as are merely showy. A fine face, a genteel air and figure, a charming voice, ready elocution, quickness of wit,—

however attractive—are poor substitutes for sound sense cultivated by useful education, prudence, integrity, benevolence, together with the residue of the train of domestic virtues. Expect not unalloyed felicity in the marriage state. Such an unreasonable expectation must ever prove the parent of disappointment. If you think your bride an angel, or that the man who gives you his hand in marriage, will through life act the part of a hero in romance, a few years, perhaps a few months or weeks, will show you your mistake; and the never failing disappointment of such romantic expectations tends to produce coldness, alienation, and bitterness of mind. The Angels "neither marry, nor are given in marriage;" this kind of contrast and relation is between mere mortals, who, at best, have some failings which must be overlooked or patiently borne.

As before marriage, you cannot be too critical, afterwards you can hardly be too candid in your judgment of each other. If you find some unexpected flaws in temper, or foibles in character, assiduously endeavour to cure them, not by reproaches, but by all the winning arts of prudence and benevolence; or if they should prove incurable, bear them as much as possible with good humor. Mean-while look steadfastly and chiefly on the bright side of character: and see whether the good qualities do not balance or even outweigh the faulty ones. Your wife perhaps is peevish in her temper, and sometimes scolds; but if she is neat, industrious, frugal, faithful to all your interests, you have more cause for self-congratulation than for murmuring—Perhaps your husband is hasty and choleric—when he uses passionate expressions toward you, let not the law of kindness depart from your tongue, but requite them with mild and soothing words: if you be yoked with a fool, an habitual drunkard, or an unfeeling brute, all this will not avail, but if your husband be a man of understanding and sensibility of heart, by patience and good humor on your part, you will be able to calm the tempest and smooth the asperities of his mind.

Ever prize the *chain of domestic friendship* as the choicest of all your household furniture; frequently examine every link; if any should grow weak, strengthen it; should any happen to gather rust, burnish it until its lustre be fully restored;—so will you shun the grievous calamity of many, that of living in an haunted house.

#### EFFECTS OF LOVE.

A MUSICIAN, named Larentu, lately precipitated himself from a four pair of stairs window, at Paris, and was killed on the spot. The cause of this desperate act was *excess of love* for a young woman who was resolutely cruel. The *Scraper of Cutgut* forgot the prudent reflection of the enamoured *Damon*:

"That a lover forsaken  
A new love may get;  
But a neck when once broken  
Can never be set."

#### ANECDOTES.

THE great eclipse of the sun in 1761, occasioned the following very ludicrous circumstance in Ireland. The Earl of H—, (still living) who, like some of our English noblesse, was much better skilled in driving four-in-hand, than in astronomy, was met in Dublin by the facetious George Nangle, on the morning of the eclipse. "Where so fast, my lord?" cries George. "To the college," answered the peer, "to see the eclipse." "Then you will be disappointed," replied George, "for it is absolutely put off until to-morrow!" His lordship immediately turned his paces round, and drove home, while George proclaimed the joke throughout the place, to the infinite merriment of the public, and at his lordship's expense.

IT was observed of the Duke of M—, that he frequently sent his fish to market. "I always took him," said a great wit, "to be a *selfish man*."

A PHYSICIAN who was on board one of his majesty's ships, who had nearly got out of drugs and medicines, administered to the sailors *salt-water* instead of *salts*. He one day fell over-board, when the sailors

cried out, "The doctor's overboard!" "No matter," says another sailor, standing by, "he has only fell into his own *medicine chest*!"

#### WEEKLY REGISTER.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 20, 1804.

#### FOREIGN.

EUROPE.—Capt. Glover, from Liverpool, has furnished London papers to Aug. 20th and Capt. Odell from Amsterdam with Dutch papers to August, 28; several days later than before received. They contain a long account of an attempt to poison Louis 18th and his family, at Warsaw, by two ruffians, "who were sent from Paris for this purpose—but a timely discovery prevented its execution."

A war between Russia and France, seems now inevitable, says a London paper. The Russian Charge d'affaires, it is said, left Paris, about the 10th Aug.—and "Bonaparte, conceiving that the peace with Russia can no longer be preserved, has assembled a large force at Ziest, near Utrecht, which will be strengthened by the forces from the banks of the Elbe and Wezer."

By an Imperial Patent, Francis II. assumes, for himself, and for his heirs, the dignity and the title of HEREDITARY EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, instead of that of Archduke of Austria, which he hitherto bore. The French Emperor, was at Calais, on the 6th Aug. and at Dunkirk, on the 9th.

The harbor of Venice is now declared a free port—and it is said the French troops have entered Bremen.

A dreadful disease has again made its appearance at Malaga, and many of the inhabitants had fallen victims to it—among whom, were the Governor and his son.

#### DOMESTICK.

Of our Mediterranean squadron, we learn by Capt. Osgood, arrived at this port, that the Essex, Capt. Bayron, was at Gibraltar, the 3d of Sept.—The Congress had sailed the day before for Tripoli—and that the John Adams had sailed from Syracuse, to join Commodore Preble's squadron, who had been off Tripoli for several days—but bad weather had deterred him from attempting a bombardment.

We still continue to receive distressing accounts of the late storm. Its extension was very great—and almost every town we have heard from, has had trees, parts of orchards, barns, &c. blown down, and cattle destroyed. It began earlier to the northward, than in this town—and was accompanied by hail and snow in the interior country.—The destruction among the shipping was numerous—and to the disasters published in the last Magazine, we have to add the following brief particulars:—The sch. Robin, Card, of Kittery, was wrecked on Plum Island, and the whole crew, 8 in number perished.—Sch. Dove, of do. wrecked on Ipswich bar, and all the crew perished; six of them have been picked up and interred.—The ship Protector, which sailed from this port, the Monday preceding the storm, for Lima, ran ashore on Cape Cod, and one of the crew perished.—Her cargo, valued at \$100,000, it is said, will be nearly all lost.—A woman was found dead on Rye beach, on Saturday last, with an infant child clasped in her arms! She was a passenger on board an eastern vessel, which was lost in the storm.

The Thanksgiving in this State, will be on the 29th of Nov. next—and in New Hampshire on the 15th.

The following melancholy affair happened not long since in Laurens district, in the state of South Carolina, to some people of the name of Westen:—One of them being engaged in the business of digging a well, which was sunk to the depth of thirty-five feet, on descending about half way down, complained that he felt very sick, took off his hat and fanned himself some time, and then attempted to return; but before he arrived at the top of the well, his strength failed and he fell to the bottom. A younger brother, about twelve or fourteen years of age, desired to be let down immediately in the bucket, to try to save his brother; which being incautiously granted, he remained at the bottom helpless with the first. A third came, and went down with the same imprudence; but making signs of distress, he was immediately hauled up. As he came to the top of the well, he would have shared the fate of his two brothers had it not been for the bye standers, who caught him as he was falling out of the bucket. A fourth

went down, but with some more caution, being tied in the bucket; when down, he placed the body of his younger brother so as to bring it up, although he appeared in the same state himself, and could not be brought too far many hours. The third came to himself in about half an hour, and said his younger brother was alive when he went to the bottom of the well. The fifth now came, (a married man of about thirty) who having tied a handkerchief over his mouth, and fastened himself in the bucket, descended and brought up the other bodies.

Several fires have lately taken place. On Wednesday morning, a distill-house in Beach-street was destroyed. It was improved by Mr. Edward Blanchard, who has sustained a heavy loss by this accident.—The Light-House near the Chesapeake has been destroyed by fire.

Some robberies have recently been committed at New York. In one instance, the villains secreted themselves in the store of Mr. William Codman, and robbed it of \$175 in bank notes, some change, &c.

On the 9th inst. the snow fell several inches; and in some of the neighbouring towns, about 18 inches on a level; and so large were many of the drifts, that the travelling on turnpikes was impeded. In many places it was cut through 6 or 7 feet.—*Stockbridge paper*.

At Hartford, on the 12th inst. a person who had slept on board a vessel the preceding night, was found dead. The evening before, some charcoal had been burnt in the vessel, for the purpose of destroying rats; and to that circumstance, it was judged, his death was owing.

Theatre.—On Monday evening, the comedy of the Jew—a comic opera, called the Three Savoyards, or Magic Lanthorn—to conclude with the entertainment of the Double Disguise.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have a number of valuable Communications on hand, which we shall reserve for the commencement of our third volume.

The author of the astronomical calculation, will please receive our thanks for his favour.

#### MARRIED.

At Salem, Capt. Abijah Northey, to Miss Lydia Holman.—At Acton, Mr. Luke Bixby, mer. of Boston, to Miss Abigail Adams.—At Providence, Sullivan Dorr, Esq. of Boston, to Miss Lydia Allen, of that place. In this town, Mr. Wm J. Cleveland, mer. to Miss Dorcas C. Hiller, daughter of J. Hiller, Esq.—Mr. Daniel Dunwell to Miss Sally Keef.—Mr. Asher Kiley, to Miss Martha Wool.—Mr. James White, to Mrs. Susan Rand.—Mr. John Wales, to Miss Mary Baker, of Providence.

#### DIED.

At New-Orleans, by the yellow fever, Gov. Claiborne.—At Charlestown, Mr. John Harris, *Æt.* 58.—At Leominster, Lieut. Silas Whitney, by the careless discharge of a heavy loaded musket, after a late review of militia.—In Virginia, Mr. Joseph B. Baker, comedian, formerly of Boston.—At Salem, Charles C. Carlton, son of Mr. Wm C. printer.—At his seat, Pleasant-Hill, Charlestown, very suddenly, Joseph Barrell, Esq. *Æt.* 64.

In this town, Capt. Ralph Beatly, *Æt.* 41.—Mrs. Nancy Howlett, wife of Mr. James H.—Mrs. Sarah Stimpson, *Æt.* 70, relict of the late Mr. Jeremiah S.—Mrs. Charlotte Boyer, *Æt.* 63, widow of the late Peter B. Esq.—Mr. John Smith, *Æt.* 73.—Mrs. Martha Page, wife of Mr. Joseph W. P.—Mr. Wm. Kirkby.—Mr. L'Ferrer, *Æt.* 60—a person from the Alms-House—a mulatto man—and several children.—Total 17.

#### Please to Remember!

ON Thursday next, the wheels of *South Hadley*, will begin to move—and rapidly too—when the tickets will rise to \$6.—The drawing will be completed in 40 days. Tickets for sale by GILBERT & DEAN, at whose fortunate office, in the last class of Amoskeag Canal Lottery, which contains only 6000 tickets, they sold prizes amounting to \$1662!!—nearly ONE QUARTER of all the prizes in the Lottery!—This is "Rare Sales as usual."

Bank Bills bought and sold as above, viz.—half per cent given for Boston bills, and sold again at a premium of THREE QUARTERS per cent.



## P O E T R Y

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## TO ELIZA.

WHEN wan dejection rules the hour,  
And hope is hid in shades of night,  
What joy to find some "vivid power,"  
To pierce the gloom with rays of light;  
To lean on some congenial breast,  
Alive to feeling, friendship, love;  
Like THINE, with genius, virtue blest,  
The gay, the giddy throng above.  
When shrouded deep in misery's veil,  
And adverse fate forbids to smile,  
Thy soothing presence would not fail,  
The care-worn moments to beguile.  
UNKNOWN ENCHANTRESS! hither come,  
Nor throw from far thy cheering ray;  
'Tis THINE to dissipate the gloom,  
And chase the clouds of grief away.

Boston, October 17.

WILLIAM.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs GILBERT &amp; DEAN,

TO respect merit is surely a duty. If you deem appropriate the following effusion, dictated by a deep sense of the merit of her late publication, and a high degree of personal respect for Mrs. Rowson, by inserting it you will highly gratify a female correspondent.

TRANSCENDENT worth my song inspires,  
And bids me tune my lays;  
Nor will I chide my warm desires  
To celebrate thy praise.  
Unlike to dull, mechanic rhymes,  
Which know no power to charm,  
Celestial fires exalt thy lines,  
And every feeling warm.  
Yes, if congenial souls there be;  
And such there surely are;  
Thy soft, thy soothing harmony  
Shall every grief repair.  
Superior piety appears  
In every hymn of thine;  
Unusual strength each ode endears;  
Joy breathes thro' every line.  
May fame afar thy worth disclose,  
May thy harmonious lays  
Awaken joy, a wreath compose  
Of never fading bays.

Boston, October 13.

S. F.

## AN ODE,

Written by Mr. CHARLES P. SUMNER,  
AND SUNG AT THE STONE CHAPEL, ON THE  
ANNIVERSARY OF THE  
MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE FIRE SO-  
CIETY.—1801.

FAR hence be each unhallowed strife,  
That jars the chord of social life;  
Can Phœbus deign, with poison'd dart,  
To insult the prostrate, bleeding heart?  
Humanity, with pride unknown,  
This anniversary marks her own;  
While affluence deck'd by every grace  
To Fashion's shrine transforms this place.  
Religion here with mildest sway  
Sprinkles with roses virtue's way,  
Delights the view of bliss to ope  
Nor chills the vestal flame of Hope.  
Throng'd to this dome well pleas'd repair  
The gay, the honor'd and the fair,  
Whose souls by splendor unsubdu'd  
Enjoy the feast of doing good.  
Their boards with elegance be crown'd!  
Their halls with music still resound!  
Their life's full-blossom'd spring-time last  
And Fancy's transport ne'er be past!  
May Care an exile ne'er intrude  
The softer precincts of their breast;  
And Time retard the hours that elude  
The melting anguish of their face.

While manly bosoms deign a sigh,  
And pity beams from beauty's eye;  
Misfortune smiles with soul elate,  
And scorns the impotence of fate.

## THE NOVELIST.

ROSALIE—[FROM MONIMIA.]

[Continued from page 204.]

SOLICITOUS to hear, yet dreading enquiry, Rosalie past a lover's age in anxiety, till one evening the horrors of doubt rose up to terrible certainty, for she met supported with soldiers, pale and bloody, that form which she sometimes flattered herself a could have tamed ferocity itself into gentleness; pale and trembling, she ran for assistance, but a groan from the Colonel rendered her incapable of it, for she fainted, and was nearly as bad as herself, who had only received a slight wound.—He now opened his languid eyes, and turning them on the lifeless beauty, exclaimed: "Oh, Rosalie, if I now die, I shall die happy, in the idea that you do not forget me." "Dear Colonel, compose yourself, (cried Don Alonzo) my daughter is only flurried, at seeing a person she esteems so highly, in so unfortunate a situation." "Esteem? (answered he) fortunate situation rather, if she returns not my love—my ardent passion; ah! how I vainly flattered myself that this—" Here his voice failed, he fainted, and was taken to his tent. Quiet, medicine, but in one idea, the company of his dear Rosalie soon restored to life a lover, whose heart was deeper wounded than his arm. At first, indeed, he had refused to take food for his nurture, or physic for his cure, till she presented the one with a smile, and administered the other with a tear. The first morning was indulged with the air, to have seen her solicitude, while weak and languid he depended upon her for support, would have gratified even apathy itself; and to paint the love that played in every feature of his countenance, could only be executed by the raptured flights of a divine imagination; the souls of both glistened in their eyes, he too much in love to betray, and she too honest to conceal emotions, that did equal honour to both; their mutual affection was made known to each other, and had nearly been as fatal as their fears. The raptures of lovers can only be felt, and to such they need not be described.

They were soon after married by the chaplain of the regiment, though the bride was a catholic; but she was not one of those bigots who think any other religion a crime, for every profession that did not mend the heart, and sweeten the conduct, was her abhorrence; while that, whether catholic or protestant, which vindicated virtue, and cultivated benevolence, was to her the true emanation of divinity.

Their happiness was too great to last long; for, about a month, the Colonel was drafted off to head some troops, who were at a great distance from where the two lovers were, and there must consequently be so long a separation, that he knew not how to break the melancholy news to his lovely wife. The forced smile of his countenance, and the frequent languor of his mind, saved him, in some part, the heart-rending task, for she ever attentive to his smallest wishes, soon perceived that his breast laboured under some hidden sorrow, and while she tenderly asked him the reason of the bursting sigh, and rising tear, which he could not always suppress, but too fearful of what it really was—a separation; but no sooner did she hear the dreadful summons, than her colour forsook her cheeks, her eyes became dim, and he beheld her senseless at his feet. Unknowing of this calamity, the tender father, at this instant, entered the room, but what a sight he beheld, his daughter stretched upon the ground, his son hanging over her in speechless agony; he would have spoke, but could only point to Rosalie, who was yet senseless. Don Alonzo called for assistance, and had her carried to bed, where she soon came to herself, and being determined to support the trial with more fortitude than she had hitherto shewn, begged to see the Colonel, and when he came, she, with lips of apparent resignation, a livid cheek, but an eye without a tear, spoke thus: "Since we must now part, it is necessary that we part as if we had confidence in Heaven, and each other; I resign you to your country—to your honour; but think on your poor Rosalie—think when you are rushing into danger, that the same calamity threatens her; for every wound you feel, will be a dagger in

her heart; and should death!—Oh, God! we will not be separated, Vicer, even in death! but no more of that. Should any Spaniard want your assistance, or claim your mercy, remember he is Rosalie's countryman; but you can never forget, all mankind are brothers." "Must we part! ah, Rosalie, (cried he) my fortitude depends on yours." Here an officer came to inform the Colonel that the regiment waited, and the two lovers had only time to take a last embrace, which had nearly subdued all their courage: As he was going, she caught hold of his coat, and turning mournfully towards him, with looks that spoke too audibly, they bid a last adieu. Her father, who with silent anguish, had been a witness to the scene, now embraced his son, and in a voice hardly articulate, wished him victory and happiness.

As soon as the Colonel was gone, the agonized Rosalie retired to her chamber, to shed a torrent of tears, which the presence of her father had restrained; nor could she submit to betray, amiable as it was, her weakness to the officers who were left in the camp. Don Alonzo, who was left among them, to drive away the thoughts of the Colonel, made many engagements with an officer, whose name was Lester; he was only a captain, and a younger son of one of the most noble families in England. This gentleman had long beheld, with the eyes of a lover, the beautiful Rosalie, but never let the slightest circumstance betray his partiality. He was in principles a perfect libertine; but being the most complete master of dissimulation, he passed in the camp for a man of strict honour, which character he, from the moment he beheld Rosalie, determined to keep up, with more exactness than he had hitherto done; this resolution was strengthened by her marriage.—He, therefore, as soon as Vicer was gone, endeavoured, with great assiduity, to gain the friendship of her father, who, ignorant of his designs, and thinking him a man of some genius, readily entered into his company and friendship, particularly as he expressed great friendship for his son-in-law, which at once gained him the confidence of Rosalie, who hung on every word that commended him, who, in her eyes was perfection itself, and with whom she kept as regular a correspondence as the chance of place and situation would permit.—In his last letter he had mentioned, that they were probably about to try the issue of a battle the next day, a mode of determining disputes, which sets law at defiance, puts justice to the blush, and strikes a dagger into the heart of humanity; where right and equity yield to violence, and superior force becomes superior virtue. Rosalie, now, in bitter anguish spent the hours, in which perhaps a thousand mothers had to lament their children's loss, after rearing them with pleasing anxiety; and in them lost their all of comfort and provision, and were become subject to poverty, contempt, and insult. The hours crept slowly on, for time hangs tardily in affliction; still no letters appeared, for Lester had taken care to intercept those which had lately arrived from the Colonel, letters that contained the news of his complete victory, and tender reproaches for her not writing to him; for the Captain had scorned to be impious by halves, but had intercepted her letters to him. While poor Rosalie and her father were racked with a thousand fears, the Colonel, since men of integrity never cherish suspicion, had the idea that her letters, by some accident, had miscarried, and soothed himself with the hope of soon hearing from his love, while Lester was planning how to carry Rosalie off before his return, for he saw, by her sorrows, how deeply her soul felt his miseries; he was certain that to subdue her virtue would be impossible, and recollecting that news must soon publicly reach the camp, he determined to take her away by stratagem, and if necessary, violence, and lay the accident to some straggling party of the enemy. As she was walking one night in the out-kirts of the camp, musing on her absent husband, and forming conjectures on his silence, she was seized by two men who were masked; she screamed, but to no purpose, for they tied her on a horse that stood at some distance, and putting a handkerchief in her mouth, while with another they bound her eyes, proceeded through a narrow passage, which being possessed by a single sentinel, they gave the word to, and passed.

[To be continued.]

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